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ROBERT McMURDY, D. D., LL. D., GRAND PRELATE OF GENERAL GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF U. S., EDITOR, BOX 982.

FREEMASONRY.

[The following beautiful effusion is from the pen of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, an earnest Mason, and the classical author of Pompeii and Zanoni:]

The world may rail at Masonry,
And scoff the square and line;
We'll follow with complacency
The Master's great design.
And though our sisters frown, and though
We're by our mothers chided,
Could they our works and heart but know,
We would not be derided!

And though the kings of earth unite,
Our temple to assail,
While armed with truth, and love, and light,
O'er them we shall prevail.
A cloud may veil the face of day,
But nature smiles at one
That should adventure, bold essay!
To quench the glorious sun!

A king can make a gartered knight,
And breathe away another;
But he, with all his skill and might,
Can never make a Brother.
This power alone, thou Mystic Art,
Freemasonry is thine!
The power to tame the savage heart
With brother love divine.

HOW SHALL I HONOR MASONRY?

If Providence your lot hath blest,
In peace and affluence to rest,
Let not your mind contracted be,
Nor scorn the abodes of poverty.

When you behold, in abject state,
A brother crush'd by fortune's fate,
Lend him your aid, his wants to free,
And you shall honor Masonry.

When o'er the list of human woes,
You find the tear of grief o'erflows,
The widow's moan, the orphan's sigh,
Your help shall honor Masonry.

Where discord reigns with direful sway,
The balm of reas'ning there display;
Show to the world a conscience free,
And you shall honor Masonry.

Your time shall pass serenely on—
While conscience dictates, *right is done:*
Your hoary locks shall honored be,
If you've regarded Masonry.

When life's tempestuous scenes are o'er,
And nature's calls require no more,
In heaven you'll take your last degree,
If you have honor'd Masonry.

JERUSALEM.

Our feet shall stand within thy gate,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem.
Though here awhile we lowly wait,
In poor and pilgrimlike estate,
Soon shall we see thy splendor great,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem.

Soon shall we hail, with joyful cry,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Thy bulwarks, which the foe defy;
But to the sons of God Most High,
Thy gates of pearl wide open fly,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem.

ELLEN FISHER.

BY PROFESSOR BLUMENTHAL.

In the interior of New York, not far from Utica, is the little town called Madison's Four Corners, the inhabitants of which had, until very lately, preserved all the simplicity of manners which characterized the early settlers. News reached them always a few days after it had become old in the larger cities; and they were often heard discussing events which the dailies of New York and Philadelphia had already announced as unfounded reports. Prejudices which had long ago ceased in neighborhoods where a more frequent intercourse with the world existed, continued, as a matter of course, at Madison's Four Corners, with a tenacity worthy of the times of Rip Van Winkle. The witches were still kept at a distance by a cast-off horse shoe nailed over the door; the almanac was still consulted by many to ascertain the future state of the weather, and there were few who did not consider Friday an ill-omened day, and those who selected it for any particular work, as characters to be shunned.

In a pleasant little parlor, in one of the neatest cottages of this village, sat, on the 27th of October, 184–, three ladies, busily engaged, around a circular table, plying their needles, and beguiling the time by talking over the current events of the day and neighborhood. The eldest, Mrs. Fisher, appeared to be about sixty years of age, but showed by her still florid complexion and but slightly silvered hair, that time, in its onward course, had touched her with a gentle hand. The second was a dark brunette, with raven hair, and a countenance every lineament of which indicated a strong mind; but the large and calm eye, more pensive than fiery, would have led the judicious observer to conclude that an habitual self-control had subdued a temperament at one time hasty and determined. The third, now occupied in knitting a bead purse, was a fair blonde, and could not have been more than eighteen or twenty years of age. Lovely as a spring morning in early May, her mild blue eyes were a type of the lovely mind which gave them expression. After a rather prolonged pause of nearly ten minutes, which succeeded their previous cheerful talk, Mrs. Fisher, the mother of the other two, said, with a smile, to Mrs. Welden, her daughter:

"Mary, my dear, what new scheme of improvement in dress or household affairs is now occupying your thoughts, that has so engrossed you as to cast a shade of profound anxiety over your face?"

"I was not thinking of either dress or household affairs, dear mother; my thoughts were with my husband. It is now nearly two years since we have been married, and during all that time he has spent one or two evenings, at least, in the course of every month, at the Lodge. I have begged, I have reasoned with him, and I have even shown myself displeased, but all of no avail. He persists in belonging to the horrid Masons. Would that I knew how to wean him from them! My heart aches when I think that he is so often with them—so often doing I know not what."

"And why should it ache, my dear? Is it because he is doing you know not what, that you must conclude he is doing wrong? And why do you call the Masons horrid?"

"Why do you ask? Read only the books that tell all about them. Their wicked mummeries, their evil counsels, and their dreadful doings with that poor man, Morgan."

"And is all that is printed concerning them necessarily true? Have not slanders of the most frightful kind been circulated against men, whom the world has afterwards acknowledged as among the best? And those men who profess to describe what they call their mummeries, must either have been present at them, and then, according to their own account, solemnly pledged themselves to secrecy, or have merely drawn upon their imaginations. In the first case, they are perjured; in the second, they invent. Are they, in either case, to be relied on for their veracity?"

"But, mother, the man who gave me these books is a good and moral man, you will acknowledge that yourself; and he assured me that all is true in them."

"If I am not mistaken, that man is Mr. Angel. I know that he is generally considered an upright and good man. He has a fair tongue in his head, and a fair face to support it. But a spirit of darkness may often be hid under the brightest garment of light. Independent of an inward feeling, which leads me to look upon him somewhat as I would look upon a beautiful snake basking in the sun, there are things about him which have awakened my suspicion. I have seen him meet with a smile and apparent cordiality persons of whom he had spoken but a few minutes before as vile and unprincipled; and I have known him to be engaged in transactions, which, though probably legal, were yet far from right. Nay, is not his giving you these books secretly, when he knew your husband to be a Mason, an act which ought to make you doubt at least his sense of propriety and of right?"

"He did not give these books to me; he gave them to Ellen."

Ellen, upon hearing this, blushed and cast her eyes down upon her work.

"To Ellen?" inquired Mrs. Fisher, with a glance at her youngest daughter. "That explains somewhat the reason of their being in the house. Mr. Welden is opposed to Mr. Angel paying his addresses to her."

"No, no; it was not for that," said Ellen. "He gave them to me only because I asked him his reasons for being so much opposed to Masonry. And I am now convinced that a man cannot be a Mason without being either a bad man, or ignorant of the true character of Masonry. I would not marry a Mason under any consideration whatever."

"My dear, dear children, we are directed by the highest authority, to test men by their fruit. Is Mr. Welden, Mr. Warden, Mr. Roberts, or Mr. Moore, a drunkard, a gambler, or given to any immoral practices? Are these men not all good husbands, kind fathers, excellent citizens? And what say you of such men as Mr. Squires, Mr. Greater, or Sloman? Do they not stand forth patterns of Christianity in their respective churches? But the Masons may even boast of the greatest and best of the land in their fraternity. Washington, Warren, Franklin, Marshall, De Witt Clinton; Bishops Griswold, Ives, Otey, and our own revered Dr. Milnor; a large number of the ministers of that zealous and devout body of Christians, the Methodists, are Masons; almost every President of the United States belonged to them. Were these bad men, or would you call them ignorant? My children, your father was a Mason. Mary, do you remember Mrs. Grote?"

"The good old woman," replied Mary, "who died so triumphantly, and who was the instrument, under God, to make me and my sister turn from the world? Well do I remember her and her prayers, and how she besought God to bless the institution which supplied her in the days of her affliction with comforts, and sent to her friends, who read to her from the Book of Life when she was unable to do so."

"And do you know for whom she prayed?"

"I supposed always for her church and its members."

"She prayed for the Masons and the Masonic institution."

"For the Masons!" exclaimed both young ladies.

"Yes, for them. Masonry loves not to blaze its charities abroad; but inculcates the scriptural doctrine, 'Let not thy right hand know what thy left doeth.' But in this instance I deem it not wrong to inform you of it. Mrs. Grote was, like myself, the widow of a good Mason; and as soon as this became known to the fraternity, they stepped between her and want, not doling out their gifts like our charitable societies, but gave like brothers to a sister, and smoothed the pillow under her aching head, until she passed away to brighter regions, blessing the men whom God had sent to aid her in the hour of need."

Mary and Ellen became pensive, and with their heads leaning upon their hands, seemed lost in thought; while the good old lady, her knitting having having dropped upon her lap, gazed upon the sisters with a countenance in which beamed forth maternal love and pride, chastened by religious thoughts and training. It was a group worthy of Raphael's pencil, as they sat thus in silence, the lamp casting a mellowed light over their faces. After a few minutes the door was noiselessly opened, and a fine looking man, about thirty years of age, approached Mrs. Welden's chair, and before she was aware of it cast his arm around her and kissed her. The little scream the surprise had forced from her was stifled by a second kiss, impressed upon her lips by the devoted husband.

"I shall finally become jealous of the Lodge," said Mrs. Welden, as soon as her husband had taken a seat. "Every month it deprives me of your company for a night or two; and to-night, dear Charles, you have staid very late—it is almost ten."

"I regret very much that I have been kept so late, my dear wife, but it was not altogether by the business of the Lodge. I met there with a gentleman who has the superintendence of the Williamsport and Elmira railroad, and he made me a very advantageous offer, to undertake a part of the work, which I have consented to accept. But let us now have our evening's devotion, and to-morrow I will tell you more about it."

CHAPTER II.

In another part of the same village, stood a little cottage, somewhat apart from the rest of the houses, and almost embowered in trees and shrubbery. It was inhabited by Mrs. Angel and her nephew, James Angel, a young man of very prepossessing appearance and manners. In an upper room of this cottage sat this young man with another, a Mr. Munter. Both seemed absorbed in their thoughts, and suffered the hot punch before them to grow cold, and their segars to remain untouched upon the plate. Mr. Munter was by several years the senior of his companion, and his once fine countenance was now marked with traces which fierce passions leave behind them, like the black ruins when the devouring element has consumed all the materials upon which it could make any impression. They had thus sat in silence for a few moments, when Angel roused himself, and with a look of searching mistrust at his companion, said:

"Munter, what has brought you here to-night? You know that the people of the village more than suspect your avocation. Your presence in my aunt's house can only compromise and draw suspicion upon me. And what use can that be to you?"

His companion looked up with a smile worthy of Mephistopheles, and surveyed his countenance, as if he thought to read his inmost thoughts before he replied:

"What does all this mean, James? You know full well what has brought me here. The city has become too hot just now; and I am compelled to take the fresh country air for a few weeks. The affair with that fellow from Vermont, whom I cheated out of the money he had received for his produce, came near costing me my life. He detected the game, and swore we cheated, and if I had not left the city he would have killed me. You need not look so disapprovingly. Have I not heard, on my way here, of doings at Utica, in the capacity of stool-pigeon, and" ——Here Angel's face became as white as the snow which was then covering the ground. "But no matter; this is not what I was going to say. I know the reason why you do not want me here just now. You hope to succeed with that little witch, Ellen Fisher, who refused me two years ago. You need not shake your head. Now listen, if you mean to marry the girl, I'll blow on you, and tell her the fine husband she is likely to get; and not only will I tell her, but also her mother and brother-in-law. But if you will persuade her to run off with you, if you please, you may have a sham marriage, I'll help you all I can. You need not look surprised at this. I would like to see the girl, who with such disdain refused Jack Munter, become the lady-love of such as you. Now, what do you say to this offer?"

"Jack, I am in your power; but it is not that which makes me tell you all my scheme. I would have married the girl, if she had not been such a puling psalm singer; but such as she is, I have long ago determined that, to break her into my ways, I must first carry her off without marriage, and I think I have some chance for it now. Her brother-in-law left two days ago for Elmira, and gave her strict injunctions not to speak to me or meet me anywhere. I have had two interviews with her since, and thanks to my church going and fine moral speeches, have convinced her that her brother is unjustly prejudiced, and have already half persuaded her to run away with me. I am to meet her again to-night, and then hope to settle the matter."

"Well, settle the matter, and I'll have a buggy ready and a couple of fine horses. I have both at a tavern between here and the canal, and I'll drive like the old boy, so that no one shall be able to catch you."

"Now let us drink our punch and have a game, and then I'll go and meet the charming Ellen."

A pack of cards was immediately produced, and the two sat down to their gambling and drinking. When the hour of his appointment had arrived, Angel left his companion in possession of his room, and wrapped in a cloak, went to meet his intended victim.

Beneath a clump of trees, upon a rustic bench in the garden behind her house, sat Ellen, waiting the arrival of her lover. The monitor in her breast every now and then raised his voice, and upbraided her for the course she was pursuing. Her mother's calm and gentle countenance seemed to be before her, with a troubled aspect, and with eyes which seemed sad and mournful, as if mourning for the fate impending over her; and the manly face of Charles Welden appeared to look stern and reproving. But she *forced* herself to think of other things, and to recollect all James Angel had said to justify to herself the course she was about to pursue.

At last the rustling of the branches announced the approach of another person, and James Angel stood before her.

Ellen, though she expected him, was startled at his sudden appearance, and rose from her seat. Angel took her hand and pressed it, and then said:

"Has my Ellen at last decided to confide her happiness to me? Throw away the doubts which have harassed your mind, and be assured that my heart will beat only the more devotedly for you, for knowing what you sacrifice for me. And had not Jacob to steal his Rachel from her father? Why, then, should you any longer hesitate at accompanying me?"

"I know all and feel all you can say, dear James," replied the timid girl, "but we are told to honor our father and our mother, and I fear it will almost break my poor mother's heart when she hears that I have left her secretly"

"But you will soon return; and once married, she will become reconciled, and may be consent to live with us part of the time."

"Oh, James! if I only could feel that I am doing right. And then may be hereafter you will despise me and think lightly of me. What would then become of me if I should lose your respect and affection?"

"Ellen, you surely cannot imagine such a thing. My love for you you certainly do not doubt, and my religious principles will always be a guaranty to you that my conduct will be such as you must approve. Have we not been raised together? Do we not go to the same church? Have not our minds thus been cast into the same mould, so that we appear as if created for one another? Come, dear Ellen, consent now to meet me to-morrow evening on the road to Clinton, just beyond the Judge's house. I will have a carriage ready, and before the second morning dawns you will be my wife. Say, dearest Ellen, will you consent?"

A faint "I will," was the reply, which appeared to come from the heart of the poor girl, as she hid her head on the bosom of the villain. The two then settled the details, and agreed as to the time and place, and then separated to go to their respective homes.

Angel thought several times on the way to his cottage that some one dogged his steps. At one time he became so certain of it, just as he passed Mr. Cleveland's house, that he turned and retraced his steps several rods, but could not discover any one. When he reached his room, he found Munter still occupied with the cards, trying various tricks by which to cheat his victims.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

◆

Religion and Intelligence.—When those two sterling Masons and patriots, General Jackson as President, and General Cass as Secretary of War, were visiting New England together, the President expressed himself as much pleased with the appearance of the people. "What fine, manly countenances these men carry!" exclaimed the President. "How robust and vigorous they are; and what a spirit of enterprise and perseverance they manifest! Why, with an army of such men, I would undertake to face the world." "Do you know the cause of these characteristics that you prize so highly?" rejoined the veteran Secretary. "What is it?" asked the old hero. "Do you see the steeple of that meeting-house yonder on the hill?" "Yes," replied the President. "And that low school-house near it?" "I see them both," said Gen. Jackson. "Well," answered Gen. Cass, himself a native of the Granite State, "here is where New England men are made."

◆

A Good Rule.—Two Masonic friends, much at variance, referred their quarrel to a clerical Masonic brother. He patiently heard them accuse each other as wholly in fault, and declare themselves without blame; and then he said, "My judgment is this: let the innocent forgive the guilty."

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HIGH TWELVE.

BY B. B. FRENCH,

Grand Master of Knights Templar of United States.

I.

List to the strokes of the bell—
High Twelve!
Sweet on the air they swell
To those who have labored well—
And the Warden's voice is heard,
From the South comes the cheering word,
"In the quarries no longer delve."

II.

Again 'tis the Warden's call—
"High Twelve."
"Lay aside gavel, hammer, and maul,
Refreshment for Craftsmen all,
By the generous Master is given,
To those who have cheerfully striven
Like men in the quarries to delve."

III.

There is, to each mortal's life,
High Twelve!
In the *midst* of his earthly strife—
With earth's groveling luxuries rife—
The voice of the Warden comes,
Like the roll of a thousand drums,
"In earth's quarries no longer delve!"

IV.

List to the tones of the bell—
High Twelve—
As if from on high they fell,
Their silvery echoes swell;
And again the voice we hear,
As if from an upper sphere,
"Hence for heavenly treasures delve."

V.

There shall ring in the world of bliss
High Twelve!
When relieved from our work in this—
If we've lived not our lives amiss—
The Master shall call us there,
Our immortal crown to wear,
No more in earth's quarries to delve.

◆

The Indian Mason.

BY ALBERT G. MACKEY, M. D.

"Behold thy friend, and of thyself the pattern see,
One soul, a wonder shall it seem, in bodies twain to be:
In absence, present; rich, in want; in sickness, sound:
Yea, after death, alive mayst thou by thy sure friend be found."
Nic. Grimould, 16th *century*.

Not among civilized men only, has the universal genius of Masonry extended her purifying and protecting influences. Many Indians have passed through the ordeal of initiation, and it is worthy of remark, that the red Mason of the forest is said to be as tenacious of his obligations, and as observant of his duties as the most intelligent and high minded of his white brethren.* A fact, in proof of this assertion, occurs in the revolutionary history of our country.

Joseph Brandt, a celebrated Mohawk Indian, had, on account of the strong natural intelligence he exhibited when a boy, been taken under the especial patronage of Sir William Johnston, Governor of Canada, by whose care he received all the advantages of a European education. Subsequently, he went to England, under the patronage of the Earl of Moira, afterwards the Marquis of Hastings, and, while in that country, was initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry.

On his return, however, the habits of early life resumed their influence, while the acquired ones of education were abandoned; and Brandt, throwing off the dress and usages of civilization, assumed once more the blanket and the rifle, and seemed to forget, in the wilds of his native forests, the lessons he had learned in his trans-atlantic schools. But the sequel of our story will show that, however treacherous his memory may have been in other things, on one subject, at least, it proved to be admirably retentive.

During the revolutionary war, at the battle of the "Cedars," thirty miles above Montreal, on the St. Lawrence, Col. McKinstry, then a captain in Paterson's regiment of Continental Troops, was twice wounded, and afterwards taken prisoner by the Indians employed in the British service.

The previous bravery and success of Capt. McKinstry had excited, at once, the fears and resentment of his Indian conquerors; and, in accordance with the customs of savage warfare, he was forthwith doomed to die at the stake accompanied with all those horrid and protracted torments which the Indians know so well how both to inflict and to endure. Already had he been fastened to the fatal tree, and the preparations for the human sacrifice were rapidly proceeding, when, in the strong agony of despair, and scarcely conscious of a hope, the captive made the great mystic appeal of a Mason in the hour of danger. It was seen, and understood, and felt by the Chieftain Brandt, who was present on the occasion. Brandt at once interposed in his behalf, and succeeded, by the influence of his position, in rescuing his American brother from his impending fate. Having freed him from his bonds, he conducted and guarded him in safety to Quebec, where he placed him in the hands of the English, by whom he was permitted to return to America on his parole. Col. McKinstry lived several years after to repeat, with great emotions, the history of this singular occurrence, and died, at length, in the year 1822, in the State of New York.

◆

The Soldier Mason.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY A SUFFOLK RECTOR.

[As Masons, in perusing the following, let us early awake to our duties growing out of this war. Let us lay foundations for relief in our lodges, and systematize our charities, that Masonic vagrancy may not absorb the charities designed for the helpless destitute.—Ed.]

"As a military man, I can say, and I speak from experience, that I have known many soldiers who were Masons: I never knew a good Mason who was a bad soldier."—*Lord Combermere.*

During an early period of my life, it was my fortune to hold a curacy in Worcester.

The parish in which I had to labor, though limited in point of size, was populous, and in it were to be found, densely packed together in two narrow, close, unhealthy streets, some twelve or fourteen hundred of the working-classes. It was a post at once interesting and distressing; interesting, from the varied aspect it presented of human sorrow, struggle, and suffering; and distressing, from the poverty which prevailed in it, and the utter inability of an individual clergyman to cope with its many wants and requirements.

In my rounds I lighted upon a party whose name was Parker. He had been a soldier, a corporal, and had served with some degree of distinction in India and the Peninsular war. Subsequently he was stationed at Gibraltar, and there, from some peculiar circumstances which at the moment I forget, came under the personal notice of General Don. He had a certificate as to conduct and character from the general, written by himself throughout. If I mistake not, he had been orderly for months together to the old chief. At all events, the testimony borne by him to Parker's services and character was of no common-place description. There was something in the bearing and conversation of this man which arrested my attention. He was in bad health, suffered at intervals acutely from the effects of a gun-shot wound, and was frequently disabled for weeks together from all exertion. In his domestic relations, too, he had much to try him; his means were narrow, not always prudently administered, and he had some little mouths around him clamorous for bread. And yet no murmur escaped him: he suffered on in silence; but personal sufferings did not render him selfish. To eke out his scanty pension, he resolved on returning to Worcester, (still famous for its gloves,) and there resume the calling of his boyish days—leather staining. Now this department of labor, though it may be carried on with tolerable impunity by the strong and the healthy, is, to the feeble and the failing, most pernicious. Dabbling with the cold water hour after hour, and walking about in garments dank and heavy with moisture, tell, eventually, even upon a vigorous constitution. Imagine, then, its effects upon a frame enfeebled by a tropical climate, and worn down by continuous suffering.

"It mauls me, sir, somewhat!" was his cheerful reply to my close inquiries on this point, one bitter November morning. His surgeon had told him, and this I knew, that his only chance, not of checking his complaint, for that was impossible, but of staying its progress, was to keep himself warm and dry, and to avoid, systematically, cold and damp.

"He may talk," was his answer, "but these"—looking at his children—"must not starve!"

Once only his equanimity failed him. I surprised him one evening in excruciating pain, without fuel or food in his dwelling, or money in his pocket.

He then said to me, the admission was wrung from him by bodily and mental agony, that, "considering the cripple he was, and why; where he had served, and how; he thought that his country should have done something more for him. My lot," continued he, "has been a hard one. I was compelled by bad health to quit Gibraltar. The doctors ordered me home; they said, if I remained on the Rock six weeks longer, death was certain: I obeyed. Three months after General Don died, and to the man who succeeded me in my post under him, left his wardrobe, his arms, his personal valuables, what in fact proved a competence for life. This was trying; but certain tenets tell me that I ought to be satisfied with whatever portion of work or labor is allotted me. Fidelity to my mighty Maker is one point; tranquillity, stillness, and silence, while I perform my task, and that cheerfully, are others."

"You are a Mason?" said I.

He smiled.

"You may guess wider of the mark than even that."

"Why not apply to your brethren in Worcester? You are aware that here there is a lodge?"

He shook his head.

"A soldier cannot beg: it is hateful to him: he fears a repulse from a board of gentlemen at home far more than an enemy's bayonet abroad."

"Then I must act for you. Your case is pressing; and, giving full credit to your narrative from past experience of your character, I shall now take my own course. Of intentional mis-statement I believe you to be incapable."

"I have my credentials with me," said he, calmly; "I was made in a military lodge in Ireland. My certificate, duly signed, is in my oaken chest: all will bear 'the light,' and on all is stamped 'Fidelity.'"

I took the initiative and succeeded. The order was worthily represented in Worcester then and now. The appeal was heard and heeded.

Poor Parker has long since escaped from earthly trials and bodily ailments, and no feelings can be wounded by referring to his history. But it may be instanced as involving a lesson of some moment. Here was a man who unquestionably had spent the prime of his life in his country's service. He had carried her standard and had fought her battles. His blood had flowed freely in her cause. His adherence to her interests had cost him dear. Wounds which neither skill nor time could heal, disabled him from exertion, and rendered life a burden. To acute bodily suffering positive privation was added.

Who relieved him?

His country? No. She left him to perish on a niggardly pension. Who succored him? The great Duke, whose debt to the private soldier is so apparent and overwhelming? No. His Grace had become a statesman, and in that capacity wrote caustic letters (from any other pen they would have been pronounced coarse) to those who ventured to appeal to him.

Who aided the wounded and sinking soldier in his extremity?

The brotherhood—a secret band, if you will, but active—which requires no other recommendation save desert, and no other stimulus than sorrow.

And yet how little is it understood, and how strangely misrepresented!

In "The Crescent and the Cross," by Mr. Warburton, there is a glowing passage, which winds up with the remark, "Freemasonry, degenerated in our day into a mere convivial bond."

I laid down the volume with a smile and a sigh. A sigh, that a writer of such highly-cultivated intellect and generous impulses should have so sadly misunderstood us. A smile, for taking up an able periodical, the *Morning Herald*, my eye rested on the passage: "This day £3,000, contributed in India principally among the Freemasons, was lodged in the Bank of Ireland to the credit of the Mansion House Committee, for the relief of the destitute poor in Ireland." Weighty results, these, from a society which is nothing more than "a mere convivial bond."

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* At the annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Georgia, in 1854, we are informed, that "the Grand Master presented to the Grand Lodge, Col. P. P. Pitchlyn, a chief of the Choctaw nation of Indians, who addressed the Grand Lodge in a most interesting and eloquent manner, giving good evidence that he thoroughly felt and understood the true principles of the Order of Masonry; and also gave a very favorable account of the condition of the craft in his tribe, which he considered a convincing proof of their progress in civilization."—*Pro. G. L. of Geo.* 1854.

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The Physical Benefits of Masonry.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

First.—My design is to show that, multiplied as are the charities of the world, the widow and the orphan have yet need of the Mason's care.

Secondly.—Charitable as are mankind towards their erring brethren, still there is room for the Freemason to assist the weak and the wandering, and to call back to virtue and respectability the brother who has forfeited his *claims* to charity, and his right to general regard. And—

Thirdly.—Varied as are the means of the destitute stranger to escape the perils of the sea, and their consequences in a foreign land, there are cases in which our order may exercise its peculiar means of good, when ordinary or extraordinary benevolence would be at fault, and the deserving and respectable sufferer be left to the consequences of shipwreck, and the sufferings which poverty and destitution insure in a foreign land.

And first, of the widow and the orphan at home. How easy to argue from the records of the Lodge that these sacred objects of our care and kind are not neglected; but let me give an instance beyond the walls of the Lodge; I have it on good authority, and you may safely, as you will easily, credit the statement, because it is consistent with the spirit of our Order.

Not long since, a constable of our city was instructed by a large property holder, to proceed to make attachment of household furniture for rent dues. The distress would reach nearly all that the law allowed to take; and painful as was the task to the kind hearted officer, it was, nevertheless, a duty. The tenant was a widow, with a little family of children. While the officer was sitting, distressed at the misery which he was compelled to inflict, the widow entered the room, bearing upon her the garments of her widowhood, whose freshness showed the recency of her loss, and testifying by her manner the utter destitution to which this attachment was reducing her and her children.

"I know not," said she, "what to do. I have neither friend nor relation to whom to apply. I am alone—utterly alone—friendless—helpless—destitute—a widow."

"But," said the officer, "is there no association upon which you have a claim?"

"None! I am a member of no beneficial society," she replied. "But I remember," she continued, "that my husband has more than once told me that if I should ever be in distress, I might make this available"—and she drew out a Masonic jewel. "But it is now too late, I am afraid."

"Let me see it," said the officer; and with a skillful eye he examined the emblem consecrated to charity, as the token of brotherly affection. The officer was a Mason, he knew the name of the deceased, and recognized his standing.

"We will see," said the officer, "what effect this will have, though the landlord is no Mason. Who is your clergyman?" The widow told him. The clergyman was a Mason.

The attachment of goods was relinquished for a moment. The officer went to the clergyman, made known the distress of the widow, and her claims through Masonry.

"And who," said the clergyman, "is the landlord?" and the constable informed him.

"Ah!" said the clergyman, "does his religion teach him to set us no better example? We must show him what Masonry requires at our hands. I have spent all of the last payment of my salary, but here is my note at a short date for the amount due; the landlord will scarcely refuse that?"

In twenty minutes the rent was paid. The kind-hearted officer forgave his fees, and perhaps gave more, and the widow and the orphans blessed God for the benefits which they had enjoyed through Masonry. What a reaction in the feelings of that destitute mother and her children! but how much more exquisite—how beyond all price and all appreciation must have been the delight of the clergyman and the officer? True Masonry, my brethren, affords to its children the rich luxury of doing good. The tears of grateful joy which the widow shed were made brilliant by the smiles of her relieved children, and became jewels of Masonry, whose price is above rubies. How lovely, how exalted is the charity which has such objects; it elevates its exercisers to a participation of labor with Him who is the father of the fatherless, and the widow's God and guide.

Abroad, too, the great spirit of good which pervades our Craft and sanctifies its principles, is found operative for the advantage of its members, and through them productive of good to society. Not here alone, within the circle which includes so many brethren, do we seek for and find the good effects of Free Masonry; not alone in the crowded haunts of business, where Lodges are easily formed and kept alive by the continued influx of citizens and strangers—but wherever the solitary foot of a masonic heart beats, there is the influence of our order, there is the attractive principle, that brings within its warmth, and invites to kindly reciprocation, every sufferer that Providence throws upon the rights and claims of our Craft. Wherever a Mason is found—whether upon the giddy heights of the Appenines, or on the scorching desert of Arabia, or on the stormy capes of the northern seas—there benevolence has an advocate and an exponent; there she recognizes the ear open to the sound, and the hand prompt to extend the duties of Free Masonry.

It was in a tempestuous portion of the year 1790, that a large ship, which was making a slow progress up the Baltic sea, found itself suddenly wrapt in one of those wild gales that came down from the mountain gap, sacrificing nearly all that stood in its course, and

"Reared up the Baltic in a foaming fury."

In this situation, after gallant resistance to the tempest, the overladen vessel succumbed, and man after man was swept from the deck, and carried onward "down the wind," to be dashed upon the rocks of a lee shore, or to be buried fathoms below the stormy surface. When at length the vessel struck upon the shelving shore, towards which she had drifted, the remaining portion of the crew lashed themselves to the spars, and awaited the surge that should wash them from the deck; it came booming onward; of the few that had been spared thus far, only one—the master of the vessel—reached the land. He reached it exhausted—inanimate. His first recognition was the kindly care of a friend, in the chamber of a sordid hovel—a chamber whose darkness was dispelled by the light of friendship, and where pains were assuaged by the attention of one pledged to help, aid and assist.

The first word of the sufferer was responded to by the kindly voice of a Mason; unintelligible, indeed, excepting in the language of Masonry. Distance of birth and variety of profession constituted no bar to their humanity. The utter ignorance of each of the other's vernacular language, hindered not the delightful communion. A little jewel that rested on the bosom of the shipwrecked mariner denoted his masonic character—kindness, fraternal goodness, and love, were the glorious response; and when the watchful and untiring benevolence of the Swedish Mason had raised up the sufferer from the bed of pain and suffering, true masonic charity supplied his purse with the means of procuring passage to London, whence a return to the United States was easy.

The jewel of the shipwrecked brother is now in my possession—as his blood, also, flows through my veins. I hold the former as a rich heir-loom for my family, to be transmitted to my son as a Mason, as it was transmitted by my father to me.

Masonry stills not the tempest when it blows with its utmost force—Masonry says not to the ocean embroiled with the winds of Heaven, "Peace, be still!"—Masonry has no power to hush the voice of the thunder as it speaks its terrors to man—or to darken the lightning as it scathes the vision of its victims. These are the attributes of a higher power. But Masonry takes the victim of the storms, and wraps him about with comforts. She lifts the shipwrecked mariner from the wave that was becoming his shroud, and warms him to life. She stands not at the door of the sepulchre, to roll away the stone and bid the death-stricken tenant come forth; but she takes the bruised and crushed by the roadside, pours oil into their wounds, and supplies the means of extending life. These things has she done, and these things she continues to do. She goes not abroad to declare the results of her benevolent spirit, but when she looks back upon the result, she exclaims—"I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame."

But, my brethren, the physical relief which Masons impart is not the greatest of her charities. Sometimes these seem forced upon us by the peculiar position of the sufferer, or imparted from the sudden impulses of correct feeling; and even when they flow from the purest and most maturely weighed motives of good, and a sense of masonic obligation, they do not imply that permanent and deep-seated sense of high moral duty which is the parent of that charity that looketh deep into the condition of a brother, and seeks to lift him from the pit of moral degradation into which he has fallen, and to place his feet upon the firm ground of honor and self-respect; to rekindle in their ashes the slumbering spark of decency that seems to have been almost quenched, and to re-illuminate the temple in which first was placed the image of God. Masonry, however, has done this. She has not paused at physical ministrations; she has not said, "Be ye warmed and be ye clothed," and then turned away from ministrations to the immortal mind that lay prostrate—debased—dishonored, and most fitly represented by the squalidness and misery of the exterior.

Many years since, but within my own recollection, and generally under my own observation, the respectable firm of Howard & Thompson, (I use fictitious names,) in the city of ——, fell into some commercial difficulties, which the limited capital of the junior partner was unable to surmount. The senior partner, with the aid of friends, compromised the debts, continued the business in his own name, and became, in time, a wealthy man.

Thompson, lacking energy of character, but possessing some pride, declined a subordinate station in a counting-room, until his habits became so bad that he was deemed unfit for any place of trust; and he sunk from respectability to utter destitution and misery with a rapidity I never saw before, nor since, equalled in any man, to whom crime was not to be imputed.

He became brutified; whole days would he lie on the public wharves, drunken with the liquor which he had extracted from the hogsheads being landed at the time; and his rags hung upon him so carelessly that decency stood aghast at his appearance. He was not merely a drunkard, but he was drunk all the time; and to him soberness was a rarity. He had not only lost all moral standing, all name of, or claim to, decency, but self-respect had fled, and he was the nearest approach in habits and appearance to the brute that I ever saw in man.

One day—it was a clear sunshine of January—Thompson had thrown himself against the southern angle of a public building; and about noon, as the members of the ——— came from the halls, he looked for a little eleemosynary aid, that would enable him to add a loaf of bread to his more easily acquired liquor. But member after member passed on—the case was too disgusting to excite sympathy; one member only was left; he came round the corner of the building towards the place of egress from the premises, and attracted by the appearance of the wretch before him, he was about to offer alms, when, looking closer, he exclaimed, "Are not you Thompson?" "Yes." "Well here is something—but we are watched, come to my office this evening."

Thompson kept the promise, and presented himself at the office. He was not seen again for several weeks; and if any thought of him, it was to congratulate themselves that they were relieved from the presence of such a squalid wretch.

About two months afterwards, as the troops of the United States marched through the city on their way to the north-western frontiers, Thompson was seen in the manly uniform, and wearing the neat plain epaulette of a lieutenant of infantry. He acquitted himself like a man, and died honorably a captain in the service.

The world recollected that Thompson had been a member of one or two companies and associations, of which his patron and friend had been the principal; and they imputed the kindness which lifted him from the degradation to a social feeling on the part of his benefactor.

But there are others who knew that the benefactor was Master of a Lodge, where Thompson was once an active and useful member; and that had appeals to the Master's good feelings been earlier made, much suffering and disgrace would have been spared; as it was, the relieved died a captain in the service, and the reliever lived to be Grand Master of a Grand Lodge.

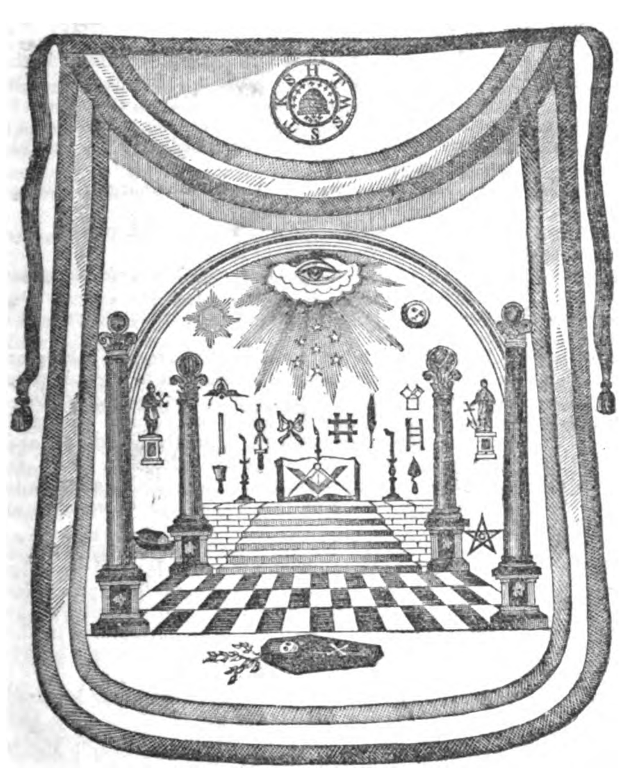
Beautiful illustration of the power of Masonry to do good. How instructive would it be in us, my brethren, to know just what passed in the evening's interview between these two Masons. To know the persuasions on the part of the senior, and the willing yieldings of the erring junior; to have witnessed the new gush of self-respect—its bright return to the heart—when it was proposed that he should hold a commission; and that there was *one* who not only could have influence with the government to procure the appointment, but still more, would have confidence in *him*, to be responsible for his future virtue. We may not lift the veil, my brethren, to look in upon the scene. Masonry, while she works such good, tiles the door, and lets others judge of the means by the beauty and excellence of the ends.

◆

Be True.

"Lie not, but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both.
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod;
The stormy-working soul spits lies in froth.
Dare to be TRUE. Nothing can need a lie.
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby."

GEORGE HERBERT, two centuries ago.



MASONIC APRON, WROUGHT BY MADAME THE MARCHIONESS LAFAYETTE.

Washington and Lafayette.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

There was a bond of union, of peculiar strength, between Washington and Lafayette, other than that of mere personal friendship. They were members of the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, and both loved the mystic brotherhood sincerely. Madame Lafayette was deeply interested in everything that engaged the attention of her husband; and she had learned to reverence Washington with a feeling closely allied to that of devotion. She had corresponded with him, and received from him cordial invitations to the simple delights of rural life at Mount Vernon. She had, no doubt, earnestly desired to present some visible testimonial of her regard to the great patriot of the New World; and when her husband resolved to visit him in his retirement at Mount Vernon, she prepared, with her own hands, an apron of white satin, upon which, wrought in needlework, were the various emblems of the Masonic order. This apron Lafayette brought with him, and presented to his distinguished brother at Mount Vernon. It was kept by Washington as a cherished memorial of a noble woman; and, after his death, his legatees formally presented it to the Washington Benevolent Society at Philadelphia, in the following words:

"TO THE WASHINGTON BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

"The legatees of General Washington, impressed with the most profound sentiments of respect for the noble institution which they have the honor to address, beg leave to present to them the inclosed relic of the revered and lamented Father of his Country. They are persuaded that the apron, which was once possessed by the man whom Philadelphians always delighted to honor, will be considered most precious to the Society distinguished by his name, and by the benevolent and grateful feelings to which it owes its foundation. That this perishable memento of a hero, whose fame is more durable than brass, may confer as much pleasure upon those to whom it is presented as is experienced by the donors, is the sincere wish of the legatees.

"*October 26th*, 1816."

When the Society to which this apron was presented was dissolved, the precious memento of Washington and his fair friend was presented to the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, and now occupies a conspicuous place upon the walls of the Grand Master's room in Masonic Hall, Philadelphia, carefully preserved under glass, in a frame.

More than two years previous to the visit of Lafayette, Washington received from the late Elkanah Watson, and his business partner, M. Cossoul, several Masonic ornaments, accompanied by the following letter:

"To his Excellency,
GENERAL WASHINGTON, America:

"MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND RESPECTED BROTHER: In the moment when all Europe admire and feel the effects of your glorious efforts in support of American liberty, we hasten to offer for your acceptance a small pledge of our homage. Zealous lovers of liberty and its institutions, we have experienced the most refined joy in seeing our chief and brother stand forth in defence of a new-born nation of republicans.

"Your glorious career will not be confined to the protection of American liberty, but its ultimate effect will extend to the whole human family, since Providence has evidently selected you as an instrument in His hands to fulfil His eternal decrees.

"It is to you, therefore, the glorious orb of America, we presume to offer Masonic ornaments, as an emblem of your virtues. May the Grand Architect of the universe be the guardian of your precious days, for the glory of the western hemisphere and the entire universe. Such are the vows of those who have the favor to be by all the known members,

"Your affectionate brothers,
"WATSON & COSSOUL.

"*East of Nantes*, 23*d* 1*st month*, 1782."

Washington replied as follows, from his head-quarters at Newburgh:

"STATE OF NEW YORK, *August* 10, 1782.

"GENTLEMEN: The Masonic ornaments which accompanied your brotherly address of the 23d of January last, though elegant in themselves, were rendered more valuable by the flattering sentiments and affetionate manner in which they were presented.

"If my endeavors to arrest the evil with which the country was threatened, by a deliberate plan of tyranny, should be crowned with the success that is wished, the praise is due to the Grand Architect of the universe, who did see fit to suffer His superstructure of justice to be subjected to the ambition of the princes of this world, or to the rod of oppression in the hands of any power upon earth.

"For your affectionate vows permit me to be grateful, and offer mine for true brothers in all parts of the world, and to assure you of the sincerity with which I am,

"Yours,
"GEO. WASHINGTON.

"Messrs. Watson & Cossoul,
"East of Nantes."

Watson says, in relation to this gift: "Wishing to pay some mark of respect to our beloved Washington, I employed, in conjunction with my friend, M. Cossoul, nuns in one of the convents at Nantes, to prepare some elegant Masonic ornaments, and gave them a plan for combining the American and French flags on the apron designed for his use." They were executed in a superior and expensive style, being wrought in gold and silver tissue.

This regalia was sent by Washington to Mount Vernon, and was afterward worn by him when he met his brethren in the lodge at Alexandria. The apron and collar are now in possession of Washington Lodge, Alexandria, to which they were presented by the late George Washington Parke Custis.

[NOTE.—Mr. Lossing is mistaken concerning the apron. It was presented to the Grand Lodge of Philadelphia by the executors of Washington's will, and is now carefully preserved, in a glass case, in the Grand Lodge Hall at Philadelphia. Some of the relics were removed from the lodge, at the entrance of the Federal forces into Virginia, and have not yet been recovered. They are supposed to be secreted in Alexandria.—EDITOR.]

◆

CONFESSION.—Be not ashamed to confess that you have been in the wrong. It is but owning what you need not be ashamed of—that you have now more sense than you before had to see your error, more conscience to feel it, more humility to acknowledge it, and more grace to forsake it.

◆

LAFAYETTE.—"The Masonic institution in the United States affords an important pillar of support and union to its free institutions, and its happy form of government."

Bronze Doors for the National Capitol.

The artist Rogers, our highly esteemed brother, was commissioned some years ago by this Government to model and cast in bronze folding doors for the Capitol. They were cast at Munich. An English traveller thus describes them:

"The workmanship, as is always the case with whatever emanates from the Munich foundry, is admirable. There is a sharpness in the lines, and a finish in the minutest detail, which are in the highest degree creditable. Of the doors themselves it is not easy to convey an adequate idea by a mere description; for enumeration of all that is represented might induce the belief that there was a crowding of objects, and that the allotted space was overfilled, and this is not the case. Each door, the whole forms a folding door, is divided into four compartments or panels. Thus, with a semi-circular space above, which has the breadth of both the doors together, there are nine divisions, in each of which an important moment of Columbus's life is represented.

"The figures stand out in full relief, and some of the groups are eminently successful. The crowning event of the discoverer's career occupies the commanding spot over the top of the doors. Here Columbus, standing on a mound, forms the central figure. He has just landed from a boat, and with the standard of Arragon and Castile planted on the new soil, and with sword upraised in his right hand, he takes possession of the land in the name of his sovereigns. Some boatmen are still in the skiff, others are kneeling on the shore, while a group of Indians, peeping from behind a tree on the opposite side, look on in wondering astonishment. In one compartment is represented the triumphal entry of Columbus into Madrid, on his first return from America, amid crowds of gazers at him, the hero of the triumph, and at the Indians who precede the procession with paroquets on their upraised arms.

"The next panel is occupied with a sadder story. Here Columbus, in chains, surrounded by a sorrowing population, is about to embark for Europe. Then, the 'last scene of all,' accomplishing his 'strange, eventful history,' we see him on his death-bed, attended only by a nun and some priests, who administer to him the consolations of religion. His son stands beside him. In the thickness of the door itself niches are formed at certain intervals, and in these are small whole-length figures of the great contemporaries of Columbus—kings, statesmen, ecclesiastics, and warriors. In the centre, close to each other, are two such lines of niches, while, on both sides, a single row of figures, one above the other, fills up the intermediate space between the outer edge of the panels and the door-post. The large bosses so often seen on doors are here the heads of those historians who have written on the discovery of America.

"The ornaments below each niche are heads of animals indigenous to the country, with fruits and flowers entwined, also characteristic of the New World. Every ornament is appropriate, and though they are manifold, there is no confusion."

◆

The Farmer and the Artist.

"Of what use is all your studying and your books?" said an honest farmer to an ingenious artist. "They don't make the corn grow, nor produce vegetables for market. My Sam does more good with his plough in one month than you do with your books and papers in one year."

"What plough does your son use?" said the artist quietly.

"Why, he uses ——'s plough, to be sure. He can do nothing with any other. By using this plough, we save half the labor, and raise three times as much as we did with the old wooden concern."

The artist turned over one of his sheets, and showed the farmer the drawing of his much-praised plough, saying, with a smile, "I am the inventor of your favorite plough, and my name is ——."

The astonished farmer shook the artist heartily by the hand, and invited him to call at the farm-house, and make it his home as long as he liked.

◆

LEO X.—When the cardinals wished to read a gentle lesson to the gay and literary Leo X., they caused a fire of straw to be lit before them. "Thus quickly fleet the vanities of the world," cried a warning voice as the flames shot up. "But while it passes let us warm our hands at it," retorted the quick pope, holding out his palms to the fire.

A SONG.

BY TENNYSON.

As through the land at eve we went
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,—
O, we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

◆

General Washington: His Masonic Record and Camp Lodges.

Washington was blessed with a mind capable of a full appreciation of Masonry. He was eminently good and virtuous, useful, loving and humane, prudent in his private affairs, wise, just and patriotic in his public. He was pure in purpose, and firm in action. He shared in the labors and honors of a Mason, becoming such at a very early age, and remaining active and earnest even in old age, and was buried at his own request by his masonic friends and brothers. The lodge was a school, doing much to educate Washington at his early age, producing his character as the type of the pure teachings of Masonry. To the student of Masonry, there is no development of his public character which is not traceable to instruction in the lodge room. Before reaching majority, his mind was directed to the institution, and it was the only association of any character with which he had connection in early life.

He became a sincere Christian and communicant of the Episcopal church; but what, previous to this period, preserved his faith in the Bible, amid the prevalence of deistic religion and positive infidelity in his day? We answer unhesitatingly, Masonry. We so think from a careful examination of the means used by him. We so think from his masonic allusions to God and religion. His tone of thought and his very words are those of the lodge. How like a Mason's diction his letter to the Governors of the States, in concluding which, he writes:

"I now make my earnest prayer, that God would have you in His Holy protection; that He would be most graciously pleased to dispose us all to do justice, love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind, which were the characteristics of the *Divine Author of our blessed religion*, and without an humble imitation of whose example in these things, we can never hope to be a happy nation."

In replying to the address of the various religious denominations, he writes to the Methodists: "Religion and morality are the essential pillars of society." And again: "No man who is profligate in his morals, or a bad member of the civil community, can possibly be a Christian."

In his Farewell Address is the following:

"Of all the dispositions and habits, which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, the firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it be simply asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation *desert* the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

How full of masonic allusions are the foregoing!

His obedience to law, his respect for rules, his compliance with his church usages—whence were these? We unhesitatingly assert that they were the fruit of masonic teaching on his good heart. We do not mean to assert that Masonry made Washington an Episcopalian, but we do mean to assert that it made him a more dutiful Episcopalian. Witness his attendance at the German church, near Philadelphia, when he could not understand the language of the service.

In his first military campaigns, divine service was regularly performed, by his order, in the camp; and in the very words of exhortation of one of the degrees, he remonstrates with Virginia for neglecting to provide chaplains for the army.

No well informed Mason, who can trace the history of a mind's tuition, from its indications in letters, addresses, dispatches and orders, can fail to conclude that Washington had received with heartiness the lessons of the craft, and that they had become incorporated into his very being.

At the first Congress, of which Washington was a member, a gentleman, desirous of knowing Washington, was told by Secretary Thompson that he could easily distinguish him when Congress should go to prayer: "*Washington is the gentleman who kneels down.*" When Bishop White made the first prayer in Congress, Washington only knelt.

When Stuart was painting Washington's portrait, he was rallied one day by the General for his slow work. The painter protested that the picture could not advance until the canvas was dry, and that there must yet be some delay. Upon arriving the next morning, Stuart turned his canvas and discovered, to his great horror, that the picture was spoiled. "General," said he, "somebody has held this picture to the fire."

Washington, summoning Sam, and learning that he was the author of the mischief, dismissed him in anger. Sam, it appears, overhearing Washington's expressions of impatience at the tardiness of the work and the artist's declaration that it must be dry before he could go on, had just put the canvass before the fire. The next day Washington, feeling that he had treated Sam unjustly, gave him a silver watch, saying: "Come here, Sam. Take this watch, and whenever you look at it, remember that your master, in a moment of passion, said to you what he now regrets, and that he was not ashamed to confess that he had done so."

In his order of July 29th, 1779, he says:

"Many and pointed orders have been issued against that unmeaning and abominable custom, *swearing;* notwithstanding which with much regret the General observes that it prevails, if possible, more than ever; his feelings are continually wounded, by the oaths and imprecations of the soldiers. Whenever he is within hearing of them, the name of that Being from whose bountiful goodness we are permitted to enjoy the comforts of life, is incessantly imprecated and profaned in a manner as wanton as it is shocking; for the sake. therefore, of religion, decency and order, the General hopes and trusts that officers of rank will use their influence and authority to check a vice, which is as unprofitable as it is wicked and shameful."

Again:

"The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion; he hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect, that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly; added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

Washington abhorred profane swearing, and would not tolerate it in his circle. As colonel, he gave strict orders against it.

While the troops of Cornwallis were marching out of town, with cased colors, and drums beating the sad sound of defeat. Washington turned to his troops and said:

"My brave fellows, let no sensation of satisfaction for the triumph you have gained induce you to insult a fallen enemy; let no shouting—no clamorous huzzaing. increase their mortification. It is a sufficient satisfaction to us that we witness their humiliation. Posterity will huzza for us!"

The next day he ordered that all who were under arrest should be set at liberty. See here a masonic and Christian conquerer.

In his will he gave $4,000 "for the purpose of educating such orphan children or the children of such other poor and indigent persons as are unable to accomplish it with their own means." During his life he gave $300 annually for the instruction of poor children of Alexandria. In his will he bequeathed $22,000 to found a university in this District, and $10,000 to an academy in Virginia. He made the first contribution to an educational institution in Kentucky. He was doing good continually, yet delicately, to the widow and orphan. In objects and mode of relief, how masonic! In all things, how prominent is his Masonry, not creating him a patriot or a Christian or a philanthropist, but assisting and strengthening him in his good works. We present Washington as the illustration of the legitimate result of masonic culture. But as we shall see, Washington left not this to inference; he plainly manifests through life, to its very close, his obligations to the masonic institution.

What an auspicious omen, that the birth of George Washington and the birth of American Free Masonry occurred at one and the same time.

In Lodge No. 4, at Fredericksburg, Virginia, Washington was initiated, November 4, 1752; passed to the degree of Fellow Craft the 3d of March, and raised to that of a Master Mason August 4, 1753. The Record Book of the Lodge, called the "Ledger," has the following entries:

"1752, Nov. 6th.—Received of Mr. George Washington, for his entrance, £2.3."

"1754, March 3.—George Washington passed Fellow Craft."

"4th August, 5754—which day the *Loge* being assembled, present R. W. Daniel Campbell, &c.—Transactions of the evening are, George Washington raised Master Mason."

When commander-in-chief of the army, Washington left the camp expressly to be present in Philadelphia at the celebration of St. John's (the Evangelist) Day, December 28, 1778. He was honored with the chief place in the procession, with the Grand Master and Deputy Grand Master on either side. Dr. Smith, in his address at Christ Church, beautifully alluded to Washington, who was present, as the *Cincinnatus* of the times:

"Honored with his presence as a brother, you will seek to derive virtue from his example; and never let it be said, that any principles you profess can render you deaf to the calls of your country; but, on the contrary, have animated you with intrepidity in the hour of danger, and humanity in the moments of triumph."

At the close of the sermon more than four hundred pounds were collected for the benefit of the poor, and the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, on the occasion, were made the almoners of Washington's bounty. The sermon of Dr. Smith was also by request of the Grand Lodge published in pamphlet form, and the profits of its sale given to the poor. On its publication, it was prefaced with the following dedication:

"To his Excellency George Washington, Esq., General and Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States of North America; the friends of his Country and Mankind, ambitious of no higher title, if higher were possible; the following sermon, honored with his presence when delivered, is dedicated in testimony of the sincerest brotherly affection, and esteem of his merit.

"By order of the Brethren:

"JOHN COATS, G. S. *pro tem.*"

Washington was the first Master of Alexandria Lodge, No. 22, at Alexandria, Virginia. The first warrant of the lodge was properly granted by the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, February 3, 1783, and was numbered 39 on the Pennsylvania registry. The Master's chair, removed from the lodge in 1861, was the present of Gen. Washington, and often occupied by him as Master.

In June, 1784, No. 39 invited Gen. Washington to dine with the lodge on the anniversary of St. John the Baptist. He replied:

"MOUNT VERNON, *June* 19, 1784.

"DEAR SIR: With pleasure I received the invitation of the Master and members of Lodge No. 39 to dine with them on the approaching anniversary of St. John the Baptist. If nothing unforeseen at present interfere, I will have the honor of doing it. For the polite and flattering terms in which you have expressed their wishes, you will please accept my thanks.

"With esteem and regard, I am, dear sir, your most obedient servant,

"GEO. WASHINGTON.

"WM. HERBERT, Esq."

April 28, 1788, No. 39 changed its fealty to the Grand Lodge of Virginia, and became Alexandria Lodge, No. 22.

Randolph, then Governor of the State and Grand Master, constituted Gen. Washington the first Master of the lodge. The following is an extract from the warrant:

"I, Edward Randolph, Governor of the State, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, do hereby constitute and appoint our illustrious and well-beloved brother, George Washington, late General and Commander-in-Chief of the forces of the United States of America, and our worthy brothers, —— McCrea, William Hunter, jr., and John Allison, Esq., together with all such other brethren as may be admitted to associate with them, to be a just, true, and regular lodge of Free Masons, by the name, title, and designation of the Alexandria Lodge, No. 22."

The name of the lodge was changed, in 1805, to that of "Washington Alexandria Lodge."

As No. 39, and also as No. 22, the Alexandria Lodge had power to confer the degrees, now under the control of the chapter, including the Royal Arch. As Master of the lodge, Gen. Washington conferred the Royal Arch. The *livery* of his lodge was *scarlet*. Afterwards *blue* was adopted.

The Grand Lodge of Virginia was formed in 1778, and its first choice was Gen. Washington as its Grand Master, but the honor was declined, as Washington had not at that time been Master of a chartered lodge.

The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, in 1780, acting under a Provincial charter, proposed and unanimously nominated Gen. Washington as *General Grand Master of the United States*, and submitted this recommendation to the other Grand Lodges of this country. The subject, being postponed, was never again moved. Hence the title of *Grand Master* and *General Grand Master* was applied to Washington. There was not then, nor has there ever been, a General Grand Lodge in the United States. The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, in conformity to ancient usage, proposed to make Gen. Washington the General Patron, or Grand Master of Masons of the United States. After such honors, he serves as Master of the lodge at Alexandria.

In answer to a complimentary address, when President of the United States, from the officers and members of King David's Lodge in Rhode Island, he said:

"Being persuaded that a just application of the principles on which the masonic fraternity is founded, must be promotive of private virtue and public prosperity, I shall always be happy to advance the interest of the society, and to be considered by them a deserving brother."

May 2, 1791, he addressed the Grand Lodge of South Carolina: "I recognize with pleasure my relation to the brethren of your society;" and speaks of the masonic association as one "whose principles lead to purity of morals, and are beneficial of action," and concludes by saying: "I shall be happy on every occasion to evince my regard for the fraternity."

In 1792, the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts dedicated to him its Book of Constitutions, and in replying to the communication of the fact, he still more distinctly announces his favorable opinion of Free Masonry, in the following sentences:

"Flattering as it may be to the human mind, and truly honorable as it is, to receive from our fellow-citizens, testimonies of approbation, for exertions to promote the public welfare, it is not less pleasing to know, that the milder virtues of the heart are highly respected by a society, whose liberal principles are founded on the immutable laws of truth and justice

"To enlarge the sphere of social happiness is worthy of the beautiful design of a masonic institution; and it is most fervently to be wished, that the conduct of every member of the fraternity, as well as those publications that discover the principles which actuate them, may tend to convince mankind that the grand object of Masonry is to promote the happiness of the human race."

That our beloved brother continued through life to entertain these favorable opinions of the masonic institution, will be evident from the following expression contained in a reply made by him to the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts in April, 1798, not three years before his death.

"My attachment," he says, "to the society of which we are members, will dispose me always to contribute my best endeavors to promote the honor and interest of the craft."

Washington, in 1793, officiating as Grand Master, laid the corner-stone of the Capitol of the United States as a Freemason, and clothed in masonic regalia, wearing the veritable apron formerly in possession of Alexandria Lodge, No. 22.

This same apron, made and presented to Washington by Madame Lafayette, was worn by Grand Master B. B. French in laying the corner-stone of the Capitol extension, and was recognized by Mr. Custis as the same worn by Gen. Washington.

November 8, 1799, thirteen months before his death, he wrote to the Grand Lodge of Maryland:

"GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS: Your obliging and affectionate letter, together with a copy of the Constitution of Masonry, has been put into my hands by your Grand Master, for which I pray you to accept my best thanks. So far as I am acquainted with the principles and doctrines of Free Masonry, I conceive them to be founded in benevolence, and to be exercised only for the good of mankind; I cannot, therefore, upon this ground, withdraw my approbation from it."

Hon. Timothy Bigelow, in his eulogy on Washington, February 11, 1800, before the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, asserts, on the authority of members of Washington's own lodge, that Washington died Master of the lodge. He says:

"The information received from our brethren, who had the happiness to be members of the lodge over which he presided for many years, and of which he died the Master, furnishes us abundant proof of his persevering zeal for the prosperity of the institution. Constant and punctual in his attendance, strupulous in his observance of the regulations of the lodge, and solicitous at all times to communicate light and instruction, he discharged the duties of the chair with uncommon dignity and intelligence in all the mysteries of our art."

While Commander-in-Chief of the army, he encouraged travelling lodges, esteeming them of great value to the army. He visited these camp lodges, and participated in their labors, and was himself Master of a camp lodge. Among others, we know of Capt. Hugh Maloy, (who, in 1842, was in Ohio, and 93 years old,) who was initiated a Mason in the marquee of Washington, the Captain testifying that the General officiated and presided at the ceremony. There is in possession of the Junior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Peru, South America, an ancient jewel, once worn by Gen. Washington, as the presiding officer of a lodge in the Army of the Revolution. It originally belonged to Br. Bystrzanowski, a Polish soldier, who came over to this country with Kosciusko, and served in the American army under Gen. Washington. Being a Mason, he was associated with Washington in one of the army lodges, having authority to confer the mark degree, and over which Washington presided for a time as Master. This jewel, being the only one suitable for a mark lodge in the possession of the brethren, was loaned to Gen. Washington and by him worn at the mark lodge. On the disbanding of the army, it was returned by Gen. Washington, with a complimentary letter, and by this Polish brother transmitted to his grandson.

The utensils and implements of Washington's camp lodge were preserved at Alexandria until the time of the rebellion. These, with the jewels of his lodge, were removed (it is not known where) when the Federal forces entered Virginia.

After the siege of Yorktown, Washington and Lafayette, Marshall and Nelson, met the Masons of Yorktown in their lodge, No. 9.

Washington was ever faithful to masonic principles. An instance occurred during our revolutionary war. A detachment of the American army had met and gallantly overcome a British force, and captured from them the working tools, jewels, and clothing of a military travelling lodge. Washington, learning this, ordered restoration, under a strong military escort, declaring that "he waged no war against philanthropy and benevolence."

The Record of Alexandria Lodge, No. 22, of December 16, 1799, is as follows:

"Lodge of emergency; funeral lodge called for the burial of General G. Washington, *first Master* of this lodge, No. 22."

Sparks, in his Appendix to Life of Washington, says:

"The Masons performed their ceremonies, and the body was deposited in the vault."

Washington's funeral was attended by hundreds of the Craft, and the bier upon which he was borne is preserved, with many other relics of this great and good Mason, in the Alexandria Museum. The lodge room at Alexandria, with its ancient furniture, and arrangements mainly as in the days of Washington, is well worth visiting.

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CONGRESSIONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY B. B. FRENCH.

[We begged from our friend and brother, Grand Master French, the privilege of publishing from time to time, sketches from his pen, written in 1856. They have interested his friends, and were not designed for public inspection.]

On this, the morning of Monday, May 5th, 1856, I sit myself down, in a little attic chamber of my dwelling house in Washington,—where, for some ten years of my past life, I have written almost everything that I have written in this house—to commence writing.

> "But how the subject theme may gang,
> Let time and chance determine;
> Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
> Perhaps turn out a sermon."

The time, the place, and the prospect are propitious. The morning of the first Monday in May—the place as silent as the house of death, and one consecrated in my mind by a hundred circumstances, which render it to me almost like the tripod to the prophetess—the prospect out of doors as clear, cloudless, transparent a morning as ever shone on earth; the western window, directly in front of me, looking out, over the roofs of the contiguous dwellings, on to the noble Capitol of my country, now extending itself in white marble, north and south, a symbol of the country that it represents; the southern window, on my left, looking out on the broad and beautiful Potomac, the city of Alexandria glistening in the distance, the white sails on the river gleaming whiter from the reflected sunshine that strikes so brilliantly upon them, the green swell of land across the eastern branch, surmounted with the United States Insane Asylum, with its castellated turrets, and bright ventilators sparkling in the sunlight as the breeze gives them motion; the Navy Yard with its lofty chimnies, and monster ship-houses, and a white cloud of steam ascending into the blue like a departed spirit clad in its robes of innocence, marking the spot where man has enlisted a power to aid him in his operations, which laughs all other powers of earth to scorn! All these things move me, and I commence these pages with a contented mind, and a heart at peace with all my fellow beings.

On the 21st day of December, 1833, I arrived in the city of Washington, having been notified, in New Hampshire, one week previously, that I would receive, on my arrival here, the appointment of an assistant clerk in the office of the House of Representatives of the United States, and on the 28th day of the same month I entered upon the duties of the office to which I was appointed. From that day until the 7th day of December, 1847, I was connected with the House of Representatives as Assistant Clerk, Chief Clerk of the Office, and Clerk of the House—to which latter office I was twice unanimously elected. Afterwards, from the 1st day of July, 1853, to the 1st day of July, 1855, I held the office of Commissioner of Public Buildings, which led to almost as constant a connection with Congress, while in session, as my other offices; and for the twenty-two years that have elapsed since I first came to Washington, I have been a tolerably close observer of men and events, and my purpose now is to record in the following pages some of the things which *I have seen and heard* during my sixteen years of public office, and, perhaps, something which has transpired under my observation during the other six years of my residence in Washington.

When I came to this city, the 23d Congress had just commenced its session. Andrew Jackson was in the first year of his second term, as President of the United States, and Martin Van Buren was Vice President. The Senate was composed of such an assemblage of talent, and true human greatness, as has seldom been convened in a single body of men of the same number anywhere. Among them were Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Silas Wright, Samuel L. Southard, John C. Calhoun, John Forsyth, Hugh L. White, Felix Grundy, William R. King, and Lewis F. Linn—ten such men as the world has seldom seen among an assemblage of forty-eight, and now, alas, all gone to the spirit world!

Of the eminent men of that august body still remaining on earth, are Theodore Frelinghuysen, William Wilkins, John M. Clayton, John Tyler, William C. Rives, William C. Preston, George M. Bibb, Thomas Ewing, and Thomas H. Benton—and *a single one* of all the host, now stands pre-eminent among his fellows in the present Senate, viz: John M. Clayton. Who does not envy him his reflections, as, looking around him, he remembers, "there sat Clay, and Webster, and Woodbury, and Hayne. From that spot the eloquent Wright poured out the rich products of his mind—from this desk at my very side the rich torrent of thought flowed in silvery words from the lips of the immortal Clay—there stood Hayne as he witched the Senate with his defence of his own beloved Carolina—and there the firm and manly form of Webster stood as the big thoughts, suggested by his giant intellect, fell, like the battle-axe of the lion-hearted Richard, upon his political foes—and there issued from his lips that immortal peroration, eulogistic of the Union, which closed his reply to Hayne, that shall live as long as the English language is spoken! From that seat, over the way, the clear-minded Calhoun was wont to enlighten, and sometimes alarm, the Senate with his terse and sententious remarks; from that other seat near by, the ever ready wit of Grundy was wont to set the Senate 'in a roar;' and from that seat, almost in the centre of the northern group of Senators, flashed forth, like a gleaming Toledo blade, the smooth words, in cutting sarcasm, of the brilliant and chivalric Forsyth."

How the glorious past of the Senate must glow in the mind of that Senator, as he sits there and thinks of all these mighty men, and he, alone, left of them all! He, only, one of the great, among them, left to tell the story of their greatness, in the Senate!

Over this august body of intellectual giants, presided Martin Van Buren, the Vice President.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The National Freemason.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE, 1863.

PROSPECTUS.

A monthly quarto of sixteen pages, for Masons, Lodges, and families devoted to Masonry and Literature, at one dollar and fifty cents per annum. Address Rev. Dr. McMurdy, Box 982, Washington City.

We ask Masons to use due diligence in securing subscribers, and forwarding their names and address with the money; also to induce Masons, Lodges, and citizens to take copies for distribution among the Masons of the army and hospitals. The quarto will be made acceptable to families and the young.

Has not the time fully arrived when an earnest, liberal, and National Masonic Organ can be well sustained at the National Metropolis? May it not exercise a healthful influence on the present of the country and its hidden future? May it not serve for a medium of intercourse between Army Lodges, and the Masonic Soldiers and Masons and their friends at home, gathering and preserving the Masonic war-incidents now so rapidly accumulating?

All Officers of Lodges are authorized to act as agents. Receipts acknowledged in the paper. Monies sent by registered letters at the risk of the publisher.

OFFICIAL.

To the Brethren, Companions, and Sir Knights of the several jurisdictions; We, as Grand Master of Knights Templar in the United States of America, Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, send greeting:

We not only regard with favor the enterprise so generally approved by the craft, to establish a National Masonic Journal at the metropolis of the nation, but we are impelled by a deep sense of its importance to urge upon you the most vigorous exertions to give to this much-needed instrument for good, at once a healthy and vigorous life.

Let each Masonic body, in corporate capacity, subscribe for as many copies of the National Freemason, as may be expedient, for circulation among the widows and orphans of Masons, and among the sick and indigent Masons in hospitals, thereby exercising a high charity. Let each Mason take as many copies personally as he can afford, and induce his neighbor to do the same.

We are satisfied, from the well-known high educational, literary, and Masonic character of the Rev. R. McMurdy, D. D., LL. D., Grand Prelate of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, that the National Freemason will be conducted in a liberal, faithful, national, and catholic spirit, and will tend to increase and diffuse light within and without our sacred precincts, and promote harmony and good will among the brotherhood.

The moderate terms of its publication, ($1.50 per annum,) make it accessible to the Masonic masses.

We urge you all, brethren, to prompt action in sending names of subscribers, paying in advance, to Rev. Dr. McMurdy, Washington City.

B. B. FRENCH,
Grand Master Knights Templar, U. S. of A.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand High Priest of Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and District of Columbia.
Y. P. PAGE,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Maryland.

The Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia adopted the following resolution concerning the "NATIONAL FREEMASON," offered by Past Grand Master B. B. FRENCH:

"*Resolved*, That the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge be hereby directed to take for the Grand Lodge a sufficient number of copies, not exceeding thirty, of the NATIONAL FREEMASON, to preserve three copies for the archives of the Grand Lodge, and to send one copy to each Grand Lodge in the United States, and such foreign Grand Lodges as are in communication with the Grand Lodge."

◆

CHAS. H. ANDERSON, 458 7th street, opposite Post Office, will act as agent for the NATIONAL FREEMASON. Mr. FAULKNER will act as agent in the masonic bodies in the District of Columbia and State of Maryland.

JEFFERSON S. TACEY, Esq., clerk of the court, is our agent at Alexandria, Va.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—Only a small number will be received, the charge being the same as in similar publications. A masonic journal, from the care with which it is read, the character of its readers, and its limited advertising, is the best medium of successful advertising.

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Letters enclosing money should be registered in the post office, when mailed. Money sent without registry, is at the risk of the person sending. Address Dr. McMURDY, box 982.

◆

Pamphlets, papers, and printed matter, should be addressed to "NATIONAL FREEMASON," lock box No. 18, and letters and written matter, box 982.

◆

Subscriptions paid for will be acknowledged in the paper so soon as the money is received.

◆

THE NATIONAL FREEMASON is not designed exclusively for the District of Columbia and Maryland. It is not merely in name, but in fact, a National journal, suitable for the family circle, the camp and hospital, and gathers whatever may interest and instruct the Craft throughout the entire land.

The literary department, the departments of ancient geography, biography, and history, (natural and civil,) although invaluable to the masonic student, will be equally so to readers generally.

◆

The editor of this paper, in his clerical capacity, so far as his means and time will permit, will ever be found ready in the future, as in the past, to perform clerical or masonic services, to visit the sick, or relieve the destitute, whether for the order or the world at large. Word may be left at 52 Missouri avenue, Mrs. Parrish's, where the editor can be seen at 4 p. m., or before 8 a. m.

So frequent are the calls for charity, for apparel, books, and money, if any brother is disposed to make any donation for sick and indigent Masons and their families, they will be gladly received and prudently disbursed. Money may be sent to our office box, 982, and other donations left at Mr. Chas. H. Anderson's bookstore, 458 7th street, opposite Post Office.

◆

HOW CAN THE BRETHREN INCREASE THE USEFULNESS OF THE FREEMASON?—1. By securing a subscriber in every brother and acquaintance.

2. By inducing his lodge to take copies, for preservation in its archives, for distribution among the widows and orphans, and the indigent Masons in camp and hospital.

3. By furnishing masonic news, incidents, and short, well-written articles.

4. By sending us for future use and reference masonic books, magazines, newspapers, manuscripts, and addresses, however old.

5. By securing favorable notices of our labors in the public press.

Reading Matter for Masonic Soldiers.

The various religious and charitable societies furnish reading-matter for the soldiers; why should not the Masons furnish masonic reading for their brethren in the army? What greater charity can there be for sick Masons in hospitals, or soldier Masons in camp, than tidings from the Craft—remembrance of their brethren?

How many brothers, wealthy craftsmen, throughout our land, are there who will furnish the NATIONAL FREEMASON for masonic use in camp and hospital? We should be glad to open a column of acknowledgment of contributions for this purpose.

We commence with Union Lodge, Alexandria, thirty copies. Who next? How many lodges will furnish one hundred copies each? How many fifty? or thirty? How many our brethren of the order?

Since writing the above, Federal Lodge, No. 1, has taken thirty copies.

The Lodge at Alexandria, Va., *unanimously* resolved to take in lodge capacity thirty copies of the NATIONAL FREEMASON, three copies for preservation by the lodge, one copy to each Master Mason's widow, and the remainder for distribution among hospitals, and in the army to private Masons. A committee, Bros. Tacey, Armstrong, and Rice, were appointed to solicit subscribers, and each brother urged to lend hearty cooperation. This lodge feels the importance of a reading and intelligent masonry. Masonic officers of the army can do much in this good work.

◆

The Excellent Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, who has been confined to his room during his whole term thus far as Grand Master, is now able with the warm weather to go out into the open air daily. He purposes a visit to the country. We trust that rural life and rural scenes will so invigorate him that he may be gladly welcomed to his Grand Lodge, to preside over its deliberations, at its next communication. May the watchful care of the G.·. M.·. be over him and about him, is the prayer of his brethren.

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In the July number of the NATIONAL FREEMASON we shall discuss the question of Washington's age, whether he was made an entered apprentice before his majority, and also dispose of the claim of British Masonry to the honor of his initiation.

The famous Washington Bible and its history will be noticed, and Washington's Masonic Address.

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Benson J. Lossing, Esq., of Poughkeepsie, the author and publisher of many valuable and popular works, in a truly masonic spirit, not only expresses his kind wishes for our success, but also sends his contribution in the loan of the die of the Washington apron.

◆

Our good friends and masonic brothers, JAMES S. TOPHAM & Co., 499 7th street, made the editor's family quite cheerful by the present of a lady's companion, a superb travelling bag. Any brothers who can thus appreciate our labors must have good masonic hearts.

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The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has proved itself, during all its embarrassments by the war, to be under very efficient management. It is a favorite road with the travelling public, and its labors for the public good will be duly appreciated.

◆

COLE'S VOYAGE OF LIFE—SPRING.—A most admirable painting thereof is on exhibition and for sale at Galt's jewelry store, Pennsylvania avenue, near Metropolitan Hotel. Price $100. Amateurs should call and inspect this gem of exquisite painting.

THE NATIONAL FREEMASON.

The NATIONAL FREEMASON is the organ, in one sense, of no one, and in another of all. If there be any divisions or parties, on trivial questions, we shall ignore them. Striving to be catholic in temper, sentiment, and action, we shall descend to no personal interests, cultivating a taste for research in masonic history and philosophy, seeking to make our literature more classic, and our benevolence and charity more extended and systematic. We shall endeavor to make the NATIONAL FREEMASON acceptable to the well instructed, and attractive and useful to the humblest Mason, and to the families of our fraternity. We shall freely use all the materials of the past, however familiar to the favored few, yet new to the mass, bringing history, biography, geography, and all the sciences and the fine arts, to illustrative aid. We shall be glad to receive tidings from the Craft, wherever dispersed over the world; masonic incidents and stories, especially those of the present war; masonic reminiscences, and whatever may interest, amuse, and instruct our great and widely extended masonic family.

Freemasonry has an imposing place in the literature of the present. Men of genius and learning devote themselves to its advancement. The time is rapidly passing when any Mason among us shall regard the press as a cowan, betraying secrets. Every Mason, who is not satisfied to be a drone in our busy hive, or a selfish participator in our enjoyments, views the masonic press as the hierophant to explain the designs upon the trestle-board for the erection of his spiritual temple.

The methods of masonic recognition must ever be esoteric, if they are to remain valuable; but the science, the philosophy, the history, the *spirituelle* of masonry, must be presented continually to the reading eye. Too much cannot of these be printed or read. Thus will the value of the institution be enhanced and elevated among men.

The venerable Oliver, the masonic Nestor, in his Historical Landmarks, thus discourses:

> "In the present state of Masonry, dispersed as it is over the whole habitable globe, and distinguished by an anxious inquiry, whether its reputed origin be well founded, and whether its philosophy, and the evidence on which its claims to public notice, are entitled to the implicit credence of mankind; it is the duty of every brother, so far as his influence may extend, to furnish the means of satisfying this ardent curiosity. With humble submission, I conceive it to be an error in judgment to discountenance the publication of philosophical disquisitions on the subject; because such a proceeding would not only induce the world to think that our pretensions are incapable of enduring the test of inquiry, but would also have a tendency to restore the dark ages of superstition, when even the sacred writings were prohibited, under an apprehension that their contents might be misunderstood or perverted to the propagation of unsound doctrines and pernicious practices; and thus would ignorance be transmitted as a legacy from one generation to another."

Those Masons who regard the institution as a mere social institution, without a great pervading principle, without history, philosophy, and literature, thereby show that they have read and thought little on its science and history. How depreciative of Masonry, and disgusting to the informed, and prejudicial to masonic usefulness and enlargement, are the conceited and contracted craftsmen who regard him as a "bright" Mason who is *au fait* in working his way into a lodge, and who is fluent in the mere ceremony. How refreshing to meet with a student of, not merely the verbal, but also of the "Royal art," in its true spirit and design.

The great deficiency is a lack of complete, or even approximative, appreciation of our order as a blessing to society and the world; as a means of personal improvement; of regenerating influences to our race; as inspiring a love of liberty, yet of order; as preservative of good and corrective of evil.

It is not duly felt that the ceremonial rites are worth nothing without the symbolism of which they are only the exponents, and all valueless without the end secured, of which they are the means. The forms of Christianity are but the means to its life and spirit. Masonic ceremonials are not the end of a Mason, but the means; the body, not the soul. A material, selfish Mason is very prejudicial to the life and power of Masonry. For such Masonry is nerveless, senseless, lifeless; an empty voice without meaning, a tree of splendid foliage without a single fruit.

Masonic publications have been of essential benefit to the Craft, and they have but started in their career of usefulness. They must become more popular in their character, reaching the multitude more, and thus they will be effective of their purposes of beneficence.

In Europe, where what is emphatically esoteric only has been exempt from magazine notice, the world without has remained ignorant of Masonic aporretta. The Craft, however, have been enlightened, and their views of Masonry, not as a social or charitable institution, but as philosophy, a science, a motive-power of and for humanity, have been elevated and enlarged.

An American Masonic journal at the present day has great responsibility. The future of Masonry will have its embarrassments, in common with the country, in restoring peace and quietness, good will and harmony. The fundamental principles of our order will be again discussed and appealed to, our usages must be understood among our rapidly increasing initiates, intelligence must be diffused among them, and the way prepared for usefulness, and active charities. Here, especially, betwixt North and South, ought there to be an earnest and judicious Masonic organ.

Camp Lodges and Masonry in the Army and Navy.

Will some officer of each camp lodge keep us advised of all proceedings of interest, and Masons generally in the service, of the incidents worthy of masonic preservation transpiring daily?

As a fraternity, we ought to be well advised about our own soldiers, especially of their needs and what can be done by us to increase their comfort and mitigate the horrors of war.

The Grand Master of New York thus discourses of our duty:

> "On the battle-field, by the hospital couch of the wounded and dying, in the widow's home of desolation, and in the squalid abodes of want and poverty, let the light of "Masonic charity" and mercy shed forth their cheering beams, bringing balm to the sufferer, comfort to the sorrowing, and sustenance to the poor and hungry, and not only will the dark picture of our country's sad condition be greatly enlivened and relieved, but we shall have the threefold comfort and satisfaction of having been faithful and true "to our God, our country, and our order."

By whom non-resident Masons may be Tried.

No Mason of foreign affiliation, although in the District, can be tried by a Lodge of this jurisdiction. He must be tried by the Lodge of which he is a member; but the Lodge or brethren cognizant of his impropriety may and should report the same to the Lodge of his affiliation, with the evidence of his unmasonic conduct. A non-affiliated Mason may be tried by the Lodge, or any Lodge, nearest his residence. The above is Masonic law, usage, and precedent, in such cases as that presented to the Grand Lodge at its last communication.

WASHINGTON CITY.—The different masonic bodies are industrious in their several departments. They have as much work as they can do well. Masonry was never more prosperous here.

Let the Craft consult the past and avoid errors, carefully excluding the factious, the selfish, and the drones from the masonic hive of industry and charity.

Patrick Henry.

A friend, in conversation a few days ago, asked how Patrick Henry, as a Mason, could favor Masonry, if the Bible, as a revealed book, is so interwoven with its ceremonies, and he so consistent in character, and yet known to be a Deist.

Thus did Patrick Henry, laying his hand on the Bible, address a friend who was with him: "Here is a book worth more than all others printed; yet it is my misfortune never to have read it with proper attention until lately." About the same time he wrote to his daughter, "I have heard it said that Deists have claimed me. The thought pained me more than the appellation of Tory; for I consider religion of infinitely higher importance than politics, and I find much cause to reproach myself, that I have lived so long and given no decided public proof of my being a Christian."

Let Patrick Henry no more be denominated a Deist.

The Stalwart Language of Masonry

Must have, to even superficial masonic classicists, shown its good blood, its lineage and standing, like the English Bible and Book of Common Prayer. Masonic words are *prolétaires*. They are working-words.

Like the Bible and Prayer Book, masonic ceremonies are attractive not only to the learned, but also to the humblest laborer. They elevate labor and compliment work.

Voltaire and his Hatred of Masonry.

Voltaire sought communion with Gallican Masonry, uninformed as to its character. Professor Jallabert, a brother and a magistrate, declared, in defence of the order from an attack by Voltaire, that any man, to say nothing of his belief, who could write Voltaire's poem on Joan of Arc ought not to be tolerated in any society. This poem was an obscene production in which that noble heroine is villified with the vulgarity of a brothel.

Jallabert, it appears, as magistrate, sent to Voltaire some copies of the poem, expressing his surprise that such things should be attributed to him. The poem shows his vulgar debasement. His attempt at denial of a fact so well known, adds hypocrisy to the long catalogue of vices of the philosopher of Ferney.

The answer to Jallabert is as follows:

> "I return you, sir, the rhapsody which you have had the goodness to confide to me. I thank you for your attention. None but a rogue of the lowest order could have written *the greater part* of those verses, especially those on which I have written a little note. The valets of Paris are more successful when they make verses in our ante-chambers. If I could find out the unhappy being who has put forth those stupid impertinences, I would beat him to death. Excuse my just indignation against the low scoundrel who is the author of this rubbish. I am persuaded that you share my just anger. When will you come and sup with us, and make us forget by your amiable society and by your virtue all these abominations? VOLTAIRE."

The note alluded to is as follows:

> "What lackey has written the greater part of these verses—above all, these? What scamp of the dregs of the people can have written this insolent rubbish?"

What Col. T. P. Shaffner Saw.

Brother Taliafero Pendleton Shaffner, when traveling in 1856, saw in Lavonia, Northern Russia, a settlement of the ancient Swedes, four plates representing Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence, and Justice, hanging on the wall of an ancient building, precisely of the same character as those in Cross's Chart—fine old line engravings, dedicated to the fraternity in French, engraved in 1693. Their size was about 2 feet by 20 inches. In the fortress of Swearborg, Finland, he saw, in 1855, a print of the Weeping Virgin, like the one in the Masonic Chart.

I took down the foregoing from Colonel Shaffner's own lips in February, 1858. B. B. FRENCH.

What means "Abif" as applied to Hiram.

Scripture informs us that Hiram Abif was a celebrated builder sent to Jerusalem by Hiram, king of Tyre, to superintend the building of the temple. The original Hebrew *Abiv* or *Abif*, has for its component parts *Abi*, a noun in the construct state, meaning "father," and the prenominal suffix *if* or *iv*, meaning "his," Abif signifying "his father." In II Chronicles iv, 16, the reading is, "Huram, his father, make to king Solomon." In the original it is *Huram Abif, Lameleck Shalemoh*. Luther translates it into German, preserving the Hebrew form, "Huram Abif." The Swedish version is more exact, "Huram Abiv." The Latin vulgate is like ours, "Hiram pater ejus." Luther was correct in treating Abif as a correlative, as in Hebrew *ab* or *father* is often a title of respect, signifying *friend*, *counsellor*, *wise man*, *master inventor*, *chief operator*. Gesenius, the distinguished Hebrew lexicographer, defines it to be *benefactor*, *master*, *teacher*, and in Arabic and Ethiopic, one who excels. Buxtarf, in his Talmudic Lexicon says, that among the Talmudists *abba*, father, was always a title of honor.

II Chronicles ii, 13, "Of Huram, my father's," Hiram, king of Tyre, is referring to the same Hiram, the widow's son. Our translators blundered here. Luther again translates "Huram Abif." The *lamed* before Huram, which has caused the error, is a Chaldaism by later Hebrew writers employing incorrectly the sign of the dative for the accusative after transitive verbs. Our translation cannot be correct, for the father of king Hiram was not another Hiram, but Abibaal. The passage should read, Huram, my father, or as an appellative, as it should be, "Huram Abi." The Masons show the accuracy of their traditions even in an appellation, using "Abif" as a title of honor to the chief builder of the temple. He was "Father Hiram." King Hiram calls him "Hiram Abi," *my father Hiram*. The writer of Chronicles calls him, speaking of him and king Solomon in the same passage, "Solomon's father," "his father," *Hiram Abif*.

Old and New Style.

It may be valuable to some of our young craftsmen, who design to improve in Masonry by devoting leisure moments to the reading of some of our older English works, to understand the changing of dates from "old style" to "new style." If the event happened before the first of March, 1700, add 10 days to the date of the "old style," and you have it corrected for the "new;" if between the last day of February, 1700, and the 1st of March, 1800, add 11 days; if between the same dates in 1800 and 1900, add 12 days; and if between 1900 and 2100, add 13 days. The Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, December 11, (O. S.) 1620. This, according to the reformed calendar, was December 21, (N. S.) 1620. And yet, from not observing the above rule, not a few almanacs, and even histories, tell us they landed December 22d; and even the "Sons of the Pilgrims" have, for years, been so ignorant or thoughtless as to celebrate as the anniversary the erroneous day.

A Sicilian Mason visiting B. B. French Lodge, Washington City.

We were much interested spending an hour at the B. B. French Lodge, Washington City, to meet a brother from Naples, Sicily, totally ignorant of our language. His diploma was very complimentary, and written, not printed, on fine parchment. The committee of examination found themselves, at first, in an embarrassed condition; but taking assistance, by means of the universal language of Masonry, they soon presented him to the lodge as a brother; thus evidencing to all present the universal brotherhood of Freemasonry, and the power of its language, equally universal. The Neapolitan craftsman was at once at home in the sanctuary of an American lodge.

Universality of Freemasonry. Its Requisitions. Masonic Duty. Individual Judgment.

> "Masonry knows no selfish end or aim,
> For every human being has a claim
> Upon our sympathies; and thus we find
> Its benefits accrue to all mankind—
> Or would accrue, perhaps 'twere best to say,
> Were we its teachings strictly to obey."

Masonry regards man everywhere as man, without referring to any distinction of creed, sect, or religious party, and without reference to political or civil distinctions. It enters into bonds and obligations on the basis of universal humanity. It styles not him brother who utters the same shibboleth of church or state. It acknowledges and treats him as a brother who, being a man, freeborn, (that he may have escaped the servility and vices and degradation of early slave contamination and association,) of age, (that he may be free to act, and not under compulsion,) under tongue, (that he may not divulge the symbols of recognition of the universal brotherhood,) and of good repute, (that having credit for those qualities that ought to belong to all, evidencing that the natural sympathies and innate nobleness of man have not been extinguished by the selfishness of worldly culture,) he may be able to perform his whole masonic duty. All men can be and ought to be Masons, if they have preserved themselves from mental, physical, and moral deformity. While Masonry inculcates universal benevolence, as a privilege and duty, she permits none to claim the benefits of Masonry as a right and of altar obligation, except such as meet her standard of qualification. Having first demanded from the candidate a statement that he is influenced by no sinister or selfish motive in seeking admission into the order, Masonry subjects him to a thorough ordeal. He must be recommended by Masons who know him, and who themselves are known to the lodge. His character is sifted by a committee of brethren for weeks, who make a report according to the facts. He may even then, if the report of the committee be favorable, be excluded by the casting of one black ball. Thus careful is Masonry, in theory, concerning those admitted into her fellowship. Towards Masons as a right, and towards all men as a privilege and charitable duty, Masonry in her ritual and lessons, and in all her degrees, inculcates care, kindness, sympathy, protection, and relief. We are inclined to the opinion that it is a gross misnomer to denominate the relief afforded to needy Masons charity. It is of right with them, and hence not charity in the modern acceptation of the term. In the old and true sense of the word, it is charity. It is love; and charity, the effect, is only valuable when prompted by this divine impulse of the human heart.

How striking are the teachings of the degrees on the subject of brotherly relief! How mortified the novitiate when he makes the usual excuse of the world for his selfishness!

May we all as Masons realize that we have only a dead faith, if without the work of charity and love toward Masons and all mankind.

Do you see a Christian violating the principles of his holy religion in his daily conduct, you act wisely in regretting that he falls so far short of his duty and privilege. Do you witness the great difference between the inculcations of Holy Writ and the state of the Christian church, you do well to lament and deplore it. What is your duty? Is it not first to exemplify in your own life the power of heavenly grace, church culture, and scriptural reading? Next, to maintain purifying and modifying influences in the body of believers, not neglecting the church, nor contemning her ordinances, but being yourself more punctual in attendance, more affectionate to the brethren, and more lovingly watchful over their steps, that when you would suggest to them their errors, your full and affectionate heart may dictate right words, which may produce the fruit of good living?

We have here our duty as Masons. Masonry is not to be abandoned, its meetings neglected, its rites forsaken, because unworthy members have been added to it, because of personally unkind treatment, or because of corruption within. If we have the right temper and spirit, if we have the gentleness, and love, and charity of the order, we shall renew our diligence, in attending at the lodge room, in visiting our brethren, in performing our full duty at the sick room and in the abodes of poverty, and distress, and suffering.

No communicant of the church is justifiable in absenting himself from the communion because a communicant who is unworthy kneels at his side. The church, and not the individual, must judge of his unworthiness. If each individual, of his own judgment, is to decide upon the worthiness of a communicant, there can be no church. It must disintegrate. It is by far the less of two evils that the holiest man should be found at the same altar with the basest, than that the church should cease to exist. And as this right of individual judgment would strike at the very foundation of the Christian society, it must be discarded. Then who can say that his judgment is always right. How often is it that a thorough judicial examination illustrates a man's innocence, who has been adjudged guilty by the hasty opinion of a suspicious public?

Again, in the State every man preserves his rights and privileges, all his franchises, until he has been tried and formally convicted of crime by the appointed officers of the law. Otherwise there could be no State.

So must it be in the masonic societies. Every Mason is entitled to all the benefits and privileges thereof until he is adjudged guilty of impropriety by the lodge itself. If Masons in their individual capacity are to decide the worthiness of a Mason, there must be an end of harmony and peace in the order, if not an end of the lodge itself. When a brother Mason has reported facts, which he knows, in the proper manner, to the lodge, there his responsibility ceases. Thence it rests upon the lodge. In every lodge, at some time or other in its history, it will be found some good and true Mason has demitted, by reason of some personal offence, because of the presence of some brother who is unworthy in his estimation. Such brethren have made a great mistake in judgment, in masonic law, logic, and responsibility. They should return to their lodge and zealously perform their duty, thus making some amends for the withdrawal of their chastening influence from a lodge perhaps much needing it.

We must add that demitting from lodges is of modern device. It was unknown to the ancient craft. All were simply Masons, and there was not the distinction of the present of affiliate and non-affiliate. What would be thought of the terms of affiliate and non-affiliate Christians in churches? Let this reproach cease from among us.

The following communication has been received by the Grand Master of Knights Templar, United States, B. B. French. We understand that there is little doubt now about the celebration, and we trust it will be a grand affair—just such as Boston Templars can handsomely execute.

The Commanderies of this city are in good condition, and are receiving accessions to their number of true and valiant Sir Knights. Our Sir Knights will, doubtless, be found at Boston, in compliance with their invitation, in full numbers.

We insert with pleasure, at the request of Grand Master French, the following:

BOSTON, *May* 4, 1863.

DEAR SIR: A joint committee of Boston and De-

Molay Encampments of Knights Templar of this city have under consideration the subject of celebrating St. John's day, the 24th of June, and have thought a united celebration of all the Knights Templar of New England might be deemed appropriate and beneficial. As yet, nothing definite has been agreed upon, for the reason that our Encampments have not acted further than to appoint committees for consultation. The object of this communication is to advise you of the fact that we are moving in the matter, and shall, if possible, perfect a plan for the Union Celebration, to take place in this city under the auspices of the two Encampments above named. Will you please notify the Encampment under your command, in order that the members thereof may be advised of our purpose, that they may not commit themselves in any other way until they hear from us again, which will be on or before the first of June.

Should our purpose be carried into execution, and a joint celebration of all the Knights Templar be held in this city on the occasion referred to, we trust your Commandery will find it convenient to be present to participate in the ceremonies, which we shall endeavor to make agreeable and pleasant to the visiting Sir Knights.

WILLIAM ELLISON,
M. E. G. Master of the Grand Encampment
of Mass. and R. I.
JOHN K. HALL,
E. Commander of Boston Encampment.
E. C. BAILEY,
E. Commander of DeMolay Encampment.

Masonry and Profanity.

The masonic appellation of Deity is the only one that has never been corrupted. The reverence for the great Ruler of the Universe, everywhere inculcated by precept and symbol, in Lodge and Chapter, makes profanity or irreverence unpardonable in a Mason.

When expostulating with a Mason for his forgetfulness of masonic teaching, his response was, "I swear but little since I have become a Mason. I am correcting the habit, and shall eventually have the victory. I acquired the habit from non-masonic, and not from masonic associations."

Another brother remarked, "I feel profanity to be a heinous offence against God, good manners, and Masonry, but there are times when it appears impossible to avoid it." To correct any evil habit requires resolution, watchfulness, self-control, and self-inflicted discipline. Masonry enjoins these. As a courteous gentleman, he would think it impossible for him to utter an oath in the presence of a lady. Here is the proof that it requires but a continuous exercise of this same will to cease altogether.

Do we realize that Freemasonry has grown out of the moral and intellectual needs of our nature? that it is not the device of impostors, nor the invention of triflers? Do we fully comprehend its mission, its service to be rendered to humanity, its efforts for the social advancement of all nations, and the moral progress of man as an individual? Surely we must not spend our time and energy in fruitless discussion about the letter, regardless of its mighty spirit. No! Let us hasten the realization of the ideal of this noble institution, prophetically announcing the epoch when justice and love shall be universally reverenced, and when regenerated humanity, in its social administration, shall shower its blessings impartially upon all; when woman, and the poor and the oppressed of earth, shall all be subjects of kindness and justice, and not the victims of avarice, plunder, and wrong. Ardently do we desire that Masons may appreciate their high privilege; may, in their own hearts and in their lodges, strive for a higher inner life and a corresponding outer life, and will attempt with faith and courage the re-combining the scattered elements of society, arm themselves against the selfish tendencies of the race, giving men faith in virtue, trust in God, and confidence in each other, revealing to the world a diviner ideal for its life.

"How shall I secure Admission into a Lodge?"

This inquiry is sometimes made.

Speak to some masonic friend, and he will aid. The application must be in writing, giving name, residence, age, occupation, and references, and with masonic recommendation. This petition is first read in open Lodge, and then placed on file. A committee is appointed to satisfy themselves and to report to the Lodge of the character of the petitioner, who will report at the next regular meeting, and if there be no black ball rejecting the applicant, he will then be initiated. No candidate can be admitted upon the same night of the reception of his petition, unless a dispensation be obtained. The candidate must assent to the following questions:

1. "Do you seriously declare, upon your honor, before these gentlemen, that, unbiassed by friends, and uninfluenced by mercenary motives, you freely and voluntarily offer yourself a candidate for the mysteries of Masonry?

2. "Do you seriously declare, upon your honor, before these gentlemen, that you are prompted to solicit the privileges of Masonry by a favorable opinion conceived of the Institution, a desire of knowledge, and a sincere wish of being serviceable to your fellow-creatures?

3. "Do you seriously declare, upon your honor, before these gentlemen, that you will cheerfully conform to all the ancient established usages and customs of the Fraternity?"

Here the candidate avows that he is not influenced by mercenary motives, that he desires knowledge and to be serviceable to his fellow-creatures. These points should be well understood. With this beginning, the masonic career can neither be dwarfed nor unprofitable.

The Degrees of Masonry.

Ladies and gentlemen not Masons sometimes seek information about the degrees of Masonry.

"Symbolical Masonry" consists of three degrees, viz.: those of Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, and Master Mason. The Lodge confers only these three, of which the Master Mason's is the governing degree. All business is transacted in this degree, all officers must be Master Masons, and only such can attend masonic funerals or receive masonic interment. They are called "symbolical" because the lessons taught are drawn from the moral uses of the working tools of operative masonry.

After the Lodge, or symbolized Masonry, comes Capitular, Chapitral, or Chapter Masonry. The degrees are those of Mark Master, Past Master, Most Excellent Master, and Royal Arch. Cryptic Masonry comes next, and consists of two degrees, those of the Royal Master and Select Master. These are the summit of ancient craft Masonry. In the District of Columbia Cryptic Masonry is not separate from Capitular Masonry; the council degrees being under the control of the Royal Arch Chapter. Cryptic Masonry is the complement of Royal Arch Masonry, and explanatory of the previous degrees.

The Encampment is a separate organization, into which none, however, are admitted but Royal Arch Masons. Its degrees or orders are those of the Red Cross, Malta, and Templars. It is founded on Christianity. Its members are called Knights, as those of the Chapter are called Companions, and those of the Lodge Brothers.

Masonic Record.

We commence a record of the officers of the Army and Navy who are Freemasons. We should be pleased to have each regiment furnish us with a complete list of its Masonic officers.

Illinois.—Brigadier General John Cook; Brigadier General (for gallant and meritorious conduct) John A. Logan; Brigadier General W. H. L. Wallace; Brigadier General Leonard F. Ross; Brigadier General John McArthur; Colonel A. J. Babcock.

"Masonry has been of no Service to me,"

Was the remark of a demitted Mason the other day when asked to visit the Lodge, giving this as an excuse for neglecting his duty as a brother. It is very evident that Masonry had not conferred its due benefit on this brother; that he ought not to have been made a Mason; that he never comprehended the import of the question, "Is he actuated by unworthy motive in seeking admission into the Lodge?"—that he had entered the precincts of the craft for gain or advancement; that he had not a favorable opinion of Masonry as an exalting, ennobling institution; that his nature, grovelling for worldly gain and honor, had been disappointed; and that he has not the essential requisites to make a Mason of the heart. How can a sordid and selfish man comprehend the mysteries and teachings of such a science?

He who inquires how he can do good and benefit his fellow men in the Lodge; who views the institution as a means of extended usefulness, a means of personal culture, a means for reducing the selfishness of man, a source of high mental enjoyment and discipline, a means of good will and peace to our race, a bond of union and protection to the unfortunate, a source of consolation to the weary pilgrim—such a man will love and appreciate Masonry. He will not attempt to make Masonry the instrument of exempting him from toil for himself, his family, and man, but only as a grand means for effecting more by his labors, which he intends shall continue so long as life endures. To the masonic toiler we add, do not be discouraged at the apparently slight results of your labors. Be assured you labor not in vain, nor spend your strength for naught; "for your *work* is with the Lord, and your *recompense* with your God."

We cannot forbear adding the beautiful words of the Christian and masonic poet, Cowper, about his old masonic friend, Thornton, whose beneficence was unbounded. The lines are a poetical rebuke to those who value Masonry only according to the measure of its selfish gain to them:

> Some men make gain a fountain, whence proceeds
> A stream of liberal and heroic deeds;
> The swell of pity, not to be confined
> Within the scanty limits of the mind,
> Disdains the bank and throws the golden sands,
> A rich deposit, on the bordering lands.
> These have an ear for his paternal call
> Who makes some rich for the supply of all,
> God's gift with pleasure in his praise employ,
> And Thornton *is familiar with the joy.*

Anti-Masonry.

We concede to every individual the perfect right to decline to connect himself with the Lodge and receive its degrees, to object, if he will, to others doing the same; but when he ignores all rules of evidence and good sense, all courtesy and propriety, when he merely declaims vociferously and slanderously, when he attempts to interfere with the standing and usefulness of clerical and Christian Masons in their churches, when he attempts to organize a political party against the order and its advocates, then this foul spirit should be rebuked, then this intermeddling and busy-bodyism should be rapped over the knuckles. There should be no tenderness, no delicacy nor toleration for the spirit of organized Anti-Masonry. It is without principle and without excuse. This was strikingly manifest in 1832, in the State of New York, where the political Anti-Masonry of that State voted for the same electors for President that were appointed to cast the vote for that eminent and great and good Kentuckian, and that devoted Mason, Henry Clay. It is of no service to the cause of truth to argue with an Anti-Mason. If the character of Washington, and the good and great of his day, of Bishop White, of the Episcopal Church, Bishop George, of the Methodist Church, and equally good and great men of all the denominations, is not sufficient guarantee for the proprieties of Masonry, further evidence would fail.

NOTICES OF LODGES.

The Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, assembled at their room, in semi-annual communication, May 5.

In the absence of the Grand Master, the Deputy Grand Master, G. A. Hall, presided. Past Grand Masters French, Whiting, and Stansbury, were present. Every Lodge in the jurisdiction was fully represented.

The address of the Grand Master congratulates the craft on the peace and harmony prevalent in his jurisdiction. His several official acts are recited, among which are, the suspending of the functions of National Lodge, the granting of a dispensation to "Harmony Lodge," and, another to brethren in the army, styled "the Lodge of the Union," within the 30th Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Corps of the army of the Potomac. Adverting to the prosperity of the order, it suggests care in the examination of qualifications of candidates, and a strict compliance with the constitution respecting the conferring of the degrees on non-residents. It recommends the acknowledgment of the independence of the Grand Lodge of Chili of the Grand Lodge of France.

The charter of National Lodge was returned it by the Grand Lodge, and it resumes work.

A charter was granted to Harmony Lodge.

A motion by Past Grand Master B. B. French, subscribing for 30 copies of the National Freemason was passed.

Photographs of Past Grand Secretary Taylor, and the present Grand Secretary, W. M. Smith, were ordered.

Special Meeting of Grand Logde of District of Columbia, May 13.—The Grand Lodge opened in due form, Deputy Grand Master Hall presiding, the Grand Master being still indisposed.

A communication was read by the Grand Secretary, addressed to Past Grand Master French, empowering him to constitute Harmony Lodge, No. 17, and install its officers; upon which, the roll of officers of the Grand Lodge was called, and the Grand Lodge retiring, the ceremonies were subsequently proceeded with in due form, the Grand Chaplain being absent, Rev. Dr. McMurdy acting.

Peace and prosperity to Harmony Lodge, No. 17, and its officers.

Grand Lodge of Maryland.—The semi-annual communication was held May 11, at the Grand Lodge Hall, Baltimore city, the M. W. G. Master, Rev. Dr. McJilton, presiding. We were delighted with the one session when present, with the harmony and brotherly love prevalent, and with the presence of such good and true brethren. We were glad to meet the Grand Chaplain, whose petitions to Almighty God for the Grand Lodge and Masons are so appropriate, and the venerable Dr. Piggot, who is laboring successfully among the Masons of camps and hospitals, affording them relief and comfort. When we receive the proceedings, we shall notice them more at length.

The Address of the Grand Master was a model. He thanked God for harmony within the order, and prayed for its continuance; referred to the Hall draped in mourning, in commemoration of that masonic landmark, and noble man and Christian, Grand Secretary Robinson; noticed his burial with masonic honors. The Grand Master referred to other brothers deceased; enumerated his several acts, among them granting dispensation to Lodges in East Virginia; adverted to importance of respect for constitution and law; noticed his effective visitations of 17 Lodges in Baltimore and exemplication of work; advised enlargement of Grand Lodge Hall; recommended a board of Trustees to issue Hall stock for $100,000; commended the work of brother Piggot among the hospitals, and advised a Lodge of relief, to be composed of the Masters of the Lodges.

Reports show a Grand Charity Fund of nearly $42,000; and a healthy balance in the treasury.

We regretted that we could not remain longer, especially to witness the illustration of the work revised and recommended for adoption by a committee of the Grand Lodge.

We parted with these cordial brethren with regret, but trust to visit the masonic bodies of Baltimore frequently.

Rhode Island.—The Grand Master has issued his edict, forbidding Masons to bring any grievance, where Masonry or Masons are affected, before any profane person or body, and refer for decision of the same to the constituted masonic authority. Also, in case of burial of a Mason by Royal Arch Masons or Knights Templar, for the Master of the Lodge of which he was a member, to open the Lodge and perform within the same, so much of the Master Mason's burial service appointed for the Lodge room.

Visit to Union Lodge, Alexandria.—A short time ago, in connection with Bro. Stevens, Grand Lecturer of the Grand Lodge of the District, and other brethren, we visited Union Lodge, U. D., at Alexandria. The lodge room was filled with good and true craftsmen, and the work, in the several degrees, is seldom equalled. There was but one sentiment and feeling of the value of this new lodge to the craft. A good supper was provided for the visiting brethren, at the Marshall House, the scene of the Ellsworth tragedy.

The following are the officers of the Lodge:

W. M., F. H. Weymouth; S. W., E. H. Dillahay; J. W., W. H. Barroll; Secretary, J. Tacy and T. J. Robertson.

While in this hallowed room, we were reminded of many things suggested in the article in this number on Washington, and of the interesting scene in 1811, Dec. 12, when the R. W. Rev. Dr. James Milnor, Grand Master of Pennsylvania, the celebrated Episcopal divine, visited No. 22, upon the invitation of the Lodge meeting.

The W. M. G. Deneale addressed Bro. Milnor as follows:

"*Respected Brother:* We have to welcome you into the Alexandria Washington Lodge, No. 22, holding their charter under the Grand Lodge of Virginia.

"In receiving a visit from you, as Grand Master of Pennsylvania, give us leave to acknowledge the high respect we entertain for the Ancient Grand Lodge over which you preside, and to participate with you in the glory and splendor to which it has arisen under your auspices.

"This we take the more freedom in doing, as under the jurisdiction of your Grand Lodge we were originally formed as No. 39; and we consider an apology always due, because few reasons should induce a separation from a mother-lodge; but the circumstances of better enabling this lodge to meet in Annual Grand Communication, and of manifesting that brotherly love and affection, the distinguishing characteristics of Masonry, long since induced them to become a member of the Grand Lodge of Virginia; and the charter under which we now assemble was granted, constituting that first on the bright roll of masonic fame, and best of brothers, our beloved Washington, Master of this lodge. But we know not how to extol his glory, nor to pour forth our gratitude for his services as a man and as a brother. He had at that period but just returned from his successful labors in those destinies which have secured to us, his younger brethren, among other blessings, the uninterrupted freedom of assembling together, with nothing to guard but our ancient landmarks, requiring no other patron than his preëminent virtues, and admiring nothing more than the patriotism which directed his conduct to man, his brethren, and particularly to his neighbors and craftsmen who were associated with him in this lodge.

"Lost in amazement must be that brother, when reflecting on his own imperfections, upon finding he has been called, by the partiality of his brethren, to a station where once presided the ornament, and in whom centered the universal love, of Masons; who, condescending to level himself down from his exalted and towering eminence, and square himself with his brethren in Masonry, laboring with them till midday; and when called from labor to refreshment, entering into all the festive gayety and innocent amusement of the craft, even in his latter days; and although that fell destroyer, Time, has mowed down and removed from us, and, we hope, exalted to the high degree of companions with him in the Grand Lodge above, most of the brethren and companions of his juvenile days, yet they have left us an example worthy of imitation. The few survivors by whom the sacred charge of this charter was committed to our care have been rendered by age incapable of laboring with us in the meridian sun. They have retired to the shades, rich in the affection of their younger brethren, and ornaments to that society in which they move. These will undoubtedly prove ample incentives to the officers who shall ever preside here, to respect religion, walk in obedience to the precepts of the great Book of the Law, given us as the rule of our faith; to preside with parental care; admonish with temperance; check vicious propensities; extend the hand of Charity in silence; and induce the brethren to labor justly.

"In thus bringing you to an acquaintance with this lodge, we must confess that we have little of knowledge or masonic brightness to unfold to your view; but your zeal for the welfare of the craft, your toils in their care, and the happy effects produced by a faithful superintendence in our sister-lodges, over whom you now preside, have justly entitled you to the highest respects of your brethren here, and rendered this your attention to their invitation particularly grateful. We are happy in your personal acquaintance; and the brethren join me in an anxious solicitude for your future happiness. We shall rejoice in viewing the smiles of Providence extended towards you as a brother on whom she is willing to bestow her every good, as a just reward for your able services in the cause of the craft and your fellow-man who may be found worthy."

To this address, R. W. James Milnor, as Grand Master of Masons in Pennsylvania, replied:

"*Worshipful Master and Brethren:* The associations connected with the present meeting are of very opposite kinds: To receive and to reciprocate the friendly attentions of my brethren; to recognize in that portion of them whose respected call has brought me amongst them, the neighbors, the friends, the associates of our sainted Washington; to enjoy communion with the body over which his mild virtues and dignified, yet fraternal, manners have so often shed a lustre; and to add to these causes of congratulation the pleasing recollection of your having originally emanated from the Grand Lodge with whose honor and interests my feelings are so nearly allied; furnish causes of exultation and delight, which can be felt better than described.

"Yet how is this combination of enlivening circumstances clouded by the sad remembrance that the great man whose labors in the field and in the cabinet purchased independence and all its blessings for his country and unfading renown for himself, while the benevolent graces of his personal demeanor in the bosom of the lodge secured the fond attachment of his brethren, no longer adorns the east of this sacred temple! Ah! my brethren, your loss is not a common one. In the revolutions of the political scene, the mind is lost amongst the confused whirl of many objects; and the departure of even a mighty orb appears but little to derange the general system. Even Washington seems almost forgotten by his country. Not so the lodge. Your hearts will find around you a thousand mementoes of the singular honor and happiness you have enjoyed in working as fellow-laborers with a man who, whilst the admiring eyes of a universe were upon him, could, with the most amiable condescension, descend from his exalted and towering eminence, and level himself with his brethren in Masonry; sharing with them in their toils, and entering with them at the close of their labors into all the festive gayety and innocent amusement of the craft.

"Permit me, Worshipful Sir, to congratulate this lodge on the preëminent honor it has enjoyed, in being so nearly allied to this illustrious hero, patriarch, and statesman; to pray that all his virtues may descend upon his successors here; and that your consequent prosperity may be lasting and imperishable as, upon the bright roll of masonic fame, will ever stand emblazoned the name of Washington.

"For the mark of affectionate respect you have personally offered me, accept the unadorned acknowledgments of a friend and brother. The labors of which you speak in so flattering a manner, have been the fruits of an earnest and well-intended zeal for promoting the object of our beneficent institution; but I can arrogate to myself a very small portion of merit for the rapid increase, splendor, and respectability of the craft under my charge, which are justly ascribable to the blessings of our Supreme Grand Master on the united and harmonious exertions of faithful, zealous brethren."

Washington Naval Lodge.—We made a delightful call on this Lodge, at its last regular meeting. The opening ceremonies were well performed. The spirit of charity and yet of moral regimen was earnest. The appeals of the abused wife and the widow and the orphan were heard and answered. The Hall, owned by the Lodge, is neatly furnished. Some of the furniture is 50 years old, as the stately Master's chair. This Lodge derived its first charter from the Grand Lodge of Maryland, in the year 1805, and was numbered 41.

Military Lodges.

Indiana.—During the year 1861, dispensations were granted by the Grand Lodge of Indiana for organizing *twenty* Lodges in twenty regiments of Indiana Volunteers. These military Lodges are requested to keep a faithful record of proceedings, giving the position of each member, the part taken in every battle, and, dying in the service of his country, the location of his interment. We look for the next proceedings of the Grand Lodge with great interest. Why should not every Grand Lodge take the same interest in her masonic soldiers?

Ward Camp Lodge.—August, 1862, 17th Ohio, by dispensation from Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Ohio, a regimental Lodge was organized called "Ward Lodge," in honor of Major Durbin Ward. Its organization was near the place of Gen. Beauregard's headquarters during the bloody fight of 6th and 7th April, 1862.

Officers—Bonham H. Fox, W. M.; John Stinchcomb, S. W.; D. M. Rex, I. W. "The highest hills and lowest vales" are places of meeting on pleasant evenings.

At Tuscumbia, Ala., the Southern masonic brethren kindly gave up their masons' hall into the charge of "Ward Camp Lodge."

MASONIC WAR INCIDENTS.

["The claims of a brother are not dissolved by war, pestilence, or famine. In gloom and despair, in want, distress, and peril, the life of masonic principles is neither endangered nor attacked. The roar of the whirlwind cannot render the cry of a brother inaudible; nor the darkness of civil war prevent the destitution of a brother from being seen."]

The day following the battle of Antietam, a New Hampshire regiment formed the picket line along the edge of the cornfield where Richardson's division fought. The reserve was in one edge of the corn, and the pickets about middle way of the field concealed in the corn, as the sharp-shooters of the enemy fired on all who undertook to walk around on the battle-field in that locality. Early in the morning one of the wounded rebels, who was just outside the pickets, called one of the New Hampshire men and handed him a little slip of paper, on which he had evidently, with great difficulty, succeeded in making *some mystic signs in a circle with a bit of stick wet in blood.* The soldier was entreated to hand the paper to a Freemason. The soldier presented it to the colonel of the regiment, who was a Mason. The colonel was a *master* Mason, and could not read the mystic token pertaining to a higher degree. He sent for a captain of the regiment of a higher degree, and showed him the letter. Captain Perry at once said a brother Mason was in great peril and must be rescued. The colonel instantly sent for brother Masons in the regiment, and in a few moments four "brothers of the mystic tie" were crawling stealthily through the corn to find a brother in distress. He was found, placed on a blanket and drawn out of the range of the rebel rifles, and then carried to the regimental hospital. He proved to be a first lieutenant of the Alabama volunteers, badly wounded in the thigh and breast. Another Mason, a *Georgia lieutenant colonel*, was also found wounded. Both were taken care of.

At the battle of Fredericksburg, Captain T. B. Swearengen, General Mead's Adjutant General, was wounded through the lungs, badly bruised, and was found *senseless on the field* by a North Carolina Confederate officer, who, believing him to be a Mason by a jewel on his person, had him carried to a house used as headquarters, called a surgeon to dress his wound, which was thought fatal; yet by the kind care and watching of the craft he was soon able to proceed to Richmond. His blankets were returned by half-naked, blanketless soldiers, and nothing taken from him.

MASONIC PATRIOTISM.

Captain Marchand, of Philadelphia, wounded at Fredericksburg, before dying, said to an attendant: "I do not want to go home to die." The attendant responded: "I should wish to be with my friends.—Don't you, Captain?" The response was: "Yes; but if paroled and sent home, when death is morally certain, the enemy will get a well man in my place, and my government and country will lose one in any event. So I will stay here." Captain Swearengen, at his own expense, spent twenty-five dollars for head-board, &c., for his brave masonic brother. In the Libby burial ground, at Richmond, set apart for the burial of deceased federal soldiers, the stranger will read the touching memorial of this brave Mason.

TIDINGS FROM THE CRAFT.

Masonry in London.—* * "English Lodges meet at four o'clock p. m., and at six or half past. They usually 'call off' to the banquet. The Lodges generally meet every alternate month. In addition to these regular Lodges, there are 'Lodges of Instruction,' meeting once a week at a tavern or a brother's house. The work is the same as in the regular Lodges, but no business is transacted. Any brother can talk or smoke at these informal meetings."

Freemasonry in Ireland.—"I venture not to encumber your pages with a discussion of the Grand Lodges, prior to that of the present Metropolitan Grand Lodge of Ireland, dating A. D. 1729, when Lord Kingston was made Grand Master. With a noble succession, the dais was in 1813 occupied by Ireland's only duke.

"The Grand Lodge meets for business monthly, at Freemason's Hall, College Green, Dublin. The business is digested, classified, and reported in detail, by a body called the 'Board of General Purposes,' elected by the Grand Lodge. The finances are rigidly audited. The orphans are creditably and carefully taken care of. The ancient York rite is tenaciously adhered to.

"The council of S. G. J. G. 33d, is conducted with wisdom, care, and discretion."

Freemasonry in Prussia.—"The parent body is styled the Grand National Mother Lodge of the Three Globes, and holds its meetings at Berlin. The list of her charities embraces students, artists, mechanics, widows, needy persons, *in and out of the order*, providing fire-wood for the indigent, pensions, 'bashful poor,' whose names are only known to the directory of the order. Comment is unnecessary as to the healthy condition of Prussian Masonry, as exhibited by the above, and this from a Grand Lodge.

"The following statistics may prove interesting: Of the members, 19 are of royal families; 5,457 of the learned classes and professions; 3,256 judicial, state, and other officers; 1,280 military; 5,652 merchants, music dealers, and manufacturers; 1,774 artists; 191 foresters; 124 miners; 338 hotel and restaurant keepers; 113 agents; 1,289 proprietors of estates and farmers; 50 students; 47 surgeons; 129 navigators and sailors; 1,243 mechanics of the different trades; and 713 of all other classes. Average membership of Lodges is 86. The York rite is here styled St. John's Masonry.

"There is at Berlin a Sorrow Lodge, specially devoted to the obsequies of deceased brothers, their widows, and orphans. The labors of the Lodge are performed with vigor. There is a university fund and a death fund. The Masons in some Lodges support lectures on Masonry, astronomy, and the liberal arts generally."

Freemasonry in Turkey.—* * "You are right in supposing that the fruits of our order are visible in Turkey. The Turkish Freemasons are in a more elevated state of civilization than the orientals generally. They reject polygamy, and have but one wife; and at the masonic banquets the women are unveiled.

"The Lodge I visit sometimes at Belgrade, has one hundred members. In Constantinople, there are twelve Lodges. In the Ottoman Empire, Arabia, and Persia there are 90.000 members. The Turkish Freemasons employ as a fraternal symbol, a small brown shawl, embroidered with mystical figures, and a flat, polished, twelve-cornered piece of marble with reddish brown spots, two inches in diameter, pendant from the neck by a white silken cord. The spots represent drops of blood, symbolic of the death of Ali, the founder of the order in Turkey, who was barbarously put to death by the sultan, at that time, for refusing to betray the secrets."

Sweden.—"Sweden is the palmy region for Masonry. Its power here is greatest, because here it is best known. Charles XIII, before his adoption of Bernadotte in 1814, created an order of knighthood, to be conferred on none but Masons of high merit. This is still a qualification. By being members of this particular order, some Masons of lowly origin, but who have wrought their way, by reason of merit and Masonic assistance, take precedence of gentle blood; and from whom they would suffer disdain if it were not for this arrangement."

MASONIC DECISIONS.

Indiana.—1. That no lodge can take advantage of the absence of a member to make a Mason of one who had been previously rejected, against the well known wishes and feelings of the absent member.

2. The Grand Lodge has no control of the charity of a subordinate lodge.

3. Grand Lodge requiring a subordinate Lodge to grant a demit, provided the brother applying had paid his dues, and no objection existing as to his standing.

4. The Grand Lodge cannot interfere with, nor encumber the property of a subordinate lodge in good standing.

5. The Grand Lodge decides that subordinate lodges can best decide what are cases of emergency; and if a lodge unanimously decides, it should be regarded as a proper case of emergency.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letter will prove of intense interest to the general reader, as to the lover of Masonic antiquities:

Homes of the Ancient Britons.

DARTMOOR, ENGLAND.

There is a wild district low down in the county of Devon called Dartmoor, which extends over a space of twenty-two miles north and south, and twenty east and west, containing about 13,000 acres of ground. It is an elevated mass of land of an irregular form, broken into a number of minor hills, many of them crowned by groups of rocks provincially termed "*tors.*"

This district comprises the "ancient and royal Forest of Dartmoor." Within its boundaries is included scenery of the most varied and romantic character, and resembled only by a portion of Norway.

On Dartmoor the hills rise steep after steep, their sides frequently abrupt and precipitous, and usually clothed with long grass interspersed with heath, except here and there where the presence of a bog is indicated by the rich reddish hue which is produced by the growth of the soft sphagnums and other mosses and bog plants with which they are coated. Over these hills are irregularly strewn masses of granite and moorstone, some of them more than fifty tons in weight. The granite rocks which crown the hills are stupendous in size, of the wildest and most picturesque forms, and often capped with snow when all the country below boasts the verdure and coloring of spring. The geological formations of the district are very peculiar, and the stratification remarkable, the fissures being sometimes horizontal and sometimes a little inclined, the dip having a tendency towards the east and south.

The crowning rocks, or *tors*, each of which has its own peculiar and frequently characteristic name, may be seen from a great distance, and are beautiful and remarkable objects.

The name *tor* is found in both dialects of the ancient British tongue. The Cornish is *tor;* the Welsh, *twr;*

Gaelic, *tor ;* all meaning a tower, or high heap, or pile. The German, Dutch, Danish, and Swedish, have correspondent terms, so that the Teutonic as well as the Celtic dialects acknowledge the word.

The beauty of Dartmoor is of a lofty and elevating character. He who, after traversing these richly-wooded glades and verdant meadows, the glowing corn-fields, and orchards ruddy with their abundant fruit, which adorn the lower grounds throughout South Devon, finds himself at length placed on the craggy heights of one of the wonderful granitic tors which cap the hills on Dartmoor, cannot fail to be struck with the grandeur of the scene, and with its contrast to the country through which he has recently passed. Looking around him he beholds numerous wild mountain-streams, rushing between the rocky heights that rise on either hand, and pouring their yellow waters tumultuously over channels wherein lie huge blocks of granite or moorstone, wrenched by former tempests from the mountain's side and hurled into the floods below. He marks hills rising fold beyond fold, forming deep gorges as they intersect each other, and containing within themselves solitudes as deep and still as those of some desert land; and he contemplates the floating mists which are ever wafting about among those deep green hills, now rising to reveal scenes of grandeur and beauty before hidden, now closing in grave solemnity over every object on which his eye and his mind have been delightedly dwelling, and he feels almost overwhelmed by the dignity and grandeur of the scene. But let him descend and follow for a few miles the windings of one of those rapid streams, as it runs its course through glowing woods of birch and beech, of oak and ash, sparkling as its dark hued waters bound over the granite rocks which obstruct their course; its current peopled by thousands of speckled trout, its woods with flocks of wild pigeons and other birds of beautiful plumage and varied note, its banks enamelled with myriads of glowing flowers of rarest hues and forms, all instinct with insect life, and he will allow that although its general aspect is that of magnificence, it is also a land of bright and cheering beauty.

From the admirer of nature Dartmoor has then high claims for consideration, yet it has higher on the antiquary. To him it opens a widely extended field of observation, on which he may find objects of sufficient interest amply to repay the labors of research, for throughout its limits are to be found monumental, sacred, and social relics of the Anglo-British in greater variety and number, as well as in finer preservation, than in any other part of England. The ground, too, is almost unbroken, and much of discovery, no doubt, awaits the enterprising traveller who can be content to "*rough it*" among those wilds, and give due time and labor to the needful investigation. Rock-pillars, bridges of Cyclopean build, stone avenues, sacred circles, altar and stone basins, cromlechs and kist-vaens, abound; and with them are interspersed abundant relics of the huts, and some even of what appear to have been aboriginal villages of these Druidical forefathers, who dwelt among these forest recesses long since, before a Divine Redeemer had visited earth in human flesh, or the light of the Gospel had dispelled that thick darkness of paganism which then covered the world with its unholy shadow.

There is a feeling of intense interest connected with finding oneself standing among the rustic dwellings of those who were alive and earnest in the pursuits of life possibly at the time when Elisha the prophet wrought wonders on Mount Carmel, or who must at all events have lived not later than the times of Ezra and Nehemiah, for these simple remains are supposed to be from 2000 to 3000 years old. The mind loses itself as we look round and repeople the land with its ancient inhabitants, picturing them to ourselves as they then existed; with bloody and destructive rites, in which their sons and their daughters were torn from them and sacrificed to devils, in the place of the sacred and mild rule of Christ's ordinances.

Some authors say that far back in the roll of time, Masonic mariners and craftsmen set sail from the land of Phœnicia (the Tyre and Sydon of Scripture) with intention to seek out the Western Seas. After traversing the coast of Africa, and building cities on different parts of it, they eventually reached Spain, and from thence, still extending their researches, stumbled on certain islands which they named Cassiterides. These islands must evidently have been those which we call the Scilly Islands, and the southwestern coast of the mainland of England, now called Cornwall and Devon, of which the ancient name is Danmonia. The fact that the Phœnicians were the earliest traders in tin, (which is allowed by all,) gives strength to the supposition that they were the first foreigners who visited this land, as those districts which they were said to have visited abound most richly in that mineral. Strabo states, that "the Phœnicians alone traded to Britain from Gades, and concealed from others that navigation; but when a Roman vessel followed a certain master of a ship, that they themselves might learn this traffic of merchandise, he, on a spiteful envy, ran his ship on purpose upon the sands, and after he had brought them that followed after him into some danger of destruction, himself escaped the shipwreck, and out of the common treasury received the worth of the commodities and wares that he had lost." This jealous guarding of their secret shows that they alone were aware of the mineral treasures of this before undiscovered land.

Strabo thus describes them: "They (the Cassiterides) are inhabited by men wearing black garments, clad in wide coats, descending to their ancles, going with staves like the Furies in tragedies. Mines they have of tin and lead, which they exchange for earthen pots, salt, and brazen ware." He also says, "They are of a gentle and kind disposition, fair and honest behavior, simple and sincere in their conversation;" a character which is also given them by other authors.

We may then fancy such men as above described traversing the singular and beautiful country that we have endeavored to depict, and among which lay their homes, their temples, and their fortresses, stupendous works, the raising of which displays a degree of knowledge and of power, such as seems to warrant our adopting those accounts which report most highly of the civilization of their architects, as the nearest to the truth.

It is very remarkable that so little should have been said of the *homes* of the ancient Britons. No writer, until Sir Richard Hoare entered on his researches, seems to have noticed the hundreds of ruined dwellings which exist in this land, and which furnished these British ancestors with homes for which they fought, and for which they died. To walk amidst the relics of these homes on the wild hill-sides, to trace the little moorland rills by which the feet of the women and children of days so long passed away have wandered, and from which they dipped the clear waters which still flow onwards even as they did 2000 years ago; to watch the rack floating over those remarkable relics of antiquity which have endured for so many ages, and hear the tones of murmuring rivers which sounded in the ears of men of whom no vestige now remains, save these stones which once encircled their homes and hearths, fills the heart with many deep thoughts and solemn feelings.

The "hut-circles," as they are called, to distinguish them from the sacred circles or temples, are all of a circular form, and consist in general of a single course of stones, although occasionally a double circle is to be found. These stones stand from a foot and a half to near three feet above the ground, and are placed close together. The diameter of the huts ranges from twelve feet to thirty feet, the most usual size being about twenty-six feet. The door is very frequently towards the south, and is marked by stone door jambs, usually placed at right angles with the outside of the circle. One example alone has been found in which the hut has been discovered in a comparatively perfect state, the upper part only having fallen in. "It appears," says Mr. Rowe, to have been shaped like a bee hive, the wall being formed of large stones which seem to have been chosen with care for the purpose of forming the widely arched roof; and which evidently had their interstices filled up with smaller stones, and probably turf." Cæsar speaks of the houses of the Britons as similar to those of the Gauls, and lighted only from the door with a domed roof, having an aperture at the top for the escape of smoke. He describes them as chiefly composed of wood, but though in parts of the island they would probably be so, in districts abounding in stone as the whole of that which composed the ancient Danmonia, it is most probable that that material would supersede every other, as it does in the present day, the walls, houses, and other fabrics throughout Devonshire, and in some parts even the fences of the fields being almost invariably formed of stone. In every part of this remarkable district these relics of primeval British dwellings abound; they are usually more numerous along the declivities of hill-sides which slope down towards water-courses, and especially of those facing the south and west, and the clusters which indicate the site of towns and villages are invariably so placed. Some remarkably fine specimens of hut-circles are to be found above Spitchwick-house on the eastern side of the moor. At Rowbrook, on the right of the road, on the western slope of the hill, is a remarkably perfect hut-circle, twenty-four feet in diameter, with a door-jamb erect three feet high. From this circle a track-line, or boundary bank, is carried down the hill, and connects the hut with the foundation of a rectangular inclosure, forty-two feet by eleven, formed of the same materials, and in the same manner, as the hut-circle; but whilst the circular form is found in every part of the moor, the rectangular is of exceedingly rare occurrence. Below the road and nearer the river just above the Eastcomb Cottage, is a very fine circular foundation of large dimensions, and of a very interesting description, being at least thirty-eight feet in diameter, and having walls six feet in thickness. The door-jamb is of unusual size, five feet high, and six wide; and the whole ruin is in much finer preservation than any of the smaller hut-circles.

In several parts of the moor we find these hut-circles gathered together as if they had formed towns or villages. They are sometimes enclosed and bounded by a large outer circle or wall of circumvallation, and placed there as in a stronghold; in other instances they are merely grouped together without any appearance of fortifications. Of the latter class is one near Merivale Bridge, which crosses the river Walkham, about five miles from Tavistock. The Moreton road runs directly through the village intersecting two of the circles. The hut-circles are here very numerous, in all about forty; some lying on one side the road, and some on the other. These circles vary in size from eight paces to sixty, but within these larger ones smaller ones are included. Most of these are circular, though some are oval.

It has been suggested that these larger circles have formed parts of a temple, but there seems little doubt that the cluster of circles composed altogether an aboriginal town or village.

The other class of circles of which we have spoken, those with an outer wall of circumvallation, are very frequent on the moor. It is supposed that they were constructed for the preservation of cattle, but it is probable that they were designed for the protection of men as well; and it is most likely that they were the fortified towns, or castles of strength, of the ancient inhabitants, serving both as permanent residences for them, and as places of refuge whereto they might resort in times of danger. These circumvallations are called by the moor-men "*Pounds.*" Grimspound is by far the finest and most remarkable of them. It is situated on the northwest slope of Hamildon, on the north of the moor. Rowe thus describes it: "The wall or mound is formed of moorstone blocks rudely piled up, but so large as not to be easily displaced. The base of this rampart covers in some parts a surface of twenty feet in breadth, but the average height of a section taken at any one point would not exceed six feet. With the exception of an opening on the east and west sides, the enclosure is perfect, surrounding an area of about four acres. The original entrance is supposed to have been on the south. The vestiges of ancient habitations within this primitive entrenchment are numerous, and occupy the whole area, leaving only one vacant spot at the upper end, which might have been a kind of forum or place of public concourse for the inhabitants. A spring, rising on the eastern side, and skilfully conducted for some distance below the wall, supplied the inhabitants with pure water; and the whole presents a more complete specimen of an ancient British settlement, provided with means of protracted defence, than will perhaps be found in any other part of the island." These villages are enclosed by low walls of stone rudely piled together, sometimes in a circular, and at others in an elliptical form. Roundy Pound is another very fine specimen of an enclosed village.

Such are the relics of the homes of the Britons during their lives; of the places where their bodies have been deposited after death we shall say but little, because, although relics of this character abound on Dartmoor, so much has been said by various authors on the cairns and kist-vaens of this and other countries, that it will be needless, as we are not aware that there is anything peculiarly distinctive in the character of those on Dartmoor. The kist-vaens are not found on the summit of a cairn as in Cornwall, but they are sometimes imbedded in the cairns, and one of this kind exists on the highest part of Codson Hill, on the northern part of the moor; they are sometimes included within the circular enclosure, but more usually stand by themselves, and unconnected with any other relic. These stone chests are usually of four stones, and frequently in the centre is found a circular excavation, which it is probable contained a cinerary urn, as both urns and bones have been found within these primitive depositories. The cairns or burrows are most abundantly scattered over every locality, and differ in no material point from those of other districts.

It is said to this day, that in the regions where tin abounds, the secret of its manufacture is kept perfect by the craft. J. M. S.

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In 1754 the Masonic order in Philadelphia was under the Grand Mastership of Ben. Franklin.

MASONIC ABBREVIATIONS.

A.·. D.·. (*Anno Depositionis.*) In the Year of Deposit. Used by Royal and Select Masters. To find this date, add 1000 to vulgar era.

A.·. L.·. (*Anno Lucis.*) In the Year of Light. Used by ancient craft Masons. Add 4000 to the vulgar era, 1863.

A.·. H.·. (*Anno Hebraico.*) In the Hebrew Year. Used by Masons of the Scottish Rite. The year begins 17th September, the first of Tisri. Add 3760 to vulgar era.

A.·. I.·. (*Anno Inventionis.*) In the Year of the Discovery. Used by Royal Arch Masons. Add 530 to vulgar era.

A.·. M.·. (*Anno Mundi.*) In the Year of the World. Used in Scottish Rite.

A.·. O.·. (*Anno Ordinis.*) In the Year of the Order. Used by Knights Templar. Subtract 1118 from vulgar era to find the year of the order.

A.·. D.·. (*Anno Domini.*) In the Year of our Lord.

A.·. C.·. (*Ante Christum.*) Before Christ.

J.·. N.·. R.·. J.·. (*Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum.*) Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews. Knights Templar will understand.

J.·. H.·. S.·. (*Jesus Hominum Salvator.*) Jesus, Saviour of men.

A.·. L.·. G.·. D.·. G.·. A.·. D.·. L'U.·. (French—*A la gloire du Grand Architecte de l'Univers.*) To the glory of the Grand Architect of the Universe. All French masonic writings have this caption.

A.·. L'O.·. (French—*A l'Orient.*) At the East. Seat of the Lodge.

F.·. or FF.·. (French—*Frère on Frères.*) Brother or Brothers.

G.·. M.·. Grand Master.

J.·. W.·. Junior Warden.

M.·. M.·. (French—*Mois Masonique.*) Masonic Month. The French masonic year begins with March. Ours ought also to begin at same time.

M.·. W.·. Most Worshipful.

R.·. □ (French.) Respectable Lodge. Worshipful Lodge.

R.·. W.·. Right Worshipful.

S.·. S.·. S.·. (French—*Trois fois salut.*) Thrice Greeting. Common on French masonic certificates.

S.·. W.·. Senior Warden.

V.·. (French—*Vénérable.*) Worshipful.

V.·. L.·. (French—*Vraie lumière.*) True Light.

V.·. W.·. Very Worshipful.

W.·. M.·. Worshipful Master.

P.·. M.·. Past Master.

S.·. SS.·. Saint or Saints.

U.·. D.·. Under Dispensation.

T.·. I.·. Thrice Illustrious.

D.·. I.·. Deputy Illustrious.

P.·. C.·. W.·. Principal Conductor of Work.

C.·. G.·. Captain of the Guards. These last four are officers of the Council of Royal and Select Masters.

S.·. D.·. Senior Deacon.

J.·. D.·. Junior Deacon.

G.·. C.·. Grand Commander.

G.·. Generalissmo.

C.·. G.·. Captain General.

P.·. Prelate.

W.·. Warden.

S.·. B.·. Standard or Sword Bearer.

G.·. M.·. A.·. (French—*Grand Maître Architect.*) Grand Master Architect—12th degree Ancient Scottish Rite.

C.·. D.·. S.·. A.·. (French—*Chevalier du Serpent d'airain.*) Knight of the Brazen Serpent—25th degree Ancient Scotch Rite.

K.·. C.·. M.·. Knight of the Christian Mark.

K.·. C.·. Knight of Constantinople.

C.·. d'O.·. (French—*Chevalier d'Orient.*) Knight of the East.

C.·. d'O.·. d'O.·. (French—*Chevalier d'Orient et d'Occident.*) Knight of the East and West—17th degree Ancient Scotch Rite.

K.·. H.·. S.·. Knight of the Holy Sepulchre.

S.·. M.·. Sovereign Master.

C.·. Chancellor.

M.·. P.·. Master of the Palace.

P.·. d'L.·. (*Prince du Liban.*) Prince of Libanus—22d degree Ancient Scotch Rite.

C.·. d'S.·. (*Chevalier du Soliel.*) Knight of the Sun—28th, Scotch Rite.

S.·. P.·. R.·. (*Souverain Prince Rose-Croix.*) Prince of Rose Croix—18th, Scotch Rite.

P.·. J.·. (*Prévôt et Juge.*) Provost and Judge—7th, Scotch Rite.

R.·. A.·. and H.·. R.·. A.·. Royal Arch and Holy Royal Arch.

A.·. and A.·. R.·. Ancient and Accepted Rite.

B.·. B.·. Burning Bush.

C.·. C.·. Celestial Company..

D.·. G.·. M.·. Deputy Grand Master.

D.·. D.·. G.·. M.·. District Deputy Grand Master.

E.·. A.·. Entered Apprentice.

F.·. C.·. Fellow Craft.

G.·. Com.·. Grand Commandery.

G.·. E.·. Grand East; Grand Encampment.

GG.·. LL.·. (*Grandes Loges.*) Grand Lodges.

G.·. O.·. Grand Orient.

G.·. R.·. A.·. C.·. Grand Royal Arch Chapter.

I.·. T.·. N.·. O.·. T.·. G.·. A.·. O.·. T.·. U.·. In the name of the Grand Architect of the Universe.

Knt.·. T.·. Knight Templar.

M.·. E.·. G.·. H.·. P.·. Most Excellent Grand High Priest.

R.·. †.·. Rose Cross.

R.·. E.·. A.·. et A.·. (*Rite Ecossais Ancien et Accepté.*) Ancient and Accepted Scotch Rite.

R.·. E.·. G.·. C.·. Right Eminent Grand Commander.

S.·. S.·. Sanctum Sanctorum.

S.·. G.·. I.·. G.·. Sovereign Grand Inspector General.

S.·. P.·. R.·. S.·. Sublime Prince of the Royal Secret.

Surv.·. 1er, Surveillant 1er. Senior Warden.

Surv.·. 2e, Surveillant 2e. Junior Warden.

T.·. S.·. (French,) Trés Sage. Wisest.

◆

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[We shall put under this head all replies to queries on Masonic subjects presented by brethren.]

1. Why do gloves form a part of a Freemason's costume, and why should they always be worn in a Lodge? To remind us that with "a pure heart and *clean* hands," we must "stand in the holy place." In the French rite, the Apprentice, on his initiation, is presented with two pairs, one for himself, and the other for his wife.

2. What is the meaning of the word "Accepted?" It means that operative Masons received into their society those who were not operatives. Accepted Masons are those who have been initiated, *adopted* into the order, &c., not being builders, granted the freedom of the society. It is an historical appellation. There was a time when all Masons wrought in stone; subsequently, others were added to their society, who esteemed their craft, and were desirous of participating in their knowledge and enjoying their company.

3. Which is the oldest Lodge in the United States? If correctly informed, it is St. John's, Boston City, constituted 1733, July 30, taking the title in 1792. Previously, it was styled "First Lodge in Boston." This Lodge granted a charter to Benjamin Franklin, for a Lodge in Philadelphia, one in Portsmouth, and a third in Charleston. General Joseph Warren, of the Lodge, was installed Grand Master 1767.

◆

Masonic Meetings within the District.

Grand Lodge, first Tuesday, May and November, and December 27, at 4 p. m. Grand Chapter, second Monday in November, 7 p. m. Washington Commandery, No. 1, 2d and 4th Wednesdays, and on Good Friday, at 7½ p. m. Columbia Commandery, No. 2, 1st and 3d Fridays, at 7½ p. m. Columbia R. A. Chapter, 1st and 3d Wednesdays; and Washington R. A. Chapter, No. 16, 2d and 4th Thursdays, at 7½ p. m. Federal Lodge, No. 1, every other Tuesday. Lebanon Lodge, No. 7, 1st and 3d Fridays. New Jerusalem, No. 9, 2d and 4th Thursdays. St. John's, No. 11, 2d and 4th Fridays. National, No. 12, every other Tuesday. Washington Centennial, No. 14, 1st and 3d Thursdays. B. B. French, No. 15, 1st and 3d Mondays. Dawson, No. 16, 2d and 4th Mondays. Harmony, No. 17, 2d and 4th Wednesdays. All the above at Masonic Hall, corner D and 9th, and at 7½ p. m., except where otherwise specified. Washington Naval Lodge, No. 4, 1st Saturday of each month, Virginia avenue, Navy Yard, at 7½ p. m. Hiram Lodge, No. 10, 1st and 3d Fridays, 19th, above Pennsylvania avenue, 7½ p. m.

Georgetown, Masonic Hall, at 7½ p. m. Potomac R. A. Chapter, No. 8, 1st Thursday; and Potomac Lodge, No. 5, 1st and 3d Mondays.

Alexandria, Union Lodge, at Masonic Hall, every Thursday, at 7½ p. m.

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VOL. I.—NO. 2. WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY, 1863. $1.50 PER ANNUM.

ROBERT McMURDY, D. D., LL. D., GRAND PRELATE OF GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF U. S., EDITOR, BOX 982.

THE MOTTOES OF MASONIC CHIVALRY.

BY B. B. FRENCH, G.·. M.·. KS.·. T.·.

[How exquisite the following effusion by our Grand Master. Is there a Christian heart, Masonic or not, that can fail to be affected by it?]

I.

O'er life's broad field two gallant knights
Were pricking to the strife,
Blazing in the bright panoply
That marks a soldier's life;
The enemy they sought was sin,
And lies, and vanity,
And all the evil spread o'er earth
By the arch enemy.

II.

One bore a banner, where the cross,
On which our Saviour bled,
Shone, in a field all pure and white,
In hues of bloody red.
And "*In hoc signo vinces*," gleamed
In golden letters bright—
The motto borne, in glorious deeds,
By every Templar Knight.

III.

The other, on a banner green,
To nerve him evermore,
This mot—"*Magna est veritas*
Et prevalebit"—bore.
In *Truth's* great cause—to shield the just—
To battle for the oppressed—
His sword was drawn, his pennon raised,
His bright lance placed in rest.

IV.

O'er life's rough road these valorous knights
Were riding side by side,
Discoursing of the virtuous deeds
In which their swords were tried—
Their power of arm—their zeal for good—
Their acts in bower and hall;
Forgetting, in their vigorous strength,
That God is over all!

V.

When, in the distance, hast'ning on,
With glittering sword and shield,
Another warrior knight was seen,
Fast coursing o'er the field;
He bore a banner black as night—
Emblazoned bright thereon,
In the pure hues of pearly white,
The Maltese emblem shone.

VI.

On banner and on shield he wore
That holy legend, grand,
Ascribing to the Lord of Hosts
The triumphs of his hand;
He joined his comrades—kneeling there,
Beneath the arch of heaven,
They bowed before that motto, bright,
And prayed to be forgiven.

VII.

And as they prayed, the anthem rose—
"Non nobis Domine,"*
And Christian words, from humble hearts,
Ascribed all power to THEE!
They rose in harmony and love,
And passed their several ways—
To *conquer* Heaven—to practice *Truth*,
And give God all the praise!

---

* The entire legend is—"Non nobis, Domine, non nobis; sed nomini tuo da gloriam."

◆

MELITA is the ancient name of the Island of Malta.

ELLEN FISHER.

(*Continued from page 2.*)

BY PROFESSOR BLUMENTHAL.

CHAPTER III.

Angel's ears had not deceived him; not only had he been followed, but part of his conversation with Ellen had even been overheard, by one who suspected that foul play was intended.

Conrad Wahr, the confidential attendant of Mr. Moore who had engaged Mr. Welden's services, had been left behind by his master, in order to superintend some minor arrangement left unfinished, after which he was to follow him to Elmira. Mr. Welden had also requested him to take charge of a trunk which he had to leave behind him. It was on this latter business that he had been visiting the house; and when about to pass out by the garden gate, his attention had been arrested by hearing Mr. Welden's name pronounced in a whisper, by some persons who evidently sought concealment. Approaching cautiously, he listened to the concluding persuasions and plan urged by Angel to entice Ellen from her home. His first impulse was to return to the house and communicate what he had heard, together with his suspicions, to Ellen's mother; but fearing that this might lead only to a change in the course which Ellen and her lover had determined upon to deceive her relations, he contented himself with following him, in order to find out his place of residence, and, if possible, his name.

He therefore glided out of the garden, and then placing himself in the shadow of a tree, suffered Angel to pass him after his interview had terminated. When he thought him sufficiently far advanced, he followed cautiously, and was frequently compelled to conceal himself again behind different objects on the road, in consequence of Angel's suspicion that some one was following him. But Wahr, though compelled to follow at a distance, contrived at the same time to keep him always in view, and even succeeded once in getting a perfect sight of his features. When he saw the house into which the young man entered, he started as if stung by a serpent, and then stopped suddenly as if engaged in a struggle with an inward emotion. This lasted but a short time, for he soon recovered his former composure, and slowly wended his way to a distant part of the village. When he had reached a house which stood almost on the verge of its northern boundary, he knocked and inquired for Mr. Westcot. The girl who had opened the door, requested him to walk into the parlor, where he was soon joined by George Westcot, a respectable merchant of the village. Mr. Westcot, after he had requested him to take a seat, inquired smilingly what procured him the pleasure of seeing Mr. Wahr at so late an hour.

"My duty," replied the latter. "There is some mischief brewing, which you and I are bound to prevent, if within our power. Miss Fisher, the sister-in-law of Mr. Welden, will be enticed away from her home by one whom I have good reason to suspect to be a villain."

He pronounced the last words evidently with painful feelings. He then related to Mr. Westcot all he had seen and heard, and finished by saying that no time must be lost, nor the suspicion of the parties roused.

Mr. Westcot, after a brief silence, replied:

"Are you certain that you have obtained a knowledge of the precise state of the matter? May not something which you have misunderstood, or which has escaped your ear, give such a turn to the affair as to make it have a very different aspect? Mr. Angel has borne a fair character, nay, is considered by some a very good man. It is true, I have private cause which leads me to suspect his integrity, but for that very reason, because it is *private* cause, I would be unwilling to suffer it to bias me against him. He may be an honest man, led away by an excess of love."

"He is a villain!" exclaimed the honest German, with some violence. "I cannot now tell you any more, but I know him to be such, and capable of any wicked deed."

"That altogether alters my view of the matter. If you *know* him to be a bad man, we must take immediate steps to interfere with what seems to be his plan for an elopement. It appears, from what you said, that to-morrow evening has been fixed upon as the time. Meet me at dusk in the arbor in Welden's garden, for it is there, if I understand you correctly, that Ellen is to wait for her lover."

"No, no; he is to wait for her with a carriage just beyond the Judge's house, on the road to Clinton."

"So much the better. It is moonlight, and we can command a view of the three roads from a window in the upper part of the house. The Judge is one of us, and will aid in every lawful undertaking to stop a villainy. I will visit Mrs. Fisher to-morrow, and observe Ellen's conduct. But it is important that the man should be surprised in the act, so as to prevent any repetition of the attempt."

"One more word, Mr. Westcot, before we part. In all our dealings with that young man, you must try to excuse me from any personal contact with him, for I should be sorry to do anything unbecoming a Christian and the noble principles of our institution; but I am also a man, and would not willingly enter into temptation."

"What is there between you and him? Have you known him before, and unfavorably? If so, let me know."

"Not now; perhaps at some other time. Good night. To-morrow evening I'll meet you at the house of the Judge. By all means, be watchful."

When Ellen returned to the house, she tripped lightly by the parlor door, and entered her own room with a slow and languid step. She had hoped to pass the rest of the evening alone; but in this she was disappointed. Mrs. Welden, who had missed her sister, inquired if she had gone to any of the neighbors', and failing to get a satisfactory reply, went to her room to await her return, for she too felt, since Mr. Welden went away, an uneasiness about Ellen, for which she could not account to herself.

Ellen started when she found her room occupied, and betrayed an agitation altogether beyond what even the unexpected presence of her sister seemed to warrant. Mrs. Welden pretended not to notice it, but taking her sister's hand, she drew her gently to her side, and said, "Dear Ellen, I begin to feel uneasy about you. For some time time past your spirits have seemed to droop; even now your hand is cold and clammy"—then passng her hand over the fair girl's forehead—"and your brow is hot and feverish, while the damp dew is still upon your looks. Make me your confidant, Ellen. What troubles you so much, and makes you even forget that your frame must suffer from an exposure in the garden at so late an hour?"

Ellen's heart was too full to reply or to hide her emotions; she trembled like a leaf agitated by a gentle breeze, and leaning her head on Mrs. Welden's shoulder, burst out in a flood of tears.

After a few moments Mrs. Welden continued, "This will not do, we must contrive some change of scene for you. Cousin John and his wife will pass through our place to-morrow afternoon, and you shall go with them to Binghamton. You know you have promised them long ago a visit, and told them that on their return from New York you would accompany them. Well, I give my consent, and so does mother. So get ready to start at three o'clock in the afternoon, for they write that on their journey home they will only be able to take dinner with us."

Ellen then threw her arms around her sister's neck as she replied:

"I do not wish to go to cousin John's house now. Are you tired of me, that you want to send me away? You must excuse me to them; indeed, I cannot go to-morrow. Pray, devise some excuse for me, for I feel too nervous to meet them, and shall either keep my room or absent myself from the house while they are here."

"Nonsense, Ellen; mother has written to them that you will be ready; you yourself promised to go, and seemed delighted with the prospect; and now all is changed. What has come over you? Indeed, you need a change of air and gayer scenes to revive your health and spirits. So prepare to be ready."

Ellen sighed and buried her face in her hands, as her sister left the room.

CHAPTER IV.

When Mrs. Welden had left left the room, Ellen rose and paced the floor for some time with rapid but vacillating steps. After about ten minutes of violent agitation, she stopped, and as if under the impulse of a strong resolution, which she feared would forsake her soon again, she seized a pen and hastily wrote the following lines:

"DEAR JAMES: We must change our plan. To-morrow afternoon, my cousin John will come, and I shall be compelled to go with him to Binghamton. If we leave, we must leave before that time. What new plan will you devise? Write to me in the usual way. Heaven knows whether I am not to blame for this almost unmaidenly note. I fear I do wrong, but I cannot help it now. I cannot even pray before retiring. Is God angry with me for what I am doing? You are so good, judge for me, and come and help me calm my conscience.

"Your ELLEN."

She then folded and sealed the note, and slipping down again into the garden, deposited it in the hollow of an old tree which stood near the road, and returned to pass the night in restless, feverish sleep.

Angel and Munter, who had spent a part of the night in playing and drinking, separated, at what was for them an early hour, before twelve o'clock. The former, in order to arrange his affairs, and the latter to prepare the carriage and settle his own business, for he deemed it best not to be seen in the neighborhood after the elopement.

Angel then tried to snatch a few hours of sleep, but found this more difficult than one so hardened in crime usually finds it. But Angel was a coward, and he was afraid of Munter; he was afraid of the very act he was about to engage in, and might even have abandoned it, had it not been for his bolder and more malicious companion. The early light of day found him, therefore, already awake, and being unable to content himself in his own room, he strolled out into the streets, where he met only a few milk maids with their pails, going to relieve the lowing kine. He turned his steps almost involuntarily toward Ellen's house, and visited, without any definite idea, the old oak tree, the post office selected by the loving girl to transmit her message and receive those of her lover. He did not expect to find a letter, and started, therefore, with surprise when, having thrust his hand from habit into the hollow, he drew forth the letter deposited there. With a trembling hand he opened it, and after perusing its contents, paced the ground for some time undetermined how to account for it. At first he thought it was the result of a change in Ellen's resolution to run away with him; but after reading the letter a second time, he concluded that it was, what it professed to be, an unvarnished statement of facts. He quickly withdrew into the arbor, after making sure that no one observed him, and wrote with a pencil upon a blank leaf:

"DEAR ELLEN: Meet me at one o'clock, at Mrs. Guile's house, on the road to Hamilton. All will be ready.

"Your JAMES."

After depositing this note in place of the one he had taken, he hastened back to his house, muttering, "Now I must try to see Munter, and have his counsel. A bad thing this, to run away in broad daylight. Too much danger! Too much danger!"

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

◆

The Washington Bible, and the English Claim to the Honor of the Initiation of Washington.

Our British brethren have claimed that the Bible upon which General Washington was obligated into the mysteries of ancient Freemasonry was in the possession of H. M. Forty-sixth regiment of Infantry until its dissolution at Halifax, N. S., some years ago; after which time Captain Childs, a brother of the regiment, took it into his possession. This Bible, our British Craftsmen claim, was twice taken in war and carried off with the baggage of the Forty-sixth by an enemy; once by General Washington, in 1777, and once by the French at Dominica, and each time honorably restored to the lodge of the Forty-sixth, with a military escort, colors flying, and music, borne aloft on the shoulders of the enemy, under a magnificent canopy. Our English brethren claim this incidentally, that Washington was initiated into the Military Lodge, 227, of the Forty-sixth British regiment.

He was initiated in an English colony, in a lodge working, in a secondary sense, under British authority. (See p. 6, col. 3, June No.)

We gave in our June number a transcript of the records of the Fredericksburg lodge, which sets this question at rest. This lodge received its dispensation from the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts; but, contrary to custom, took its charter from the Grand Lodge of Scotland. After the revolutionary war, it became a member of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, and it possessed, until the breaking out of this war, the Bible used at Washington's initiation. It is a small quarto volume, beautifully printed in minion type, with the imprint, "1668, printed at Cambridge by John Field, printer to the University."

[We trust that whatever force may possess Fredericksburg, the Washington and masonic relics may be preserved.]

Lodge No. 227 was chartered by the Grand Lodge of Ireland the very year Washington was made a Mason, 1752, and continued with the Forty-sixth British regiment for ninety years afterwards, when it fell into other hands, and it is said still to exist. Military lodges at that day also conferred, at times, the mark as a "side degree." It has been conferred in Nova Scotia and Canada for a century, under a master's warrant. It is their opinion that it belongs to the lodge, and not to the chapter. It is probable that the mark was conferred on General Washington in Lodge No. 227.

The Masonic chest of the Forty-sixth British regiment undoubtedly fell into Washington's hands, and was returned, as stated in the foregoing.

This same chest fell into the hands of the French, and was by them returned in a similar manner.

The warrant and regalia of the *Military Lodge, No.* 18, British, fell into the hands of our General Parsons who returned them with the following note:

> "When the ambition of monarchs, or the jarring interests of states, call forth their subjects to war, we, as Masons, are disarmed of that resentment which stimulates to indiscriminate desolation; and however our political sentiments may impel us in the public dispute, we are still brethren; and, *our professional duties apart*, ought to promote the happiness and advance the welfare of each other. Accept, therefore, at the hands of a brother, the Constitution of the Lodge, "Unity, No. 13," held in the Seventeenth British regiment which your 'late misfortunes have put it in my power to restore to you."

WASHINGTON'S AGE AT HIS INITIATION.

He was initiated November 4, 1752, and born February 22d, 1732. This would make him less than twenty-one years of age at his initiation. He had, however, held important offices in the Commonwealth of Virginia at this time. He was doubtless of "lawful age," as many persons not twenty-one were then declared to be, that is, of a "proper age." It may also be stated that at the date of his initiation it is probable that the Fredericksburg lodge was working under its original *Scotch charter*, and in Scotch jurisdictions initiates are received at the immature age of eighteen.

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Benjamin Franklin on Freemasonry.

Benjamin Franklin, in speaking of Freemasonry, its secrets, and the principles which govern all good Masons, and bind them together in one common brotherhood, said, "Freemasonry, I admit, has its secrets. It has secrets peculiar to itself, but of what does this principally consist? They consist of signs and tokens, which serve as testimonials of character and qualification which are conferred, after due course of instruction and examination. These are of no small value; they speak a universal language, and are a passport to the support and attention of the world. They cannot be lost so long as memory retains its power. Let the possessor of them be expatriated, shipwrecked or imprisoned; let him be stripped of everything he has in the world, still these credentials remain, and are available for use as circumstances may require. The good effects which they have produced are established by the incontestible facts of history. They have stayed the uplifted hand of the destroyer; they have softened the aspirations of the tyrant, they have subdued the rancor of malevolence; and broken down the barriers of political animosity and sectarian alienation. On the battle-field, in the solitudes of the uncultivated forest, or in the busy haunts of the crowded city, they have made men of most hostile feelings, and the most diversified conditions, rush to the aid of the other, with special joy and satisfaction that they have been able to afford relief to a brother Mason."

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The Bunker Hill Monument,

At Charlestown, Mass., stands on Bunker, or more properly, Breed's Hill, on the site of the battle, and 62 feet above the level of the sea. The corner-stone was laid by La Fayette, with masonic forms and ceremonies, on the 50th anniversary of the battle, June 17, 1825; and that foundation having been found insufficient, the corner-stone of the present structure was laid in March, 1827. The monument was completed July 23, 1842. Its form is that of an obelisk, 30 feet square at the base, and 16 feet 4½ inches at the top. It is built of hewn granite, and is 221 feet high. The interior is hollow and circular, having a diameter of 10 feet 7 inches at the bottom, and 6 feet 4 inches at the top, and is ascended by 294 steps. At the top is an elliptical chamber, 17 feet high and 11 feet in diameter, with four windows, affording a most beautiful view of Boston, its harbor, and the surrounding country.

THE LODGE.

[The following was written just ninety-three years ago. Will every brother endeavor to make his lodge precisely what is here described?]

When to the lodge we go, that happy place,
There faithful friendship smiles in every face;
What though our joys are hid from public view,
They on reflection please, and must be true.
The lodge the social virtues fondly love—
There wisdom's rule we trace, and so improve;
There we, in moral architecture skilled,
Dungeons for vice, for virtue temples build;
While sceptered Reason, from her steady throne,
Well-pleased, surveys us all, and makes us one.

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THE IDEAL OF THE MASONIC SOCIETY.

BY AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, LL. D.

It has been well observed that every event or movement in the history of Humanity, is a new *apocalypse* of Man, or Nature, or God! This thought is eminently true. There is not a movement in the material world, nor an event in the life of man or society, but is a revelation of eternal Truth—a new step of Humanity in its upward progress. All revolutions in society—the great questions which agitate nations—the mighty Ideals which burn in the bosom of Christendom, laboring to realize themselves in the various philanthropic enterprises and benevolent associations of the age, have a deep and solemn significance—are attached to the divinest sentiments of the Soul—are expressive of the Soul's aspirations—responses to the great needs of Humanity. They mark the victories of man over ignorance and selfishness, and are pledges of an ever-growing perfection. For, while man *labors*, he *thrives;* while society struggles, and is in conflict, it advances. All the phenomena of life, all institutions or movements in society, devised by human genius, have been so many attempts of man to fathom the mystery of his being—so many struggles to reach and embrace an Ideal Beauty or Excellence which glimmered in the immeasurable heights above him. Hence all these movements are of momentous import—are providentially devised; and are worthy of a profound study and investigation, and *will* be studied by those who reverence virtue, and cherish a genial love and large hope for man.

Among the providential institutions which should arrest the attention of thinking men, are the Mysteries, as they were formerly called, or SECRET SOCIETIES, as they are now denominated. In the earliest periods of the world, the wisest and best of men withdrew from the imperfections of the exterior society, and in their secret temples sought to sound the mysterious deeps of God, Nature, and the Soul, and to live out their idea of a true life. The Mysteries of Egypt, of Eleusis, of the Cabiri, and those of India and of the north of Europe, had a widely-extended influence; and so important were they, that an investigation of them is necessary, if we would have an accurate view of the Theology, Philosophy, Science, and Ethics, of the past times.

The singular tendency to secret associations in all ages, and the remarkable progress and prevalence of these societies at the present time, in spite of the selfishness and materialism of the age, indicate most clearly a providential origin and a providential design. When the conditions and circumstances attending them, and the position they have occupied and do still occupy—the countless thousands of earnest and intelligent men who have worshiped and do worship even to-day at their altars, are considered—who will say that these institutions, which have, in all periods of the world, commanded the admiration, and reverence, and service of the wisest and best of our race, have not exercised a powerful influence on the Life of the Past, and are not destined to accomplish mighty results in the present age, and wield a prodigious influence over all its thought and life? What have been those results, and what may we expect them to be in future? What has been, and what is destined to be their influence on, and their relations with, the progressive development of man.

It is a part of the mission of the Masonic Societies in general to elevate the tone of public and private morals, and to realize, in all the arrangements of life, a diviner sentiment of justice, a truer ideal of charity, and more enlightened notions regarding man's relations with his fellow-man. They are a means of intellectual, moral, and social progress, and belong to the great category of Divine instrumentalities, ordained by Providence, for the advancement of the human race.

This remark is eminently correct as it regards the ancient mysteries. They were the sources of moral life—the fountains of Theology, Philosophy, Ethics, Science, and Politics—the ministers of Progress—in a word, the mother of Civilization. In the Egyptian, Grecian, and Indian mysteries, and the Druidical institutions of the north of Europe, were nourished and developed those moral principles and sentiments, and those social ideas, which afterward entered into the *life of the people*, and became *actual* in their social forms.

And this is the divine method of human progress. Men, in the mass, do not and can not rise at once to the comprehension of absolute Truth; nor is it possible for them to appreciate it in its fulness, nor, unaided, to apply it to any practical result. Neither do they advance, either individually or socially, by virtue of their own energy, but receive the elements of progress, growth, and expansion, from the spiritual world—that is to say, from God. When new elements of life are to be sent forth from the bosom of the Deity, for the revivification of the nations, or new ideas are to be promulgated to further their advancement toward a more perfect civilization, a few earnest and far-seeing spirits are first agitated by them—to them the revelation is first made. They invoke these new ideals, and labor to bring them down from heaven to earth, and to make them living and actual in the world's life. But a wide sea of ages sometimes rolls between the ideal and the actual—between the discovery of a principle and its full and perfect application to life; yet cherished by the enlightened few, illustrated in their mystic circle, it grows, expands, gains influence, and at length blends with the people's life, and modifies all the institutions of society.

So, in modern times, we have seen a certain social idea—the idea of equality, of the worth of man as man, and his right to elect his own superior or chief—pass through several phases, till it attained to a perfect incarnation in our political institutions. This idea, born in one of the monachal orders of the Roman Church—that church of strange contrasts, where democratic and free sentiments flourished under the shadow of the most unmitigated despotism—realized in the internal arrangements of the secret orders of the middle ages, became fully developed and defined in the fraternity of Freemasons, and, with that association, spread through every country of Christendom. But as yet it had not changed the political aspect of society: it was only the Ideal of a new state, the consolation and hope of those earnest men, who, looking with longing toward the future, sought refuge from the withering arrangements of the outward life in the fraternal embraces of their secret institution. It was a Type of an order of things yet to be created. But as every *thought* finds its appropriate *word*, so, sooner or later, will every idea find an expression in some of the forms of life. Thus, this social idea which had been laboring for ages in the hearts of the good and wise, which in these secret associations had been worshiped for centuries, and which the Masonic Brotherhood adopted as its leading thought, found an utterance, an embodiment, in the institutions of the American Republic.

From what has been said, it follows that the MYSTERIES are not only useful, but necessary. There is always the need of an institution where a higher ideal of Life shall be worshiped and sought after, than is yet to be found realized in the existing political organizations—an institution which will recombine the scattered elements of society, arm itself against the selfish tendencies of the race, give men faith in virtue and confidence in each other, and reveal to the world a diviner ideal to be actualized in its life.

If our theory be correct, these societies are precisely the institutions which the world needs at this particular crisis, and which are demanded by all the wants of man. Society needs an Ideal of a higher and better state, to which it may aspire. These associations reveal that ideal, and give it an actual being in their own particular forms. They present to the world the picture of a new order of life—a new social arrangement far above, and in advance of, the most perfect of our political compacts. Men need faith in virtue and confidence in each other; for, without these, there can be no stability in business, nor improvement in individual or public morality. They create this faith in virtue, and insure this mutual confidence. They strengthen public morality; promote peace and good will between man and man; and seek to apply, always and everywhere, the Christian idea of Union and Love, as they are revealed in the command, "Bear one another's burdens."

◆

The grand Masonic idea is *labor*. An idea akin to this that all religion is in use.

THE FREEMASON;
Or, Woman's Curiosity.

A FRAGMENT.

CAROLINE. THE COUNT.

CAROL. Well, uncle, is it settled? Is all right?
Will they admit you at the Lodge to night?
COUNT. To night, indeed!—I at the Lodge!—I, no,
I am not such a noody as to go.
CAROL. What mean you?
COUNT. It can scarcely be believed
That men of rank should be so much deceived.
CAROL. What is it then?
COUNT. Why, ev'ry thing that's bad;
Don't mention it again—
CAROL. (*Aside.*) My uncle's mad.
COUNT. It makes me shudder—
CAROL. But do tell me.
COUNT. Hear!
You know, my niece, that I'm a Count, a peer,
And these vile Masons,—tailors, snobs, and clerks,—
Would rob me of my titles—hungry sharks!
They can't let other people's rank alone;
Because they have got no rank of their own;
So I have now renounced Freemasonry;
For without title, what becomes of me?
CAROL. And yet to gain their secrets well you might
Part with your title for a single night.
Surely, Freemasons could not take away
Your rank for more than that?
COUNT. I cannot say.
Name it no more! I give it up—for I
Have lived a Count, and I a Count will die.
CAROL. Then all our hopes are gone, and there's no way?
COUNT. I think there is.
CAROL. Then tell it me, I pray.
COUNT. The Baron is in love with you, my dear—
You need not blush—he is, 't is very clear.
Now hear me—if he's anxious to succeed,
One of these days in dulcet tones he'll plead;
He'll swear to do whatever you command,
And ask no greater blessing than your hand;
You—then let fall, as if without design,
That you expect an off'ring on your shrine,
And without *saying* so—let him then see—
You mean—the secret of Freemasonry.
If he refuse, in vain let him implore,
Send him away, and think of him no more.
Now mind all I have said, and you will wrest
This cursed secret from the Baron's breast. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

CAROLINE. *Alone.*

CAROL. Yes! I will follow his advice, and try
The power of love, to gain a victory.
By frowns and tears soon is man overcome.
In vain resisting, soon must he succumb;
The lords of the creation quickly yield
When to oppose them woman takes the field.
Yet with what arms fights woman—guns or spears?
No! with her trusty weapons—frowns and tears.
See the proud man approach with haughty gait,
As if at once all foes to subjugate;
Observe his loud, tyrannical commands,
While silently before him woman stands;
She strives not with her self-styled master, man,
What force effects not, artifice oft can.
While man relies on his authority,
And lords over patient woman, she
Causes salt tears to glide down from each eye,
And, slightly frowning, heaves a heavy sigh.
At first, 't is useless—for man heeds her not.
But she, still silent, stands in the same spot;
Man seems all her endeavors to defy,
And to be moved, neither by tear nor sigh;
Woman despairs not—and proud man soon hears
The heavy sigh, and sees the falling tears.
When he beholds her cheeks with tears bedewed,
He hesitates—begs pardon—is subdued—
But hold! Suppose the Baron should resist
And conquer me, must I then still persist?
And if the Baron all my arts withstand,
Must I then angrily refuse my hand?
Ah! no! I could not—for I plainly see
It could not grieve him more than 't would grieve me.
Yet I will try all that I can to find
This secret out, which harasses my mind.
I think I hear his footsteps—yes, 't is he;
Now for the secret of Freemasonry.

SCENE IX.

CAROLINE. THE BARON.

BAR. (*Presenting some flowers to Caroline.*) Fairest!
Accept these emblems of the Spring,

Which as a tribute to your charms I bring.
Carol. *(Coldly.)* Why mention Spring, my lord, which nothing can
Resemble less than does the heart of man;
Spring makes all flowers shoot, and bud, and bloom,
But man condemns all to a dreary gloom;
E'en the sun's rays which to all life impart,
Seem to be powerless on man's cold heart.
Bar. Then you more pow'r than Phœbus' rays possess,
For e'en a man's cold heart you've pow'r to bless.
Carol. Such words sound well, indeed, but do not prove
That your heart for me ever has felt love,
For if you loved me, nought should you conceal,
To me you should each secret thought reveal,
Nothing should be withheld—No woman can
Love a reserved, proud, or mysterious man.
Bar. Well! everything I know may now be told,
With one exception, which I must withhold.
Carol. On me, 't is vain your flatt'ry to bestow,
T is that exception that I wish to know.
Yes! you may call it folly, if you please,
Or curiosity, you won't appease;
Or say it is that passion you despise,
Which drove the human race from Paradise.
I am resolved, whate'er the cost may be,
To know the secrets of Freemasonry.
Bar. What! though our laws command us to conceal
The secrets you request me to reveal?
Carol. A man should brave all laws, and nought deny
To her he loves, but with each wish comply.
Bar. Though you despise the laws I have alleged,
Remember that my word of honor 's pledged.
Carol. But the word *love* is more than any word—
The secret I 'm resolved to know, my lord.
Bar. Dear Caroline, relent! not love, not beauty,
Requires a man to deviate from duty.
Carol. My lord, love knows no duties, save its own,
And values those that it requires alone.
Bar. From honor's path I never can depart.
Carol. 'T is well, my lord; for even then we part.
Bar. Good heaven! Caroline, is it because
Strict secrecy 's required by our laws,
That you forever would destroy my peace!
Carol. *Every woman has her own caprice.*
Bar. Well, then—we meet in silence to conceal
The good we do to all—which all must feel;
We learn to be sincere to all mankind,
To be benevolent, humane, and kind.
These are our secrets, and in yonder hall
We strive t' accomplish them. I 've told you all;
Have I not now revealed our secrets?
Carol. No!
You've told me nothing that I wished to know;
For if you meet to be so kind, so good,
Why have you formed a secret brotherhood?
Why have you mysteries, in words, or signs,
Or why in darkness, cloak you your designs!
I 'll know the wond'rous secrets of your art,
Or, as I 've said, forever we must part.
Bar. Love conquers all my scruples, and I 'll break
The honor I have pledged; unless you take
Some pity on me, dearest, and refrain
From making me reveal ——
Carol. You ask in vain.
Tell me the secrets of Freemasonry,
E'en from the first up to the last degree.
Bar. Well, in the first degree.
Carol. Ay!
Bar. We make gold.
Carol. So I have often read, and oft been told.
Bar. Large diamonds in the next are made,
By melting small ones down. In the third grade,
We raise the dead.
Carol. How dreadful!
Bar. Then with skill,
Love potions in the fourth grade we distil;
The fifth degree a certain means supplies
Of being invisible to mortal eyes;
The sixth informs us how we may procure
That medicine which every ill can cure.
Carol. All this is Masonry?
Bar. And much more too;
The candidates for the next grade are few,
Mysteries which I may not, dare not name,
Are to be known by those who dare them claim;
But few to its most hallowed fane repair,
All that 's sublime may be discovered there;
We learn on heav'nly hopes our thoughts to fix.
Carol. I 'll press no more, and be content with six,
That is—if you will now at once impart
One of these wond'rous secrets of your art;
Teach me to form large diamonds out of small,
Or to make gold, or ——
Bar. I might teach you all;
That is, I might with learned words abound,
And all I said with mystery surround;
But the real secrets will I now impart,
For *Truth reigns ever in a Mason's heart;*
The gold which we in Lodge try to procure,
Is *true contentedness*, which doth ensure
Far, far more happiness to man than gold;
Then the *Fraternal Union* we uphold
Melts many hearts; like diamonds, they unite,
And form a precious diamond large and bright;
No horde of ghosts our hallowed fane dismays,
It is the *wisdom of the dead* we raise;
Our philters are, *we seek to be improved*
In all that makes man worthy to be loved;
Death, which we learn to brave, but not despise,
Makes us invisible to mortal eyes;
Our *universal medicine* has been
Long since revealed—it is a *mind serene.*
The man whose mind and conscience are at ease,
May brave misfortunes, and defy disease:
Now I have told you much, and you must see
That there is nought but good in Masonry.
Still does the sev'nth mysterious grade remain,
Which ev'ry worthy Mason should obtain;
For he who has attained that high degree,
Has man's best lot, whate'er his rank may be.
Yes! 't is a talisman which can command
Bliss and content in every age and land;
Yet would a man alone attempt in vain
This greatest earthly jewel to obtain;
For true love must assist him ere he can
Become the owner of this talisman—
Its name *Domestic Happiness*, in life
The greatest joy, unknown without a wife—
Is not this worthy all our toils and pains?
This once acquired, what happiness remains!
So, dearest Caroline, reject not now
The man who dares not break a solemn vow;
For could I yield, you would yourself disdain
The man who basely sought your heart to gain;
And he who has to Masonry been true,
Will also be most faithful, love, to you.
Then hear me, dearest; earnestly I pray,
Continue not my anguish by delay;
Love has its secret words and tokens too,
Which should no longer be unknown to you.
Let me impart those words and signs of bliss.
Carol. The word is—
Bar. *Yes—*
Carol. The token is—
Bar. *A kiss.*
Carol. You must not think that curiosity
E'er had, my lord, so firm a hold in me,
That I at once could cast you from my heart,
For being true to your mysterious art;
And I should scorn you, if you could reveal
The secrets you have promised to conceal.
Bar. But since I have been able to withstand
All your attempts, may I now claim your hand?
Carol. Patience, my lord—and let me now teach you;
Love has its mysteries and secrets too.
In the first grade, love has expressive sighs,
And in the next, converses with the eyes;
In the third, may the candidate express
His love in words; in the fourth, gently press
The loved one's hand. Then in the fifth he may
Beg for a kiss; but after much delay,
In the sixth, he proposes for her hand;
She smiles—and blushes—gives no answer—and—
"Then does the sev'nth mysterious grade remain,
Which every worthy Mason should obtain;"
And if successful, and possessed of this,
He then has gained ——
Bar. The greatest happiness.
Well, in the Lodge, when 't is the Master's will,
And candidates show courage and great skill,
They climb at once through several degrees;
All now depends on you, and if you please,
Since as a candidate I 've been so bold,
Pray give me the first five at once.
Carol. Behold!
My uncle comes this way to seek for me,
And gratify his curiosity.

SCENE X.

Caroline. The Baron. The Count.

Count. *(Aside to Carol.)* Have you succeeded?
Carol. *(Aside to Count.)* Yes!
Count. *(Aside to Carol.)* And by my plan?
Carol. *(Aside to Count.)* I have.
Count. *(Aside to Carol.)* And can you tell me all?
Carol. *(Aside to Count.)* I can.
It was not easily I thawed his heart,
And made him ev'ry mystery impart.
Count. *(Aside.)* But he has told you?
Carol. *(Aside.)* Yes!
Count. *(Aside.)* Then I'm at ease.
Carol. Indeed I have already four degrees.
Count. *(Aside to Carol.)* What! in so short a time, I can't believe—
Carol. *(Aside.)* And very soon the sev'nth I shall receive;
I learned them easily, they are so clear.
Count. *(Aside.)* And very horrible, I 'm sure, my dear.
Carol. Oh! no.
Count. *(Aside to Carol.)* Then tell me all without delay.
Carol. *(Aside to Count.)* Since you desire it, uncle, I obey.
Count. *(Aside to Carol.)* He bandaged both your eyes—eh?
Carol. *(Aside to Count.)* It may be.
Count. *(Aside to Carol.)* And led you to the Fatal Room?
Carol. *(Aside to Count.)* To me
It seemed a room blazing with heav'nly light,
Wherein dwelt ev'ry pleasure and delight;
Like eastern garden, or like spicy grove,
The *Mallet*, you must know, was held by *Love.*
Count. *(Aside to Carol.)* You are not speaking of Freemasonry?
Carol. *(Aside to Count.)* *Free*-masonry? I am no longer free.
Count. I thought so; for this dev'lish Craft must bind
By wicked sorcery the human mind;
Else long since would its secrets have been known,
And all its mysteries have been overthrown;
Fly from it now—
Carol. You counsel me too late,
Initiation now has sealed my fate;
And since I know the secret word and sign,
I can no longer Masonry resign.
Count. If you know these, it 's not so much amiss;
The word is—
Carol. *Yes!*
Count. The secret sign!
Carol. *(Giving her hand to the Baron.)* *A kiss!*
Bar. Then am I happy dearest Caroline.
All the bliss this world can bestow is mine,
Dearest, since you for me your love avow.
Yes! Count, your niece is a Freemason now;
The Lodge wherein she learned Freemasonry
Was, you 'll admit, a Lodge of purity;
Love in the Lodge as Master took the chair,
Reason and *Constancy* our Wardens were;
True Confidence was Orator, and told
The mysteries which I cannot unfold;
Hope was our Treasurer, and *Order*, too,
Was Secretary, to their duties true;
Our Master of the ceremonies there,
Indulgence, bid us for all joys prepare.
Count. It all sounds pretty—And yet with all this—
I do not know what a Freemason is.
Bar. And why not know? and why do you not ask?
The answer is indeed a pleasant task;
A Mason is a man whose sole delight,
Is to be honorable and upright;
To be a really honest man 's his aim;
He sees but vanity in rank or name;
To all who 're in distress, in ev'ry land,
He is a friend, and gives a Brother's hand;
His word 's a sacred pledge of truth, and he
Ne'er utters, e'en in jest, a falsity;
His life in charity he seeks t' employ,
And finds in doing good a heavenly joy;
And when cold cares this worthy man oppress,
His trust in Heaven makes him feel them less;
He fears not, neither deems he death a foe,
But a deliv'rance from this world of woe;
From every superstition is he free,
And hateful to him is idolatry;
Yet is he not an infidel, because
He honors God, his sov'reign, and the laws;
And if blessed with a loving wife, why, then,
He may become the very best of men.
Carol. One question I would ask.
Bar. Speak, Caroline.
Carol. Are all so good?
Bar. To answer I decline.

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First Prayer in Congress, by a Mason.

When Congress first met, Mr. Cushing moved that it should be opened with prayer. This was opposed on the ground that the members, being of various denominations, were so divided in their religious sentiments that they could not join in any one mode of worship. Mr. Samuel Adams arose, and after saying he was no bigot, and could hear a prayer from any gentleman of piety and virtue who was a friend to his country, moved that Rev. Mr. Duché—an Episcopal clergyman, who, he said, he understood deserved that character—be invited to read prayers before Congress the next morning. The motion was passed; and the next morning Mr. Duché appeared, and after reading several prayers in the established form, then read the collect for the 7th of September, which was the thirty-fifth psalm. This was the next morning after the startling news had come of the cannonade of Boston; and says John Adams, "I never saw a greater effect upon an audience, it seemed as if heaven had ordained that psalm to be read on that morning."

HORACE WALPOLE.

Goodness Gives Happiness.

Nonchalance and easy levity are not genuine Anglo-Saxon characteristics. The Englishman may sometimes trifle, but his genius is essentially grave and earnest. He acts as though success depends, in business, upon every word—in law, on every brief—in literature, on every book, and every review of every book—in war, on every movement—in love, on every look.

Even in his amusements he is solemn. As Foissart said of him long ago, he takes his pleasures sadly. Nothing can be graver than his dancing, and when he laughs we say truly that his features *relax*. He speaks ponderously about trifles, and when he jokes, or, as it is said, enjoys a joke, he is oftener proud than amused. He is good-humored, and sometimes boisterously, sometimes serenely, merry; but he is hardly ever *gracefully* gay.

If this is a defect, we must respect the cause of it. He is generally fully occupied. He is not happy when he is idle. His powers are then most vividly developed when he has plenty to do; when he is facing perils or encountering difficulties; trying to help others, or to advance himself. And he is sincere. There is an air of truth about him. He may be proud, but he is not vain. He walks erect. And if in his solemn port there are a certain stiffness and want of grace, it is evident that at least he is no hypocrite. He is not one to smile, and smile, and smile—and be a villain. Perhaps he is even too impatient of the fashionable fine gentleman; but the "carpet knight," with his trim fopperies, and exquisite impertinences, has excited ungovernable indignation in the bosom of the genuine Anglo-Saxon, as often as he has crossed his path, ever since the days of Harry Hotspur.

Cowper, that good, sad man was eminently true. Disease never spoiled that part of his character. He was morbid and self-tormented, but he was genuine and in earnest. He was an earnest and serious Mason.

Horace Walpole was the very opposite. Rightly was he advised not to seek admission into the fraternity. Walpole's character was made up of contradictions. He was witty and weak, ambitious and trivial. He had great abilities and unequalled opportunities. In that barren age he might, with his talents, have made himself a leading man in literature; he might, with his birth and position, have made himself a leading man in politics. He did neither. He was satisfied to be a man of petty whims, instead of lofty pursuits—an elegant idler, and an antiquarian fop.

He was as vain as he was clever, and as changeable as he was vain. One day he pretended to hate kings; the next he wrote lovingly about Royal Authors. He inscribed under a copy of the death-warrant of Charles I. the words *Magna Charta*, and remembered with rapture that he had been presented to and kissed by George I. when ten years old. He courted fame, but made believe to shrink from popularity. He was an author, and, as such, most painfully correct; but he would not allow himself to be classed with men who sometimes wanted a coat to their backs. Hood might have drawn from life, and not from imagination, when he described a man who would not identify himself with the members of the Republic of letters, because there was not a Sovereign among them! Truth herself would not have been admitted to Strawberry Hill unless she was costumed *à la mode*. He was vain by disposition, and cold by temperament. He was liberal in theory, and parsimonious in practice. He was serious about trifles; a trifler about matters of importance. He was a vivid, ill-natured, and witty gossip; a vacillating and insincere thinker; a selfish friend, and a spiteful enemy. But, fickle and facing-both-ways as he was in regard to this world, he was unvarying in life and character in regard to the next. It shows how miserable was the state of his age, that he never thought worth while even to pretend to be religious.

It is impossible to speak sympathetically of such a man, or such a time. But he stands high among English letter-writers. D'Israeli considered him to be unrivalled, and Sir Walter Scott said he was the best letter-writer in the English language. We do not, of course, agree in these opinions; Southey was far nearer the truth in assigning the highest place to William Cowper. But his sketches of his particular age and circle were certainly masterly, and his style was exquisite. The jewels may be paste, but their setting is faultless.

Born on the 5th of October, 1717, at nine years of age, sent to Eton school, with Gray, the poet for his school-fellow. A delicate child, he escaped much of the brutality then in vogue at public schools, on account of his father's position as first minister; for toadies abounded then, as now. Perhaps Walpole's whole career might have been different if his masters and playmates had not truckled to him, and fostered his inbred weakness. Whatever the cause, however, he was never a genuine boy. Cricket and games of agility and strength had no attractions for the youthful Horace.

In 1735 he went to King's College, Cambridge. Gray was still one of his associates; so was a cousin, Henry Conway, the only man for whom he appears to have had a lasting frienship.

In 1739 he left Cambridge, and, together with Gray, started for "the grand tour."

At Florence he stayed with Mr. (afterwards Sir) Horace Mann, the English minister there. To this gentleman his best letters of after years were addressed. In 1741, shortly after leaving this place, he and Gray quarrelled, and parted company.

Horace's father, Sir Robert Walpole, had, in 1737, secured his son in sinecure offices, with salaries amounting in all to 2500*l*. per annum. On his return from his tour, Sir Robert put him into Parliament for a rotten borough; and he continued to sit in the House a silent member, or, at all events, an uninfluential one, for twenty-six years.

In 1741, however, Sir Robert Walpole was tottering. The history of the House of Commons at that time was the history of battles between place-hunters and place-men; the public good being of secondary importance. Sir Robert had held place for a great many years. His opponents were numerous; opportunity favored them; they acted; and he fell. He was made Earl of Oxford, with a good income. He almost retired from public life, and became a virtuoso. In 1743 Horace catalogued and described his pictures. A very short time afterwards he died, and Catharine of Russia purchased these pictures at 40,000*l*., and had them carried to St. Petersburg, where they are now.

In the same year, 1743, Horace Walpole wrote warmly to Horace Mann in praise of a London life. He said that, if he were a physician, he would prescribe nothing but "recipe CCCLXV drachm. Londin." Yet, in 1747, after residing for some time in Windsor, he purchased a property at Twickenham—then far from London; and after many years labor and great alterations, "Chopped-straw Hall," the country residence of a London toyshop keeper, was converted into the "Strawberry Hill" of which everybody has heard; and he lived there, with few exceptions, during the remainder of his life.

That "little plaything house" was full of little wonders. Among them was a printing-press; and the proprietor amused himself by bringing out lordly editions of favorite authors, as well as books of his own. Of the latter, the most voluminous was his "Royal and Noble Authors," a work of little literary value, but which, from the attraction of its subject, excited a good deal of attention. In 1765 appeared his "Castle of Otranto;" but, in order to give to this little tale an air of secrecy, he had it published by a more regular member of "the trade" than himself. It succeeded, and he owned the authorship. Thanks to the reformation which was begun by Crabbe's sarcasms, which was continued by Scott's stories, and which is still progressing, modern readers of fiction are not to be satisfied with mere wonders or adventures. Writers of imaginative narratives are required to have insight into the secret springs of men's actions and passions, to approximate as nearly to biography as their art will permit, to delineate character, as well as tell and develop interesting stories with skill. Walpole's romance is, therefore, quite out of date now.

In 1766 he published his "Historic Doubts about Richard III."—an attempt to overthrow the proofs of that sovereign's guilt. In our own day a lady has endeavored to do the same thing in a more positive way. But public opinion is still on Shakspeare's side. We believe the man to have been humpbacked and a monster, in spite of Horace Walpole or Miss Halsted. Such Historic Doubts were the rage of the last century: nothing was safe from the doubter; the most sacred and important matters as well as the most trivial were alike submitted to what was imagined to be reason, until Archbishop Whately published his extraordinary Historic Doubts about Napoleon Bonaparte, in which, jestingly but logically, he completely routed the whole tribe, from Walpole on Richard to Hume on Miracles.

Meanwhile he accumulated curiosity upon curiosity at his Gothic castle. He occupied himself in entertaining noble and courtly, and even royal, acquaintances; in writing brilliant letters about the sayings and doings of fashionable wits and ladies; in *playing at life*, if we may so speak—a light, elegant, bitter, and heartless exquisite.

Thus nearly thirty years passed. He took occasional journeys to Paris and the country; but most of his time was spent at Strawberry Hill, which, as new generations arose, was still one of the most successful show-places near London. By this time, however, his health was much broken. He had long been a victim to gout, and he was now an old man. The title of Lord Oxford came too late to afford him any gratification; and at length, in 1797, the querulous and veteran wit was summoned away from a world whence nearly all his old acquaintances had long since departed.

It seems to us, as we review it, to have been, at its best time, a poor and paltry career; but there is a moral in it, as in every life, if we will read with understanding; a moral, old as civilzation—that wealth, intelligence, and the applause of men, are all, if by themselves, incapable of giving happiness; and that he only who tries to do what is righteous and great, looking upward, and looking onward, can attain pure joy—in that "peace which passeth understanding."

Amidst all his levity, Walpole was thoroughly unhappy. He had faith in nothing. He says:

> "I desire to die when I have nobody left to laugh with me. I have never yet seen or heard anything serious that was not ridiculous. Jesuits, Methodists, philosophers, politicians, the hypocrite Rousseau, the scoffer Voltaire, the Encyclopædists, the Humes, the Lyttletons, the Granvilles, the atheistic tyrant of Prussia, the mountebank of history, Mr. Pitt"—senior—"all are to me but impostors in their various ways. Fame or interest is their object; and after all their parade, I think a ploughman who sows, reads his almanack, and believes the stars are but so many farthing candles created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational being, and, I am sure, an honester, than any of them. . . . Rabelais brightens up to me as I see more of the world. He treated it as it deserved, laughed at it all, and, as I judge from myself, ceased to hate it, for I find hatred an unjust preference."

Receiving the Scriptural account of human depravity, the Christian is still benevolent; rejecting that account, the free-thinker is usually a misanthropist. And with no affection for his fellows, and no hope in his future, few things can be drearier than the old age of the used-up worldling. To the foregoing extract the next may be given as an appropriate sequel:

> "I am tired of the world, its politics, its pleasures, and its pursuits; but it will cost me some struggle to be tender and careful. Can I ever stoop to the regimen of old age? I do not wish to dress up a withered person, nor drag it about to public places; but to sit in one's room, clothed warmly, expecting visits from folks I don't wish to see, and tended and flattered by relations impatient for one's death! let the gout do its worst as expeditiously as it can. . . . I am not made to bear a course of nonsense and advice, but must play the fool in my own way to the last, alone with my own heart, if I cannot be with the very few I wish to see; but to depend for comfort on others, who would be no comfort to me, this surely is not a state to be preferred to death; and nobody can have truly enjoyed the advantages of youth, health, and spirits, who is content to exist without the two last which alone bear any resemblance to the first."

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The Dragoon and his Prisoner.

At the battle of Dettingen, in 1743, one of th French guards having had his horse killed under him was so entangled among the limbs of the fallen animal as to be utterly unable to extricate himself. Whil in this helpless situation, an English dragoon gallope up to him, and with his uplifted sabre was about t deprive him of life. The French soldier, with considerable difficulty, made the masonic appeal. The dragoon recognized him at once as a brother, and no only spared his life, but released him from his dangerous position He however made him his prisone because Freemasonry, while it inculcates brotherl love, forbids that it should be exercised at the expens of patriotism, or higher duties.

◆

On the 8th of April, 1814, six boats, with about 20 men from a British frigate and a brig, laying off Saybrook, Connecticut entered the port of Pettipague, an burnt and destroyed twenty valuable vessels. On man, who had a vessel on the stocks, saved her b *making it known to the commander of the British for that he was a Freemason.*

THE CRAFTSMAN'S JUDGMENT.

"The truth, when hid from wisdom's eyes,
Is by simplicity oft found."—Lydgate's Poems.

[No one can read the following, without being reminded of the wisdom of that great masonic prelate, Bishop Chase, and his mode of discovery of the guilty lad, at his school, in Worthington, Ohio. The boys being shut up in the attic, in the dark, were provided with sticks of uniform length, and were required to pass before the old Bishop in procession, and the boy having the longest stick was declared to be the criminal. The boys passed around, and being innocent, did not shorten their sticks; the guilty shortened his, and was caught.]

In the Jerusalem Targum it is recorded, that during the building of the Temple, the illustrious Solomon, King of Israel, had frequent occasions to exercise his judgment in deciding cases of dispute, which occasionally arose between the workmen, and from the satisfaction which his decisions invariably gave, acquired the surname of the Wise, a title of which he became at last so vain that the Great Architect of the world, by whom, doubtless, he had been inspired, thought fit, in his mercy and wisdom, to reprove him; for, as the Rabbinical writer, Tarasi, justly observes, "Vanity is a serpent that devoureth the core of wisdom."

One of the overseers, or men entrusted with the direction of the works and the payment of the men, being summoned to attend a meeting of his class, called to him two of the Craftsmen, and placed in their hands a sum of gold, directing them if he did not return by the appointed time, to pay the hire of their fellows in the usual peculiar and Masonic manner, a duty which they both promised faithfully to execute.

As several hours were wanting to the time of payment, the two Craftsmen agreed to bury the treasure which they had received, and proceed to their different occupations. They accordingly sought a secure place, and committed the gold to the guardianship of its native earth. About an hour before the hour of paying the people arrived, the overseer returned and demanded of the Craftsmen the treasure which he had confided to them. They told him what they had done with it, and conducted him to the place where it had been deposited. On their arrival they began to dig, and, after removing the soil, found that the treasure had vanished. The overseer immediately charged the two men with the robbery; the men each accused the other, and finally were carried by the soldiers whom the officer summoned, before the judgment seat of the King.

It chanced that on that day Solomon presided in royal state, in the midst of his counsellors, to receive the ambassadors of the different monarchs who, hearing of his fame, were solicitous of his alliance. He naturally wished, therefore, to distinguish himself before them; but it pleased the Architect of All that his pride should be rebuked. The two Craftsmen, on being questioned by the King, each declared his innocence, and answered every question with the uttermost ingenuousness; they were examined with the most subtle skill, but nothing could be elicited. "They must have been watched," exclaimed their Judge, half vexed at the difficulties which presented themselves, "and the treasure stolen by some robber. I see no other solution." This, however, the men both declared to be impossible. "Not a tree or a shrub was in sight," said Joel, the first of the Craftsmen. "Not shelter for a sparrow," said Iran, the second; and then they each began to accuse the other of the theft. Finding it impossible to come to a decision, the mortified Solomon hastily dismissed his council, after first remanding the men to prison, and then sauntered forth alone to enjoy an hour's reflection in the royal gardens.

It chanced that two old Craftsmen, who had been present at the examination, were seated under a cedar tree discussing the affair, and not perceiving the approach of the monarch, heedlessly continued their conversation. "The judgment of the Ruler seems at fault," observes the first; "the wisdom of the King hath failed." "It is the Divine will, doubtless," replied his companion, "to reprove the vanity of Solomon, to teach him that his power and wisdom are but the gift of the Most High, or else he could scarcely have erred in so simple a matter."

The King who had overheard the last speech, was highly incensed at their presumption, and commanded his guards to seize them. To their entreaties for mercy, he replied, "if thou canst decide this matter, not only will I give thee life and freedom, but a chain of gold, and a ring from the treasury of Israel will I add, and make thee a ruler over thy fellows. If not, by my royal word, thou diest."

"I accept the conditions cheerfully," answered the old man, "my trust is in Him who never failed his servants who sought him in fear and humility. Call together, O King, thy council, and in an hour I will appear before thee and make known the guilty to thy justice."

Again was Solomon seated upon the throne of Israel, his brow sparkling with the diadem, his councillors and wise men around him, and the ambassadors of his allies before his face. The old Craftsman entered, bearing in his hands a vessel covered with linen; bowing reverently before the throne, he said, "Behold, O King, I am prepared. Let the criminals stand before thy presence." They were led on by the guards, when the monarch, by the direction of his aged coadjutor, thus addressed them:—"In the vase before you, which is half filled with sand, lies buried a serpent sent me from Egypt; it hath the peculiar property of discovering the guilt or innocence of the parties accused, who make trial of its virtue. Let each of you plunge in his hand and search for the reptile; to the innocent, it is harmless as a child; but to the guilty its sting is death." Joel advanced; and his hand being first oiled, placed it under the cloth, and searched, but without effect; he declared that the creature either eluded his search, or was not there. Iran now approached, and after a few moments' examination of the vessel, declared the same.

"Hold forth your hands," exclaimed the King. They did so; that of Joel was black, that of Iran unsullied. Solomon looked doubtfully on the old Craftsman for advice; who, advancing before him, thus addressed him, "Behold, O Monarch, the test of truth—the conscience of the accused has decided between them. Joel, knowing his innocence, freely examined the vase; hence the ashes upon his hand; but Iran, made a coward by guilt, merely placed his under the linen veil, and pretended to do so, or his hand, which was oiled like his companion's, would have been black also; for the urn, in truth, contains nothing but ashes." As he spoke, he removed the veil, and exposed its contents to their gaze.

The guilty Iran finding himself detected, fell on his knees and cried for mercy; but was removed by the guards for execution.

Solomon descended from the throne, and taking the chain from his neck, and the ring from his finger, gave them to the aged Craftsman, and raised him to the rank of overseer among his fellows. The old man would have declined the costly gifts. "Keep them, father," said the reproved King, "thou hast indeed taught me the lesson, so galling to human pride, that all our wisdom is from God, and that man's best virtue is humility."—*Freemason's Magazine.*

The Courtesies of Life.—William Wirt's letter to his daughter on the "small sweet courtesies of life," contains a passage from which a deal of happiness might be learned:

"I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show them that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, 'who cared for nobody—no, not he, because nobody cared for him.' And the whole world would serve you so, if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment, at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing."

A Scottish gentleman in the Prussian service was taken prisoner at the battle of Lutzen, and was conveyed to Prague along with 400 of his companions in arms. As soon as it was known that he was a Mason, he was released from confinement; he was invited to the table of the most distinguished citizens, and requested to consider himself as a Freemason and not a prisoner of war. About three months after the engagement, an exchange of prisoners took place, and the Scottish officer was presented by the Fraternity with a purse of sixty ducats to defray the expenses of his journey.

Robert Burns on the Equality of Men and Masonry.

"The *rank* is but the guinea's *stamp*,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

* * * * * *

"The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is *King* of men for a' that."

* * * * * *

"It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er,
Shall *Brothers* be for a' that."

THE ANTI-MASON AND THE BISHOP.

It is well known that the venerable Bishop Hedding was a Mason, and incurred the displeasure of some members of his church in consequence. The Bishop, though grave and dignified in his demeanor, had a very keen perception of the ludicrous, and on proper occasions enjoyed amusement as well as most men. We copy the following incident, connected with his relation to Masonry, from Dr. Clark's life of the Bishop. It occurred during the anti-masonic excitement in 1829:

"He was travelling in the town of Chester, Vermont, and stopped on Friday night at a public house. As he was wearied with travelling, he desired to spend the Sabbath with some Methodist society near by, and inquired of his host if there were any Methodists in the place. The landlord directed him to a place about three miles off, and gave him the name of the principal man in the society, where he thought the Bishop would be well entertained, and where the people would be glad to have him stay and preach. Accordingly, on the following morning he started, and toiled up the hills to the house of this 'principal man of the society.' Leaving his wife in his carriage he went to the door, and the gentleman himself met him. The Bishop stated that he was a Methodist preacher on a journey, and would like to stay and preach among them if there was any place where he could be entertained. 'Well,' said the 'principal man,' 'I want first to know if you are a Mason?' 'O!' said the Bishop, 'that is a question I don't want to meddle with; there is a great deal of excitement about it, and it's no matter whether I am or not.' 'Then,' said the man, 'I know you are one; if you are not, you would say you are not. We do not want to entertain you or hear you, unless we know you are not a Mason.' 'Well,' said the Bishop, 'are there no other Methodists about here?' 'Yes,' said the man, 'there is a poor widow down below, but she can't take care of you; she has enough to do to take care of herself.' 'Well, good by,' said the Bishop.

"He thought he would drive to the widow's and make further inquiries. The 'poor widow' and her two daughters were Methodists, and received them gladly. They prepared dinner for them, and then sent their hired man to a brother a short distance off. He came and took the Bishop and his wife home with him and entertained them kindly. He also made an appointment for him to preach in the school house the morning and afternoon of the next day, and circulated it through all the neighborhood. The people came out in crowds; even the strong anti-Mason came, but but looked quite sullen. The Bishop preached with unusual unction and power, and made a very strong impression. After meeting, when he had returned to his host's, a number of the society came in to see him and converse with the new preacher. While they were there, one of the number remembering that Hedding was the name of one of the Bishops, cried out, 'O, its one of the Bishops!' This discovery produced quite a commotion, and they crowded round him with new interest. When the 'principal man of the place' learned that the Methodist preacher he had so rudely repulsed from his door was none other than a Bishop, his mortification was extreme."

And it was no wonder he was mortified, if the foul spirit of anti-Masonry had not entirely blunted the sensibilities of his nature. The incident gives us a fair and honest portraiture of the demon which then stalked abroad through the land and contaminated society in all its branches with its dark spirit. It has long since passed away, however; only here and there we see the impress of its once giant hand. A laborious, pious, and faithful minister was then repulsed from the door of one of his "principal" members, simply because he was *suspected* of being a Mason; and still we occasionally hear of one being expelled from the Christian church because of his masonic affiliation. But society at large repudiates such a Christianity now; and the day has dawned when such bigotry and intolerance are compelled to hide their deformities from the gaze of the great world. Masonry is now in the churches and in the pulpits everywhere, and all are ready to do her honor. Virtue and integrity have met with their reward; the name of the good Bishop lives in the affectionate memories of thousands, while the name of "anti-Mason" is a by-word and reproach.—*Mas. Review.*

Item.—Artaxerxes, writing to the rulers of the Jews, styles them "Most Excellent Architects." He also sent them as a present, a triangular table.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

I LIVE for those who love me,
  Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
  And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me;
For the task by God assigned me;
For the bright hopes left behind me,
  And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
  Who've suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
  And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown History's pages,
  And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
  With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
  Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
  And fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
  By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
  And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
  As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me—
  For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me;
  And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
  And the good that I can do.

CONGRESSIONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY B. B. FRENCH.

The House of Representatives of that Congress, (23d) was composed, as is usual, of men of all shades of ability and talent, and is not probably, to be distinguished from other Houses of other Congresses, both anterior and subsequent. Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, was it speaker until the second day of June, 1834, on which day he resigned, and John Bell, of Tennessee, was elected his successor, and performed the duties of presiding officer with great dignity and ability for the remainder of that Congress. Mr. Stevenson's health was very poor during the summer, and for some weeks prior to his resignation he only assumed the chair to call the House to order, and immediately called Henry Hubbard, of New Hampshire, to its occupancy, and left the Capitol. Well do I remember his wan look, and the marks of the cupper's lancets upon his temples, as he assumed the chair for the last time, and pronounced his eloquent and touching valedictory.

That House of Representatives had amongst its members one man who had occupied the exalted station of President of the United States, and three who have since occupied it, viz: John Quincy Adams, James K. Polk, Millard Fillmore, and Franklin Pierce. Among the eminent and eloquent members of that House, were Rufus Choate, Edward Everett, Geo. W. Briggs, Horace Binney, Tristram Burgess, Henry A. Muhlenberg, William S. Archer, John Y. Mason, Henry A. Wise, Lewis Williams, George McDuffie, James M. Wayne, Richard H. Wilde, Richard M. Johnson, Cave Johnson, Bailie Peyton, William Allen, Thomas Corwin, Thomas L. Hamer, Samuel F. Vinton, Elisha Whittlesey, Dixon H. Lewis, Ambrose H. Sevier. There were many others whose names are well known to the people of this nation. Of the 240 members and delegates comprising that House, not one now holds a seat therein; and at least sixty to my knowledge are dead. Of those now prominent among us, are Franklin Pierce, President of the United States, George N. Briggs, since for several years Governor of Massachusetts, Rufus Choate, Edward Everett, Millard Fillmore, John Y. Mason, now Minister to France, Andrew Stevenson, Henry A. Wise, Governor of Virginia, James M. Wayne, one of the judges of the Supreme Court, John Bell, Senator from Tennessee, Cave Johnson, William Allen, Thomas Corwin, Samuel F. Vinton, and Elisha Whittlesey.

Walter S. Franklin was clerk of the House. Such was the Congress which I found assembled in the Capitol on my advent here.

New Hampshire was represented in the Senate by Samuel Bell and Isaac Hill. The former was a citizen of my native town, Chester, and, as a matter of course, he was among the first of the senators on whom I called, and he introduced me on to the floor of the Senate, where I was entitled by the rules to go, as a member of the Legislature of New Hampshire.

I shall never forget the time when I first saw Henry Clay. It was on the 26th day of December, 1833. I stood near the main entrance of the Senate Chamber, when he rose from his seat on the south side of the chamber—the outer circle about three seats from the southeast corner—and said, in his low and thrilling tones, that then moved every intellectual sensation about me, "Mr. President: We are in the midst of a revolution, bloodless as yet but rapidly tending towards a total change of the pure republican character of the Government, and to the concentration of all power in the hands of one man. The powers of Congress are paralyzed except when exerted in conformity with his will, by frequent and extraordinary exercise of the executive veto not anticipated by the founders of the Constitution, and not practised by any of the predecessors of the present Chief Magistrate."

He proceeded in a long speech, and perhaps as able an one as he ever made, to abuse, in good set terms, the President and his cabinet; but I forgot the *matter* in the *manner*, and stood and listened until he concluded, at least, for that day. To my *ear* there was music in the very tones of his voice and in the eloquence of his very manner, while to my *mind*, the ideas he uttered were next akin to treason. That was my first experience in congressional eloquence; and the color of the rose was about everything I saw, and my ear was predisposed to be pleased with all that I might hear. I had not then realized that—

> " 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,"

but it was not long before I ascertained that members of Congress were certainly no better than other men. And I have, since that day, heard an Indian[*] "from the Northwest wilderness," as himself expressed it, who surpassed in eloquence any "pale face" to whom I have ever listened.

Mr. Clay's speech was upon the removal of the deposits from the United States Bank to the local banks; and for months that subject was the theme of discussion in both Houses of Congress, until it became "as tedious as a twice told tale, vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man."

Two days after that speech was made, I entered upon the duties of the clerkship to which I was appointed by Col. Franklin, and this brought me into business connection, at once, with the House of Representatives.

On Tuesday, February 11, 1834, I witnessed the first really exciting scene of the many that I have witnessed on the floor of the House. It was the death of Hon. Thomas Tyler Bouldin. The House had completed the morning business, and resolved itself into the Committee of the Whole, Mr. Clement C. Clay, of Ala., occupying the chair. I was in the hall when he rose, and went out to the office for a moment; on my return the House was in confusion, and some of the members were bearing Mr. Bouldin into the area at the south side of the hall. Mr. Bouldin had spoken only one or two sentences, when he fell into the arms of a gentleman next him, and was dead ere he could be borne outside the bar. Mrs. Bouldin was in the gallery, and came immediately down, and when told that her husband was dead, her shrieks were truly heart-rending. The scene reminded me of a print I have seen representing the death of the Earl of Chatham in the British House of Lords. Every countenance was sad and solemn, and tears were in the eyes of the sternest. I stood by the side of the departed one, who but a few minutes previous I had seen so full of life and animation, and could hardly realize the fact that he was dead.

On the Thursday following his death, Mr. Bouldin was buried, and I witnessed, for the first time, a Congressional funeral. It was peculiarly solemn and imposing, owing to the circumstances of the death. I have since witnessed a great many, but no one that had such an effect upon me.

Mr. Bouldin's death delayed the business of Congress two days, and then it proceeded again just as though nothing had happened to interrupt it. So goes the world. We accompany to the grave the remains of our fellow men with slow and solemn step, and with muffled drums, beating time to dirge-like music; we return to the stirring world at double quick time, and soon forget that he, whose body rests on the hill side, or in the valley, ever lived, or only recall the fact "to point a moral or adorn a tale." I speak not now of those dearer earthly ties, the severing of which causes the heart to bleed with agony, and inflicts upon it a wound that all the balm of earth cannot heal. I speak of the ordinary friendships and companionships of life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE RECOVERED SNUFF BOX.

The following anecdote, found in the London Freemason's Quarterly Review, is related on the authority, and almost in the words of Brother Blaquierre, Provincial Deputy Grand Master for Bengal, a man, who, at the patriarchal age of ninety-three, gave the testimony of his long experience to the excellence of Freemasonry.

"A medical gentlemen had realized a moderate fortune in the Brazils, and intending to return to England, he invested the fruits of his industry in precious stones, which were secured in a small box. This treasure he shipped on board a vessel, secured his own passage in another, and safely reached England. But, alas for him! scarcely had he arrived, when he received the fatal intelligence that the vessel, on board of which he had freighted his entire fortune, had been wrecked on the cost of Cornwall. Thus, in his declining years, the means of subsistence had vanished from him; he had returned to his native land poorer than he had left it. About a twelvemonth had passed, when, one day, a stranger called at his humble lodgings, and enquired for him; he was admitted. The stranger, who was closely muffled up, and appeared desirous of concealment, asked a few questions relating to the Brazils, and others as to the circumstances of our hero, who felt somewhat disconcerted. At length, the stranger drew from under his cloak the identical box containing the lost treasure; his surprise and emotion satisfied the stranger, who simply asking him if it were his, immediately delivered it to him, and made a SIGN. All that transpired was, that the box came into the possession of the stranger, who, on opening it, found at the top a snuff box, with Masonic emblems, and a name that enabled him, after much difficulty, to discover the real owner. The stranger took a hasty leave, and was no more heard of. Conjecture pointed at the possibility of his being what is termed 'a wrecker;' but the ways of Providence are inscrutable in teaching the powerful lessons of retribution. Masonry, as a moral engine, has elicited many mysterious instances of the power of the human heart, however depraved, to correct itself. But to the sequel. The snuff box became dear to the party thus restored to prosperity; and in time it was bequeathed to a gentleman, who, thinking that it should remain in the hands of a zealous Mason, presented it to Brother Blaquierre, whose successors will, no doubt, prize it, as a sign and token of masonic interest."

The Capitol,

At Washington, is a large and showy building, of the Corinthian order of architecture, of freestone, and painted white. It is situated in the centre of a square, on an eminence 78 feet above tide-water; and consists of a central edifice and two wings, the entire length being 352 feet, and the depth of the wings 121 feet. On the east front, there is a splendid portico of 22 columns, 38 feet high; and on the west front, a portico of 10 columns. The height of the building, to the top of the dome, is 120 feet; and under the dome is the rotunda, 95 feet in diameter, and of the same height, adorned with sculpture and paintings of a national character. On the east front, in niches, are colossal figures, in marble, of Peace and War, and a fine marble statue of Columbus at the entrance. The colossal statue of Washington, by Greenough, stands in the east park, in a neat temple erected for the purpose. Within the building, are the hall of the House of Representatives, the Senate chamber, the library of Congress, the court room of the Supreme Court, and some 70 rooms for the accommodation of committees, etc., etc. Around the capitol are 22 acres of park, ornamented with trees, shrubbery, fountains, etc.

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[*] When the Masonic Temple at Philadelphia was dedicated in 18—, there was given, in the evening, a magnificent banquet in one of the large halls of the building. It was strictly Masonic and private. An Indian, whose name I have forgotten, a Freemason of course, was present, and made, I think, the most truly eloquent speech I ever listened to. He was a descendant of Red Jacket, and wore a silver medal presented to Red Jacket by Washington, and at once recognized by Lafayette when he visited this country. He told the story, and told it well.

The National Freemason.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY, 1863.

Letters of business, and containing money, and correspondence, should be addressed Dr. McMurdy, Box 982. Printed matter should be directed National Freemason, Lock Box 18, Washington City.

The editor can be seen before 8 a. m., or at 4 p. m., at Mrs. Parrish's, 54 Missouri avenue.

Agents.—Bro. Chas. H. Anderson, 458 7th street, and Bro. Faulkner, for Maryland and the District; and Bro. Tacey, Clerk of Court, for Alexandria.

Every change of residence of subscribers should be carefully reported to the editor.

If a subscriber fail to obtain his paper promptly, it should be reported. The utmost care is taken in mailing, which receives the personal attention of the editor.

OFFICIAL.

To the Brethren, Companions, and Sir Knights of the several jurisdictions; We, as Grand Master of Knights Templar in the United States of America, Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, send greeting:

We not only regard with favor the enterprise so generally approved by the craft, to establish a National Masonic Journal at the metropolis of the nation, but we are impelled by a deep sense of its importance to urge upon you the most vigorous exertions to give to this much-needed instrument for good a healthy and vigorous life.

Let each Masonic body, in corporate capacity, subscribe for as many copies of the National Freemason, as may be expedient, for circulation among the widows and orphans of Masons, and among the sick and indigent Masons in hospitals, thereby exercising a high charity. Let each Mason take as many copies personally as he can afford, and induce his neighbor to do the same.

We are satisfied, from the well-known high educational, literary, and Masonic character of the Rev R. McMurdy, D. D., LL. D., Grand Prelate of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, that the National Freemason will be conducted in a liberal, faithful, national, and catholic spirit, and will tend to increase and diffuse light within and without our sacred precincts, and promote harmony and good will among the brotherhood.

The moderate terms of its publication, ($1.50 per annum,) make it accessible to the Masonic masses.

We urge you all, brethren, to prompt action in sending names of subscribers, paying in advance, to Rev. Dr. McMurdy, Washington City.

B. B. FRENCH,
Grand Master Knights Templar, U. S. of A.

J. N. McJILTON,
Grand High Priest of Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and District of Columbia.

Y. P. PAGE,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.

J. N. McJILTON,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Maryland.

The Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, at its last session, adopted the following resolution concerning the "National Freemason," offered by Past Grand Master B. B. French:

"*Resolved*, That the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge be hereby directed to take for the Grand Lodge a sufficient number of copies, not exceeding thirty, of the National Freemason, to preserve three copies for the archives of the Grand Lodge, and to send one copy to each Grand Lodge in the United States, and such foreign Grand Lodges as are in communication with the Grand Lodge."

The National Freemason for Hospitals.—True Charity.

In our last number we reported Federal Lodge, No. 1, and Union Lodge, U. D., Alexandria, as subscribing in lodge capacity for 30 copies each. We now acknowledge the lodge subscriptions of B. B. French Lodge for 40 copies; Washington Naval Lodge, 10 copies; and Washington Commandery, No. 1, 20 copies.

We meet with many indigent Masons in hospitals, whose eyes brighten with animation and gratitude when they find that they are thus remembered. Why should not every lodge in the country do something in this way?

Continental Monthly.—Our thanks for the first six numbers of 1863, from the proprietors and publishers. Hon. Robert J. Walker's articles, written from England, appear in the July number.

Merry's Museum.—Good Monthly for children. $1 per annum. Stearns, 111 Fulton street.

Our thanks are due to the National Intelligencer, National Republican, Evening Star, and Constitutional Union, of Washington city, and to the Elkton Democrat, Elkton, Md., for commendatory notices of the National Freemason.

Hiram Bassett, P.·. G.·. M.·. of Ky.—Glad to hear from you. We miss your ardent grasp and sympathizing eye, but we rejoice that Kentucky retains your wise counsel and hearty love of our institution. Kentucky Masonry has been sorely tried; but trials properly employed improve personal and masonic character.

A Lady, the wife of a Mason was so highly pleased with the National Freemason that she visited a regiment, about one-third the usual size, with very few masonic officers, and presented us with twenty-four dollars for sixteen subscribers. Is not such a lady worthy of Masonic acquaintance?

Bro. Thompson, Attorney at Law, on G street near tho Patent Office, has our thanks for his contribution. We remember his zeal in a dying brother's cause when he visited Patent Office Hospital to perfect a Mason's will for the benefit of his distant wife and children.

Travelling Lodge, 33d Ind. Reg.—Thank you for your favor. Transmit your notes, brethren.

Bro. Sol. D. Bayless, P.·. G.·. M.·. of Ind., Fort Wayne, Indiana.—We rejoice that you have again consented to keep your armor bright for another annual campaign. Many here from your jurisdiction remember you with admiration and love. Your photograph makes you look no older, nor less characteristic, than we knew you 20 years ago, when, as Craftsmen, we wrought the same quarry.

My wife rejoices that the real estate and collecting business has left your heart its wonted zeal in a brother's cause.

A brother of the highest standing in the order writes: "I have read the paper *through*, and it is the best *start* for a valuable masonic paper that I have ever seen, and I congratulate you upon it. Mark my prediction; it will be the masonic paper of the age. Published as it is at the seat of Government, and edited as it is * * * * * Masons all over the Union *will* take it."

See advertisement of Keyport for Baltimore. Captain Ryther is the prince of a gentleman, and his warm heart induces him to do all in his power to promote the wishes of passengers and shippers.

It is a pleasant trip from Washington to Alexandria by steamboats Mary F. Rapley, Young America, and Thomas Collyer, under Captains Stackpole, Talbot, and Gedney, at any hour from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m., at foot of 7th street.

On Sundays, omnibüsses start from Pennsylvania avenue and 7th street for the boats 15 minutes before each hour.

Col. Tait, 1st D. C. Volunteers, a R.·. A.·. M.·., had presented him from his masonic and other officers, as a compliment to his character as a Mason, an officer, and a charitable gentleman, 30 copies of the National Freemason for the year, to be distributed among his worthy privates as the best token of regard. How noble a memorial! Here is the true spirit, showing practically that the "lamb skin" is "more honorable than the star or garter." Quite different this from those who cannot take a masonic journal, for they have so much political and religious reading. Such men are not Masons; they are mere hangers-on, without purpose, and without usefulness. If politics and the church are enough for them, why are they Masons?

Col. Tait has endeared himself to all his acquaintances by his masonic career as an officer, courteous, sincere, faithful to his trust, true to his country, and free from servility. He lives beloved.

Washington Commandery, No. 1, D. C., sends the 20 copies of the National Freemason subscribed for by it, in commandery capacity, to the commanderies of the United States.

Sir Knight Bartholow, residing on Missouri avenue, near 4½ street, will present to Washington Commandery, of which he is a member, a beautiful national flag and standard of Orders of Malta and Knights Templar. The ceremonies of presentation will take place before his residence, on Missouri avenue, at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 4th of July. There will be music and short addresses.

We sincerely regret that the health of the G.·. M.·. of the District of Columbia does not improve more rapidly. He has the prayers of many sincere friends and Masons for his speedy and perfect recovery.

No anonymous communications replied to. F. A. M. will please transmit his name.

The June number gave the truth about Voltaire. There is no conflict between its statement and the French translation sent. They speak of different periods. There is no room, from the advanced period of the month, to discuss the subject. It will be adverted to in the August number.

The Archaeological Congress

Holds its next session at Leeds, England, at the beginning of October. That noble brother, R. Monckton Milnes, presides.

The old cathedrals, abbeys, the works of the old Anglican master-builders will be visited, especially Ripon Cathedral, Fountains Abbey, Kinstall Abbey, Aldeboro', Wakefield, Pontefract, and other places.

Cannot some Grand Lodge of the United States send a representative to this Congress?

Fredericksburg Lodge, No. 4, Virginia,

Had not only the honor of the initiation of General Washington, but also that of Brigadier Generals Hugh Mercer, George Weedon, and William Woodford, of Colonel John Jarnigan, and Major Gustavus Brown Wallace, all distinguished officers in the Revolutionary war. General Edward Stevens, Governor Spotswood, Colonel McWilliams, and Chief Justice Marshall, were also members of this lodge.

Masonic Reading and the Press.

What would be thought of any devoted member of a religious persuasion, or of a political party, moving among his brethren of the same ties without any definite information of current events concerning his associations? A party or society, or a man among them, without a newspaper or periodical, is an anomaly. This is proper; for no man can judge wisely and act justly, understanding his relations to others, without reading.

The Mason without his regular masonic reading is selfish, illiberal, and oftentimes a disagreeable and annoying barrier in the way of human and masonic progress. The lodge is improved by his absence. Facts must be presented, error must be detected, exposed, and abandoned, and truth elicited, and thus become the victor. How much, then, is to be learned of this, the oldest institution now in existence, and, after Judaism in its day, and Christianity in this day, and civil government, the most important; an institution whose principles are those of Divine Revelation; an institution which erected the first earthly temple to the Supreme Architect of the Universe, and has outlived the very marble of which it was built; which has survived assaults, attacks, and slanders, and which has maintained its way against despotism and popular prejudice.

The earlier Freemasons, perhaps wisely, for a portion of that period put nothing to record; hence Anglican Freemasonry traces no perfect list of the Grand Masters of England, in regular succession, further back than Austin the Monk, A. D. 597.

The earliest written collection of laws for the Craft which is authentic was "gathered, arranged, and confirmed," not created, by the Assembly of York, under Prince Edwin, Grand Master, A. D. 926. Little beyond was published, and much of patristic Masonry has been lost. How great the loss, as the noblest blood and talent, and the holiest men of all England's brilliant period, were masonic patrons, when kings presided as Grand Masters, and nobles and bishops acted as Wardens and Deacons! How much we long for a fuller view of such masonic scenes as were enacted, when Sir Christopher Wren, as Deputy Grand Master, rebuilt London, destroyed by fire, the king himself laying the corner-stones of the large public buildings, and the Cathedral of St. Paul's, covering four acres, according to the forms of Masonry. Here was the operative. The king became a second Hiram of Tyre, and Wren a second Hiram Abif, the Anglican Master Builder of that period.

The present century has witnessed a different spirit. The continental works of Masonry are nearly 7,000, and the different catalogued manuscripts in Europe about 1,500. Manuals, charts, monitors, proceedings of grand lodges, addresses, lectures, magazines, reviews, and newspapers have dissipated the objections against Masonry and educated the Craft. The patrons of Masonry, with Franklin as their American head, have been the pioneers in the press. Let the Masons of this day eschew the idea that ignorance of the history, philosophy, and science of Masonry is the mother of devotion at her altar. Let the Craft everywhere realize that the diffusion of masonic light and intelligence enlarges the minds and capacities of the fraternity, and strengthens and cements the bonds of sympathy and union of our one great brotherhood, and will remove the opposition and dispel the prejudice existing in every community, to a greater or less extent, against us.

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Profanity.

How disgusting to hear a Mason profaning God's name, and at the same time wearing the letter G. Quit those oaths, brother, or lay aside thy pin and thy lodge. Do not promulgate thy shame to a scoffing world.

General Washington as General Grand Master of the United States.

In our article on Washington, in the June number of the FREEMASON, we noticed the election of General Washington as General Grand Master of the United States, by Pennsylvania Grand Lodge, and explained how he received the title. (See June No., p. 7, 1st column.) One brother writes us for our authority. It is the authentic history of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, in the *Ahiman Rezon*, compiled under the authority of that body in 1825. This is the extract: "In January, 1780, a Grand Lodge of emergency was convened to consider the propriety of appointing a General Grand Master of the United States, and General George Washington was unanimously chosen by the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania for that office." The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania supposed that other Grand Lodges would take the same step.

Is the brother satisfied?

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Masonic Principles Abide.

Whatever positions an individual lodge or the Masonry of any locality may have assumed, masonic principles, usages, and influences abide. There need be no fear nor apprehension of Masonry suffering by permitting lodges to be formed, in our cities, on affinities of language or condition. There is but one result, and but one tendency. Masonry can never be rendered aristocratic. It is essentially democratic; its tendencies are silently, slowly, but surely, to the destruction of tyranny and oppression. Kings and potentates have seen this, and once resisted; but they have learned the lesson of wisdom. They became its patrons, sought control, and attempted to subsidize it to their own purposes. This has been a complete failure. There need be no fear of Masonry organizing a party, or opposing government or its authority. It teaches submission to those in authority, and believes in the divine right of government, and cannot be concerned in plots and conspiracies. But like the Christian religion, it diffuses its gentle and hallowed influences as the dews of the morning. It whispers in the ears of kings and rulers, of the rich and the learned, "all men are they brethren, hence oppress none and do good to all men." It enters not into the arena of party politics, but it compels every politician to listen, or feign to listen, to the voice of the people. The great hope of the nations, next to Christianity, is in Freemasonry and its teachings, and the great hope of the Craft is in its unselfish and earnest friends, who look at the ceremonies and ritual as means to an end—the means to diffuse light and truth. Our masonic hopes are in true brethren, who seek not office, but labor and toil for their race.

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Grand Lodges,

By some periodicals and brethren, are perpetually underrated, in their acts, decisions, and obedience due them. Grand Lodges may and do err, but they are the supreme body of legislative, executive, and judicial action. They make the laws, judge of them, and see to their execution. There is no escape from their control but by masonic schism. The true Mason so obeys masonic law as to honor it, and submit to injustice for the present, knowing that the evil may be rectified; that the Grand Lodge is but the expression of the subordinate lodges, and the consentient voice of his jurisdiction; and that if there be any untrue expression of opinion, the ultimate correction is with the brethren, the masonic people, who can secure, by their own election, a change of representation to the Grand Lodge.

Is there not danger in Masonry, in the nation, and the church, of discoursing in such manner of those in authority as to impede the progress of law and justice, and eventually to prepare the way for schism or disintegration?

The Tyler

Is the representative of the Master, and to him is committed, to a great extent, the comfort and the interests of the lodge. It is a post of great honor and responsibility, and indicates the great confidence of the lodge he enjoys. He should be decided, and yet courteous.

It has become a custom of late to announce "a brother vouched for." This is a departure from right and ancient usage. The name should in every case be transmitted. Besides, it is the courtesy of the profane even, and surely Masons will not be wanting here.

Spenser thus discourses of a Tyler's duty:

> "Within the barbican a porter sat
> Day and night, duly keeping watch and ward;
> Nor *man* nor *word* might pass out of the gate,
> But in good order and with due regard.
> Utterers of secrets he from thence debarred,
> Babblers of folly and blazers of crime;
> His larum-bell might loud and wide be heard,
> When cause required, but never out of time."

◆

Compass.

Some of our contemporaries are discussing the proper use of this word, whether in Masonry it should be singular or plural. One contends that analogy would indicate the use of compasses, instead of compass, as scissors, gallons, &c. Previous to 1774 the use was invariably that of the singular; in this year we find, for the first time, the plural. "Aprons and squares, and *compasses* and trowels." This was evidently introduced for the sake of quantity. The position of analogy is untenable against good masonic use—where use is divided, and other criteria cannot decide, analogy may be called in. National, reputable, and present masonic use is unquestionably in favor of compass.

◆

The Landmarks of Masonry

Are its essence. These removed, and the institution ceases to exist. All else is accidental and varies in different countries, and in the same country, at different times. The *landmarks* are the same in every country and every age, received by all, everywhere and at all times. A departure from them produces schism. Antiquity, universality, and unchangeableness are their properties. A Grand Lodge is not of the essence of Masonry. A Secretary is not. The legend of the Master Mason's degree and the signs of recognition are. There is very little or no want of uniformity in the essence of the work throughout the world. The uniformity herein is wonderful, and variety in the accidentia, in the non-essential, is not objectionable, but desirable. The maxim of that noble old Mason, St. Augustine, was, "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; and in all things, charity." Bigots, in Masonry as in religion, are disposed to make many minor things essential, which are not so in their nature, and were not made so by their founder.

Some err in making Landmarks only obligatory. Whatever a Grand Lodge may decide or a Universal Congress may determine, would be obligatory, but from a different motive. In the latter case it would have universality, but would be wanting in antiquity and could not, therefore, be a Landmark.

A Universal Masonic Congress cannot make nor repeal a Landmark, cannot make an innovation in the body of Masonry.

While these Landmarks, the essentia of the Institution, are unchangeable, the accidentia, the non-essential, may, and sometimes ought to change. Here we have stability and progress combined; the one suited to the needs of our nature, which are found in all men and in all ages, everywhere; and the other suited to the nature of man, as modified by different social, civil, and political associations; and the one preserving the past, and the other modifying the future, and influenced, in turn, by the progress of science and literature. Here have we conservatism and progress united.

As in Christianity we have only a very few articles of essential faith and many things of opinion, a very short formula of devotion (the Lord's prayer) and few, plain, simple commands of essential practice, and an ecclesiastical regimen of limited character, so we have in Masonry very few landmarks.

These Landmarks are, (1,) The modes of recognition; (2,) The division of Symbolic Masonry into three degrees; (3,) The Legend of the Master Mason's degree; (4,) The necessity of a G. M. (No Grand Master no Freemasonry;) (5,) The ancient Prerogatives of the G. M., such as, having the same power over a subordinate Lodge, when present, that the Master has, having power to grant dispensations, to open and hold Lodges, to make Masons at sight, &c.; (6,) Necessity for Lodges, with Master and two Wardens, and the Lodges to be duly tyled; (7,) Right of Masonic representation and instruction in general meetings of Craft; (8,) Right of appeal; (9,) Right of visit, if vouched for; if not, after examination; (10,) The independence of each Lodge of every other Lodge; (11,) Masonic amenability to the laws and regulations of his Masonic residence; (12.) The four qualifications of initiates—Belief in God, a Future Life, and a "Book of the Law;" (13,) Equality of Masons; (14,) Secrecy; (15,) Speculative science based upon the operative art; and, (16,) The unchangeableness of the foregoing "Nolumus leges mutari."

Read.

The following is an illustration of many cases in the army; and what masonic body laying any claim to masonic charity can refuse this cry for Masonic reading by masonic soldiers? Columbia Commandery, No. 1, enjoys the privilege of gratifying the brother:

"CAMP ———, *June* —, 1863.

"REV. DR. MCMURDY:

"I have just seen and read the first number of the NATIONAL FREEMASON, with which I am very greatly pleased. You cannot imagine how much comfort it afforded me and others. I wish to become possessed of its reading monthly, by which I could not fail to be benefited myself, and be the means of doing good to others. But, without going into particulars, I will simply say, that being a clergyman by profession (of the Congregationalist order, a graduate of Dartmouth College and Union Theological Seminary, and only a sergeant in the army,) and having a family dependent upon me for daily bread, my means do not permit a subscription. * * *

"The reading of your paper would be the greatest favor that can be conferred.

"I am a member of ——— Lodge, No. —, and was pastor of ——— church.

"——— ———"

We find this brother to be of high standing at home, and well esteemed by the community. We trust that the lodges throughout the country will take some action in furnishing masonic reading for hospitals and the army.

Secrecy.

We congratulate the Craft that many of the lodges of the East are requiring, by by-laws, that all the *transactions and proceedings* of the lodge shall be kept inviolably secret, and that each brother shall notify the Master, in open lodge, of all violations coming to his knowledge. Especially is this important in case of rejection of an applicant.

TO TEMPLARS.—Can we not cease the custom of addressing members of the Order as Sir William, Sir John, &c.? This is like the assumption of courtly Knighthood. Under the English rule of Templars, they were simply styled Sir Knights, followed by the surname. Frater or Fratres, is the more correct term, and always to be used where "Equerries" are addressed, with the double cross before Frater.

Excuses for not taking a Masonic Journal.

No. 1 takes several religious and political papers, and has not time to read, nor means to take, more. No. 1 does not appreciate nor love Masonry. He loves his church and party, (all right,) and must know what they are doing. Give No. 1 a demit.

No. 2 has not time to read about Masonry. He is an Entered Apprentice, and anxious to advance. Let him wait until he finds time to study Masonry. Until he has a stronger desire to know what Masonry is, he should stay out. He thinks Masonry unworthy of much thought or study. No. 2 classes it with the mushroom societies of the present age.

No. 3 gets a comfortable salary, but cannot afford it, yet enjoys life, and lives well. His heart is not in Masonry.

No. 4 borrows his brother's paper, and that will suffice him. Why not borrow his brother's apparel? This brother never gives a penny to worthy and distressed Masons; he is selfish.

The drunkard, profane, and vulgar, affect the reputation of Masonry; the selfish destroy it. Exclude them. Committees should talk with the candidate, and get at his character, motives, and sentiments, as well as reputation. Some, with indifferent reputation, have noble character; and others, with exalted reputation, are selfish and unworthy.

St. John the Baptist's day was celebrated by Alexandria Union Lodge. There was a full attendance of the Craft, a splendid dinner in a beautiful summer retreat overlooking the Potomac, and speeches by Dr. McMurdy and Rev. Mr. Bowman. The Deputy G.·. M.·., and the Grand Lecturer of the District of Columbia, were present. Every one appeared happy. No celebration of our masonic life has excelled this in interest and enjoyment.

The best feature was in the lodge sending a committee to invite, and provide conveyances for, the convalescing Masons in the hospitals, that they might participate in the festivities. The masonic soldiers enjoyed it, and they felt that Masonry remembers her children everywhere. We call upon our Christian brethren in their church associations to remember the poor. They are the church's heritage, and the best evidence of its divinity. "To the poor the gospel is preached."

The points of the addresses were the character of St. John the Baptist, his teachings, faith in God, hope in immortality, and love of humanity.

Masonry an Influence.

Masonry is an influence more than a power. It fills the mind with fresh and noble sentiments, the heart with elevated and benevolent impulses, saves the life from vice, and prompts to virtue.

Masonry permeates society, not by formal decisions, not by securing spasmodic results, not by the usual manifestations of popular modern sentiments. It is silent and as refreshing and as gentle as the dew of heaven. Masons cast their "bread upon the waters."

Masonry, in practice and theory, disregards all adventitious distinctions, and places men everywhere on the level; and in the churches even, this principle of universal brotherhood is sustained by our fraternity.

It was asked a few days ago, if a certain person in power was a Mason. The consentaneous response of the company was: "It is impossible. He is so rude and ungentle to the suffering and the stranger. He delights in coarseness and brutal repellence. His heart has never been touched by our sacred principles." How unlike our Masonic American Templar, Washington, gentle, yet decided, true to his country, yet just to its citizens and merciful to its foes.

A LADY inquires if Masonry may not be used to subvert the ends of justice, and to encourage vice, by preventing the law being a "terror to evil doers?" We present the following incident, on masonic partiality, as our answer:

Some young men in the town of ——, having "cut up" one night to the detriment of certain windows and bell-pulls, were lodged in the calaboose, and in due time next morning confronted before the police magistrate, who fined them $5 each and an admonition. One of the three foolishly remarked: "Judge, I was in hopes you would remember me. I belong to the same lodge with you!" The Judge, apparently surprised, replied with brotherly sympathy: "Ah, is it so? Truly, this is Bro. ——! I did not recognize you. Excuse me for my dullness. Yes, we are brother Masons, and I should have thought of that. Mr. Clerk, fine our Bro. —— ten dollars. Being a Mason, he knows better the rules of propriety than other men! Fine him ten dollars. You will pay the clerk, Bro. ——! Good morning, Bro. ——! Call the next case!"

Whence the Origin of the Celebration of the 22d of February?

Major Proctor, of Philadelphia, February 3, 1790, addressed Governor Mifflin, of Pennsylvania, as follows:

"SIR: I have thought it my duty to acquaint your Excellency and the honorable the Executive Council that the 11th instant (O. S.) will be the birthday of the illustrious the President of the United States of America; and should it be thought expedient by your honorable body to announce the same by a certain number of discharges from a twelve-pounder, your Excellency will be pleased to signify the same to

"Your Excellency's obedient servant,

"THOMAS PROCTOR, *Maj.*

"*Philadelphia*, Feb. 3d, 1790."

[*Directed*] "To his Excellency THOMAS MIFFLIN, Philadelphia."

The "History of St. John's Lodge, No. 1," of Newark, N. J., says:

"On the 22d day of February, [1792,] the first celebration of Washington's birthday took place, and the day was celebrated by the brethren in a becoming and highly appropriate manner."

Can any brother give further light on the origin of the observance of the 22d of February? As it now stands, to Masonry is due the honor of the observance of this day.

Who Can Explain the Washington Medal?

A brief description of it is given in Mersdorf's work, (German,) "The Models of Freemasons:"

Converse—Likeness of G. Washington, with inscription, "G. Washington, President." Under the likeness, "1797."

Reverse—A masonic carpet, with these designs: Mosaic pavement, with Hiram, trowel and Bible, level and plumet, square and compass, brazen pillars and globes, sun, moon, and stars, letter G and the all-seeing eye. Its inscription is, "Amor, Honor et Justitia, G. W., G. G. M."—*George Washington, General Grand Master.*

This cannot commemorate the laying of the corner stone of the Capitol at Washington, for this was in 1793, nor his being made General Grand Master by Pennsylvania, for this was in 1780.

This medal was in the possession of Dr. Dove, of Virginia. Is there another? What does it commemorate?

The First Gun.

The first American who discharged his gun on the day of the battle of Lexington, was Ebenezer Lock, who died at Deering, N. H., about fifty years ago. He was made Mason at Lexington, 1775.

For ten minutes, in an open cellar, a mile in the rear of the direction of Boston, Lock alone brought down his man every shot, firing on the reserve standing on a bridge. He opened the war, at his own time, waiting for no orders.

We give the following as a specimen of the fraternal intercourse growing up between the Masonry of the District and that of the Craft throughout the nation. Ought there not to be some provision on the part of the lodges in the States by which the beneficence of the order might be yet more liberally felt at this point, where Masons are daily met, who need sympathy, care, and succor? No Mason, when known as needing attention, has been neglected.

Four of the lodges of the District furnish 1,560 numbers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON to needy Masons of the army and hospitals, thus showing that they regard the necessities of the mind as well as those of the body. If our brethren of the various lodges knew with what avidity and delight the FREEMASON is received, they would, in lodge capacity, subscribe liberally for its distribution through camps and hospitals. Companion Dutcher was a patient in Emory hospital, and received every attention from Companion Dr. Carroll. His wishes for masonic burial were strictly complied with, and as the hospital was hastening his remains to the grave, he found a home from the storm for a season in Naval Lodge.

What ecclesiastical or political body so regards its humblest member as the masonic?

Several resolutions were passed by the Chapter of Lansingburgh, N. Y., of which Companion Dutcher was a member, and among them the following:

"*Resolved*, That to Naval Lodge No. 4, of Washington, D. C., and to Dr. Carroll, of Emory Hospital, we, as companions of the deceased, are under many obligations, and to them we hereby tender our heartfelt thanks. That in so kindly administering to the comfort of our deceased companion in his late illness, and in carrying out his oft expressed desire to be buried under the beautiful and impressive ceremonies of the institution he so loved, they have merited our gratitude and performed one of those acts which tend to unite us who are living more strongly together in the bonds of brotherly love and affection."

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A Washington Relic.

A *gavel* is in the possession of the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island, made of the wood of the coffin in which for many years reposed the body of Washington. A Frenchman, some years since, attempted to rob the tomb of Washington of his remains, to carry them to France. Immediately after this attempt, a Mason of Philadelphia obtained permission of the family of Washington to build a new tomb, which he did. Washington's remains were taken from the decayed coffins and deposited in a marble sarcophagus and coffin and placed in their new tomb. The old coffins were retained by the family. A piece was presented to Rev. Mrs. Stewart, and incorporated into a gavel and presented to the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island.

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Lorenzo Dow

Was initiated Christmas day, 1824, in No. 6, St. Alban's Lodge, Bristol, R. I., and on the day following, Sunday, he was passed and raised. On a preaching tour and being able to remain no longer, when it was proposed, he replied, that there was nothing incompatible with the Lord's Day in the institution. After preaching in the afternoon, he went to the Lodge and left it a Master Mason. The record of the Lodge is "Lodge closed with exhortation and prayer by bro. Lorenzo Dow." Upon being invited by the M.·., he knelt in the centre of the Lodge, and thus exhorted them to an exemplary life. It was an impressive scene, and deeply affected those present.

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How shall I know you to be a Mason?

Webb says, by amiable, discreet, and virtuous conduct—by being one whom the world knows as one to whom the burdened heart may pour out its sorrows; to whom distress may pour out its suit, his heart guided with justice and his heart expanded by benevolence.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A KNIGHT.—What is meant by "Knights of Rhodes and Palestine? They are the same as "Knights of Malta," "Knights of the *Sword and East*." In this country they are termed "Knights of the Red Cross." This degree is given in the Templar Encampments of *Ireland*, and in the Royal Arch Chapters of *Scotland*, almost the same as the 15th ancient Scottish rite, and 6th of the French. Ours came evidently from Ireland and Scotland. In Scotland and Ireland it is not necessary to become a Templar, Royal Arch Masons being eligible. It is, properly speaking, a continuation of the R.·. A.·., commemorative of the dangers of the *Jews* in building the *second* temple, and, as of Jewish and Persian origin, has no connection with the christian order of Knights Templar. During the crusades "Red Cross Knights" was the appellation given to the Templars.

Were the Knights Templar ever a Masonic society? Before the dispersion of the order, they had no connection with it, and not then until secret societies were prohibited, when they sought shelter under Masonry, and adopted a rule that only Masons could be Templars.

Should Canadian Templars visiting the United States be admitted into our Commanderies? If open in the order of Knights Templar surely; if in the Red Cross, surely not, as the order is not conferred in Canada. The Provincial Grand Encampment of Canada is taking steps to introduce the order of Red Cross into their commanderies.

1. SIGMA.—Why did Ancient Craft Masons commence their era with the creation of the world, calling it Anno Lucis, (A. L.,) "in the year of light? They do not claim to be coeval with the creation, but they have herein *symbolic* reference to the light of Masonry.

2. What does the Scotch rite use? Same as Ancient Craft, except the Jews' chronology is used, *Anno Mundi*, (A. M.) "in the year of the world."

3. What do the other orders use? Royal Arch Masons date from the commencing of the second temple by Zerubbabel. (A. I.) See abbreviations last number. Royal and Select Masters from the year of the completion of the temple of Solomon, Anno Depositionis. (A. Dep.) Knights Templar commence with the organization of their order, Anno Ordinis. (A. O.)

4. Rules for Masonic dates. The Ancient Craft add 4000 years to the common time; the Scotch rite adds 3760, and after September another year; Royal Arch add 530 years; Royal and Select Masters, 1000 years; Knights Templar take from the christian era 1118 years.

J. S.—"Should lodges be dedicated to Saints John, or only to one of the Saints John?" There is authority for the use of the term Saints John; but we certainly think that ancient usage sanctions the use of but one in dedicating lodges. The dedication of a church to two saints would be considered anomalous. It is equally so in Masonry.

P. R.—"In the Monitor occurs the sentence: 'In the joy of his heart he exclaimed Eureka. Eureka, I have found it!' Did Pythagoras ever utter this expression?"

I have never seen any evidence of it. It was made by Archimedes, living 250 years B. C., who by his discovery of the silver with the gold in Hiero's crown, by comparing the quantity of water displaced by either metal, and thus reaching the general law of specific gravity, suggested by his displacing water in the bath equal in bulk to his own body, ran naked into the street exclaiming, Eureka, I have found it.

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Where and when was Gen. Lafayette made a Mason?

In a room, over the bar-room of the old Freeman's Tavern, on the north side of the green in Morristown, N. J., 1777. Gen. Washington's winter quarters were at Morristown during the winter of this year. Gen. Washington presided in person. Gen. Lafayette was but twenty years of age, just Washington's when he was made a Mason, 1752, twenty-five years before.

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"THE NATIONAL FREEMASON is replete with interest, not only to the masonic world, but to readers generally. Even the ladies compliment it. * *

"Perhaps as a writer, and a gentleman of character, energy, and remarkable success, few are his equals. From what we know of our old friend, we hesitate not to say that he will succeed in almost anything. The Freemason is enthusiastically received here."—*Constitutional Union.*

HISTORY OF GRAND LODGES.

[We commence with the G. L. of the District of Columbia, and after exhausting its history, shall proceed to that of other G. LL. of the U. S.]

District of Columbia.

A meeting of delegates from the Lodges of the District, met in convention, Washington City, Dec. 11, A. L. 5810, to consider the right and expediency of establishing and organizing a G.·. L.·. in and for this District. The delegates present were Brothers Alexander McCormick, Patrick Magruder, C. Willis Weaver, Arch'd Van Horn, and Chas. Glover, from Federal Lodge, No. 15; Jas. Galt, Amos Alexander, and Jas. Carson, from Alexandria Brook Lodge, No. 47; Chas. Jones, Orlando Cooke, and Ninian Beall, from Columbia Lodge, No. 8; John Davis of Abel, Shadrach Davis, Jos. Cassin, Jas. Kemp, and David Dobbyn, from Washington Naval Lodge, No. 41; Henry Pyfer, Daniel Kurtz, and Lewis W. P. Balch, from Potomac Lodge, No. 4.

Brother McCormick, of Federal Lodge, was chosen chairman, and Brother Glover, of the same lodge, was chosen secretary. The only resolutions passed were two, brief and practical, (1) that it is right and expedient to establish and organize a G.·. L.·., and (2) to send a copy of the resolutions to the several lodges of the District, requesting them to appoint deputies to another convention, with full powers to incorporate a G.·. L.·.

On the 8th of January, A. L. 5811, delegates met at the Union Lodge Room, Washington city, from five lodges, and elected Valentine Reitzel, R.·. W.·. G.·. M.·., Jno. Kinkaid, R.·. W.·. D.·. G.·. M.·., Alexander McCormick, R.·. W.·. S.·. G.·. W.·., Jos. Cassin, jr., R.·. W.·. J.·. G.·. W.·., Chas. Jones, R.·. W.·. G.·. Sec.·., postponed the election of treasurer until the next meeting, appointed a committee of five to prepare and report a constitution, ordered copies of proceedings to be forwarded to the secretaries of Grand Lodges of Maryland and Virginia, and adjourned.

February 19, A. L. 5811, the convention elected Brother John Richards, Deputy G.·. M.·., to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Brother Jno. Kinkaid, and Brother Jno. Davis of Abel, Grand Treasurer. The secretary's letter to the Grand Lodges of Maryland and Virginia stated that the lodges of the District were not actuated by any motives unfriendly to the mother lodges, but from considerations resulting from the assumption of the jurisdiction by Congress over the District of Columbia, there being four lodges in that part of the District called Washington county, and two in that part called Alexandria county; that the mother Grand Lodges will readily see the importance of uniting the lodges in a District situated as this is, and that uniformity and harmony in their proceedings will be promoted by the formation of a G.·. Lodge.

The Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia was opened in ample form. Rev. Thomas Summers was duly elected Tyler. The further business of this meeting was ordering the G.·. S.·. to prepare warrants to the Lodges and to the officers of the said Lodges, warrants to bear the date of this meeting, and to have therein inserted "late —— Lodge, No. ——, working under the authority of a warrant from the Grand Lodge of ——."

The G.·. S.·. was ordered to inform the W.·. M.·. of Alexandria Washington Lodge, No. 22, of the constituting of the G.·. Lodge, and inviting his L.·. to send delegates.

A letter was received from Alexandria Washington Lodge, No. 22, stating "that there is a majority of the Lodge unwilling to withdraw themselves from the G.·. L.·. of Virginia, and for the purpose of harmony among ourselves, the Lodge has declined sending a deputation to your installation this evening."

The installation of Grand officers took place April 9, 5811. At this meeting, the G.·. L.·. recommended the several Lodges to appoint delegates to meet the Grand Lodges of Maryland and Virginia at their next Grand Convention, to pay their dues and secure a discharge. A committee of three on the part of the Grand Lodge was appointed to inform the Grand Lodges of Maryland and Virginia, that a G.·. L.·. for District of Columbia had been organized, and give the reasons therefor.

At a meeting of May 21, the G.·. L.·. elected the following subordinates officers, viz: Andrew T. McCormick, Grand Chaplain; Thomas Arbuckle, S.·. G.·. D.·.; Thomas Holliday, J.·. G.·. D.·.; Nicholas L. Queen, Grand Marshal; Francis Clark, Grand Steward; Ninian Beall, Grand Sword Bearer; John McGill, Grand Pursuivant; and Barney Parson, Grand Tyler—Thomas Summers, Grand Tyler, removing from the District. A committee of communication and correspondence with the Grand Lodges of the United States was also appointed, 9 July, A.·. L.·. 5811.

At this meeting the constitution of the Grand Lodge was adopted.

A warrant for Union Lodge, No. 6, Washington City, was issued to Samuel B. Ellis, Master, William H. Ward, Senior Warden, and William Wood, Junior Warden.

"The committee appointed for that purpose, reported, that they had prepared and transmitted an address to the Grand Lodges of Maryland and Virginia, as follows, viz:

"'—— *R. W. Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of* ——.

"'Respected Sir and Brother:

"'When it becomes necessary that a separation should take place with those who have long been united in the tender ties of mutual harmony and intercourse, a sense of gratitude and esteem should impel those who desire that separation, freely to declare the reasons by which they are actuated; under this impression, we, in behalf of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, beg leave to state the reasons which influenced the Lodges in this District, in the measure by them taken.

"'The right and expediency of establishing a Grand Lodge in this District had for a considerable time engaged the attention of the most experienced Masons of this place. Not willing, however, to confide implicitly in their own judgments, in a matter of so much importance, experienced Masons from various parts of the United States were consulted, from the decisive nature of whose opinion the practicability of the measure appeared manifest. And at a meeting in convention of deputies from five Lodges, after mature consideration, the right and expediency was unanimously declared; and afterwards on the 19th day of February, 1811, the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia was organized and opened in due form, with full appellant and corrective powers, which, under the superintending care and direction of the Supreme Architect, will promote the interests of the Craft, and extend the empire of Masonry. The propriety of the measure taken was confirmed by a reference to historic facts. In England Masonry flourished but partially until the organization of the Grand Lodge at York, from which time Masonry, literature, arts, and sciences flourished. The same fruitful source of intelligence extending its benign influence across the Atlantic animated our brethren of the eastern States, who organized Grand Lodges previous to our revolution, under the authority of charters granted from some one of the Grand Lodges in Great Britain—after which they at once saw the impropriety of working under authority derived from a country having different laws, government, and interests from their own, and accordingly gave up the authority under which they had before acted. There then being no head to resort to, the subordinate Lodges of several States, by deputies appointed for that purpose, organized Grand Lodges. It is admitted that necessity urged the adoption of this measure, and that the principle was then acknowledged, and has never since been disputed, and that the Lodges of each State were entitled to equal privileges. This District being composed of parts of two States, and separated from them in the same degree as one State is from another, was a circumstance that received considerable weight. In addition to which, the desire of uniting and harmonizing the citizens of a District thus situated—the expenses and dues retained among us, and the facility of decision in cases within the jurisdiction of a Grand Lodge, were circumstances that received the consideration due to their importance. Also, this being the seat of Government, it was supposed the most proper place to rear the standard of Masonry, that the enlightened and distinguished men of our country may meet and unite in one general system, the several Grand Lodges in the United States.

"'The Lodges here have been directed to return the warrants under which they lately worked, to the authority from whom they received them, if required, and to settle their accounts—this will be attended to without delay, and experience leads us to believe, that, when the subject of our proceedings shall be taken into consideration, our motives and conduct will receive the sanction of your approbation.

"'We cannot on this occasion withdraw from you without experiencing those feelings of regret which flow from a lively recollection of favors bestowed on us for a series of years, and expressing that ardent anxiety for your prosperity, which will ever animate our hearts. The sensibility of our feelings is, however, somewhat assuaged with the hope that the strong chain of love will forever be preserved bright between us, and that all our DESIGNS and all our EXERTIONS will tend to promote the general good.

"'We are, &c.
(Signed) "'AMOS ALEXANDER, } *Committee.*
"'CHAS. GLOVER, }
"'City of Washington, *May*, 1811.'"

"A printed communication was received from the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, from which the following is an extract, viz:

"'The committee of communication, reported, That they have attentively read and considered the communications and proceedings of the Grand Lodge in the District of Columbia, and find the same to be conformable to the ancient rules and landmarks of Masonry; your committee therefore recommend the following resolution:

"'*Resolved*, That the several Lodges composing the Grand Lodge in the District of Columbia, and heretofore working under the authority of this Grand Lodge, be permitted according to their desire, to retain their warrants; and, that upon the several Lodges paying all their dues up to the time of this grand communication, except initiation fees from the time of their formation of said Grand Lodge, they be recognized as a Grand Lodge, and admitted into correspondence accordingly.

(Signed) "'J. LEWIS WAMPLER, *G. Sec'y.*
"'*6th May, A. L.* 5811.'"

TIDINGS FROM THE CRAFT.

New Jersey.—The M.·. W.·. G.·. M.·. in this address congratulates the craft on the re-election of the Masters and of Past Masters to fill the position of W.·. M.·. in so many lodges, and says that "no man can become properly acquainted with the duties of that office in the short space of a year. Time, study, practice, and capacity are essential requisites" for a W.·. M.·.

The Grand Treasurer reports a cash balance on hand of $1,618 41.

Connecticut.—The G.·. M.·. discourses of the zeal of the young learning the work, remembering the words and repeating ceremonies, and commends the zeal, but calls this only *the material* of Masonry, having little to do with the spirit of our sublime mysteries. A Mason may be perfect in the work of the □, but a very poor Mason indeed, neglecting the moral precepts of the lectures. The *internal* qualifications are most to be valued. The young must learn forbearance, essential to the well being of all. The G.·. L.·. resolved that no *feed attorney* shall be admitted to advocate a claim before the Grand Lodge, or any committee thereof, and that no liquor should be permitted in any lodge or ante-rooms.

New York.—G.·. M.·. decided that a hotel keeper making use of masonic emblems on his sign or bar is liable to be disciplined; if admonished and still persists in the practice, to be tried by his lodge and punished; and in case of profanity, after three admonitions, the offender may, by a majority vote, be reprimanded, suspended, or expelled.

G.·. M.·. also decided that a lodge under dispensation can not make rules for its government; and that a lodge has no right to publish the names of those stricken from the rolls; and that a lodge has not the right or power legally to suspend a member for nonpayment of dues.

Iowa.—The G.·. M.·. in his address says: "It is our province to comfort the disconsolate, relieve the distressed, and console the dying. Whatever may be the scope and final termination of the present issue, for myself I am resolved, as a man and as a Mason, to discharge my duty with inflexible fidelity to my brethren and to my country." Again: "Many of our brethren, true to that venerated flag which has so long afforded them protection, and around which so many soul-stirring associations cluster, have gone forth to defend the honor and institutions of their country." Again: "No man who is proverbially wicked or profane, or whose breath affords evidence of habitual intoxication, or whose conduct exhibits the slightest breach of fidelity, should be permitted to cross our threshhold. * * We should also guard against the equally pernicious practice of rejecting an applicant solely on the ground of private piques or personal prejudices."

The Grand □ reported a series of appropriate resolutions upon the death of our distinguished brother, Stephen A. Douglas.

Michigan.—A committee of the Grand □ waited upon Past Grand Master Gen. Lewis Cass, at his residence, and were courteously received. They found the General, in his 80th year, as vigorous in mind as in early manhood. He expressed his continued confidence in and devotion to the Order. He believed our principles had done much good to society, restraining the desires and passions of men, and inculcating a higher tone of moral sentiment. He said that he was the first G.·. M.·. of the first Grand □ of the Territory of Michigan, and the first G.·. M.·. of the first Grand □ of Ohio. He said his reminiscences connected with the Order were of the most pleasing character, and recollected well the ordeal of the Craft during the anti-masonic excitement. He was G.·. M.·. of Michigan at the time.

Number of affiliates in the State, 6,450.

Illinois.—The G.·. M.·. in his address says, that although war may surround us * * yet we as Masons have a duty to perform. And in discharging it, as Masons, we are not permitted at any time to disregard the duty we owe to our Government. To relieve the distressed is a duty incumbent on all men, but particularly on Masons, who are linked together by an indissoluble chain of sincere affection. To soothe the unhappy, to sympathize with their misfortunes, to compassionate their miseries, and to restore peace to their troubled minds, is the grand aim we have in view.

How touching and chaste the memorial of Michael Grant: "*Michael Grant*—the first initiate in Cambridge Lodge No. 49; exalted in Horeb Chapter No. 4; promoted in Illinois Council No. 1; first King of Mt. Zion Chapter No. 12; Past Master Cambridge Lodge No. 49; Past High Priest Mt. Zion Chapter No. 12; Grand Standard Bearer at the time of his decease; also coroner of Henry county, died January 28, 1862, aged about 50 years. He has left an estimable widow and a large family of sons and daughters. The two eldest sons are good men and Masons in California. The hand of Brother Grant was as open as charity itself. He was a firm and steadfast friend, a fond husband, a tender and sympathizing father, a loyal citizen, a true patriot, and a zealous Mason."

No work on Sunday.—The G.·. M.·. of Illinois has issued his edict forbidding the opening of lodges on Sunday save for masonic burial of the dead. He says Sunday is a day of "rest," and not of "work."

Massachusetts.—The Grand Master enjoins not only perfection in ritual, on the part of the M.·. Ms.·., but good example. He cautions against vaulting ambition, advising that the aim be only usefulness to the brethren; that desire for office leads to party spirit and electioneering, and the worst elements of a popular political campaign, the sure precursor of ruin to peace and harmony.

The new Grand Master, in an inaugural, cautions against the reception of applicants on merely *negative* recommendations, recommends the cultivation of music and choirs in the lodge, objects to frequent public displays, and thinks that masonic charities have not been commensurate with our success.

The floating G.·. L.·. debt is paid.

Maine.—The non-intercourse with New Brunswick Masonry, by reason of its persistent invasion of the jurisdiction of the G.·. L.·. of Maine, has ceased, and we trust that the most fraternal relations will hereafter exist. The G.·. L.·. of Maine has been fully sustained by every G.·. L.·. on the continent.

The G.·. L.·. sets apart and appropriates one-half of its charity fund for sick and wounded soldiers in Maine regiments of volunteers as are members of the masonic fraternity. Masons living in neglect and apparent contempt of their high obligations by the commission of offences against decency and good morals, by open and gross immorality, profaneness, intemperance, are not to be regarded by the G.·. L.·. of Maine as objects of masonic charity.

Indiana.—Number affiliated, 10,604.

Wisconsin.—Number affiliated, 4,067.

Colorado.—There are now seven lodges in this Territory.

Kansas.—The G.·. M.·. says: "Obedience to the Government is and ever has been the duty of Masons. * * A Mason is a peaceful subject, and is never to be concerned in plots or conspiracies against the peace and welfare of the nation; and it is a signal proof of the eternal oppositeness of masonic principles that, under the stern despotism of Russia, as under our own free institutions, this obedience to civil power is alike obligatory. But our obligations to our Order must not be forgotten."

Washington Territory.—The G.·. M.·. says of Masonry: "Its home is the world, its devotees the worthy of all nations, its faith centers in Deity, and its hope in immortality. Let us act as Masons, while we think and feel as citizens of the Republic. So shall we be true to ourselves, our families, our country, our race, and our God."

New York.—The committee on Foreign Correspondence of the G.·. L.·. of New York reports, refering to the G.·. LL.·. of the South:

"Still, the little we hear shows that the masonic virtues are inculcated there as here—that the bitterness of strife, and the heated sentiments of political animosity, have no power to rouse the hatred of brother against brother even in the ranks of the rebellion, any more than they have with us. Amid the declarations that their cause is just—that they are fighting against oppression and tyranny, and that their ends must be attained only by an entire political separation from what they confess to have been a once glorious Union, we find that they call upon brethren to remember a brother even though he be armed against their lives—to forget that a foe, when the conflict is ended, has ever been a foe, and to exercise those pre-eminently masonic virtues of charity and mercy wherever the wail of affliction calls for aid.

"Truly our Institution is blessed of God in retaining so much of his own influence of love amid the fierce and cruel sentiments of animosity engendered in those whose homes have been the scene of destruction, and who feel that they have bitter wrongs—such as we happily have never yet been called to realize—in the relentless ruin with which those homes have been made desolate. We may not say that Masonry has stretched forth its hands to stay the progress of the contest—nor was it, or is it, possible for it to do so. Its mission is not to the leaders of nations arrayed in arms. It has no power to call upon raging armies to lay down the sword. But it has influences which reassure the family of the wounded who feared that a son or brother had fallen into the hands of relentless savages. It has the power to stay the arm uplifted to quench the last spark of life in a fallen foe. It can give vital force to the precepts of our religion to succor even an enemy in distress, where those precepts would have been a cold unheeded injunction without its animating voice, and, in its mitigation of the animosity which belongs to a fratricidal war, if it can not wholly end it, it is entitled to some share of the blessing pronounced upon the peace-makers, that they shall be called the children of God.

"Many examples have come to our ears during the past year where the word of a brother has stayed the uplifted sword and quenched the torch which was about to kindle the home still sheltering his wife and children. Such examples are familiar to all of you who have conversed with brethren from the different seats of war, and they are too numerous to do more than allude to now. Some such examples we have quoted from the reports of proceedings which it is our business to review, but most of them must be left for the narratives which, for many a year after this contest shall have been closed, will cheer the hearts of brethren when they reflect upon the divine mission of their Institution, having power to charge the wrath of infuriated men into sentiments which bore fruit in acts of strong and pure Christian love."

Missouri.—The G.·. S.·. metions in his report the masonic conduct of our brethren of the army towards suffering Masons. He especially notices Col. Wyman, Capt. Blanchard, and Lieut. Williams, of the 13th Illinois, Lieut. Buck, of the 36th Illinois, Col. Mills, of the 24th Missouri. He adds: "*These brethren, while they discharged their duty as soldiers, never forgot their duty as Masons.* Many of my brethren have good reason to be thankful to them."

California.—The D.·. G.·. M.·. states that "at no time has Masonry in California been in a more healthful and prosperous condition than now." The number of chartered lodges has reached 148.

"Your Committee desire here, in the most solemn manner, to express anew their abhorrence of the practice of duelling, at any and at all times, but more especially between Masons. They can not, however, be blind to the fact that ordinarily, and, perhaps, always, the blame of omission attaches as strongly to the Lodge within whose jurisdiction a duel occurs, as does the offence of commission attach to the offending brethren. They can not conceive of a difficulty between Masons that may not readily be settled by the Lodge itself, if need be, acting in its capacity, as a Lodge, thereby preventing an appeal to arms. They most earnestly recommend, should a similar cause of difference arise hereafter between brethren, that the Master of the Lodge, within whose jurisdiction they may be, immediately proceed himself to settle the difference existing, if in his power, and if he fail in this, that he forthwith summon the offending brethren and the members of his Lodge to take action upon it, for, surely, a little time and trouble is well consumed if thereby we may prevent a breach of not only our own laws but the laws of the land, and perchance save the shedding of fraternal blood."

Louisiana.—The G.·. M.·. thus discourses: "As has been said of old, Masonry flourishes best in time of peace, yet as we love the order, our exertions to preserve it will be in proportion to our present necessities. Let us meet like men and Masons the greater calls upon us, and also remember, in this our time of peril, that the charity of Freemasonry is universal, and is ever to be extended, so far as safety will allow, to a fallen foe.

Rhode Island.—The title adopted by this G.·. L.·. as its corporate name, is "The Grand Lodge of the Most Ancient and Honorable Society of Free and Accepted Masons for the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations."

"A report, which must be of great interest to our brethren of Rhode Island, was presented by M. W. Jervis J. Smith, Past Grand Master, for a Committee to whom was referred the question of a priority of age or rank of St. John's Lodge, in Newport, and St. John's Lodge, in Providence. The evidence was carefully sought for and sifted, and a large number of ancient documents were presented as referred to in the report.

The Committee decided in favor of the Lodge at Newport as the oldest. They presented an extract from the Records of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, from Decembe r 27, 1749, when the Charter was granted to the Lodge at Newport, through the successive years until 1759, giving the evidence of the delegates from that Lodge at the meetings of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

It was accordingly ordered:

"'That the edict of the M. W. Grand Lodge, adopted in February, A. L. 5861, changing the number of St. John's Lodge, Providence, from two to one shall not be construed to interfere with any of the rights or privileges of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, Newport; but the said St. John's Lodge, No. 1, Newport, shall hold the rank of the first Lodge under this jurisdiction (which she ever has held) as long as she shall exist.'"

Colorado.—The G.·. L.·. of Kansas chartered a lodge at Nevada City. The G.·. L.·., instead of resenting this infraction, puts the masonic and charitable construction upon the action of the G.·. L.·. of Kansas, and wants to hear from Kansas. Kansas explains that her G.·. L.·. had not the slightest intimation of the existence of the Colorado G.·. L.·., upon the granting of the charter to Nevada Lodge, and at once recognizes the G.·. L.·. of Colorado, and extends her fraternal regards.

Maine.—The controversy with New Hampshire has terminated by the latter G.·. L.·. forbidding her subordinates from receiving any candidate residing in another State, without the consent of the lodge in whose jurisdiction he resides.

Connecticut.—The G.·. M.·. suggests that "the ballot be made at once for the three degrees in all cases." If, after the ballot, the candidate be found unworthy, charges should be preferred, and he should be dealt with as if he had taken all the degrees.

Missouri.—The G.·. M.·. recommends that the G.·. L.·. decline to send representatives to the next session of the North American Masonic Congress. He denounces it as the old General Grand Lodge in disguise.

Vermont.—The lodges are filling up with eminent young men. G.·. M.·. recommends candidates to be examined in open lodges before advancement, and that the G.·. L.·. forbid the conferring of more than one degree at the same communication upon a candidate.

Grand Lodge of New York.—Met on the 2d June. Full attendance; Bro. Crane presiding, and Bro. Town acting as G.·. C.·. The Grand Master's address thanks God for the peace the craft is enjoying over the globe; notices military lodges; argues for the voluntary system of membership in lodges; compliments the Secretary, and recommends increase of salary; regrets that the Board of Relief is not supplied with more funds; refers to Report of Committee on Correspondence; calls attention to the violation of the constitution forbidding the M.·. M.·.'s degree to be conferred within four weeks of the time of initiation; refers to the contribution of masonic relief on the battle field, and discusses the action of the G.·. L.·. of the District in granting dispensation for a lodge at Alexandria; adverts to the increase of applicants for the degrees, and inculcates consideration of proper qualification.

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GRAND LODGE DECISIONS.

New Jersey.—1. That all elections for officers of subordinate lodges shall be by ballot, and the by-laws must conform hereunto.

2. A profane being elected in Lodge No. 1, and failing to present himself within the required time for initiation, and afterward being proposed in Lodge No. 2 and rejected, he cannot return to No. 1 and be received. He lost his claim in Lodge No. 1, and is before the fraternity as rejected in No. 2. The consent of Lodge No. 2 must be first obtained before he can be admitted into any other Lodge, even Lodge No. I.

3. The candidate having received the first, or E. A. degree, (the candidate having paid for the three degrees) a member protesting against his farther advancement cannot be compelled to give his reasons for such protest, but if he refuses the lodge may disregard him and advance the candidate, and the money, or any portion of it, for the other degrees may or may not be refunded, at its discretion, if nothing be specified in the by-laws.

Massachusetts.—The Grand Lodge decides that a charter to a lodge in a certain town, gives jurisdiction to that lodge over the territory in *that* town, *only so long* as the territory remains undivided by the legislature, *i. e.*, the Grand Lodge recognizes the divisions of towns by State legislatures, as affecting the charters of subordinate lodges. A change in boundaries, makes a change in jurisdiction. The G.·. L.·. argues that Grand Lodges recognize State lines, *e. g.* Maine and Rhode Island, the former wholly at one time under Massachusetts jurisdiction, and of the latter a portion thereof lately.

Maine.—1. At the trial of a Mason, charges and proceedings to be entered of record by the lodge, but not the evidence. The secretary reduces the substance to writing, and sends an attested copy to the Grand Lodge.

2. On the trial of a Mason for revealing proceedings, persons, not Masons, (by prosecutor, or accused, to rebut,) are competent witnesses to prove statements made.

3. A member charged, but not convicted, has a right to vote on all questions, except those relating to his own trial.

4. An accused brother cannot be a witness in his own case, but the lodge may hear him, and give his statement such weight as they may deem it entitled to.

5. No *installed* officer, elected or appointed, can resign, unless the by-laws approved by the Grand Lodge authorize it.

6. In the absence of an officer, the W.·. M.·. may appoint *pro tem.*, or indefinitely. If the *pro tem.* officer is absent, and another is appointed, the power of the former ceases.

7. If a member fails to pay his dues, the proper method is to file charges against him and proceed to try.

8. When a committee of inquiry cannot obtain adequate information concerning a candidate, the lodge should take further time, or allow the petition to be withdrawn. If the petition is not withdrawn, and the committee cannot gain the information, the lodge should reject the candidate. The lodge should have evidence not only that he is not objectionable, but that he is worthy.

9. The election of a District Deputy G.·. M.·. as M.·. of a lodge is void, &c.

Kansas.—1. The first ballot determines the candidate's worthiness; the ballots upon the F.·. C.·. and M.·. M.·. degrees are with reference to his proficiency.

2. The W.·. M.·. may take a second ballot if he suspects a mistake.

3. A lodge cannot "expunge" its minutes; it may alter or amend.

4. A Master elect must be installed before his predecessor ceases to officiate.

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"Dr. McMurdy is well known throughout the country as an eloquent, clear headed divine, and this initial number of the National Freemason shows abundant evidence of his industry, scholarship, and writing ability."—*Evening Star, Washington.*

MILITARY MASONRY.

Companion Williams was wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville, and has been a patient at one of the city hospitals. He recently lost one of his feet by amputation. He has been visited by his brethren of the order and by committee of his companions of the Royal Arch Chapter, and at the last meeting of the R.·. A.·. C.·., Companion Williams was promptly made an honorary member and his dues remitted.

The Freemasons of a New York regiment had failed to obtain a military lodge dispensation, and, being within the jurisdiction of the G.·. L.·. of South Carolina, they forwarded a petition, by flag of truce, to the G.·. Sec.·., Mackey, and received answer, *via* Liverpool and New York, declining, because the papers would have to pass military inspection on both sides, and besides it might excite prejudice in the minds of those unacquainted with masonic principles and action, and furnish occasion for animadversion by the enemies of the order.

Masonic Funeral in the Army.—Twelfth Maine regiment:

"I immediately set about making arrangements to give the body an interment agreeably to our peculiar institution of Masonry. Having obtained permission of the commander of the post, I rode through the different regiments and told the brethren the circumstances of the case, and that I had often heard him express a wish to be thus buried. With one accord, they acceded to the proposition; and having fixed the hour at four o'clock p. m., I made all the necessary preparations. Of course, we could not have everything as we wished.

"At the appointed time, the brethren to the number of forty assembled in a large tent near the hospital. Having been chosen to conduct the ceremonies, I filled the other offices, and without any formal opening (on account of the surroundings) proceeded at once to our preliminary service. The corpse was then placed in a large covered ambulance, drawn by four milk-white horses, the procession leading in the usual order. Of course, we had no masonic clothing, but so far as possible we were uniform in dress, Each one wore his own military suit, and his sprig of evergreen. And here was seen a striking illustration of the principles of our order. No degree of *rank* in military life gave *precedence* in *that* procession. Every day, almost, we have seen funeral processions pass by, and the rank of the dead (while he lived) was known by his escort. The rank of our brother would have entitled him to an escort of fourteen privates, with arms reversed, to be used in firing a volley over his grave. But in our procession, nothing of the kind was seen or known. We regard no man for his worldly wealth or honor; consequently we saw no colonels and privates, captains and corporals, lieutenants and sergeants, side by side in the same procession. On reaching the grave, the services were conducted in as impressive a manner as was possible, each brother seemingly deeply impressed by the occasion. 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust'—never were those words more deeply felt. And there, close by the sea, on a little mound, just as the sun of a most beautiful day was sinking behind the western wave, giving a beautiful tint to the western sky, while all around us was calm and still, we deposited the body of our deceased brother, and the sprig of evergreen, emblematical of our hope of a blissful immortality."

English Military Lodges attached to regiments are subject to the following regulations: "No warrant can be granted without consent of the commanding officer. The lodge cannot initiate any person in the place where the regiment is located, nor any person belonging to the military profession below the rank of corporal."

Ohio.—The G.·. L.·. has granted a number of military lodges.

Our order, by means of its lodges in the army, is likely to exercise a most beneficial and ameliorating influence amid the sufferings of this civil war. * * * Masonry is not a *power*, but * * * an influence * * claiming for itself the loftier and brighter realm of that *charity* which is *eternal*—which ever lives, and moves, and acts, in the solemn and sanctified conviction that

> "All mankind are brothers,
> One God their father, too."

[*Com. Cor. Maine.*

Patriotism and Charity.—Address of the G.·. M.·. of Maine.—"While he serves his country with all his power, he yet finds time for the exercise of charity. Whether the object of it be a destitute prisoner, the widow, or the orphan, it is all the same to him; it is his pleasure, as well as duty, to afford relief. And I am happy to find some bright spots in the history of this contest. I am glad to know that there remain some among our misguided southern brethren who have not forgotten all their masonic duties and obligations. W.·. Bro. Jas. A. Hall, Master of Alna Lodge, and Grand Sword Bearer of this Grand Lodge, and who is himself now in the army, in December last received a letter containing information that two members of this lodge (one of them his own brother) who had been taken prisoners at the first battle of Bull Run, and were then prisoners of war at New Orleans, had had their wants provided for by M.·. W.·. Fellows, Grand Master of Louisiana. And pains were taken to send word to their families that they were comfortable, and in good health. Let Masonry have its perfect work at home and in the field. * * *

But in the future I perceive greater and more responsible duties. * * * But when the sword is laid aside, and our soldiers have resumed the avocations of peace, there remains much to be done. The animosities and hatreds always engendered by war, and especially by such a war, must be removed. This will be the Mason's duty. Having been taught the exercise of charity and brotherly love, the Masons can do very much to restore the ancient harmony and union, without which peace itself is but a name. I can almost perceive the finger of Providence in the work of raising up so large and so powerful a body whose especial province it shall be to effect reconciliation, and the return of brotherly love."

The first Military Lodge granted by the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania was No. 18, to the 17th British regiment of foot. The second was to Colonel Proctor, and was numbered No. 19. The furniture used by Colonel Proctor in his Regimental Lodge was the property of St. John's Lodge, Newark, New Jersey, whose labors were suspended by the war. It was loaned by the lodge. This regiment was attached to General Wayne's brigade. In 1779 it was detailed for an expedition with General Sullivan against the Six Nations, (Indians.) It crossed to Wyoming, and thence to Tioga Point. Here a masonic service was performed by the lodge in memory of Captain Davis and Lieutenant Jones, two brother Masons, who were slain and scalped by the savages. This regiment advanced north, and on the Genesee occurred the masonic incident so often told of Brandt and Lt. Boyd, both Masons; the one the Indian captor, and the other the white captive.

The Military Lodge warrant was surrendered to the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania in 1784, and "Montgomery Lodge, No. 19," a local lodge of Philadelphia, was chartered to occupy the No. of the travelling lodge.

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A Touching Inicdent.

We are indebted to Brother Wilson, Master of the Lodge and station hotel keeper at Chenoa, for the following. On the second day of August last a certificate was issued to Reuben Young, (son of Brother D. W. Young) of the twentieth regiment, Col. Marsh.

After the battle at Pittsburg, he returned home, and meeting Brother Wilson, something like the following colloquy ensued:

Wilson. Well Reuben, did you get the certificate I sent you?

Reuben. I did that, and I was glad I had it. After the battle at Pittsburg, I was put in the cockloft of a cabin, among the joists and rafters, not often visited by the surgeons, and every day growing feebler and worse.

Wilson. Well, how did your certificate help you there?

Reuben. Why, one morning, when the waiter brought me my breakfast, I pulled out my certificate and told him to hand it to the surgeon; pretty soon the surgeon came, and spoke to me, and said, "What do you want, my son?" I told him, "I want to get out of here." So he took me to a house, put me in a good room, and I had every care and comfort I wanted.

On another occasion Reuben was travelling to Fort Henry and gave out by the way. Soon the Major came along, and Reuben asked him if he was a Mason. He answered that he was. The certificate was forthcoming, the boy was soon on the Major's horse, and in due time in camp.—*Trowel.*

[Commnnicated.]

MAJOR PETTIGREW.

Amid the storm of war now sweeping over our country, all associations and classes of men are called upon to mourn those who were their ornaments and pride. Sorrow has clouded many a lodge, and the insignia of mourning have draped the temple. Faith and Hope, passing from earth, find a better clime above, and Charity covers them with its blessed mantle, while they leave sorrowing hearts behind.

Major George W. Pettigrew, of the Confederate army, was wounded in the leg by a ball, in the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., on the 13th December, 1862, and remained upon the field until the next day, when he was taken prisoner by the Union troops, and subsequently brought to Washington City, and placed in the Patent Office Hospital, where he died on the morning of the 30th December, 1862. He was a brother of General Pettigrew, of the Confederate army.

His wound was not necessarily fatal; but before his arrival in Washington erysipelas had supervened, rendering amputation impossible without fatal result; and upon being informed by Dr. Stone, the surgeon of the hospital, that the operation would prove fatal, and that he could not live, he received the information with calmness and fortitude, and expressed a desire to communicate with his wife, and also to make his will. He requested a lady in attendance to write to his wife, and say that he desired her to raise his children, as his mother had raised him, in the love and fear of the Lord. Beautifully did his Christian principles shine out and brighten his closing hours. At his request, the prayers of the Episcopal Church were read, and when at the concluding words, "the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting," he repeated them with great emphasis; and then said, "Give me the book, that I may see those blessed words;" and then raised himself up and repeated them aloud. Handing back the book, he said, "Oh, what a blessed promise!" After this, he asked for the prayer for his family in affliction. He joined in it, and this was his last prayer.

He made his will on the 29th December, 1862, died on the 30th, and was buried on the 31st, from Masons' Hall, in this city, according to the ceremonies of the Ancient Order of Freemasons, of which he was a member. A large number of the masonic order, and citizens generally, and amongst them a number of ladies, attended the funeral. Dr McMurdy delivered a touching and beautiful address.

Upon being informed that he could not live, he expressed a desire to see some of his brethren of the masonic order in Washington, (many of whom called upon him, and among them the W.·. G.·. M.·.,) and that they would take charge of his body after death, and decently bury him; all of which they did. He was buried in the Congressional Burying-ground, and a neat board marks the spot. He desired also to be buried according to the rites of the Episcopal church, which was done; Rev. R. McMurdy, D. D., LL. D., Grand Prelate of the Grand Encampment of the United States, officiating.

Such were the closing scenes and "last of earth" of a true Christian and faithful Mason.

Note by Editor.—Major Pettigrew showed no bitterness of spirit towards the country. The work of suffering was quite perfect, chastening, subduing, and teaching him to look upon earthly things through a celestial medium. One of the attendants, very busy perhaps elsewhere, was quite tardy on one occasion, in giving him water to allay his suffering, he exclaimed: "President Lincoln himself would give me water more quickly if he were here."

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The Masonic Celebration yesterday was quite a success. The procession started from the Lodge about 1 o'clock, p. m., and marched to Yeates' Garden, where the tables were set and where the festivities commenced. First were the speeches. Rev. Dr. McMurdy, Grand Prelate of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, was first. His remarks were very fine indeed. He was followed by Rev. Mr. Bowman of the Wolfe street Hospital. He gave an interesting history of the life and trials of John the Baptist. The band of the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry, 26 instruments, discoursed most excellent music at different times during the day. There were visitors from most of the loyal States.—*Alexandria News.*

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"The National Freemason is a beautifully printed sheet. The paper starts into full and vigorous life. * * * Its matter is highly interesting, and in good taste, and its editorials of marked ability." * * * *National Intelligencer.*

BOOK NOTICES.

THE ARMY CHAPLAIN: His office, duties, and responsibilities, and the means of aiding him. By Rev. W. Y. Brown, A. M., Hospital Chaplain, U. S. Army. Philadelphia: W. S. & Alfred Martien. No. 606 Chestnut street, 1863.

Our excellent brother deserves the thanks of chaplains, the Christian community, soldiers, and the country, for this manual. It should be in the hands of every chaplain and visitant of hospitals. We give the subjects of chapter 1, part 1: The President's Message—Original appointees—The origin of the office—One to each permanent Hospital—How appointed—Legal qualifications—Certificate of appointment—Assimulated rank—Surgeon, the commanding officer—Duties distinct—The uniform, when to be worn—Reasons for—Compensation—Quarters should be convenient—Assigned to duty—Leave of absence.

CONTINENTAL MONTHLY. Published by John F. Trow, 50 Greene street, New York City. Single copies $3, two copies for $5

This publication is devoted to literature and national policy. It has an immense circulation, distinguished and able contributors, and attractive and thrilling stories. It is conducted by Brothers Robert J. Walker and Fred. P. Stanton.

The contents of the June number are, Value of the Union—A Merchant's Story—May Morning—The Navy of the United States—Three Modern Romances—Milton on Liberty—Cloud and Sunshine—Reason, Rhyme, and Rhythm—Buccaneers—Virginia—National Academy—Was he successful—Trip to Europe—Literary Notices, &c.

We have read with great interest the Episcopal paper, "The Northwestern Church," published by Rev. Thomas Smith, Chicago, Illinois. Its selections and editorials are attractive. Terms, $2 per annum.

◆

Masonic Meetings within the District.

Grand Lodge, first Tuesday, May and November, and December 27, at 4 p. m. Grand Chapter, second Monday in November, 7 p. m. Washington Commandery, No. 1, 2d and 4th Wednesdays, and on Good Friday, at 7½ p. m. Columbia Commandery, No. 2, U. D., 1st and 3d Fridays, at 7½ p. m. Columbia R. A. Chapter, 1st and 3d Wednesdays; and Washington R. A. Chapter, No. 16, 2d and 4th Thursdays, at 7½ p. m. Federal Lodge, No. 1, every other Tuesday. Lebanon Lodge, No. 7, 1st and 3d Fridays. New Jerusalem, No. 9, 2d and 4th Thursdays. St. John's, No. 11, 2d and 4th Fridays. National, No. 12, every other Tuesday. Washington Centennial, No. 14, 1st and 3d Thursdays. B. B. French, No. 15, 1st and 3d Mondays. Dawson, No. 16, 2d and 4th Mondays. Harmony, No. 17, 2d and 4th Wednesdays. All the above at Masonic Hall, corner D and 9th, and at 7½ p. m., except where otherwise specified. Washington Naval Lodge, No. 4, 1st Saturday of each month, Virginia avenue, Navy Yard, at 7½ p. m. Hiram Lodge, No. 10, 1st and 3d Fridays, 19th, above Pennsylvania avenue, 7½ p. m.

Georgetown, Masonic Hall, at 7½ p. m. Potomac R. A. Chapter, No. 8, 1st Thursday; and Potomac Lodge, No. 5, 1st and 3d Mondays.

Alexandria, Union Lodge, at Masonic Hall, every Thursday, at 7½ p. m.

◆

Maryland Masonry.

However much we may regret the course of such brethren, we can rejoice in the testimony of a good masonic conscience. No true Mason, member of a Lodge in this jurisdiction, when he has met the wounded or suffering fellow Mason—the victim of this unnatural strife—has stopped to ask him whether he did his duty in a blue coat or in a grey one. It was his suffering brother, and every charity flowed immediately upon the recognition of the mystic sign.—*Jno. S. Berry, G.·. M.·.*, 1862.

◆

NATIONAL FREEMASON.—"Masons are enthusisastic in support of it here, and deservedly, too, judging from its first number. Dr. McMurdy is well known to us, as to the whole country, as a close, logical thinker, a fine writer, of indomitable will, energy of purpose, persistent, never wearying, overcoming every obstacle, and almost invariably triumphing. The "Freemason" is already a wonderful success, and will prove interesting not only to the Craft, but also to the general reader. Its terms are very low.—*Nat. Rep.*"

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The National Freemason.

VOL. I.—NO. 4. WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER, 1863. $1.50 PER ANNUM.

ROBERT McMURDY, D. D., LL. D., GRAND PRELATE OF GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF U. S., EDITOR, BOX 982.

"WHISTLE DOWN THE BRAKES."

BY B. B. FRENCH, G.·. M.·. KS.·. T.·.

When we hear the young apprentice,
Who has only pipp'd the shell,
Grandiloquently striving
Of Freemasonry to tell—
Giving his elder brethren
A touch of knowledge vast!
We "whistle down the brakes boys,
He's moving on too fast!"

When we see the young made Master
Oft rising on the floor,
When with words—but not with wisdom—
His shallow mind runs o'er,
We wish some one a whisper
Into his ear would cast—
"Oh whistle down the brakes boys,
You're moving on too fast!"

When with erring footsteps onward
We behold a brother move,
Whom in our hearts we've cherished
With an ocean vast of love:
When we know he has forgotten,
In his cups, the sacred past,
We cry, "Whistle down the brakes boys,
He's moving on too fast!"

All along the world's broad-gauge road
We're rushing toward the tomb—
Look ahead, the track's encumbered,
O'er the future hangs a gloom—
Stop the train, a switch is open;
The whistle shrieks its blast;
"Down! Down! *hard* down the brakes boys
We're moving on too fast."

When with truth's banners flying,
We sweep towards life's goal,
Our locomotive virtue,
Fired with religion's coal—
Relieving the afflicted,
Raising the downward cast,
Oh whistle *up* the brakes boys,
We cannot move too fast.

WORDS MASONIC.

"Hands round, then, faithful brethren,
Weave the bright fraternal chain;
We part upon the square below
To meet in Heaven again.
Oh! what words of precious meaning
Those words Masonic are;
We meet upon the level,
And we part upon the square."

THE ORPHAN BEGGAR.

A little boy, an orphan too,
Whose fingers' ends with cold were blue,
With pearly drops in either eye,
Ready to start when pity's nigh,
With timed steps approached the door,
(Some scanty pittance to implore)
Whose brazen knocker, smooth and bright,
Mocked all the efforts of the wight,
His little hands its place supplied,
And open flew the portal wide.
A clergyman of modern date,
Less famed for *kindness* than estate,
Now eyed the boy from top to toe;
And listening to his tale of woe,
Said, "Take this *crust*—'tis *mouldy*, too;
But *still*, 'tis good enough for *you!*"
The boy received it with good grace,
And turned about to quit the place.
"*Stop*," said the priest, "an orphan boy
Should not pursue such bad employ.
Answer me this, pray can you *read?*"
"Ah! no, sir, 'tis a truth indeed."
"Not read! why, then, you cannot *pray*.
I'll teach you; after *me* thus say,
Our Father who in heaven art."
("*Our Father*" touched his little heart.)
"Is he *your* Father then, and *mine?*"
"Yes," said the reverend divine;
"God is the Father of us all,
Of rich and poor, of great and small."
With feeling undisguised, the boy
Summed up the whole in this reply:
"We're *brothers*; *then* let it not be said
You ever gave me *mouldy* bread!"

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

[This is so true it should be styled a narrative more than a story.]

CHAPTER I.

It was midsummer and near the close of the day. The rays of the sun no longer reached the deep ravine where I was strolling, yet they lingered among the tall tree-tops, lending to the dark green foliage a golden hue. The birds were singing merrily as they hopped from branch to branch, and the little insects were chirping in the grass beneath my feet. It was an unfrequented place, and I paused to hear the wild music, and to behold the picturesque scenery, heedless of all but the beauty and the harmony that surrounded me. Strange conceptions filled my soul, and my thoughts grew rapid and confused like the fancies of a troubled dream.

Presently the loud tones of a human voice, borne on the airy wings of the zephyr that gently played among the leaves and flowers, roused me again to a consciousness; and hastening over the loose gray stones that lay in my path, I suddenly stood in the presence of a young man who was speaking from a rock at the head of the ravine. There was something in the wildness around that imparted the power of a charm to his words, for they were full of stirring sound, and strangely fascinating. As a trusting maiden listens to the avowal of her lover, so listened I to his eloquence.

But there is an end to every joy. And when the young man was done speaking, he darted down the ravine, leaping from rock to rock like the mountain goat; and so rapid was his coming that only a few paces lay between us when I was observed. He was surprised to meet a stranger where he had never before met a human being, and stopping short in his descent, turned his eyes to the steep on either hand, as if he would escape some way. I advanced towards him, and stammered something to excuse my intrusion on his privacy. He saw no cause of alarm in my embarrassment, and extending his hand assured me he did not regret the accident that gave him a new acquaintance.

I should have praised his eloquence, but he forbid me. "That you heard," said he, "was a plain sermon, and not at all worthy of eulogy."

CHAPTER II.

Scarcely had three days elapsed since my arrival in the village, yet during that brief space I had heard frequent mention of an eloquent young divine, who chose to dwell among the mountains, and preach to the rustic inhabitants. Through his exertions a house had been erected and dedicated to the living God, and another was building for the academicians, whom he daily instructed in the higher branches of useful education, as solicitous for their success as their mothers for their welfare.

I had a great desire to see a man that was beloved by old and young, and even by those who despised his teachings: and oh! what a pleasure was mine, thus to meet him in the wild mountain! We descended the ravine together, talking and telling the events of our lives with the freedom of a long acquaintance.

Some of the villagers saw us returning, arm in arm, and straightway it was told and believed that we had long before known and loved each other.

"Our friendship commenced yesterday," was my reply to the question of an old man, one of the deacons of a village church.

"But I noticed an intimacy that seldom comes of so short an acquaintance," continued the gray-beard.

I looked steadfastly in his face for a few moments, to divine his meaning; but the expression there was simply wonder.

Thus I answered—"My home is far from here in one direction, my goal is further in another, and your village lies between. Here I came, a few days since, alike a stranger to the people and the country. I found the former frank and friendly, and the latter picturesque and beautiful. These were enough for me, and I resolved to stay and enjoy them for a little season. For three days I have wandered over the hills and through the valleys, gathering wild flowers, and listening to the sweet melody of the birds. My last ramble was through a dark winding ravine, where I overheard a sermon, containing words that elsewhere have a mystic meaning. To these I made allusion when I met the preacher, and each found in the other not a stranger, but a Brother."

CHAPTER III.

The next day I resumed my journey. But for many days after my departure, the old deacon walked apart from men, pondering my words in his heart. At length he called together the principal members of the church, and revealed to them the cause of his disquietude; and they all heard the tidings with wonder and profound concern.

Very soon the uninformed discovered there was something wrong, for the elders held a long and secret session, which was followed by fasting and prayer. Then came a night of restlessness and frightful dreams and frequent mutterings. In the morning men were running to and fro, and women were flying from house to house, for the deacon in his sleep had called the preacher a hypocrite and a sinner. Some thought he was belied, as he never spoke ill of any one; and some thought he was crazed, as he refused to speak of this matter, and muttered and shook his head.

But the birds of the air carried the secret, and in the church were winks not words, and out of it were hints and surmises. The church goers grew indifferent about preaching; and the more they were exhorted, the more they winked and nodded and strayed away.

After a while the elders sent a herald to inform the people that a meeting of the congregation would be held, to afford the preacher a suitable opportunity to deny the infamous rumor then current in the community. At the appointed time, the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay, all came together to see and hear whatever might come to pass.

And the deacon stood in their midst, and prayed: "Grant, oh Lord, that this report may prove false!" and all the people present cried, "Amen!"

But when the preacher rose and said, "I am indeed a Freemason," the deacon groaned in spirit, and was troubled, and there was silence in the church for the space of half an hour.

Then again the deacon prayed: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." And, after a long discourse to prove that Freemasonry was a sin and a shame, and an abomination to the Lord, he proposed forgiveness for the past, if the guilty man would withdraw from the unholy Order, and make an open revelation. But this was indignantly refused, and here the meeting had an end.

Chapter IV.

The day following, the youthful divine bid adieu to the field of his early ministry, and with his bundle and his cane, afoot and alone, began his weary pilgrimage. The villagers came out of their houses as he passed and pressed his hand, wept, and said: "Farewell, may God bless you."

And when he was gone, they began to ask one of another, What had the man done, that we would send him away naked? Has he not lived among us, preaching the gospel, and teaching our little children? And what do we know of Freemasonry, that we should condemn so good a man? Alas! he was a faithful shepherd, and we a wayward flock!

During the next Sunday the door of the church was not opened. But when the hour for service drew nigh, many of the people congregated, and strolled about in pairs among the tombs, or stood in knots among the maple trees, talking of prejudice and persecution. When another Sunday came, the number was greatly diminished; still there were a few who gathered there, and grieved and prayed. Another Sunday came and went, but not a soul was there to sigh amid the solitude.

Then the grass began to grow in the path and about the steps. The twittering swallow built her nest in the eve, and the black wasp made fast in the ceiling. The little bat crawled into the crevices, the owl perched upon the chimney-top, the fox made her den beneath the floor. And a rumor spread abroad throughout the whole country, that the house of the Lord was haunted.

The Christian Sabbath was no longer observed by the young as a day for the worship of God, but was remembered only as one of rest from the labors of the week, when all might come together and dance, and make merry in their hearts. And on that sacred day it was no uncommon thing to hear the sharp crack of the hunter's rifle, or the loud howl of the chaser's hound.

But as the young grew wild and frolicsome, the old grew sad and serious. Night meetings for prayer became frequent; but the young were never there. Gay as the singing lark, they had no thought for the morrow; but the old were bowed to the earth. It was pitiful to see the poor old deacon walking by himself, shaking his head, and muttering—"On me alone the curse should fall, for all the sin is mine."

In the course of time the people repented of their deed, and resolved to call again the village teacher. But he had gone hence, and none knew whither. Inquiry was made, but without tidings. At length a story came that filled the village with weeping and lamentation. The mangled corpse of a man, who, by accident or design, had wandered far from the main road, was found by a hunter in a lonely road, at the foot of a craggy steep, over which he had been precipitated. The deceased was young and fair and slender. His dark flowing hair, which in life had relieved his bold, thoughtful features, until they appeared almost handsome, was blown about by the wind. Near at hand lay a small bundle, tied in a white handkerchief, and in the crown of his broken hat was the fragment of a sermon. The hunter took the hat and bundle, and laid them beside the corpse, and covered altogether with leaves and branches.

Chapter V.

It was at the close of the day, and long after the villagers had ceased, formally, to mourn for their preacher, that a very old man, tottering on his staff, entered the little village by the road leading past the church. He paused a moment to look at the wasting edifice, and a big round tear fell from his eye as he turned away. A little further on he met the old deacon, who also leaned upon a staff.

"Wherefore is that edifice deserted?" asked the aged stranger.

"On me alone the curse should fall, for all the sin is mine," replied the deacon.

"What sin?" continued the stranger.

With tearful eyes and mournful voice, the deacon answered—"It is a long time since the shepherd quit his flock. He was faithful, but I was perverse. I drove him hence to die in the wilderness. Since then yon door has not once been turned upon its hinges; and all the sin is mine."

The old deacon took the stranger with him to his own home, and gave him food to eat and water to drink. And he told him many things about the people of the village, and about the state of their morals.

And when he was done, the stranger said, "Your words have grieved me much; but while there is life there is hope, and I have come among you to preach the gospel."

When Sunday came, the village church was thrown open, and the rank grass in the path was trodden under foot, and the fox, and the owl and the bat, were frightened away. On that day there seemed no end of the coming of the people. Nor sex, nor rank, nor age, nor shame, kept any one away. And every eye was fixed upon the aged preacher, and every ear received his words: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another."

Feeble indeed were the tones of his voice in the beginning; but as he proceeded, they grew fuller and firmer and faster, until the air above and all around rung with the music of his eloquence. Then his hearers thought of him they had persecuted and destroyed, and every heart was melted with tears.

After the service was ended, the elders pressed around the venerable stranger, telling of their sinfulness and destitution, and begging him to forsake an itinerant life, and spend his few remaining days with them.

But he answered—"My friends, be not deceived, for I too am a Freemason."

Then the deacon muttered—"Yes, he was a Mason, but he was a good man and a Christian. On me alone the curse should fall, for all the sin is mine."

"But," continued the preacher, "there is no wrong in Freemasonry. It interferes not in the least with man's duty to his God, to his country, to his neighbor, to his family, or to his business. On the other hand, it has been the means of effecting much good in the world. And *apropos* of this—a short time after I attained my majority, a Lodge of Freemasons was established in the village where I resided; and I resolved, against the will of parents, to become a member. I had ever been a wild, reckless, headstrong boy, without veneration for anything that was holy. In truth, I was an atheist, or tried to be one; but I was compelled to hide the fact in my stony heart, for I dwelt among Christians.

"When I petitioned for a fellowship in the Fraternity of Freemasons, I knew nothing of the ordeal through which I had to pass, or perhaps I should have shrunk from the undertaking. A book was offered me, it was the Holy Bible, which I had 'many a time and oft' pronounced a cunning fable; but, to the question that accompanied, I with truth and shame replied—'It is the word of God.' But when asked in whom I put my trust, I shuddered; for I had too often spoken of Jehovah as the fancy of some crazy brain. Then was the moment of my conviction; and from that time I was a preacher of the gospel."

"If this be Masonry," cried the old deacon, "oh God, forgive me my ignorance."

Chapter VI.

About a year afterwards I was again in the little village, which had undergone many changes, some visible, and some only known to the heart. These I remarked. The church was roofed anew, and patched and painted; the schoolhouse was completed, and the upper room was a Masonic Lodge, at the door of which stood the sexton. The good old deacon was a Warden of the Lodge, and in the orient, without his staff, his long hair, and wrinkled mask, presided—the village preacher.

THE MASONIC INSTITUTION OF ORPHEUS.

BY AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, L. L. D.

About fourteen centuries before the Christian era, and long before the States of Greece had attained to any high degree of civilization, a personage appeared who possessed that rare combination of qualities which always distinguish a hero, and reveal the creator of a new epoch. He was a Thracian by birth, the son of Æger and Calliope; but the mythic tinge discoverable in all the traditions regarding him, and the contradictory accounts given by the ancient Grecian writers who have spoken of him, render it exceedingly difficult to tell precisely what he was, or what he did. Some of the old authors assert that there were several persons who successively bore the name of Orpheus, and that the poems attributed to the Thracian were the productions of more than one poet; while others deny that any such person ever existed. But these speculations all fall to the ground and disappear when we apply those tests which the philosophy of history supplies. The very existence of the traditions at a very early period of Grecian history, contradictory as they are, and, above all, the existence of the institutions of which he was the founder, prove clearly enough that such a personage once lived, although his veritable character may have been somewhat embellished by a mythological drapery. What we do see of him, standing out in bold relief from the surrounding darkness, and detached from the mythological shadows which environ it, lead us to believe him to have been a man of no ordinary character. He was a poet of most exalted genius, of ardent imagination, and profound feeling. In all his poems, philosophy and sentiment are equally blended. He recounted in sublime verse the heroic exploits of the Argonauts, (of whom he was one,) whose expedition in search of the golden fleece was so celebrated in early Grecian history: he sang the mystic qualities of precious stones, and composed hymns sublimely beautiful in honor of the Eternal Master of the seasons.[*]

Amiable beyond the common run of men, ever governed by the most positive of sentiments, his heart overflowing with tenderness and sympathy, he seemed to be inspired by the Powers above. Although a prince by birth, the son of a king of that country, he commanded more by the force of his character, and the nobility of his soul, than by the external authority with which he was invested. As yet, however, he did not comprehend his destiny, nor clearly see the mission to which he had obviously been appointed by Providence. Retired among the Thracian valleys, he gave himself up to poetic meditations, and the enjoyment of the caresses of the beautiful and chaste Eurydice—that glorious figure of female loveliness and purity—whom he loved with all the burning ardor of a poet, and whom he was destined so soon to lose. A mortal disease—produced, as some have said, by the bite of a venomous reptile—removed her from his arms, and consigned her to the abodes of death. And how beautifully and touchingly is the memory of his great love—of his persevering and unwearied devotion—of his enduring fidelity and incurable grief—perpetuated by that most poetic myth which represents Orpheus seeking his lost Eurydice in the realm of shades, charming the powers which rule below with the music of his harp, and compelling them by the mysterious force of his songs to release her from the bondage of death, and restore her to his embrace!

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[*] Vide Orph. de Opera; and also Bode, Orpheus Poetarum Græcorum Antiquissimus.

This supreme affliction awakened the slumbering energies of his soul, and led to that sublime regeneration, in which the love of his Eurydice was expanded to the love of his race. He now addressed himself with earnestness and zeal to the great work of reforming society, taming the rude and semi-barbarous men of his nation, and laying the foundations of that glorious fabric of Grecian civilization which became in after ages the wonder and admiration of the world.

To prepare himself for this divine labor, he traveled into all countries in search of wisdom. Egypt, at that period, took the lead in the march of civilization, and was the favored seat of philosophy, science, and religion. There, by the tomb of Osiris, he listened to the instructions of the Egyptian sages. Mingling with all classes of the people, he studied the structure of that ancient civilization; and, initiated into the secret institution of Isis, he became acquainted with the means of social advancement, and of individual enlightenment. He saw at once the great value of this institution, and its adaptation as an aid to human progress; and he comprehended also the power of those sublime moral dramas, which were therein represented, to impress strongly the solemn lessons of virtue and religion on the minds of earnest and imaginative men. In these secret sanctuaries of science he proved himself a most willing and intelligent scholar. Thus become master of all his wisdom of the Egyptians, he returned to his own country, and planted there with an open and generous hand the seeds of a new and higher civilization. He established the Mysteries, and thus associated with him the most enlightened and earnest spirits of his age and nation. His initiary rite was a drama, setting forth the progressive development of man, both socially and individually, and illustrating his duties, and the high and glorious destiny to which, by earnest striving, he might attain.

The Secret Order of Orpheus was the fountain of Grecian civilization. By its influence he led those untamed nations up from the rudeness and solitude of the primitive state, and gave them cities and towns, the industrial arts, and a civilization. In its hidden recesses, where the profane eye was never permitted to look, commenced the development of those great social ideas which regenerated Greece, and placed that celebrated country at the head of the civilization of the world, and made it pre-eminent in science, philosophy, and poetry, and in all the arts which enrich society and embellish life.

Orpheus transported his Mysteries into Greece, and they were celebrated there for the first time on a mountain of Bœotia. The Greeks received them with avidity, and they soon grew into that vast and powerful institution known afterward under the name of the "Mysteries of Eleusis."

Orpheus was what the Germans call a "many-sided man"—a man of universal genius and knowledge. He studied life in all its aspects, and labored to find a relief for every sorrow, a gratification for every want, a remedy for every ill. As a physician, skilled almost supernaturally, he healed the physical sicknesses of the people; as a philosopher and priest, he taught them science, philosophy, and religion; as a political economist, he taught the arts of government and social organization; and, as a poet, he composed and sung those marvelous songs—the first voices of a new civilization—which harmonized and softened the fierce tempers of savage men, and charmed them into the obedience of law and order.

All the ancients unite in ascribing to the songs of Orpheus a miraculous force. His seven-chorded harp was celebrated throughout the ancient world, and possessed, it is said, miracle-working powers. Wherever he went, it was his inseparable companion.—Moved by its mysterious and thrilling harmonies, the trees danced for very joy; the wild waves and winds were calmed; the most savage of beasts crouched lovingly at his feet; and men, ruder than the brutes and wilder than the tempests, were charmed from their forest homes and mountain dens, laid aside their savage ferocity, and yielded to the laws and habitudes of civilized life.

But may not this myth have another and more important sense? May not that seven-stringed lyre, which, under the skilled hand of this great conjurer of the ancient world, exercised such a mighty influence in taming men and moving the nations, have reference to that mystic circle, that secret principle, through the agency of which the elements of a new civilization were communicated to the world, and those glorious types of justice, and equity, and virtue—which were subsequently realized in Grecian thought and life—were brought down from heaven to earth? And the divine ideas of Unity and Love, and the sentiment of Fraternity—were not these that miracle working music, the secret of the sublime enchantment?

The death of Orpheus was singularly tragical, and the manner of it is well established, although the causes which led to the catastrophe are involved in some obscurity. But the most authentic accounts lead us to believe that, after the death of Eurydice, whom he loved so deeply, he was seized with a strange antipathy to the whole sex. At all events, he ever after was invulnerable to all the charms and attractions of female beauty. Prompted, unconsciously perhaps, by this feeling, he introduced the rule of celibacy into his Brotherhood, which so excited the anger of the women, that, seizing an occasion when the initiates had assembled, and left (as their custom was) their arms at the gates of the temple, they took possession of them, and taking the temple by storm, Orpheus and his associates were put to the sword. Orpheus was cut to pieces, and his head and his heart was thrown into the river which bathed the foundations of the sacred temple. But, according to the old fable, they could not entirely kill the prophet and miracle-worker; for it is related that as they floated on the surface of the river downward to the ocean, the head continued to chant the celestial hymns, and the harp still resounded with those sublime strains which had ofttimes appeased the storm and calmed the turbulence of the sea!

This mythe affords us a beautiful image of the immortality of Truth—of the perpetual efficacy and power of the life and word of a wise and good man! Orpheus was murdered, but the influence of his life was everlasting. It continued to throb in the Grecian heart through long centuries! His word and his life were an immortal psalm, which continued to sing in the ear of Greece the lessons of celestial wisdom, and the prophecy of a golden age.

The particular fact to which we desire to direct the reader's attention is, that *Grecian civilization commences with Orpheus and his Mysteries.* He stood, as it were, at the portals of Grecian life, and directed the genius of that wonderful people in the way it should take, and led it onward toward that brilliant destiny which it finally achieved. Freemasonry was the instrument he employed to effect the social regeneration of his country. Though *it* came to the States of Greece that Order of Life which has made them celebrated in all subsequent ages.

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Masonic Friendship.

The following anecdote was contributed to the *Freemasons' Quarterly Review* by the individual who was one of the actors in this scene of masonic friendship. By the way, it may be remarked that Don Miguel has always been considered as the *beau ideal* of an anti-mason, and was not less distinguished for his persecution of the order than he was for his desecration of everything else that was pure, or true, or noble.

"The son of a Portuguese nobleman and myself spent some few years of our early youth together. The friendship of boyhood was interrupted by the changes consequent on our relative stations. He returned to his family; I embarked in commercial pursuits. In 1828 my engagements directed me to Lisbon, where our former friendship was renewed, and, if possible, with increased warmth on both sides. My friend was aid-de-camp to Don Miguel; and as a mark of respect to my feelings, he became a Freemason, and paid very considerable attention to its observances and dictates. If not altogether inseparable, we were mutually bound by a tie of deep interest. Our tastes agreed in every particular; he delighted in my prospect of commercial success; and although, as an Englishman, I did not approve of Don Miguel, the position of my friend led me to look on that policy with less severity than might otherwise have been the case.

"My friend one day called on me, evidently in a disturbed state of mind, and told me that he was about to prove to me, as a Mason, how powerfully he reverenced his obligation. 'The King,' said he, 'has decreed the arrest of forty gentlemen now on board the Duke of York steamer. They are liberals, and are of your opinions. When taken, there will be no chance of their lives. The order is now in my office, awaiting my signature. I will take care not to return until you shall have had time to apprise them of their danger. There shall be three hours clear for such purpose, and a boat with four men is ready. One hug—it may be the last!' We did not speak—he left me. I hastened to fulfill his command, reached the boat, and being an Englishman, my dashing through a number of armed boats was merely ascribed to some frolic. I gained the steamer, and, as may be expected, surprised th party by my information. They immediately left i boats, and rowed to the Pyramus, and were receive by Captain Sartorinus, who protected them, and thu their lives were saved."

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THE SIEGE OF MALTA.

The Knights Hospitallers of St. John were origi ally, as their name imports, a religious association fc ministering to the sick among the pilgrims to th Holy Land. Subsequently they became a militar body, pledged by a vow to defend the Holy Sepulchr and to maintain perpetual war against the Mohammedans. After the expulsion of the Christians, th Knights took possession first of Cyprus, and subsequently of Rhodes, which they fortified and enriche and where, for several centuries, they retained thei power. Their galleys were perpetually bringing i prizes from the Turks; their red banner with th white cross was ever seen in the thickest of the fight their courage, and skill, and ample fortifications resis ed every attack. In prosperity they did not yield t luxury, in adversity they did not lose hope; nor di they provoke the jealousy of foreign governments an princes by ambition. "*There is no example of military institution* (*it is the testimony of Mr. Pre cott*) *having religion for its object, which, under ever change of condition, and for so many centuries, mai ned so inflexibly the purity of its principles, and s conscientiously devoted itself to the great object fo which it was created.*" Against this little band Rhodes, Solyman led the whole force of the Ottoma Empire. He was stimulated by a desire of effacin the dishonor of a former repulse, and the necessity removing so formidable an obstacle to the commerc between Constantinople and the southern shore of th Mediterranean. A fleet of three hundred sail tran ported ten thousand soldiers to the devoted islan while an army of a hundred thousand men followe along the shore of Asia Minor. For six months th few hundred knights, under the command of Villie de Lisle Adam, unaided and undaunted, bore th shock of the unequal contest. All the resources military skill were exhausted in the attack an defense; and the city, hopeless of success, finally su rendered on the most honorable terms. The inscriptions and armorial bearings were suffered to remai churches were respected, and the island free fro tribute for five years. "Three hundred and fiftee years," to quote the words of Marshal Marmont, "hav now elapsed since this illustrious Order was oblige to abandon its conquest, after a possession of tw hundred and twelve years. The street of the Knight is uninjured; and the door of each house is still ornamented with the escutcheon of the last inhabitan The buildings have been spared, but are unoccupied and we could almost fancy ourselves surrounded b the shades of departed heroes. The arms of France the noble fleur-de lis, are seen in all directions. observed those of the Clermont-Tounerres, and of othe ancient and illustrious families." Driven thus fro Rhodes, the Knights took refuge in Malta, then bleak rocky, and barren, a sad contrast to the garden roses which they had left. They wasted no time however, in vain regrets. Terraces were throw along the sides of the hills; earth brought, at grea expense, from Sicily; cisterns and wells excavated and the Island soon began to show the results of thei diligent culture. They selected, for the site of thei capital, the shores of that remarkable double harbo which can safely hold the fleets of half the world once, over which now floats the flag of England, an which the military genius of ages has made equal, strength, to Gibraltar, Quebec, Ehrenbreitstein, an Sebastopol.

The Knights of Malta, as they were now called threw up about this harbor such forts as were sufficient for the protection of their fleet and town; an soon their galleys, manned by the most skilful sailors and mindful of their former spirit, found their wa into every harbor of the enemy, and imperilled ever venture of their commerce. In this state of things Solyman, now grown old, yet remembering his conquest of Rhodes, forty years before, determined t extirminate his troublesome and indefatigable enemy The capture of a huge Turkish galleon, belonging t the chief eunuch of the imperial harem, quickene this resolution.

Fortunately, the knights were commanded by Grand Master, La Valette, whose determination an genius were equal to the emergency. By means his spies he found out the objects of the Sultan, and, through his embassadors, applied for aid from the different States of the West. He recalled all the members of the Order who had been distributed throughout Europe. "It was the great battle of the Cross and the Koran," he said, "that was to be fought. They were the chosen soldiers of the cross; and, if Heaven required the sacrifice of their lives, there could be no better time than this glorious occasion." The whole force which could be mustered for the defence of the island, amounted to about nine thousand; against whom were brought thirty thousand picked troops, besides the mariners of more than two hundred galleys and transports. Everything depended on the rare insight, the judgment, the courage, the indomitable constancy of the Grand Master, and these great qualities never for one moment failed. His name has well been affixed to the almost impregnable city which crowns the point, and commands the waters he so bravely defended. The overwhelming fire of the Turkish artillery, directed at first against the detached castle of St. Elmo, soon rendered that post, in the judgment of most military men, untenable. Not so with the Grand Master. He knew the value of time, and that if it fell, and fell early, the whole island would fall with it. He offered to take the command of it himself, and hold it, or die in the breach. Some of the younger knights expressed a determination, if not relieved, to sally out, and [illegible] honorably in the camp of the enemy. He told them, in reply, that it was not enough to die honorably; their vow of obedience required that they should endure every trial which he should order, and not die even but in the manner he should prescribe. His self-devotion inspired theirs. The word *surrender* was never heard but from the lips of a single soldier, and he was immediately put to death. For a whole month—a precious month of time—the doomed fort resisted assault by day and by night, directed by all the skill of the Turkish engineers, and all the ferocity of a long baffled foe, and was not taken till fifteen hundred Christians had fallen in its defense, and more than eight thousand Turks in the attack. "What will not the parent cost," exclaimed the Turkish General, alluding to the town itself, "when the child has cost us so dear!"

A short breathing space was allowed before the the whole force of the Ottoman army was hurled upon the town; and here, on both sides, were exhausted all the military and engineering knowledge of the age. The town was bombarded; mines were sprung; assaults repulsed, only to be repeated by fresh bodies of assailants, who swarmed into the ditches, and up the shattered slopes of the ramparts. The besieged were not idle. Messengers were sent to urge reinforcements from Sicily; new means of defense were invented; hand-grenades, heaps of combustibles, showers of bullets were sent among the assailants; iron hoops, wound with tow and rags, were set on fire, and sent sailing over their heads, so as to fall and scorch their victims in a ring of flame. With every attack, with every failure of foreign succor, the spirit of La Vallette rose higher and firmer. Their only reliance, he said, was Heaven and themselves. He was urged to withdraw within the castle, and give up the town. So far from it, he would not even suffer the papers and archives of the Order to be carried into the castle, lest it might indicate to his soldiers distrust of his power of defense. "No, my brethren," he said, with heroic fervor, "*here* we must make our stand; and here we must die, if we cannot maintain ourselves against the infidels."

So much nobleness at last had its reward. The besiegers themselves became weary and wasted; their army had suffered fearfully. Succor was at last sent to the knights, when it was hardly needed; and, after two months of incessant fighting, the siege was raised, and the discomfited and chagrined Ottomans slunk back to Constantinople. It was the beginning of the end. Never again did their arms, in anything like such force, sweep so far westward, or menace the northern shores of the Mediterranean. The Knights thus saved Europe from being overrun by Mahometan degradation. They saved the Christian civilization of Europe for the world's redemption.

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The Shipwrecked Mason.

The shipwreck of the French frigate Medusa, on the coast of Africa, in the year 1816, was attended with many circumstances of dreadful suffering and distress. Among the incidents recorded in the narrative of that disaster, the following is not the least interesting:

When the vessel was abandoned a portion of the crew betook themselves to a raft, which had been temporarily constructed from some of the spars of the ill-fated ship, and after passing thirteen days on this frail vessel, subjected to the privation of food and drink, and exposed to the burning rays of a tropical sun, which produced in many of them the most frightful forms of madness, they were at length relieved from their perilous situation, after one hundred and thirty-five had perished of the hundred and fifty who originally embarked.

On the shore they were crowded into a hospital, where medicaments, and even the common necessaries of life were wanting. An English merchant went to see them. One of the poor unhappy wretches made the sign of a Freemason in distress; it was understood, and the Englishman instantly said, "My Brother, you must come to my house, and make it your home." The Frenchman nobly replied, "My Brother, I thank you, but I cannot leave my companions in misfortune." "Bring them with you," was the answer; and the hospitable Englishman maintained them all until he could place them beyond the reach of misfortune.

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Mrs. Caudle on Freemasonry.

[The "Caudle Lectures" were written by the talented Freemason Douglas Jerrold, of London, born January 3, 1803. His father was manager of Sheerness theatre. Through Bro. Captain Austen, brother of Miss Austen, the novelist, he obtained a midshipman's position. At the end of the war he was apprenticed to a printer. His leisure hours were devoted to self instruction, Shakespear being his chief author. An essay on the Opera of "Der Freischutz," dropped into the editorial box of the newspaper on which he was employed as compositor, was the beginning of his literary labors. To his infinite delight, his own anonymous copy was handed him to put in type, and an editorial appeared asking for continuance of such favors. Latterly, Jerrold's greatest literary triumphs have been in periodical publications. The "Cakes and Ale" papers are charming ebullitions of the fancy. "Caudle Lectures," which so accelerated the rising popularity of *Punch*, stand unsurpassed as specimens of minute life painting. Jerrold died at Kilburn Priory.

Masonry encouraged the young Craftsman to exertion, and deserves honor therefor.]

CAUDLE HAS BEEN MADE A MASON.—MRS. CAUDLE INDIGNANT AND CURIOUS.

"Now, Mr. Caudle, Mr. Caudle, I say: oh! you can't be asleep already, I know—now what I mean to say is this; there's no use, none at all, in our having any disturbance about the matter; but, at last my minds made up, Mr. Caudle; I shall leave you. Either I know all you've been doing to-night, or to-morrow morning I quit the house. No, no; there's an end of the marriage state, I think—an end of all confidence between man and wife—if a husband's to have secrets and keep 'em all to himself. Pretty secrets they must be, when his own wife can't know 'em. Not fit for any decent person to know, I'm sure, if that's the case. Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel; there's a good soul, tell me what's all about? A pack of nonsense, I dare say; still—not that I care much about it—still, I *should* like to know. There's a dear. Eh? Oh, don't tell me there's nothing in it; I know better, I'm not a fool, Mr. Caudle; I know there's a good deal in it. Now, Caudle; just tell me a little bit of it. I'm sure I'd tell you anything. You know I would. Well?

"Caudle, you're enough to vex a saint! Now, don't you think you're going to sleep; because you're not. Do you suppose I'd ever suffered you to go and be made a Mason, if I didn't suppose I was to know the secret, too? Not that its anything to know, I dare say; and that's why I'm determined to know it?

"But I know what it is; oh yes, there can be no doubt. The secret is to ill-use poor women; to tyrannize over 'em; to make 'em your slaves; especially your wives. It must be something of the sort, or you wouldn't be ashamed to have it known. What's right and proper never need be done in secret. It's an insult to a woman for a man to be a Freemason, and let his wife know nothing of it. But, poor soul! she's sure to know it somehow—for nice husbands they all make. Yes, yes; a part of the secret is to think better of all the world than their own wives and families. I'm sure men have quite enough to care for—that is, if they act properly—to care for them they have at home. They can't have much care to spare for the world besides.

"And I suppose they call you *Brother* Caudle? A pretty brother indeed! Going and dressing yourself up in an apron like a turnpike man, for that's what you look like. And I should like to know what the apron's for? There must be something in it not very respectable, I'm sure. Well, I only wish I was Queen for a day or two. I'd put an end to Freemasonry, and all such trumpery, I know.

"Now, come, Caudle; don't let's quarrel. Eh! You're not in pain, dear? What's it all about? What are you lying laughing there at? But I'm a fool to trouble my head about you.

"And you're not going to let me know the secret, eh? You mean to say—you're not? Now, Caudle, you know it's a hard matter to put me in a passion—not that I care about the secret itself: no, I wouldn't give a button to know it, for it's all nonsense I'm sure. It isn't the secret I care about, it's the slight, Mr. Caudle; it's the studied insult that a man pays to his wife, when he thinks of going through the world keeping something to himself which he won't let her know. Man and wife one, indeed! I should like to know how that can be when a man's a Mason—when he keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart? Ha! you men make the laws, and so you take good care to have all the best of 'em to yourselves: otherwise a woman ought to be allowed a divorce when a man becomes a Mason. When he's got a sort of corner-cupboard in his heart—a secret place in his mind—that his poor wife isn't allowed to rummage!

"Caudle, you shan't close your eyes for a week—no, you shan't—unless you tell me some of it. Come, there's a good creature; there's a love. I'm sure, Caudle, I wouldn't refuse you anything—and you know it, or ought to know it by this time. I only wish I had a secret! To whom should I think of confiding it, but to my dear husband? I should be miserable to keep it to myself, and you know it. Now, Caudle?

"Was there ever such a man! A man, indeed! A brute!—yes, Mr. Caudle, an unfeeling, brutal creature, when you might oblige me, and you won't. I'm sure I don't object to your being a Mason; not at all, Caudle; I dare say it's a very good thing; I dare say it is—it's only your making a secret of it that vexes me. But you'll tell me—you'll tell your own Margaret? You won't! You're a wretch, Mr. Caudle.

"But I know why; oh, yes, I can tell. The fact is, you're ashamed to let me know what a fool they've been making of you. That's it. You, at your time of life—the father of a family. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

"And I suppose you'll be going to what you call your Lodge every night now? Lodge, indeed! Pretty place it must be, where they don't admit women. Nice goings on, I dare say. Then you call one another Brethren. Brethren! I'm sure you'd relations enough, you did't want any more.

"But I know what all this Masonry's about. It's only an excuse to get away from your wives and families, that you may feast and drink together, that's all. That's the secret. And so abuse women—as if they were inferior animals, and not to be trusted. That's the secret, and nothing else.

"Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel. Yes, I know you're in pain. Still Caudle, my love; Caudle! Dearest, I say! Caudle!"

"I recollect nothing more," says Caudle, "for I had eaten a hearty supper, and somehow became oblivious."

"BROTHER" CAUDLE HAS BEEN TO A MASONIC CHARITABLE DINNER. MRS. CAUDLE HAS HIDDEN THE "BROTHER'S" CHEQUE-BOOK.

"All I say is this: I only wish I'd been born a man. What do you say? *You wish I had?* Mr. Caudle, I'll not lie quiet in my own bed to be insulted. Oh, yes, you *did* mean to insult me. I know what you mean. You mean if I *had* been born a man, you'd never have married me. That's a pretty sentiment, I think; and after the wife I've been to you. And now I suppose you'll be going to public dinners every day! it's no use your telling me you've only been to one before; that's nothing to do with it—nothing at all. Of course you'll be out every night now. I knew what it would come to when you were made a Mason; when you were once made a 'brother,' as you call yourself, I knew where the husband and father would be. I'm sure, Caudle, and though I'm your own wife, I grieve to say it—I'm sure you haven't so much heart, that you have any to spare for people out of doors. Indeed, I should like to see the man who has! No, no Caudle; I'm by no means a selfish woman—quite the contrary; I love my fellow-creatures as a wife and mother of a family, who has only to look to her own husband and children, ought to love 'em.

"A 'brother,' indeed! What would you say, if I was to go and be made a sister? Why, I know very well—the house would'nt hold you.

"*Where's your watch?*" How should I know where your watch is? You ought to know. But to be sure, people who go to public dinners never know where anything is when they come home. You've lost it, no doubt; and 'twill serve you quite right if you have. If it [illegible] likely, I wonder if should be gone, and nothi[illegible] will give you another? Catch 'em doing it.

"*You must find your watch? and you'll get up for it?* Nonsense—don't be foolish—lie still. Your watch is on the mantle-piece. Ha! isn't it a good thing for you, you've somebody to take care of it?

"What do you say? *I'm a dear creature?* Very dear indeed, you think me, I dare say. But the fact is, you don't know what you're talking about to-night. I'm a fool to open my lips to you—but I can't help it.

"*Where's your watch?* Haven't I told you—on the mantle-piece? *All right indeed?* Pretty conduct you men call all right. There now, hold your tongue, Mr. Caudle, and go to sleep; I'm sure 'tis the best thing you can do to-night. You'll be able to listen to reason to-morrow morning; now it's thrown away upon you.

"*Where's your cheque-book?* Never mind your cheque-book. I took care of that. *What business had I to take it out of your pocket?* Every business. No, no. If you choose to go to public dinners, why—as I'm only your wife—I can't help it. But I know what fools men are made of there; and if I know it you never take your cheque-book again with you. What! did'nt I see your name down last year for ten pounds? 'Job Caudle, Esq., 10*l*.' It looked very well in the newspapers, of course; and you thought yourself a somebody, when they knocked the tavern tables; but I only wish I'd been there—yes, I only wish I'd been in the gallery. If I wouldn't have told a piece of my mind, I'm not alive. Ten pounds indeed! and the world thinks you a very fine person for it. I only wish I could bring the world here, and show'm what's wanted at home. I think the world would alter their mind then; yes—a little.

"What do you say? *A wife has no right to pick her husband's pocket?* A pretty husband you are, to talk in that way. Never mind; you can't prosecute her for it—or I've no doubt you would; none at all. Some men would do anything. What? *You've a bit of a headache?* I hope you have—and a good bit, too. You've been to the right place for it. No—I won't hold my tongue. It's all very well for you men to go to taverns—and talk—and toast—and hurrah—and I wonder you're not all ashamed of yourselves to drink the Queen's health with all the honors, I believe you call it—yes, pretty honors you pay to the sex—I say, I wonder you're not ashamed to drink that blessed creature's health, when you've only to think how you use your own wives at home. But the hypocrites that men are—oh!

"*Where's your watch?* Haven't I told you? It's under your pillow—there, you needn't be feeling for it. I tell you it's under your pillow. *It's all right?* Yes; a great deal you know of what's right just now. Ha! was there ever any poor soul used as I am! *I'm a dear creature?* Pah! Mr. Caudle, I've only to say, I'm tired of your conduct—quite tired, and don't care how soon there's an end of it.

"*Why did I take your cheque-book?* I've told you—to save you from ruin, Mr. Caudle. *You're not going to be ruined?* Ha! you don't know anything when you're out. I know what they do at those public dinners—charities, they call 'em! pretty charities! True charity, I believe, always dines at home. I know what they do; the whole system's a trick. No; *I'm not a stony-hearted creature:* and you ought to be ashamed to say so of your wife and the mother of your children—but you'll not make me cry to-night, I can tell you—I was going to say that—oh! your'e such an aggravating man I don't know what I was going to say!

"*Thank heaven?* What for? I don't see that there's anything to thank heaven about! I was going to say, I know the trick of public dinners. They get a lord, or a duke, if they can catch him—anything to make people say they've dined with nobility, that's it—yes, they get one of these people with a star perhaps on his coat, to take the chair—and to talk all sorts of sugar-plum things about charity—and to make foolish men, with wine in 'em, feel that they have no end of money; and then—shutting their eyes to their wives and families at home—all the while that their own faces are red and flushed like poppies, and they think to-morrow will never come—then they get them to put their hand to paper. Then they make them pull out their cheques. But I took your book, Mr. Caudle—you couldn't do it a second time. What are you laughing at? *Nothing?* It's no matter; I shall see it in the paper to-morrow; for if you gave anything, you were too proud to hide it. I know *your charity.*

"*Where's your watch?* Haven't I told you fifty times where it is? In the pocket—over your head—of course. Can't you hear it tick? No; you can hear nothing to-night.

"And now, Mr. Caudle I should like to know whose hat it is you've brought home? You went out with a beaver worth three-and-twenty shillings—the second time you've worn it—and you bring home a thing that no Jew in his senses would give me fivepence for. I couldn't even get a pot of primroses—and you know I always turn your old hats into roots—not a pot of primroses for it. I'm certain of it now—I've often thought it—but now I'm sure that some people dine out only to change their hats.

"*Where's your watch?* Caudle, you're bringing me to an early grave!"

We hope that Caudle was penitent for his conduct; indeed there is, we think, evidence that he was so; for to this lecture he has appended no comment. The man had not the face to do it.

I AM WILLING TO BE TRIED AGAIN.

BY BRO. B. B. FRENCH.

I was tried upon the metal point,
  When in my manhood's morn,
I passed the vestibule of Truth,
  And to Masonry was born;
The pledge I made is with me yet,
  It, with life, I shall retain,
And I am always willing
  To be tried by it again.

As in the Middle Chamber
  A neophyte I stood,
And was taught Art's fair proportions,
  And saw that all was good,
My second step of trial came,
  It did not come in vain,
And I am ever willing
  To be thus tried again.

Then I passed that serious trial,
  That every Mason must,
When taught the solemn lesson,
  "Man's frail body is but dust;"
But a glorious symbol followed
  That, though in earth we're lain,
Before our Father and our God
  We must be tried again!

I've been tried upon the *level*,
  I've been tried upon the *square*,
I've borne the heavy burdens
  That each Mason true must bear;
But through the Mercy Infinite,
  And the Lamb for sinners slain,
I am ever, ever willing,
  To be thus tried again.

Every Mason must have trials
  On the checkered floor of life—
The world is full of wickedness—
  Of folly, danger, strife:
Let us ever bear and forbear,
  And so meet each earthly pain
As always to be ready
  To be tried on High again!

The Merchant of Hayti.

Eugene Marie Lagratia, a Spanish Creole, and general merchant in Port au Prince, in the republic of Hayti, was in prosperous circumstances and highly respected when the revolution took place in that country. Notwithstanding his reputed character for being free from political bias, he was suspected of being hostile to those who sought for a change in the government, and being fearful of consequences, he meditated escape, but was arrested before he could effect it. His intention to escape was pleaded as sufficient reason for the punishment of death, and he was ordered for immediate execution. The fatal guard was ready, the unhappy man knelt on his coffin in prayer previous to being blindfolded; and in this attitude, whilst lost to all hope but that of futurity, he felt himself suddenly seized in the arms of some one, when he swooned. On recovering his senses he found himself in the guard-house, in the custody of the Haytien officer who commanded the fatal guard, and who, at the last moment, observing his features, recollected having met him in Lodge; one look was enough—on his own responsibility he bore him away, and had the further happiness to preserve his life, the government being contented with the confiscation of his property. Lagratia was put on board a vessel bound to New York, where he made himself known to Brother James Herring, the Grand Secretary, who caused him to be relieved, and gave him a recommendatory letter to the Lodge of Benevolence of the Grand Lodge of England, to which he presented his petition on the 31st of July for aid to procure a passage to Barcelona, where he had some commercial as well as general relations. This petition was, of course, favorably entertained.

It would appear, however, from a letter written to New York by Lagratia, after his arrival at home, that he was not received with the same kindness by his anti-masonic countrymen as he had been by the strangers of the mystic tie, who relieved him from danger and distress. For he wrote from the prison of Barcelona on the 12th of August, 1814, to say, that in consequence of his masonic papers being found upon him, he had been seized and thrown into a dungeon, with the expectation of being condemned to death.

"Which now of these, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?"

Masons of the Heart and of the Ante-room.

BY BROTHER ARNOLD.

The true and enlightened Mason will readily appreciate the distinction we here make. The first step in becoming a Mason is to prepare the *heart* for the reception of masonic truths, and the assumption of masonic obligations. Without this preparation no man can rightly be made a Mason. Indeed, if the first preparation for Freemasonry is to be accomplished in the heart, how can one who has no heart become a Mason at all? And yet we are compelled to admit that many go through the *form*, and stand within our mystic circle—sometimes, even attaining to high official station in the Order, who are as heartless as stones. Such may be termed Masons of the Ante-room. They had no internal preparation; no self-examination; no scrutiny of the heart. All was external, selfish, mercenary.

Now, it is precisely here that we have been too loose in investigating the qualifications of candidates. Mere morality, *per se*, is not sufficient; for a man may be strictly moral—keep with rigid exactness all the commands of the Decalogue, and yet be mean, selfish, contemptible, and brutal, utterly destitute of the first qualification to recommend him as a suitable candidate for Masonry. Morality is simply a negative quality. Masonry, like Christianity, requires more than this. It demands *positive, active goodness*. The young man, of whom we read, had kept the commandments "from his youth up," and yet how destitute of all positive virtue he appeared, when subjected to the searching examination of the Master? "You have kept the commandments, that is, refrained from violating the law, kept on the 'windy side of justice,' but what actual *good* have you done? Where are your works of benevolence and charity and love? Ah! poor, destitute soul, go sell all thou hast and *give to the poor*, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven."

Mere morality then is not enough. The candidate for Masonry should have a heart, and a large one. He should have sympathies with human sorrow, a genial spirit, and a feeling of brotherhood to all. He should be known as a man of benevolence and charity; and let him never receive the suffrages of the brethren until they have before them unquestioned proofs that he possesses positive virtues. Better a thousand times that he have some vices with great and resplendent virtues which are ever active for the good of mankind, than a pure morality with no virtues at all.

It behooves the brethren to exercise more care in this respect. Nearly all the discords, scandals, and difficulties that have ever disturbed the harmony of the Fraternity have been caused by these Masons, without heart, without charity, who have entered the institution from motives of ambition, or interest, or curiosity. They aspire to its official honors, but never seek to earn them by exercising its virtues. Cold and selfish, they repudiate every masonic obligation, chill every true-hearted brother who approaches them, and dishonor the Order before the world.

If we wish to preserve the integrity of Freemasonry, we must close our Lodges sternly against all such. Let none approach our altars to pronounce hypocritical vows. Let none stand within the burning triangle but those who have hearts, in which to make fitting preparation, and who are thus qualified to become Masons "in spirit and in truth."

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CHRYSOSTOM.

If he had done nothing more than to give to the church and the Craft the incomparable prayer known as his he would be deserving of remembrance. We doubt not that Freemasonry had something to do with moulding Chrysostom's character.

John, (this was his name,) the golden-mouthed preacher, the great scholar, the humble Christian—by far the most remarkable man of his times, was called to the see of Constantinople. He received the title of patriarch, a title which the head of the Greek Church has been content to bear ever since. This was in 398, but little more than half a century after the founding of New Rome. Chrysostom was then forty-three years old; and nine years later he died, an exile in Asia Minor, banished for his plainness in exposing the sins of the Greek empress and her voluptuous court. So rapidly did the spirit of luxury, inherent in Oriental character, work itself out. While mingled with Western elements, its tendency was restrained; but when left to its natural actings, it almost immediately broke forth, in vices and corruptions of the most effeminate type. The fortunes of the eloquent Patriarch, who strove to check this tide of moral pollution, are worthy of especial notice. His father died while he was young; and his mother remained a widow for the sake of superintending his education. In her was illustrated the remark of Sir James Mackintosh, that "all distinguished men have had able mothers." At the age of twenty, Chrysostom was a renowned pleader at the bar. At the age of twenty-six, he turned religious hermit, in opposition to the counsels and tearful entreaties of his devoted parent. After spending eight years in the study of the Scriptures, penance and prayer, he returned to Antioch. There he was ordained priest. He was esteemed the greatest Christian orator, next to Paul. Once, when the emperor, offended by the people of Antioch, was on the point of laying waste their city, the eloquence of Chrysostom saved them. He was adored by his countrymen; and, when appointed patriarch of Constantinople, "it was necessary to kidnap him, and carry him off from Antioch by a force of armed soldiers, before the citizens had time to interfere." He was as good as he was great, and absolutely fearless of everything but God. In his new position he thundered against the vices of the Greeks, with all his mighty power. He was a man whose name will ever be held dear, where the Christian religion is loved and cherished; burning with oratorical fire, full of the sweetest pathos, at home in all learning whether profane or sacred, exhausting nature and the realms of fancy for imagery and forms of thought, his presence serene and glorious, his action noble, his voice clear, flexible, and spirit-stirring. From the place of his exile, to which he was sent for choosing to obey God rather than men, he wrote as follows to a friend: "When driven from the city, I cared nothing for it. But I said to myself, If the empress wishes to banish me, let her banish me; the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof. If she would saw me in sunder, let her saw me in sunder: I have Isaiah for a pattern. If she would plunge me in the sea, I remember Jonah. If she would thrust me into the fiery furnace, I see the three children enduring that. If she would cast me to wild beasts, I call to mind Daniel in the den of lions. If she would stone me, let her stone me: I have before me Stephen the protomartyr. If she would take my head, let her take it: I have John the Baptist. An apostle has told me that 'God respecteth not man's person;' and 'if I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ.' And David clothes me with armor, saying, 'I will speak of thy testimonies before kings, and will not be ashamed.'" Chrysostom died at an obscure village, near the borders of Syria, worn out by the privations and hardships with which his enemies constantly worried him. In 1812, Henry Martyn died at the same village. And the friend of modern missions loves to think, while bending over the lowly headstone at Tocat, that the remains of the young, the good, the gifted Cambridge graduate, repose on the spot from which the soul of the great prelate took its flight heavenward.

Early Impressions of Masonry.

How well do we remember the awful and mysterious feeling with which, in our sunny days of boyhood, we looked upon the man who was in possession of the secrets of Freemasonry; and still the wonder grew upon us whether the day would ever arrive when we ourselves should don the apron and make one of the chosen few.

Our immediate paternal ancestor was a Mason, high in the Order, but he seldom spoke of it, unless when drawn out by a vigorous sally from his beloved better half, or one of her fair visitors. To do them justice, however, their arguments seldom extended beyond those stale jokes which have been current against the Craft for ages. His masonic sensibilities were more seriously affected, and his indignant defense more frequently called forth by the ingenious libels of a neighboring relative who, having in his days of youthful gallantry committed some grievous *escapade*, was black-balled in the County Lodge, and thus was generated in him a feeling of enmity against the Order, which, upon every occasion, he poured forth with all the power of a scholar and all the bitterness of a cynic. Yet he seemed to gain but few adherents, and these among the gentler sex—bless them! they generally side with the weak—while the eulogiums he drew forth in defense of Freemasonry sunk deep into the minds of the listeners, and upon ours left an impression which time cannot efface.

On many occasions we ourselves have been made the starting point of attack, when our cynical kinsman, placing his hand upon our head, would indulge somewhat after this fashion: "My dear boy, I hope you will have too much sense ever to have anything to do with this tomfoolery called Freemasonry; it is a mere apology for eating and drinking, an excuse for the dissipation of the young, and for the deserted firesides of the old. They have no secrets, no mysteries worth knowing, and any they profess to be possessed of have their origin in evil.

"They date their foundation from the building of Solomon's Temple, and seem proud of the antiquity of their Order.

"I would allow them to go further back—aye, to the days of Cain—when the sons of the 'fugitive and the vagabond' banded together in an unholy brotherhood to corrupt the earth, and thus brought upon it the curse of the deluge.

"If the origin of Masonry could be traced to its source, we have very little doubt it would be discovered that one of the descendants of him upon whom was set the mark of sin, had eluded the vigilance of Noah, and having somehow leaked through the Ark, contrived to re-establish a remnant of that antediluvian *diablerie* practiced by the old magicians, faintly imitated by the Pagans in their Eleusinian mysteries, by the Hebrews in their traditional *cabala*, by the Chinese in their jugglery, by the Brahmins in their chants and incantations, the Roscicrucians in their affectation of preternatural power and knowledge, and which dwindles into utter insignificance in the puerilities of Freemasonry.

"Modern Freemasonry, we believe, lays no pretensions to the power of enchantment practiced by the old Egyptian magicians; nor are the silly candidates for admission into its cabalistic order subjected to the ancient ordeals of fire, air, and water; yet it would seem they still indulge in some silly mimicry of those preliminaries so graphically described by the justly admired poet More, in the 'Epicurean.'

"Masonry seems to me to be no more than an empty form pretending to some occult mystery, without object and without profit. If the Freemasons have any knowledge tending to benefit mankind, why conceal it? If they have any secret calculated to make their fellow-men better, why not openly reveal it? But they have no such thing; and it would be an insult to morality and religion to suppose that what they fail to accomplish can be effected by the stupid mysticism of Freemasonry."

The wrath and argument of the cynic having been both exhausted, all eyes were turned towards a gentle, smiling face, that for some time had been fixed upon the speaker with evident sensations of pity and sorrow, untinged by the slightest shade of anger—the Rector of the parish, chaplain to a neighboring lodge, happened to be present—

> "A man he was to all the country dear,"

in whom was united learning without ostentation, and piety without pride. In the mild accents of his persuasive eloquence, and which we can but faintly imitate, he thus replied to the objections of the cynic:

"I shall take leave to pass over the ingenious witticism at the expense of Scripture truth, which would concede to us the privilege of tracing our origin from the man of sin; we profess no peculiar knowledge of the *arcana* practiced at *Eleusis;* we affect not the miraculous powers of the Roscicrucians; we are not skilled in Chinese jugglery; nor deeply read in the Vedas or Zendavesta. Masonry has nothing to do with these obsolete absurdities.

"Its foundation was laid when that noble structure, *man*, was formed by the glorious founder of our Order, 'the *Divine architect of the Universe;*' its principles flow from the study and knowledge of God's most perfect and exalted works; its essence is 'Peace on earth, and goodwill toward men.' Stainless must be the character of him who aspires to the honors of Masonry.

"Look around, and see who are its patrons and supporters. In every age men the most illustrious in station, the most eminent in learning, wisdom, and virtue, have felt proud to be ranked among its members. Behold at the head of the Order in every land, men rich in every social virtue, and all the graceful amenities of life. Men not more exalted by their rank than by their virtues, who should guard us from such defamatory attacks as we have heard this evening. In the name of common sense, if not of common charity, is it within the range of probability that they should lend the sanction of their high names to anything founded in evil?

"'But the tree is known by its fruits.' Behold, then, the fruits of Freemasonry in its manifold charities; see it in the salvation of the bereaved female orphan, saved, perhaps, from a life of sin and shame, trained up to virtue, and made a happy and creditable member of society.

"Behold it in the aged and infirm brother who had failed in the battle of life, and now at the hands of his brother, in his declining years, finds a peaceful asylum to rest his tired spirit and sinking heart. Examine our schools, our hospitals; can a society producing results like these be banded together for evil? Forbid it, the God of charity and love!

"It is charged against our Order that it is inconsistent with, and would supersede morality and religion.

"The municipal institutions necessarily established throughout the civilized world prove how ineffective have been all known systems of faith and morals hitherto promulgated to keep man in the rigid path of duty toward his Creator and his fellow-creature. The bitter controversies among Christian sects show how imperfectly are still felt and practiced the divine precepts of the pure religion of the Cross.

"It is thus manifest that, in man's present imperfect state, the soundest code of morals and the purest system of religion require additional helps and assistants; and the minister of God, as well as the administrator of human laws, would find no more powerful assistant than in making Masonry auxiliary to their high purposes, by encouraging the extension of its principles throughout the length and breadth of every land, till the whole globe should become one Lodge, and all mankind Brothers.

"Freemasonry is not the enemy of faith and morals, but rather the gentle and effective helpmate of both. It excludes none from its communion but the vicious and the profligate; it comprehends within its extended circle men of every clime and creed and color, without distinction; it recognizes no qualities but those of the head and the heart; it is universal as God's love, throwing its fraternal arms open wide as the poles, inviting all into its sacred brotherhood, merely observing those forms essential to the preservation of its rules and the observance of its solemn sanctions.

"The discordant elements which disturb the world abroad find no place in the masonic sanctuary. All minor differences are sacrificed at that shrine of peace, and merge in its god-like universality.

"Numberless instances could be adduced to prove how binding and deep-felt are the sanctions of the masonic bond, and how rigidly they are observed, even under the most extraordinary circumstances. One recent instance just occurs to me of an eminent medical friend in a neighboring city, who happened to be on board a ship seized by pirates, when the lives of the whole crew and passengers were saved, and the red hand of the murderous pirate was arrested in his work of carnage and plunder, on beholding a masonic emblem.

"Yes, that ruthless man of blood became humanized; the hell fire which evil passions had lighted up in his eyes became dimmed with an unaccustomed tear on seeing that symbol of peace and love from a shrine at which he knelt in his earlier and happier days, and where he imbibed those lessons of moral beauty and truth that long years of sin and crime were not able wholly to obliterate. In the field of deadly conflict men in adverse ranks have been known to turn aside the sword on receiving that SIGN by which brother recognizes brother.

"Hope never can desert the breast of the true Mason. On the trackless deep, in the wildest solitude, the star of Masonry cheers him on; even there, in his hour of peril and desolation, when despair seizes all around, for him the spring in the desert may well up, and in the reckless pirate or the wild wandering Arab he may find a brother and a friend."

A burst of applause greeted the good man on his conclusion, and even the cynic reluctantly admitted that his defense of Masonry was powerful and enthusiastic, and did him honor as a man, a Mason, and a clergyman.

'Mid scenes and discussions like these were our early notions of Masonry nurtured; and it will not surprise if the impressions made on our youthful mind should "grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength," and produce in us aspirations to seek admission into an Order of which we had heard such favorable report—an honor which, in due time, we sought and won, with higher and better feelings, we trust, than mere curiosity.

CONGRESSIONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY B. B. FRENCH.

On the 23d day of May, 1834, I visited Mount Vernon the first time. Quite a party of us started from Washington early in the morning in hacks, ordered dinner in Alexandria as we passed down, to be ready on our return. Hon. Henry Hubbard, his wife and son, Hon. F. O. J. Smith and wife, Mrs. J. K. Polk, and Mrs. Felix Grundy, were of the party. My record of that excursion is as follows: "We visited both tombs, (the old one which is much dilapidated, and contains nothing but old rubbish; and the new one in which the remains of Washington and his wife are deposited,) and the garden, which is a splendid one, and is now filled with all sorts of hot-house plants and beautiful flowers. We also went into the house, and passed through the rooms which the Father of his Country so often passed through and occupied. The furniture, pictures, &c., which were in the house in the lifetime of its former illustrious owner, are, save a single picture, removed. In the room occupied by Washington as his office, hangs an engraved portrait of Louis VI., which was there in Washington's lifetime, and which now hangs in the same place in which it then hung. In the hall, in a glass case, hangs the key of the French Bastile, sent to Washington by Napoleon Bonaparte. In the parlor, which is a very large, airy, and elegant room, is a marble mantlepiece, presented to Washington by Mr. Vaughn. It is most beautifully and elaborately chiseled in relief, the figures all representing something relative to agriculture and rustic life. There is a plough; a boy just about mounting a horse; a child with fat cheeks, a full apron, the lower portion carefully gathered up in one hand, &c., &c. The figures are well proportioned and beautifully grouped. Everything, except the garden and interior of the house, appears to be going to ruin. The old tomb is fast crumbling away; and over the door is an aperture through which I looked and saw within old boxes, (probably the outside coffins in which the remains of those who have been heretofore placed in the tomb were enclosed,) broken to pieces and thrown in a pile at the further part.

"The new tomb is built in a spot selected by Washington himself, and of brick burned by him for the purpose, as I was told, previous to his decease. It is roughly built, the front showing rough brick work, in the centre of which is a small iron door hung in a stone door casement. Directly over this door is a stone tablet, on which is that part of the burial service commencing, 'I am the resurrection and the life,' &c. At the top, above the tablet, is inscribed on stone, 'The Washington Family.' The tomb is built upon inclining ground, it is covered with earth, and there is a quantity of *old brush* thrown on to it, through which all manner of weeds are making their way. From it I plucked a sprig of evergreen and a weed.*

"The garden, containing several acres, is kept in excellent order, and is filled with green-house plants, lemons, oranges, &c., &c., and the walks are beautifully arranged and bordered with box. The greenhouse was empty, the plants having been all taken out and placed about the garden. An old servant who went about with us, called the garden 'The West Indies.' He pointed out to us the windows of the chamber in which Washington died. He was not one of the General's slaves, but a slave of his brother, who resided in Alexandria. He said he used to be at Mount Vernon almost daily, and was well acquainted with the General."

Our visit was very satisfactory; and as I passed about the grounds, and stood before the tomb, I thought how many illustrious individuals had passed in the very footpaths I was traversing, and had stood at that same tomb, and paid to the shade of the mighty man whose remains were there deposited the tribute of gratitude for a free and independent country, and a popular government. I thought of the good Lafayette, of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and a host of others, and I doubted whether ever another man would live in America whose memory would be so dearly cherished as was that of George Washington.

After seeing all that was to seen at Mount Vernon, we returned to Alexandria and dined, and arrived at Washington early in the evening. The day was excessively hot, and I well remember that I heard a Southern lady use, for the first time, a phrase that I have heard many times since, but which then sounded very odd to my Northern ears, "I feel like I should melt."

The first session of the 23d Congress was the session at which the immense struggle of the bank of the United States was made, to overthrow General Jackson. In the summer of 1833, he had removed the deposits of the public money from the custody of that institution, and the whole nation was in an uproar. As soon as Congress assembled memorials from all quarters of the country poured in, and many who had been supporters of General Jackson became his bitter enemies. The Senate was the particular scene of the battleground, and Senators there were found shoulder to shoulder in opposition to the Administration, who never fought on the same side before. On the 28th of March, the famous resolution, accusing the President of the assumption of power not warranted by the Constitution and laws, but in derogation of both, was passed, and on the 17th of April, he sent in his eloquent and masterly protest, and during the exciting debate thereon Mr. Benton gave notice that he should move to expunge the unconstitutional resolution from the Journal of the Senate, and that he should continue to do so as long as he was Senator, unless it should, prior to his leaving the Senate, be expunged. He kept his word, and had the pleasure, at a later period, of seeing it expunged. There never was, perhaps, so fierce a legislative war waged as at that session, and there were those who really despaired of the Republic. But the 30th day of June came, and with it the adjournment of Congress, and a season of rest for the belligerents.

On the 10th of July, I left Washington in a stage coach, on my way to New England. Col. Achille Murat, son of the King of Naples, and nephew of the Great Napoleon, was in the coach with us, from Washington to Baltimore. He conversed freely, and gave evidence of a well-informed mind. Some allusion was made to his being a Prince. "True," said he, "I was born a Prince, but now I am more than a Prince, I am an American citizen."

My summer was spent in New England, among my friends. I returned to Washington in the autumn, and labored industriously in making preparation for the advent of the members on the first Monday in December.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Masonry and Patriotism.

The present condition of our country awakens in the minds of all regular and true Freemasons no common anxiety. The precepts and principles of our Order are for all time, all peoples, every condition of social or political institutions, and any positive or relative relations which can exist among men or Commonwealths. Founded on the highest standard of human development, Masonry neither mixes nor mingles with political struggles, strifes, or schemes. The conflicts for worldly power, or sectarian predominance, gather strength and waste their substance below the pinnacle of our Temple; as clouds gather darkness, end in storms, and disappear beneath the mountain peak lighted by continual sunshine.

Yet Masons are men. They have all the attributes of human nature. Love of country is the normal condition of their patriotism. Their right and ability to form opinions on their country's interests and happiness, and express their convictions as to principles and policy which regulate both, are not denied by any teachings of Masonry. These lessons, sanctioned and solemnized by the experience of ages, caution the Craft against any participation, as members of the fraternity, in any such action. It teaches in public affairs, principles of the purest patriotism, the truest loyalty, and the wisest prudence.

Masonry speaks on this subject in the most unmistakable language. Those who have gone before us, those who "have done in all ages before you" have set us an example and given us a precept. We can add nothing to the wisdom of the wise. Let us be satisfied with what has been handed down for our instruction. In the darkness of the storm, in the roar of the tempest, in the lurid glare of the fire, in the uncertainty and fear of the earthquake in the public affairs, let us as Masons retire into our Temple and consider the duties Masonry enjoins upon us.—*Freemason's Monthly Magazine.*

AMA DEUM.

FROM THE HUNGARIAN TALES.

What lowly voice repeats with plaintive wail
Ama Deum, ama Deum?
So sings amid the corn the lowly quail
Ama Deum, ama Deum.
There crouching in her loneliness
The feeble accents humbly bless
The Giver of all good around;
O, let me breathe the same soft sound
Ama Deum, ama Deum.

List! as the evening sun sinks low and dim,
Ama Deum, ama Deum.
The patient quail renews her vesper hymn,
Ama Deum, ama Deum;
Watching beside the turfen nest
Wherein her callow fledglings rest.
There as I bend my wandering feet
Let me her holy strain repeat
Ama Deum, ama Deum.

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Sir Knt. Clark, of Michigan, made an admirable address in June to his Commandery. We give the following extract, and shall notice it again:

"As Knights, the descendants of that age which begat the spirit of chivalry, we ever are bound to be true and loyal to the government of the country in which we live, and to uphold the right; as loyal citizens, there is no way by which we may so well demonstrate our loyalty to our country as by sustaining the flag, the Constitution, and the Union. These constitute the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad."

Practical Masonry

Enforced by Brother Thomas Corson, of Trenton, at the last Grand Council of New Jersey:

"Before leaving this position of honor, in which your friendship, more than my merits have placed me, let us, my Illustrious Companions, reason together, and inquire each of the other, whether we have truly and fully fulfilled the various duties which devolve upon us. Have we faithfully observed and diligently obeyed the commands of Him whom we acknowledge as our Master, who rules and governs all, and in whose hands our lives, and all that is dear in life are placed? Have we practiced those lessons of charity and universal benevolence which are so forcibly inculcated in the various degrees of Masonry? Have we sought out the needy and suffering, and relieved their wants? Have we administered consolation to the afflicted, and cheered the heart of the sorrowing? Have we been slow to anger, and forgiven for seventy times seven those who have offended us? Have we rendered good for evil, have we done to others as we would wish to have others do to us, and have we prayed for those who have despitefully used us? Have we acted fairly and honorably with all men in our business transactions, scorning to take any unfair advantage of our fellows by means of that miserable refuge of dishonesty, known as 'tricks of trade?' Have we endeavored by example, mild reproof and gentle admonition to turn our erring brothers from their evil ways? Have we, in short, practiced the *spirit* of the law which teaches us to do good and communicate? Alas! who can answer these questions affirmatively? And yet, if we have not done these things and more, we have been false to our professions, and are Freemasons only in name. God grant to give us grace so to act in the future, that we may carry out to the fullest extent, the excellent precepts of our beloved institution, and that we may so practice those tenets of our profession, brotherly love, relief and truth, that the world may know *by our deeds* that we are Freemasons."

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* Since the foregoing description was written, the bodies of Washington and Mrs. Washington, have been enclosed in marble sarcophagi, and placed in front of the tomb as it then was, and an enclosure erected, the front of which is formed by an iron railing, or large gateway. The tomb looks much better.—*May*, 1856.

The National Freemason.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER, 1863.

Letters of business, and containing money, and correspondence, should be directed Dr. McMurdy, Box 982; printed matter, National Freemason, Lock Box 18, Washington City.

The editor can be seen before 8 a. m., or at 4 p. m., at Mrs. Parrish's, 54 Missouri avenue.

Agents.—Bro. Chas. H. Anderson, 458 7th street, and Bro. Faulkner; Bro. Tacey, Clerk of Court, for Alexandria; and Bro. Chas. Weitfile, 202 Broad street, Newark, New Jersey.

Every change of residence of subscribers should be carefully reported to the editor.

OFFICIAL.

To the Brethren, Companions, and Sir Knights of the several jurisdictions; We, as Grand Master of Knights Templar in the United States of America, Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, send greeting:

We not only regard with favor the enterprise so generally approved by the craft, to establish a National Masonic Journal at the metropolis of the nation, but we are impelled by a deep sense of its importance to urge upon you the most vigorous exertions to give to this much-needed instrument for good a healthy and vigorous life.

Let each Masonic body, in corporate capacity, subscribe for as many copies of the National Freemason, as may be expedient, for circulation among the widows and orphans of Masons, and among the sick and indigent Masons in hospitals, thereby exercising a high charity. Let each Mason take as many copies personally as he can afford, and induce his neighbor to

We are satisfied, from the well-known high educational, literary, and Masonic character of the Rev R. McMurdy, D. D., LL. D., Grand Prelate of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, that the National Freemason will be conducted in a liberal, faithful, national, and catholic spirit, and will tend to increase and diffuse light within and without our sacred precincts, and promote harmony and good will among the brotherhood.

The moderate terms of its publication, ($1.50 per annum,) make it accessible to the Masonic masses.

We urge you all, brethren, to prompt action in sending names of subscribers, paying in advance, to Rev. Dr. McMurdy, Washington City.

B. B. FRENCH,
Grand Master Knights Templar, U. S. of A.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand High Priest of Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and District of Columbia.
Y. P. PAGE,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Maryland.

The Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, at its last session, adopted the following resolution concerning the "National Freemason," offered by Past Grand Master B. B. French:

"*Resolved*, That the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge be hereby directed to take for the Grand Lodge a sufficient number of copies, not exceeding thirty, of the National Freemason, to preserve three copies for the archives of the Grand Lodge, and to send one copy to each Grand Lodge in the United States, and such foreign Grand Lodges as are in communication with the Grand Lodge."

Federal Lodge, No. 1, and Union Lodge, U. D., Alexandria, have subscribed in lodge capacity for 30 copies each of the National Freemason; B. B. French Lodge for 40 copies; Washington Naval Lodge, 10 copies; and Washington Commandery, No. 1, 20 copies. Why should not every lodge in the country do something in this way?

To Subscribers.—Our terms are in advance. One-fourth of the year has transpired, and every subscriber should transmit the amount at once. Inclose the money in an envelope, and address Box 982.

Agents Wanted.—We desire industrious, sober, honest agents, of good repute, in every State and city of the Union, and in all parts of the globe where there are Masons reading the English language.

The American Masonic Almanac for 1864.—We shall publish a work of the above title, for ten cents a copy, without any expense to us for delivery. If sent by mail or express, of course there must be the postage or express charge added.

Booksellers and others, taking not less than 100 copies, at 20 per cent. discount; nor less than 500 copies, 33⅓ per cent. discount. No order received for less than 10 copies.

Chas. H. Anderson, 7th street, opposite post office, will receive and register orders.

Bro. W. Fielding, P.·. G.·. L.·. of Ohio, thus clearly expresses the great truth:

"Time, the great conservator, will in his progress exhume from the accumulated debris of error the enduring and eternal principles of right, and with plumb, square, and level, try by actual test, and approve what is systematical, 'good and true,' and consign to the rubbish the defective, fictitious, and false."

Bro. Fielding we regard as almost unequaled in the philosophy of the work of Masonry.

Our Rev. Bro. Dr. Frank Vinton delivered the annual address before Norwich University, Vermont. Subject, the "*The Gentleman.*" His lecture gives a more perfect idea of the true gentleman than all Chesterfield has written.

Bro. Joseph Campan died at Detroit a few weeks ago. He was a member of the first lodge of Freemasons organized in Detroit. He was born in Detroit 1769, and occupied places of profit and great trust, both in civil and military life. President Madison appointed him a Major in the army in 1812.

Major Gen'l Rousseau.—We were delighted to meet this Kentucky brother at Willards' under Bro. Sykes' care. A nobler spirit, a more generous nature, a better officer, and a firmer friend of his country, cannot be found. Gen. Rousseau has served his country faithfully and effectually, and crowned his own name with glory.

He feels himself one of the people, and his sympathies are with them in efforts for their advancement.

Lt. Gov. of Virginia, L. C. P. Cowper, of Portsmouth, delighted us the past week by his frank, manly, and truly knightly bearing. The Governor is a fine illustration of the masonic gentleman. He is P.·. G.·. S.·. W.·. of G.·. L.·. Va., G.·. P.·. S.·. of G.·. R.·. A.·. C.·., and P.·. G.·. and C.·. G.·. of G.·. C.·. of Va.

The family of Sir Knt. Cowper have been masonic for generations. His grandfather, Col. Josiah Parker, was a Royal Arch Mason, and met in General Washington's Military Lodge with the General and Lafayette. The Colonel was present, Dec. 24, 1776, at a masonic meeting in General Washington's tent, when and where was suggested the crossing of the Delaware at Trenton. It was unknown out of this masonic circle until being carried into effect to the surprise of the enemy. (Here is a lesson. *Verb. sat. sap.*)

Colonel Parker continued a zealous patron of the Royal Arch. He presented his honored sword to the old French lodge of Portsmouth, Virginia, of which he was a member.

Governor Cowper's father and his two brothers were also Masons, and it was frequently remarked that Mrs. Cowper was the best Mason. She was well versed in masonic history, science, and literature.

Sir Knt. Cowper visited Columbia Commandery, No. 2, U. D., to the gratification of the Sir Knts.

Sir Knt. Cowper confirms the statement made, that the G.·. L.·. of Virginia did pass a resolution in 1861 excluding northern Masons from their lodges, and refusing fraternization and acknowledgment of them; and to its honor and credit, and those of the sublime principles of the Order, did in 1862 promptly rescind said action. So mote it ever be.

One step more. Some subordinate lodges in Virginia, and some Masons of her jurisdiction still exhibit a wrong spirit. Now, brethren, do right, gracefully and masonically. Never, under any provocation, imaginary or otherwise, desert your principles.

Major Belger.—We are gratified that the Major, a Sir Knt. of Washington Commandery, No. 1, has been honorably acquitted of all charges in his department, and fully vindicated. *Sans peur et sans reproche.*

Our W.·. G.·. M.·. Page is at Ellicott's Mills. We learn that he thinks that his health is improved. We trust it may be re-established. We cannot well spare so good a man and Mason from our active work and labor.

Hon. John J. Crittenden died at Frankfort, Ky., July 26. He served his country many years, and was most ardently beloved by his friends, and respected by the whole nation. He died as he lived, in public life. Mr. Crittenden was a Mason.

Thanks.—To Sir Knt. A. O'Sullivan, Grand Recorder of Missouri, and Sir Knt. W. C. Munger, G.·. R.·. of Kentucky, for copies of proceedings of commanderies; to the G.·. S.·. of G.·. L.·. of Maine, and Bro. Covell, for copies of proceedings of G.·. L.·.; and to Sir Knt. E. Storer, of Conn., for Part 2 of History of Masonry in Connecticut.

Our brethren leaving the city for summer tours have our thanks for remembering the National Freemason. Much good may be done by such personal effort in extending its circulation.

Attention.—A. J. Keach, Box 856. P. M. says Bro. K. has no box, and returns the papers. Frank Marshall has left U. S. steamer Dragon. Where send? Leopold Spear's paper is returned from Brooklyn, N. Y., by P. M. Can't find Jas. G. Smith at 351 5th st. C. P. Miller, jr., removed from 400 E str. Where? First three have paid.

Bro. Stevens, G.·. L.·., and Bro. Baxter, were appointed the committee in behalf of Washington and Columbia Royal Arch Chapters to cause dies to be prepared of the masonic relic referred to in our last number. We trust they will be able to secure it before the Freemason goes to press.

Excursions.—It has been suggested that weekly excursions for Masons, their wives, and daughters, would be pleasant and profitable. These should be inexpensive, and accessible to every masonic family. Steamboats would make an excursion to Glymont, starting at 7 a. m., and returning in the evening, for $75; making it cost, if well patronized, 25 cents or less per head. Each family can take their own basket of provisions. A band of music could be cheaply secured. Such excursions prudently managed, and kept *strictly under masonic control, and for Masons*, to prevent disorder, would do good in many ways.

There is carelessness in the post offices. Ask for your paper, and insist upon having it. Ferret out the negligence. A brother informs me that he went to the post office for his paper; he was told that there was none there, although mailed by myself personally. But the brother was handed another paper with the name of Brother ——— upon it, the P. M. remarking that it would not be called for. A paper may be a small matter to a postmaster or his clerk, but an important matter to a subscriber.

All new subscribers receiving their paper will hereby understand that their subscription is received. Subscriptions received through agents will be named in the paper.

Specimen of Letters Received.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR: Your very excellent paper comes to me regularly. I would not be without it for the price of a dozen copies. I have obtained more real 'Light' of the *essence* of Masonry than ever I before possessed. Indeed, the more I see and read the more I admire the beauties of our noble institution. It is worthy of universal circulation."

Thus writes the noble Colonel, Sir Knight, of the 39th Massachusetts:

"'Army Lodge, No. 8,' connected with our regiment, has done a good work, and has been a source of much comfort to the brethren, many of whom are among the enlisted men of the regiment.

"In this connection, will you allow me, as Master of the Lodge, to present my thanks and brotherly regards, through you, to Worshipful Brother Rawlings, and to his Lodge, for the use of their Lodge room while the regiment was in Washington. We left the city on so short notice that I could not personally call on him, as I would gladly have done had time permitted.

"The NATIONAL FREEMASON reaches us regularly, and is attentively read."

We were, as were the Masons generally of the city, delighted with this army lodge and regiment. These masonic soldiers are exceeded by none in the service.

Another says:

"The value of the FREEMASON to the craft is so plain that every lover of Masonry will make earnest and personal exertions to extend its circulation. I send you a list of subscribers. You cannot imagine with what cheerfulness they gave me their money and names. They gave me God-speed on my mission."

Another writes:

"I would not be without the FREEMASON for the price of a dozen copies."

A third writes:

"My wife is thoroughly converted by reading it, and no more objects to my absence when on a masonic mission."

A fourth writes:

"I lent No. 2 to our preacher, and he said if that was Masonry he was a Mason; that he had been mistaken; that his objections were all removed."

A fifth, at the Capitol, states:

"This paper has knocked all my anti-masonry out of me, and I see how foolish and wicked I have been in my anti-masonic career."

Notices by the Press.

The *Daily British Whig*, published at Kingston, Canada, thus very complimentarily notices the FREEMASON. Thanks to Dr. Barker, the publisher. May our paper always merit such confidence and recommendation:

"THE NATIONAL FREEMASON. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Washington, D. C. Robert McMurdy, Editor. $1 50 per annum.

Three numbers of this new masonic publication have reached us. Without the slightest hesitation we aver that it is the very best masonic monthly newspaper extant, and cannot fail of pleasing its subscribers. The name of its editor is a guarantee for its sound masonic instruction, and all young Masons who may want to know more of the mysteries of the Craft than the name, will do well to put themselves in rapport with it.

The *Trowel*, published by Bro. Reynolds at Springfield, Illinois, thus generously notices our paper. Thank you, bro.:

"THE NATIONAL FREEMASON.—We have received the first and second copies of the *National Freemason*, edited and published by Robert McMurdy, D.D., LL. D., at Washington, D. C. Address box 962. It is a sixteen page sheet, some larger than the *Trowel*, printed on beautiful paper, and in the best style of the printers' art. The editorials and selections are excellent and scholar-like, and the paper deserves the support and patronage of the craft. Terms, $1 50 per year."

The Fultonville (New York) *Republican* has our thanks for its editorial notice of the NATIONAL FREEMASON. It pronounces the FREEMASON "to be invaluable to the masonic student, and an acceptable visitor to the family circle."

The New York *Courier*, which has an able and vigorous masonic department, thus notices the FREEMASON:

"THE NATIONAL FREEMASON. This is the name of a new candidate for masonic patronage, which we find on our table. It is edited at Washington, D. C., by the Rev. Robert McMurdy, D. D., G. Prelate of the G. Encampment U. S., and its typographical and other appearance is most creditable. It is issued monthly at the price of $1 50 per annum, and we sincerely hope the efforts of its editor will not go unrewarded. Let him have a good list."

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AT PRESENT there is no place in Washington of so much interest as the photographic rooms of Bro. Gardner, corner 7th and D streets, third story. We advise all our masonic friends to call and view his fine collection of War Views. Among them we notice of particular interest, (for which Bro. Gardner will accept our thanks and those of our family:)

1. Burnside Bridge across the Antietam, near Sharpsburg bridge, which he was ordered to carry and hold at all hazards; in the doing so five hundred fell in twenty minutes. 2. Mrs. Leister's House, headquarters of General Meade at battle of Gettysburg. Seventeen horses belonging to the staff were killed here. You can see them where they were tied to the trees. Several shells went through the house. General Butterfield and Lieutenant Colonel Dickinson were wounded at the gable end. 3. Home of a Rebel Sharpshooter. 4. Gateway of Cemetery, Gettysburg. 5. Military Bridges over the Chickahominy, Nos. 1 and 2. No. 2 is called the Grapevine, where Sumner's troops crossed. 6. Ruins of Stone Bridge, Bull Run, destroyed by General Johnston when he evacuated Centreville. Then there are—Confederate Sharpshooter at foot of Round Top, Gettysburg; Confederate Soldiers, as they fell near the centre of the Battlefield, Gettysburg; Camp Life; Yorktown; Confederate Fortifications, Yorktown; Wounded at Savage Station after battle of 27th June, 1862; Fugitive Negroes crossing Rappahannock during Pope's retreat; Dead Confederate Artillerymen as they lay around their battery after the battle of Antietam.

Persons who can afford the whole of these views of the war (photographed) can make no better artistic expenditure. There are but few who can do without some of these views, so full of interest. Bro. Gardner's enterprise and faithfulness do not discredit his Masonry.

Some Masonic Work.

As the August number was in press, we were called to perform a sad duty for a forlorn child of humanity, who lost his life by being run over by the cars on Pennsylvania avenue. He was a poor lad who partially supported his mother, by vending newspapers. His father lost his life in battle at Gettysburg. The little fellow bore his excruciating pain heroically. We held a service over him in an undertaker's room and buried him in Glenwood cemetery. Several hundred dollars were secured by the policemen, and some masonic brothers. At Brother Gilman's drug store he was well cared for. It was the voice of humanity, in a poor, suffering child, that awoke sympathy and relief.

A few days afterwards we were called to condole with our worthy Sir Knight Stewart and his lady, on Maryland avenue, in the loss of their noble son, by a similar accident. He was run over by an engine, and survived only a few hours. He was a noble, good boy, dear to his large circle of connections and relatives. We were gratified in seeing so large and influential collection of friends, masonic and other, to sympathize with this bereaved family. We buried him at the Congressional Ground. He rests in peace, safe from the vices and snares of youth and the present age, a welcome inhabitant of heaven, to keep its love in sweetness and purity. The same week we baptized the dear little boy of Past Grand Master Stansbury. We gave him a good masonic name, after the sterling and true masonic prelate, Bishop Chase.

How these babies bring into the household, the highest sphere of angelic influence, drawing it round the little being as bees around a rose, making all human love more delicate and tender wherever they come. One half of the race die in infancy—important to this world, touching everybody with magical tenderness, and perhaps, serving a similar purpose in the other.

Here is something for the babies—(who wrote it?)

BABY LOUISE.

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!
With your silken hair and soft blue eyes,
And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,
And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the skies,—
God's sunshine, Baby Louise.

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise!—
Your hands, like a fairy's so tiny and fair,
With a pretty, innocent, saint-like air,—
Are you trying to think of some angel-taught prayer
You learned above, Baby Louise?

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!—
Why! you never raise your beautiful head!
Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red
With a flush of delight, to hear the words said,
"I love you, Baby Louise."

Do you hear me, Baby Louise?
I have sung your praise for nearly an hour,
And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower,
And you've gone to sleep like a weary flower!
Ungrateful Baby Louise!

But Mrs. Browning excels in baby-inspiration:

"She threw her bonnet off;
Then sighing, as 't were sighing the last time,
Approached the bed and drew a shawl away:
You could not feel a fruit you fear to bruise
More calmly and more carefully than so,—
Nor would you find within a rosier flushed
Pomegranate.

There he lay upon his back,
The yearling creature warm and moist with life
To the bottom of his dimples,—to the ends
Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face;
For since he had been covered overmuch
To keep him from the light-glare, both his cheeks
Were hot, and scarlet as the first live rose
The shepherd's heart-blood ebbed away into
The faster for his love. And love was here
As instant! in the pretty baby-mouth,
Shut close, as if for dreaming that it sucked;
The little naked feet drawn up the way
Of nestled birdlings; everything so soft
And tender,—to the little hold-fast hands,
Which closing on a finger into sleep
Had kept the mould of't.

We were next invited to perform the funeral rites over the beautiful little boy of Comp. Stewart, of Alexandria. The little cherub was in perfect health when his father left for his duties in the service at West Virginia. His estimable wife was left alone to bury her child and bear her affliction. May our Heavenly Father sustain her in this her first great sorrow.

On the 12th August, we performed the funeral rites for the son of twelve years of Bro. Garwood, of Union Lodge, Alexandria. There was a large number of persons present, and among them a procession of the schoolmates of the deceased. The lad died while his father was absent. Brother Garwood reached home for the funeral. These afflicted parents have our sincere condolence.

We visited a friend, the subject of malice and envy, whose sensitive spirit had been tortured by detraction, although faithfully serving his God and his country. We addressed his noble spirit as would Wither:

"Let them snarl and bite,
Pursue thee with detraction, slander, mocks,
And all the venomed engines of despite.
Thou art above their malice, and the blaze
Of thy celestial fire shall shine so clear,
That their besotted souls thou shalt amaze,
And make thy splendors to their shame appear."

Among the funerals of the close of the month was one of an interesting Teuton, who had left his fatherland five years ago, and had enlisted in a German regiment. He was one of the sufferers in the catastrophe at Fort Lyons.

An entire company and the band of his regiment escorted his remains to the neat cemetery of soldiers on the margin of the corporate limits of Alexandria. He received, as do all in the Prince Street Hospital, excellent attention and skillful treatment from the gentlemanly, and wise surgeon in charge—Bro. Dr. Bigelow of Michigan. By the way we may remark that the Second Division of Hospitals at Alexandria, under the charge of Dr. Spencer, a Mason of great reputation in the medical world and of great medical research and cultivation, are excelled by none in the service for cleanliness, comfort, and successful treatment. The hospitals of Alexandria are all in good condition.

On the fourth Sunday we held five services and a funeral service also.

Masons' Duty to Young Men.

In no one way may Freemasons do more effectual good than in particular attention to young men and young Craftsmen. The hours between sunset and bedtime to young men in great cities away from home, friendless and forlorn, are those of great peril. The poet's visions of evening are tender and soothing images; the wanderer returns to his home, the child to his mother's arms, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the gentle youth in a pitiless city, "homeless amid a thousand homes," evening brings loneliness and desolation. His best impulses ensnare, and his affectionate, sympathetic nature serves to destroy him.

Lend such young men books, open your library to him. Reading will lead to conversation with those who will instruct by wisdom and charm by wit, who will soothe fretfulness, refresh weariness, counsel perplexity, and sympathize with misfortune. Evil spirits were driven away in the middle ages by bell, book, and candle; the book and the candle will do much now.

If you have a vacant seat in your pew at church, make the young stranger welcome.

If you take an evening stroll in the public grounds, make him your companion.

If he be a young Craftsman, invite him to the lodge and make him at home in it.

The open lodge room, almost every night in the year, saves hundreds of the young of Washington city from the gaming table, the places of low resort for debauchery and drunkenness, and from ruin. Cherish the young.

The Mission of Freemasonry

Has a fourfold aspect; one as it regards the individual who has been received and accepted; one as it regards the whole body of the craft; one as it relates to his particular ecclesiastical and political connections; and the last in its influence before man generically considered.

The true disciple of Freemasonry will preserve his body free from contamination and vice. Excessive drinking, profanity, impurity, dishonesty, insincerity, and selfishness will be avoided. He will by discipline and self-culture so form his habits as to keep every member in subjection. He will so cultivate an inner life as to be free from envy and jealousy and pride, and full of love and good works to all. He will look forward to another life, as one of superior progress and cultivation to his struggling earnest spirit. He will be advancing here from the lower to the higher mysteries (not degrees.) His progress in the cause of humanity will be marked. His interior life will be developed, his intellect expanded, his affections and sympathies will move him forward to more advanced attainments. His duties in every relation of life will be more scrupulously performed and his charities will be more enlarged.

The mission of Freemasonry is by influencing the individual, thus also to affect the mass of craftsmen—to lead the whole body to greater devotion to works of *brotherly love and relief*, and to a desire for and a maintenance of the *truth*.

The mission of Freemasonry is so to influence every church and every nation and every society—insensibly, peaceably—that all that is true and right may be preserved and all error abandoned; to lead them to acknowledge that all mankind are brethren. It would modify every prison and hospital, every abode of punishment and suffering. It would take the erring brother by the hand and say to him, "There is hope." It would say to every erring sister, "Go in peace and sin no more."

Lastly, Masonry would influence war over the entire world, without reference to creed or political condition. While it would not establish missions to make converts and gratify its pride, it would make him more humane, more loving and peaceful, more devoted to truth and right, to the nobleness of his nature, and the greatness of man's future, when man will everywhere be true to man. It will seek to make every man pure in body and spirit, and strong in mind and full of the sentiment of *Brotherhood*, that he may abound in *Relief*.

Is each reader ready for this work, to use his means and talent for the good of his race, as God may give him opportunity? Commence with thyself, with thy family, thy neighborhood; silently, noiselessly, without ostentation, gently, full of love, with no patronizing air, with humility, and with the expectation that the more good thou doest, the more trouble thou wilt have. Thou needest it to keep thee humble and pure. Work, brother, in thy vineyard.

Lodge Hours.

At the building of King Solomon's Temple, the operative Craftsmen wrought six days in the week and twelve hours a day, the night a season of refreshment and rest. Speculative Masonry employs the night for labor, and its written laws direct that the lodge hours (hours of labor) before and after which no business can be transacted in the lodge shall be from vernal (March 25) to autumnal (Sept. 25) equinox from 7 to 10 p. m., and from the autumnal to the vernal equinox from 6 to 9 p. m.

Late hours are particularly objectionable in Masonry. They are the besetting sin of the Order. The revived spirit of Freemasonry, and the constant introduction of new candidates, are plead in excuse; also the pressure of business. The latter may be remedied by more brevity, condensation, and dispatch on the part of secretaries and masters. Notices of petitions, &c., from various lodges can be condensed into a line, and announced by the secretary.

For the former, multiply the lodges until they meet reasonable demands, and are reduced to numbers approximating the lodges of olden time.

Can a Mason be absolved from his Obligations?

They are indelible, and exist during life. His absolution comes only when the Grand Master of the Universe calls him from time to eternity.

Can a Mason be absolved from vows of justice, mercy, and truth, from brotherly love and relief? From his duty—no more his duty because acknowledged—to God, his brethren, and all mankind? Never, except by translation to a society where the poor and the needy and the suffering and the erring are unknown.

"High and Dry."

There is a Masonry "high and dry," far behind our days, the formal Masonry, dwelling mainly on the ceremonies and a few by-laws, yet fearing the legitimate developments of its own principles, never discerning the pressing wants of the translation of our masonic doctrines into social facts and arrangements. There is also a Masonry which regards the ceremonies of the lodge as a kind of "private theatricals"—an inane formalism—enjoying the grandeur and austerity of our rites, but never admitting into their contemplations the vital truth of our doctrines of the old time, and yet imperiously necessary for existing wants and troubles.

Then there are the "convivials," the excrescence of the Order. We need *masonic doctrines in action*.

The mystery of the past is the life of the present, and the science of the future.

Old Fogyism and Young America.

We find the exhibition in our Order occasionally of the same traits that elsewhere give rise to these cognomens. One class holds on tenaciously in the veriest non-essential to the past, having no spirit of accommodation to varying circumstances of the age. The other class too lightly esteem the past, and would modify everything, abolishing the landmarks themselves, and borrowing regimen from some society of modern date.

The novitiate of to-day will discourse more positively and dogmatically of Freemasonry than the laborer in its vineyard of many years. He thinks the by-laws and work of the lodge, and a few masonic works, are sufficient to justify *ex cathedra* expressions from him. What he gathers in the lodge room, and by miscellaneous conversation, enable him to speak volubly, but superficially. But he is not a masonic student, and cannot therefore become an expert. He does not see the connection between the ancient authors, the various branches of the sciences and the arts, and their history and development from the remotest times; between the history of man and the traditions of nations; between the "book of the law," between all these and the principles, history, laws, philosophy, and symbolism of the Order. Why are so many of our brethren contented to remain at the alphabet of our mystic art? Why are some ambitious brethren contented with an office, and a little sophomoric debating ability, and caviling propensity? Why should they not give their ambition wider and higher scope? To understand all masonic mysteries, and all knowledge, and to cultivate the highest inner life? Familiar with the mystic past, reverencing its teachings, truths, and mighty works, yet stretching forth for the developments of the mystic future?

Antiquarian Yearly Dinner at Bremen under Masonic Patronage.

This was established 1650 by the founders of an institution for the benefit of poor captains, sailors, and their families. The dinner is served just as it was 200 years ago. At two o'clock all the Bremen shipowners and invited guests, varying from two to three hundred, meet at the old house of the Navigators' Relief Company, to partake of the memorial dinner, in one of the old halls of the building, with the names and the coats of arms of past benefactors painted on the dark woodwork of the walls. At 3 p. m. the doors of the dining room are thrown open, and in nautical voice and language you hear, "All hands above and below, hallo! Come to dinner!" The flags are a multitude on the walls, and conspicuously appears the Star Spangled Banner. The plates are marked 1789, and for 74 years they have been brought out to grace the board. The hugh silver spoons, the great silver tankards, each holding a gallon; the old steel knives and forks, the wooden fish knives, the little paper of pepper on one side, and the little paper of salt on the other side of each plate, (their ancestors had no castors,) the piece of brown paper under each plate, (their fathers did not change knife and fork with each course, but wiped them them themselves on brown paper), all add interest to the table.

Their ancestors sat at the table five or six hours; so do these. Most substantial soup, with a palpable flavor of meat, eaten with chicken boiled till it is falling in pieces, and black bread, cooked in soup and then expressed, and the dry bread served again, and wine, white and red, before each plate on the first course. Plain boiled fish, served with potatoes and gravy, constitutes the second course. Now rises one of the three mercantile directors of the institution (there are also six captains as directors) and bids the company welcome, and to "make themselves at home." The third course has a multitude of dishes: sausage, cutlets, sauer-kraut, boiled beats, boiled beef, boiled veal, boiled ham, all following each other in immediate succession, and the infinite variety of vegetables. Two ship captains now rise and taking the huge silver tankards of old thick strong beer, and striking the tankards three times against each other, bow and drink. They hand it to the next two, and so it passes the entire length of the table. Local toasts are now given.

The fourth course consists of roast beef and roast veal, with delicious plums and stewed apple and salad. The fifth of bread, butter, cheese, then coffee and cigars, the coffee being sweetened with molasses.

The ladies are in a secret gallery, peeping from behind the banners, known to be there, yet not visible. Songs are sung and patriotic airs, different songs in different parts of the hall, and the fumes of two hundred cigars fill the room. All is mirth and life.

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Preferment Among Masons

Is grounded upon real worth and personal merit only, so that the lords may be well served, *the brethren not put to shame, nor the royal craft despised;* therefore, *no Master or Warden is chosen by seniority, but for his merit.*

The most *expert* of the fellow Craftsmen *shall be chosen* or appointed the Master or Overseer of the lords' work. Thus read the old charges:

A Master of a lodge ought to inform himself of his duties. He ought to have capacity to understand and ability to discharge, and intelligence and cultivation to explain the symbolism of the order and to instruct the Craft in their various duties. The Master should be a man of personal worth, moral after the highest standard, sober, discreet, honest, sincere and charitable, not given to gossip or slander, not contentious, nor a brawler. He should be a reading Mason. A non-reading brother is necessarily an ignorant one, and ignorance is always the mother of vice and degradation. The Master should be of masonic merit. He should love the craft, and the brotherhood. He should comprehend the genius of Masonry, its noble spirit and great ends. He should know the work and be ever ready to learn, and not satisfied that he is already a proficient. He should be punctual in his attendance on the lodge, and diligent in his duties.

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The Freemasons of Syria.

I am fully satisfied that the order in Syria have unwittingly been subjected to persecution and great neglect and wrong, by Christians. They have been termed Shemsîyel, or worshippers of the Sun, because they study astronomy; Komarîyel, or worshippers of the Moon, for the same reason; Kelbîyel, worshippers of the day, because of their humanity; and others. They preserve the most profound secret about their origin and customs. They are noted as being free from intolerance and full of charity, and hence are called dissemblers. For fifty years have ,persistent and cautious efforts been made to penetrate their mysteries and assemblies, but with no success. Mr. Barker, the British ex-consul general, who has lived among them more than half a century, and whose domestics have been mostly from this sect, declares that, on the subject of their religion, no power can unseal their lips. Our own consul at Lâdakîeh informed one of our missionaries, a few years since, that even the governor of the city, a Turk, tried every art to wring the secret out of them to no purpose. He took a poor man into his employ, gradually raised him from step to step, and sought to gain his affection and confidence; and, at length, began to sound him on the matter of religion. Finding all his efforts in this way useless, he imprisoned, beat, and nearly killed him, but with no better success. The poor man finally told him that, if he should actually beat him to death, he would not disclose anything. "But," said he, "you have a slave; commit him to me for forty days; I will take him to the mountains, where he will be initiated into our mysteries; and then, as he is your slave, you may do what you please with him." But the slave, when he returned, was as stubbornly silent as the other, and actually died a martyr to his secret.

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INHUMANITIES AGAINST WHICH MASONRY PROTESTS IN THE NAME OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.—France permitting Mexicans and *Mexican ladies* to be flogged for refusing quarters to French officers. The husband of the lady offered a large commutation in silver; but the response was "we must make an example."

Ill treatment by Russia of Polish prisoners confined in the citadel of Warsaw continues. Proudzynski (that noble Mason) has become insane from flogging.

◆

Adjourning Lodges.

When there is provision in the constitution or by-laws of a lodge for time and place of meeting, there can be no suspension nor change by mere resolution. A motion to adjourn to some more distant date, or to suspend the meetings for the warm weather is inadmissible, and no subordinate lodge can do away or change a by-law, except as legally provided for.

A by-law must be altered, amended, or repealed, as provided in the by-laws themselves, and in no other way, except by a superior power.

"No lodge can suspend the operation of a by-law.—*Consts. Me.* and *Mass.*

No lodge can suspend its by-laws.—*Const. N. C.*

Nor shall any lodge suspend the operation of its by-laws for any purpose whatever, except by dispensation.—*Const. Ga.*

No lodge can suspend the operation of a by-law without the unanimous consent of the lodge.—*Const. Wis.*

No lodge under this jurisdiction shall, on any occasion or pretense whatever, suspend any of its by-laws.—*Const. Iowa.* [The constitution of 1844, adds: "Without the consent of all the members present."]

No lodge can suspend their by-laws, or any of them. *Consts. Mo.* and *Kansas.*

A lodge has no right to suspend its by-laws.—*G. Lodge, Mo.*

It is inconsistent with ancient usage, for the by-laws of a lodge to contain a provision permitting a dispensing with any portion of the same, under any circumstances.—*Reg. Ill.*

There is no power to dispense with, or suspend the by-laws of a lodge.—*Mo.*, 1858.

Adjournments are an innovation. *Calling off* referred exclusively to the act of suspending labor for refreshments, *during the day*—"calling from labor to refreshment." It has been used to designate suspension of work or business, where the closing ceremonies are partly or wholly omited. To call off *during the same day or evening* is consistent and masonic, but for a subordinate lodge to do so from one date to another is irregular and unmasonic.

Grand Lodges call off from day to day, but they are parts of one communication. Yet notwithstanding this we think it a good example for the G.·. L.·. to open and close each day with full ceremonies.

The stated meetings of subordinate lodges shall not be construed to mean any other than the meeting specified in the by-laws of the lodge; and no adjourned or called meeting shall be considered to be part of said stated meeting.—*Const. Cal.*

There can be no adjournment of the lodge to another day; nor can it be called off beyond the same day and evening. It may be closed to stand closed until a particular day, &c.—*Reg. Ark.*

No stated meeting can be called off beyond the day and night in which it was opened, and the lodge must be regularly closed before the brethren disperse.—*Standard By-laws Ky.*, 1854. *Standard By-laws Me.*, 1857.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Grand Chapter, the practice of opening chapters, and calling off and on from one meeting to another, instead of closing the chapter, is highly improper, and contrary to the ancient customs and usages.—*Gr. Chap. Ky.*, 1857. *Do. Mo.*, 1858.

At any meeting to which a lodge may be called off, only such business shall be transacted as originated on the day of the stated meeting, and could not then be finished. Such business must be specified on the minutes, and announced to the members when the lodge is called off.—*Reg. Miss.*

In the opinion of this Grand Lodge, the practice of "calling off" a subordinate lodge from one *date* to another, is not in accordance with ancient masonic usage, is productive of much evil, and should be discontinued in lodges where it has been practiced, and discountenanced by all, being unmasonic.—*Res. Maine*, 1857.

On motion: *Resolved,* That the Grand Lodge will adjourn *sine die*, on Friday next.—*Extract from Pro. Ind.*, 1857.

It is unmasonic to adjourn a lodge; it must be closed or called off.—*Ind.*, 1858.

In the opinion of this Grand Lodge, the terms "adjourned," "met by appointment," "called off for two weeks," (or any other time, except for actual refreshment,) are unknown to Masonry, and should not be used in masonic lodges.—*Res. Min.*, 1857.

A lodge must be closed before the period of each stated meeting.—*Iowa.*, 1851.

Calling off from time to time, instead of closing the lodge, is not correct.—*Ky.*, 1857.

It is improper to call off instead of closing.—*Mo.*, 1858.

Stated meetings should be closed within the twenty-four hours fixed by the by-laws for stated meetings. Irregular to call them off.—*Texas*, 1858.

There is no instance in ancient Masonry, or that of the 18th century, where the record does not read that the lodge was "regularly opened." The Journals knew no such language as "called on" and "called off," indicating haste, or negligence. Unfinished business was deferred and the Lodge "closed." For pressing business the M.·. W's.·. called a meeting on a "by night," or an intermediate night; when the lodge was formally opened.

If the work be too abundant for reasonable hours and a reasonable number of meetings, let more lodges be organized. There cannot be too much good material, but there may be a scarcity of laborers. Modern lodges are frequently too large.

◆

Masonic Jewelry.

Masonic pins, rings, and other jewelry, within proper bounds, are no offense against the spirit of Freemasonry. They are perfectly consistent with it. In times of war and popular commotion, and in traveling, the wearing of some masonic symbol is even desirable. It subserves, not only legitimate private interest, but the public good. Thousands in the two armies have been relieved by it and restored to their friends, have been cared for, their last wishes sacredly observed, and at their decease, decently buried. The exposure of the masonic emblem indicates general zeal and benevolence in the wearer. He means thereby that he is ready to afford masonic relief and do his full masonic duty. With few exceptions, I have not called upon such for any good work and have been denied. The letter G. should not be used by one indulging in profanity. It publishes his vulgarity and shame. If the wearing of masonic jewelry is understood to be a readiness to meet masonic obligations, it will be worn by only the genuine, true, and benevolent worshipper at the masonic altar.

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Masonic Symbols as Advertisements.

A correspondent wishes our opinion on this subject.

California, in 1854, resolved, that in the opinion of her G.·. L.·., the use of masonic emblems upon sign-boards is unmasonic.

The Const. of Missouri, 1855, declares: No Mason shall exhibit any emblem of the order as a sign to attract attention to his business.

These are the only decisions of Grand Lodges on this subject *that we are informed of.* A number of Grand Masters and committees of foreign correspondence have condemned it.

It appears to us that when the business is largely or exclusively masonic, as the manufacture of masonic clothing and jewels, it cannot be condemned; or *in connection with* an advertisement in a masonic journal. But this whole subject should be left to the good sense and taste of the masonic people. It is doubtful whether Grand Lodges should legislate upon it. It is its own corrective. Grand Lodges legislate too much.

HISTORY OF GRAND LODGE OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

(*Continued from p.* 39 of *No.* 3.)

A special meeting was held July 29, 5820, for the purpose of laying the corner-stone of the Second Presbyterian Church of Washington. The letter of invitation on the part of the trustees is "so to square the corner-stone of said building, and apply the line to the sides thereof, that, standing plumb upon its foundation, and the arch thereof resting equally upon the walls, the whole building may appear not only ornamental, but manifest the utility of that Order which, having its origin in the Temple at Jerusalem, will last until the Great Architect himself shall assemble around him in the Temple above all his faithful workmen."

On the 22d of August, 5820, the G.·. L.·., complying with the request of the mayor and common council, laid the corner-stone of the City Hall. All the officers of the Government, resident or visiting at Washington, with the foreign embassadors and citizens, swelled the procession to seven or eight thousand. The G.·. M.·. made the following address:

"Time and immemorial usage upon such occasions as the present have sanctioned the custom, indeed have made it almost necessary, I should address you and say something in relation to the cause of our present assemblage. It is to commence the foundations of an edifice which is to do equal honour to our city, to ourselves, and to posterity, to be devoted to the highest and most honorable purposes of civic establishments, the seat of the legislation of a free city, the city of our immortal Washington; the abiding place of a free and a virtuous people, the temple of concord and of wisdom. It is in compliance with the request of your chief magistrate and the respectable commissioners associated with him, in the direction and superintendence of this edifice, that we have assembled to assist in the solemn and high duty before us, the result of which must be to you, to us, and to our fellow-citizens at large, who take a deep and lively concern in all that relates to this metropolis of their Union, unusually pleasing and interesting. In the part of the transactions which, as Masons, we are this day called upon to perform, you and the world at large may perceive that our institution is equally ready to afford their assistance and skill in the erection of temples dedicated to the service of the only true and living God, as of those in which the interests and concerns of man alone are to be consulted. We exhibit to you, and to the world, that it is no respector of persons, of sects, or indeed of objects, where the means be honorable and the ends useful, that it embraces not only those who say they are of Paul, but those also who claim to be of Apollos, or of Cephas. It speaks a language universal, and is bounded only by the ends of the earth. Influenced by the genius and spirit of our institution, we readily accord with the request which has been made of us; and with as much cheerfulness as we laid the foundations of yonder temple but a few weeks ago, devoted to the service of the Most High, and with the same eager fervor as we invoked the blessing of Heaven upon it, so we humbly and fervently pray God speed to this. Taught alike by the principles and precepts of our order, at all times and upon all occasions, to acknowledge our dependence upon him, we should especially seek his favor, and commit ourselves to his direction, when commencing any great or important work, let us, therefore, humbly and devoutly implore his blessing on the transactions of this day, and his guardian and merciful care over those who are or may be engaged in building this house, for it is truly said, that "unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it."

At the regular session, November 7, Bro. Seaton was chairman of the committee on correspondence and Bro. Joseph Ingle on accounts. The standing orders of the G.·. L.·. were so amended that no subordinate lodge could publish an expulsion or suspension without the consent of the G.·. L.·.

[This shows that the G.·. L.·. did not view the publicity of such cases as desirable generally; and, in especial cases, that the G.·. L.·. would act with more wisdom than a subordinate lodge. The publication, in any form, that it may reach the eye of the profane, of persons censured by the Order, should be avoided, except in peculiar cases.]

Bro. William Hewitt was unanimously re-elected Grand Master.

At the meeting of December 27 it was unanimously ordered that the Grand Master shall be styled "Most Worshipful," the Deputy Grand Master, the Grand Wardens, the Grand Secretary and Treasurer, and the Masters of subordinate lodges shall be styled "Right Worshipful," and the Wardens of subordinate lodges "Worshipful." The offices of Grand Steward and Grand Tyler ceased at this meeting to be vested in the same person.

[This division of labor proceeds not only on the condition of its economy, but also of the securing thus greater efficiency and ability. So, also, should we have in the subordinate lodges a lecturer and a master. Some are well fitted for lecturers and dramatists, and yet unfitted for executive work. Others with admirable qualifications to govern, are deficient in verbal memory. Indeed, seldom are the two qualities found in the same person. Again, the reasons leading in the Grand Lodge to the separation of these duties and offices hold with greater force in the subordinates.]

At this date the corner-stone of Christ Church was laid by the G.·. L.·.—Bishop McIlvaine making a prayer and Dr. Balch the address.

At the meeting of November 6, 5821, Bro. Seaton was unanimously elected Grand Master.

At the meeting of the 24th of May, 5822, the office of Grand Lecturer was created.

[This is an important post, and the incumbent should be required to make semi-annual reports of his labors.]

At the meeting of the 5th of November the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That as the encouragement and diffusion of learning and science, is among the objects embraced by the institution of Masonry, this Grand Lodge accepts with peculiar pleasure, the copy of a report made to the President of the United States, by our intelligent, and worthy brother, William Lambert, upon the subject of the establishment of a first meridian for the United States, and containing the result of his calculations made for the purpose of ascertaining the longitude of the Capitol, in this city; and that the thanks of the Grand Lodge be presented to Brother Lambert, for the respect and attention shown by him to this Lodge.

At the same meeting it was resolved:

On motion of Brother Amos Alexander:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Grand Lodge, the interests of Masonry would be promoted by the establishment of a General Grand Lodge for the United States, to hold its meetings annually, at the seat of the General Government.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to represent this Grand Lodge in a meeting of delegates proposed to be holden on the second Monday of February next, in the city of Washington; and that they be clothed with full powers to act as, in their opinion, would be best for promoting the interests of Masonry."

Ordered, That the said committee consist of Brothers William W. Seaton, nominated by the Grand Lodge, and of Amos Alexander and Daniel Kurtz, appointed by the Grand Master.

Bro. Seaton, of the *Intelligencer*, was re-elected Grand Master.

At the session of May 6, 5823, the Grand Lodge gave in its adhesion to the call for a General Grand Lodge of the United States, and Brothers Samuel Burch, Amos Alexander, George H. Richards, Daniel Kurtz, and John Davidson were appointed to represent the G.·. L.·. in the convention at Washington the third Wednesday of February, 5824.

At this session a motion was made by Brother Amos Alexander, that the Grand Lodge do agree to the following resolution, with its preamble, to wit:

Whereas this Grand Lodge did, at their last annual communication held on the 5th of November last, declare, "that the encouragement and diffusion of learning and science is among the objects embraced by the institution of Masonry," and believing that the measures which have been, and may be taken for the establishment of a first meridian for the United States at the seat of their Government, ought to be supported as tending to lessen, if not to remove a dependence on Great Britain, or other European kingdom, for such meridian; and also, to disseminate among our fellow-citizens, the knowledge of an useful branch of science: Therefore,

Resolved, That the members of this Grand Lodge will use such influence as they may possess to induce the proper constituted authorities of this country to carry into effect a national object in which the inhabitants of the District of Columbia, in common with the citizens of the respective States composing the American Union, must feel themselves materially interested.

And the question being taken thereupon, it was unanimously resolved in the affirmative.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

When was the property of Knights of St. John seized by Parliament?

The thirty-second year of Henry VIII, A. D. 1540. "The King, his heirs and successors to have and to enjoy, all the mansion-house, church, and all other edifices, buildings and gardens to the same, &c., with all castles, mansions, houses, meadows, pastures, parks, warrants in England and Ireland, with all goods and chattels, &c." Then the statute enumerates the Sir Knights that were to have pensions during their life in lieu thereof. William Weston, Kt., received £1,000, and the others less sums, so that the pensions amounted to £2,870 the year out of the lands to the Hospital appertaining.

When was the Grand Lodge of England organized? 1717.

◆

Masonic Meetings within the District.

Grand Lodge, first Tuesday, May and November, and December 27, at 4 p. m. Grand Chapter, second Monday in November, 7 p. m. Washington Commandery, No. 1, 2d and 4th Wednesdays, and on Good Friday, at 7½ p. m. Columbia Commandery, No. 2, U. D., 1st and 3d Fridays, at 7½ p. m. Columbia R. A. Chapter, 1st and 3d Wednesdays; and Washington R. A. Chapter, No. 16, 2d and 4th Thursdays, at 7½ p. m. Federal Lodge, No. 1, every other Tuesday. Lebanon Lodge, No. 7, 1st and 3d Fridays. New Jerusalem, No. 9, 2d and 4th Thursdays. St. John's, No. 11, 2d and 4th Fridays. National, No. 12, every other Tuesday. Washington Centennial, No. 14, 1st and 3d Thursdays. B. B. French, No. 15, 1st and 3d Mondays. Dawson, No. 16, 2d and 4th Mondays. Harmony, No. 17, 2d and 4th Wednesdays. All the above at Masonic Hall, corner D and 9th, and at 7½ p. m., except where otherwise specified. Washington Naval Lodge, No. 4, 1st Saturday of each month, Virginia avenue, Navy Yard, at 7½ p. m. Hiram Lodge, No. 10, 1st and 3d Fridays, 19th, above Pennsylvania avenue, 7½ p. m.

Georgetown, Masonic Hall, at 7½ p. m. Potomac R. A. Chapter, No. 8, 1st Thursday; and Potomac Lodge, No. 5, 1st and 3d Mondays.

Alexandria, Union Lodge, at Masonic Hall, every Thursday, at 7½ p. m.

◆

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Furthermore, she heard your companion call you 'Bill,' and say something about the wharf; so I concluded you must be in a store on the wharf; so I've been into every store on the wharves where there were any Williams, and overhauled about two dozen 'Bills,' but didn't run alongside the true 'Bill' till I found you, sir. "There," concluded the sailor, "that's my yarn. I felt I could not rest easy till I thanked you, and that's what I've called to do. My old mother is well provided for now, and I'm second mate of a ship. God bless you, sir! I'll never forget your name, and may you never know what it is to be poor."

Alice, or the Freemason's Child.

Many have been the poets who have sung of the transient, but all-inspiring glories of the summer—many have been the romantic writers, too, who have eulogized the refreshing sweetness of a July evening, beneath the rich twilight of which the heroes of their tale have breathed the undying attachment of some young and unsuspecting passion. And, in very truth, it is a theme worthy of any genuine worshipper of "the Nine," or of the many keepers with whom rests, as though it were part of their very existence, the richness of legendary lore.

It was on such a night—all nature appeared redolent with its multiplied blessings and attractions, that a gentleman, known to the writer of this simple narrative—a sketch of life in one of those scenes of reality which are occasionally enacted in sublunary spheres—met with one on whom the fulness of female charms seemed to have shed their loveliness in a degree far beyond the commonality of her sex. She was young—scarcely had seen the eighteenth return of her advent to this world of mingled joy and sorrow; yet was there something in her bearing, the beaming in her intellectual countenance, which at once told the lofty towering of her thoughts, and her capability to feel, to cherish, the intensity of human passion.

The spot on which they met was calculated to draw forth a rich estimate of this world's brightest possessions. The charm of antiquity attached itself to a country mansion—the simplest of its many adornments had stood the test of centuries; there was scarcely a stone upon that old domain that was not rich in some memento of the past. Modern taste, too, was not wanting to afford an interesting contrast to by-gone recollections, and historic glories recurred at every step, to minds full of thought, of interest, and imaginative skill. It was the spot—the season—the girl—when love forced itself, with irresistible power, upon the sensibilities of one, to whom "station" had denied everything but the will to love.

Our hero met the guileless daughter of patrician birth—they spoke, and loved!

* * * * * * * * *

A few short years have passed away, and the "mansion" is forsaken for the "cottage." He who was lord of many broad acres, is but an humble pensioner upon another's bounty. Yet still his child—the nurseling of his heart's best affections—the motherless offspring of a proud and haughty alliance—tends the author of her being with the devotedness of a daughter's love! What matters it to her that her father's too sanguine hopes have wrecked on the ocean of commercial enterprise, the wealth that might have purchased for them both the homage of a multitude? Money! thou art the curse of thousands! Money! thou art still the treasure which millions covet.

The poor man still was proud. He who once had his gaudy equipages and liveried lackeys, bore, in the decline of his fortunes, the front of "heralded" honor; and he knew it.

* * * * * * * * *

Another pause, and the cottage in the country was succeeded by the "garret" of the metropolis. 'Twas a fearful change to one so proud—to another, lovely beyond compeer, even in her solitude and poverty. There was now no "'tiring maid;" the humblest garment, self-made, self-adjusted, spoke of sad reverses—of the blank of misery. And the proud poor man became afflicted with sickness. His last guinea was in his purse. To die was nothing, were he alone—the parish might ungraciously consign him to the pauper's sepulchre, and he grieve not, when the "cold corpse" was far beyond the reach of mortal contumely and disregard. But for his daughter! Let no pen attempt to trace the anguish of that thought at such a moment.

* * * * * * * * *

"Oh! Alice, water, or I die!" The female hand that had waved its magic influence in gilded saloons, now administered to the parched lips of a dying Christian the broken pitcher. This was the daughter of the self-same man, who, years ago, had forbidden the love of a "plebian" medical practitioner, the one who is the hero of our page. Fever raged high within the apartment of that sinking soul. To purchase aid no human means were now available; and then to sue for charity were to combat with a thousand denials, to which former "arrogance" presented difficulties that brought rejection in their train. Full of agony, a desperate step was taken. A neighboring surgery was sought and found. She who was previously the heiress of the mansion, met the rejected one—help was afforded—sickness relieved—health was restored—the progress of time developed such *signs* and *symbols*, that a "Mason's bairn" found beneath the portals of a rich and valued practitioner of the "healing art," the shelter of a "Mason's wife." J. S.

Lodge of Rectitude, Rugby, Eng.—Review.

HELLENIC FREEMASONRY.

BY AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, L. L. D.

When Orpheus, the Thracian singer, first introduced his institution into Greece, the rites were celebrated in the forests and on high hills. Afterward, however, a temple of vast extent and magnificent appearance was erected near Eleusis, and consecrated as the depository of the sacred Mysteries. Hence the institution which was founded by Orpheus came to be known in subsequent ages by the name of "THE ELEUSINA."

The early history of this institution, in Greece, is involved in considerable obscurity. But we find that at a very remote period, even before the age of Hercules, it had acquired a wide renown, and exercised a powerful influence over Grecian life and thought and manners. By its agency ideas made immense progress, and Art, Science, Philosophy, Ethics, and Letters, were carried to a high degree of perfection. So important did these mysteries become, that initiation was regarded as an affair of supreme interest. Even kings and princes were ambitious of the honor of wearing the mystic cincture of the order. The *illuminated* were considered the favorites of Heaven, worthy of all the honors of this world, and the highest awards of the next.

Although we cannot tell precisely how extensive the circles of truth might have been, to elucidate which was the aim of the institution, we have reason to believe that it neglected no important facts of either profane or sacred science. The rites of initiation were sacred or philosophical dramas, extremely fascinating to the imaginative mind, and intended to shadow forth the profoundest mysteries of the universe, of God, the soul, and human destiny.

Among the persons who officiated at the ceremonies, and governed the initiates, were the Hierophant, the Torch-Bearer, the Sacred Herald, the Priest, and Archon. The Hierophant, at initiation, appeared in a robe of more than regal splendor, and sat on a throne brilliant with gold, over which arched a rainbow, in the circle of which were seen the moon and seven stars. He was regarded as the representative of the Creator, and bore suspended from his neck a golden globe, the symbol of absolute power and universal dominion. Before him were twenty-four attendants clothed in white, and wearing crowns of gold; while around him burned with a dazzling radiance seven huge flambeaux, whose light, reflected by a thousand burnished mirrors, seemed to bathe the whole in floods of golden splendor. His office was to instruct the neophytes, after they had passed their various trials, in the secrets of divine science.

The Torch-Bearer represented the sun. His duty was to lead the procession of torch-bearers, when the wanderings of Ceres on Mount Etna were represented, and to purify the neophytes and prepare them for initiation. The Sacred Herald imposed silence on the assembly, and commanded the profane to withdraw. The Priest officiated at the altar, and bore the symbol of the moon. The Archon, or king, preserved order, offered prayers and sacrifices, compelled the vicious and uninitiated to retire, and adjudged all who disturbed the solemnities to the appointed punishments.

To appreciate the utility of these Mysteries, and their value as instruments or means of instruction, it is necessary to consider that the ancients, in all their instructions, whether moral or religious, employed less of words and more of the language of signs, of solemn shows, and symbols, and dramatic representations, than do the moderns. All great truths were inculcated, enforced, and elucidated, through the medium of the drama. The great mystical drama of initiation at Eleusis was admirably arranged for this purpose, and well adapted to this end. It presented a series of most striking pictures to the eyes of the candidate, all of which were well calculated to arrest his attention and excite an inquiring spirit. This will appear the more clearly when we come to describe the initiatory rite.

It is worthy of remark, with what jealous vigilance the secret rites of that ancient association were guarded. Any violation of the obligation of secrecy on the part of the initiate was punished with death; and at the time of the celebration of the Mysteries, the profane were driven far from the temple, and were not permitted to approach within a certain distance on pain of instant destruction. At each commencement of the ceremonies, the herald proclaimed, "Hence, hence from these sacred places all ye profane."

After having passed through the required probation, and, by abstinence, fasting, prayer, and penitence, prepared himself for the solemn rite, the neophyte was received into the sacred inclosure. He was blindfolded, and conducted on a long and painful pilgrimage through many dark and circuitous passages. Sometimes it seemed to him as if he were ascending steep hills, walking over uneven and flinty surfaces, which tore his feet at every step; and then again he felt that he was walking down into low valleys, or through dense forests, where he found it difficult to proceed. Meanwhile, as he advanced, all possible sounds of terror—the fierce roar of wild beasts and the hissing of serpents—were multiplied around him. Approaching at length the term of the first portion of his mystic pilgrimage, the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in what appeared to be a wild and uncultivated country. The light of day never penetrated that gloomy region, but a pale and spectral glare just served to light up all the horrors of the scene. Lions, tigers, hyenas, and venomous serpents, menaced him from every point; while thunder and lightning, fire and water, tempest and earthquake, threatened the destruction of the entire world. Recovered from his surprise and terror, and his eyes accustomed to the twilight of the place, he discovered before him a huge iron door, on which he read this inscription: "He who would attain to the highest and most perfect state, and rise to the sphere of absolute bliss, must be purified by fire, and air, and water."

He had scarcely read these words, when the door turned on its hinges, and he was suddenly thrust through it into a vast apartment also wrapped in gloom. Horrible groans and shrieks now assailed his ears, and a loud plaint of sorrow, a mighty voice of pain, as if from the regions of hades, wailed through those shadowy corridors, filling him with unutterable terror. At the same time two immense gates of iron at his right hand were thrown open with a thundering crash, and disclosed to his frightened view a fathomless gulf of flame, from which issued the most appalling sounds. By certain mechanical contrivances, all of the ancient theory of the penalty of God's violated laws—all the pains and sufferings of grim and dread Tartarus—were made to pass as real verities before his vision. There he saw represented, by these ingenious mechanisms, the spirits of those who had been false to their fraternal obligations and duties on earth, passing and repassing through the flames, pursued by the avenging furies, and suffering the terrible *purification of fire*.

Behind him yawned a dismal and dark abyss, whence issued a strong and burning wind, commingling also with the voices of suffering and woe. Approaching the brink, and looking downward, he saw another class of delinquents expatiating their offenses. Some suspended from the jutting points of overhanging precipices, and others from the numerous points of a mighty wheel which rolled without cessation, and working their way toward heaven's final rest through the *purgatorial air*.

On his left another scene attracted his attention. It was a spectacle representing the *purification by water*—a gloomy lake, half concealed by clouds and shadows, into which souls less guilty than the above mentioned classes were supposed to be plunged, that their sins might in this manner be purged away.

After wandering for awhile among these startling spectacles, which were intended to shadow forth some of the most awful verities of Religion, and especially to declare that great law of retribution which reaches through all worlds, and from responsibility to which no one can escape—he was led by his guide to the third degree of initiation. Another iron gate, which had before been concealed, was now disclosed to view, and the neophyte and his guide paused before it. At this stage of the proceedings, the conductor chanted in a deep and impressive voice the following portion of one of the Orphic hymns, addressed to the hierophant, beyond the gate of iron:

"I am about to declare a secret to the profane! O, illustrious descendant of the brilliant Silena, be attentive to my accents. I will announce important truths."

And, addressing the neophyte, he added:

"Consider the Divine Nature, the Supreme one. Contemplate him without ceasing; rule thy spirit, and purify thy heart, and, walking in the ways of justice, and the safe path of truth, admire him who is *alone* the master of the world. He is one, he is self-existent. To him all beings are indebted for life."

This brief exhortation ended, a response was heard within; the gate of iron opened, and the expectant neophyte passed from the regions of gloom. and fear, and error, to the illuminated circle, where Truth was unveiled in all her divine beauty and radiance.

The scene he now beheld was fair and beautiful beyond description. A great variety of spectacles exhibiting virtue triumphant and enjoying its full reward—the ministry of grief and pain, and even punishment, ending in high perfection and Elysian blisses, and man in the possession of that godlike freedom to which his destiny points, and for which he was created—passed successively before his wondering eyes.

As the neophyte was led forward to receive the benediction and the instructions of the hierophant, the twenty-four attendants clothed in white prostrated themselves to the earth, and in strains of solemn and sublime music sang the following beautiful hymn, composed by Orpheus, the great founder of these mysteries, in honor of "the Supreme One who is above all:"—

"Thou God of heaven and hell, of land and sea!
Whose thunders dread the high Olympus shake,
And whom the Genii fear, and Demons serve!
The Fates, stern and unbending, for all else,
Obey thy sovereign will! Of all that lives,
Immortal One! thou art the awful Sire!
When wrathful thou dost speak, the entire world
Doth quake! the unchained winds in fury sweep
The sea, and fearful darkness gathers round
The earth, and fiery storms do plough the vast
Expanse above! Yet art thou wise and kind:
That holy law, which rules the stars, comes forth
From thee; and aye before thy golden throne
Unwearied stand those holy ones, who do
Thy will, and bear thy gifts to man! The bright
And glorious Spring, adorned with brilliant hues,
And crowned with new-born flowers, and Winter swathed
In shining bands of ice, are by thy will
Created. All do come from Thee: Spring's flowers,
Summer's joys, and Autumn's golden fruits,
To Thee, and Thee alone, we owe them all!"

The Eleusinian Mysteries were distinguished into she *greater* and *less*. The origin of this distinction is thus accounted for. Hercules, being at Athens, detired to be initiated; but, by the laws, no stranger could be admitted. That they might not offend the hero, whom they respected and feared, nor yet violate the ancient laws, the Athenians instituted the lesser Mysteries, to the celebration of which he was admitted. These were afterward preparatory to the greater, for which the candidate was obliged to fit himself by religious ceremonies, symbolical rites, and various acts of devotion—the design of which was to withdraw his attention, at least for a time, from business and pleasure, to keep him pure, chaste, and unpolluted, and to excite his curiosity in relation to the expected revelations. The period of purification continued a year, and no one could be admitted without this preparation, on pain of death.

The celebration of the Mysteries commenced on the 15th day of the month Boedromion, and continued nine davs. The ceremony of admission, already described, was performed in the night, and could not but leave a lasting and deep impression on the mind of the initiate.

In these rites we perceive most clearly a profound, religious, and philosophical significance. They were both retrospective and prospective—looking backward to the past of humanity, and forward to its future; and presenting, under an allegorical veil, the whole moral history of man—his natural ignorance, helplessness, and blindness—the gradual dawning of truth on his mind, and the high and glorious perfection to which he may attain.

Masonry at Waterloo.

Clavel relates the following incident as another testimony of the happy influence which Masonry exerts in softening the harsher and more revolting features of the battle-field. Well did Gen. Shields observe, on the occasion of the reception of himself and General Quitman by the Grand Lodge of South Carolina, after their return from Mexico, in December, 1847, that "it was not until he was placed in the battle-field, and saw and partook of the fierce conflict of man with man, that he was able to appreciate the benign principles of that Order which humanized and civilized the human heart, and softened even the harsh features of war." But to recur to the incident at Waterloo.

On the memorable 16th of June, 1815, at the moment when the allied army commenced a retrograde movement, a Scotch field officer, who had been seriously wounded in the affair of Quatre Bras, was left on the field of battle. Trampled on by the French cavalry, he thought but of death, when he perceived the French patrols who came to succour the wounded. Rallying the little strength that remained, he endeavored to raise himself on his knees, and at all hazards, and in a faint voice, he called on the brethren for aid. Notwithstanding the darkness, and the feebleness of his voice in its piteousness, he attracted the attention of a French surgeon who, recognizing in him a brother, hastened to his aid. His wounds were numerous, and the means of transportation insufficient, but necessity made the professional brother vigorous. He first dressed those wounds which presented the most formidable danger, and then raised and carried his patient to the sick quarters, placed him on his own pallet, watched by his side, and finally caused him to be conveyed to Valenciennes, where he was warmly recommended to his friends, from whom the officer received the kindest attention, and by whose care he was completely restored to health.

The Robber of the Desert.

The London Freemasons' Review for December, 1841, contains the following anecdote, which is another evidence of the influence of masonic philanthropy over the heart of the barbarian:

It is now some twenty years since Capt. E., late a member of one of the English University Lodges, was traveling in Egypt. The Captain was accompanied by his servant, an active and intelligent young man. They were attacked in the desert by the Arabs; the Captain made a very resolute stand, and slew two of the robbers. He was, with his servant, soon overpowered, and they were conveyed to the robbers' retreat, when they were separated. It was determined that the Captain's life should be forfeited, and he awaited his cruel destiny with as much fortitude as a brave man could feel. Instead of this awful sentence, he was, however, agreeably surprised in the morning by his servant's approach, with the joyful intelligence that his sentence was not only remitted, but that he was at liberty to resume his journey; and this retributive justice was accompanied by the restoration of every article of the property of which he had previously been plundered. Is it to be wondered at that his gratitude to his servant ended in his taking early steps to claim a nearer association to him as a brother in the Craft, for by the exchange of the mysterious secret the robber of the desert had kept his faith with a brother. The servant and the Arab were both Masons, and through the former the master had received the benefits of the mystic tie.

THE MASTER'S SONG.

BY DR. ANDERSON.

We sing of Masons' ancient fame!
  Lo, eighty thousand craftsmen rise
Under the masters of great name;
  More than three thousand just and wise,
Employ'd by Solomon, the Sire,
  And general Master Mason too,
As Hiram was in stately Tyre,
  Like Salem built by Masons true.

The royal art was then divine,
  The craftsman councell'd from above,
The temple was the grand design
  The wond'ring world did all approve.
Ingenious men from every place
  Come to survey the glorious pile;
And, when return'd, began to trace
  And imitate its lofty style.

At length the Grecians came to know
  Geometry, and learn'd the art
Pythagoras was rais'd to show,
  And glorious Euclid to impart:
Great Archimedes too appear'd,
  And Carthagenian masters bright;
Till Roman citizens uprear'd
  The art, with wisdom and delight

But when proud Asia they had quell'd
  And Greece and Egypt overcome,
In architecture they excell'd,
  And brought the learning all to Rome;
Where wise Vitruvius, warden prime
  Of architects, the art improv'd
In great Augustus' peaceful time,
  When arts and artists were belov'd.

They brought the knowledge from the *east*,
  And as they made the nations yield,
They spread it through the *north* and *west*,
  And taught the world the art to build.
Witness their citadels and tow'rs,
  To fortify their legions fine,
Their temples, palaces, and bow'rs,
  That spoke the Masons' grand design.

Thus mighty Eastern Kings, and some
  Of Abraham's race, and Monarchs good
Of Egypt, Syria, Greece, and Rome,
  True architecture understood.
No wonder then if Masons join
  To celebrate those Mason-kings,
With solemn note and flowing wine,
  Whilst every brother jointly sings:

CHORUS.

Who can unfold the royal art,
  Or show its *secrets* in a song?
They're safely kept in Masons' heart,
  And to the ancient lodge belong!

The Lucky Subaltern.

The following anecdote is given on the authority of Dr. James Burnes, Provincial Grand Master for Western Africa, by whom it was related at a masonic festival in India, and who received it from Colonel Logan, an officer in the Peninsula war, but not himself a Mason:

During that war a whole battalion of the 4th regiment of British Infantry had been taken prisoners by the French, and in accordance with the predatory habits, which too often characterized the war, had been stripped of everything of value. Several of the officers were bemoaning their unhappy lot, cast in a dreary abode, and deprived of all the comforts and many of the necessities of life, when, to their great surprise, one of their companions, a subaltern of the corps, in full dress, passed by with light step and happy countenance. What could be the reason of this marked difference in treatment? How was it, that while they were in rags and in want, plundered, and depressed in spirits, this lieutenant was permitted to retain his property, and was treated with a degree of attention to which, it was evident, his military rank did not entitle him? By what potent talisman had he converted the gloomy tint of the fortune of war into a *couleur de rose?* To them the explanation was at first difficult, but after all was exceedingly simple. It had been discovered by his captors that the subaltern was a Mason, and as in the French army, in the times of Bonaparte, almost every officer belonged to the Craft. he had been quickly recognized as a brother; his uniform and baggage had been at once restored to him, and he was then on his way to dine, by special invitation, with his illustrious brother, the French Field Marshal.

CONGRESSIONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY B. B. FRENCH.

CHAPTER II.

The first Monday of December, 1834, came, and the two Houses of Congress assembled. The members came together, as they always do at a second session, kindly disposed toward each other, and ready to proceed with the business of the country. President Jackson's message was sent to both Houses, and from its tone and tenor everybody prophesied war with France. My own remarks upon it, at the time, written to a friend, and published, I find to have been:

"The President's message is just what his friends here expected; they are warm in their praise of it, while his opponents, as a matter of course, find all the fault they can with it. The National Intelligencer of this morning (Dec. 4) has a column and a half devoted to that part relative to our relations with France, commencing—'We see in this part of the message the spirit of the old soldier, resentful of injury, real or supposed, impatient of delay, and reckless of the consequences in pursuit of redress for it.' The friends of the President see just what they wish to see, '*the spirit of the old soldier, resentful of injury,*' and it is what I hope, in Heaven's name we shall always see in our President, whenever a Foreign Power attempts to trample upon our rights. The President has *recommended* just what a patriot, whose whole soul is absorbed in the interests of his country, should recommend, that if France *utterly refuses* to perform the stipulations of a solemn treaty that the United States should make reprisals upon French property. It is but following out the excellent principle laid down in his inaugural, 'To ask for nothing that is not clearly right, and submit to nothing that is wrong.'"

Those were my own sentiments, briefly expressed *then*, they are my sentiments *now*, (June, 1856.) But my aim in writing this book is not to deal so much in great national matters, of which the records of Congress are full, and which may always be referred to, as to occurrences of minor importance in a general point of view, but still of interest, and of which no official record, if any whatever, has been made; occurrences which fell under my own individual notice, and of which I either "made a note" at the time, or which a tolerably retentive memory enables me to recall.

During the second week of this session, the statues of "Peace" and "War," were brought to the Capitol and placed in the rotunda. They were from the chisel of M. Persico, an Italian artist, who had been here several years before, and returned to Italy to make these figures. They came in the U. S. frigate Constellation. They stood for sometime in the rotunda, and were then removed, and placed in the niches to fill which they were made, on either side of the main eastern entrance, where they now stand. They were lionized for a few days, as such things always are, and then became ordinary matters. They took my fancy at the time; and I like to look at them now, and consider them better than many other of the artistic productions about the Capitol, although they have been somewhat roughly criticised. I hardly see how "Peace" and "War" could be more characteristically embodied in marble than they are in those statues.

On the 18th of December, the Committee of the Senate appointed during the previous session to investigate the affairs touching the Bank of the United States, made their report, by Senator John Tyler, as their organ. It was a very long report, and among other matters contained charges against President Jackson, which Senator Benton, in his way of saying things, at once denounced as "false, sir, false! Aye, false as hell, sir—false as hell!"

Among the events of the month of December, one is very fresh in my memory, with all the circumstances accompanying it, viz: The delivery of an oration on the life and character of Gilbert Mortier de La Fayette, by John Quincy Adams. It was delivered in the hall of the House of Representatives on the 31st day of December, 1834, and Mr. Adams occupied two hours and forty-five minutes in the delivery of it.

To speak of its character at this time, after it has been more than twenty years before the public, would be a waste of time. I *stood* near the orator during the delivery of it, and so interested was I, as not to be aware of the lapse of time at all, and could not have told whether he had occupied one hour or five. I pronounced it "eloquent, patriotic, and interesting" at the moment of its conclusion, and my opinion has been amply responded to by the nation.

I have been the witness of few more imposing assemblages than the one which listened to that eulogy. A brief history of the whole proceeding may not be out of place.

On the 21st of June, 1834, Mr. Adams rose in the House, and announced, in some very feeling and appropriate remarks, the death of La Fayette, and moved a resolution for the appointment of committees of the two Houses "to consider and report by what token of respect and affection it may be proper for the Congress of the United States to express the deep sensibility of the Nation to the event of the decease of General La Fayette."

This resolution was unanimously adopted, and a Committee, on the part of the House, of a member from each State in the Union was appointed; and, on the part of the Senate, of thirteen Senators.

On the 24th of June, a series of resolutions was reported and unanimously adopted by both Houses, the last of which was, "That John Quincy Adams be requested to deliver an oration on the life and character of General La Fayette, before the two Houses of Congress, at the next session."

On the 9th of December, 1834, in the House of Representatives, a resolution was adopted, on motion of Mr. Hubbard, for the appointment of a joint committee to make arrangements for the delivery of the oration, which was agreed to by the Senate. That committee consisted of Messrs. Henry Clay, Hugh L. White, J. C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster, and James Buchanan on the part of the Senate, and Henry Hubbard, Levi Lincoln, Edward D. White, John J. Allen, and Thomas A. Marshall on the part of the House.

On the 23d of December, Mr. Hubbard reported to the House a joint resolution fixing the 31st of that month as the time for the delivery of the oration, and stating, with all proper detail, the manner in which all the arrangements should be conducted, which resolution was passed by both Houses.

All the arrangements having been made, the House was called to order by the Speaker at twelve o'clock, meridian, of the 31st of December. Ladies were admitted by a vote of the House to the *privileged seats*, but as ladies are *privileged persons*, and members of Congress are proverbially gallant, it was but a few moments after the order admitting them passed, before there was a gay interspersion of them among the members. At half past twelve the President of the United States, (Andrew Jackson,) the heads of Departments, *a part* of the Foreign Diplomatic Corps, the Vice President, and the Senate came in. As soon as all were seated, Mr. Adams was conducted to the Speaker's chair by Mr. Hubbard.

At that moment the scene was most imposing, and its daguerreotype *now* would be a fortune to an artist. The immense hall was completely filled; many of the seats of the members were occupied by ladies. On the right of the chair were seated the President, heads of Departments, and Diplomatic Corps. In the seats just back of them, the Senate of the United States, and then such of the members of the House as had not relinquished their seats to ladies. The ladies gallery, then facing the Speaker's chair, presented a perfect galaxy of beauty.

> "The sparkling eyes and flashing ornaments,
> The white arms and raven hair—the braids
> And bracelets; swan-like bosoms, and the necklace.
> An India in itself, yet dazzeling not
> The eye like what it circled."

When Mr. Adams rose he was greeted with applause, and the waving of handkerchiefs; and many times during the delivery of the oration there were tumultuous outbursts of approbation, giving certain evidence that the orator had fully enlisted the popular heart in his eloquent effort.

As soon as he had finished his friends gathered around him and greeted him most cordially on his success.

The President, his Cabinet, the Diplomatic Corps, and the Senate then withdrew, and the House adjourned.

And so passed away in the Congress of the United States, the last day of the year 1834. A most appropriate closing of it in paying the highest possible tribute of respect to the memory of a brave and patriotic foreigner, who devoted a large portion of his fortune, the prime of his life, and even his blood, to the establishing of the free people of America in their independence.

Whatever may be said of the "ingratitude of republics," the people of the United States can look back with pride and admiration to the action of the generation just passing away, in showing honor and respect and love to the brave and chivalrous and good La Fayette while living, and to his memory after he had departed. So far as he was concerned this Republic was not ungrateful.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Masonry and Humanity.

BY REV. BRO. S. S. PORTER.

"The first and the most fundamental principle of Masonry is defined by the broad expansive word Humanity." Men are brothers, made of [illegible]e blood, involved in common calamities, subjected to common sorrows, exposed to like adversities, and they ought therefore to be bound together for mutual protection and support. But what ought to be, is just what is never. Brother envies brother; family hates family; tribe hates tribe; nation abhors nation; and thus we are tracking the world with blood and tears.

> "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

Now, over against this natural tendency of selfishness, there must and should be erected barriers, high and effectually upreared, so that, if possible all this passion and hatred may be broken up when they reach them. Such barriers can be erected only upon some basis broad and comprehensive enough to admit great diversities of opinion and will, maintaining, nevertheless, sufficient fundamental truths, around which the common conscience and heart of mankind, as such, may converge and unite. Our Order accepts and cherishes these principles, as the very foundations on which it builds. It considers man, as such, the proper object of its main regards; and, therefore, through the centuries, whatever fortunes have marked its progress, it has been steadily aiming to build up man in his proper stature or place, to do whatsoever he may have to do, as becomes a man. This is true Masonry. Truth, honor, and charity, are the materials it uses, and they being imperishable, whatever takes its being from them must survive change and triumph over decay.

Purely mechanical Masonry is indeed a noble art. Blending the charms of imagination with the rigid exactness of mathematical science, it has filled the world with wonders. In building cities and temples, it has fashioned forms of superlative beauty, but none of them have been or shall be able to defy the touch of Time's effacing finger. The proudest material structures ever reared remain now only in broken and dishonored ruins, to point the old moral that man survives the monuments of his own genius and power. The superb structure reared by Solomon on the brow of Moriah, which once stood both the miracle and the glory of oriental art, is no more. Its marble strength and its cunning adornments have long ceased to exist. No more do the dark-haired daughters of Israel rejoice to the music of its long silent oracles; but all the meaning of that temple lives and will live so long as mind can contain mind and thought transmit thought. That reverence for the Supreme Being which the ancient temple required has not ceased nor diminished. That sacred ark of promise which was covered with the seraphim and illumined by Shekinah, yet works the incantation of hope in the human heart. And the Aaronic priesthood in laying down its honors at the feet of him "who was found in fashion as a man," for sacrifice and for purification, bequeathed to every age all the spiritual import of its illustrious services.

And so it may be said with less emphasis of all those august structures which pagan genius reared in honor of its many divinities. They have perished. The withering hand of time; the shock of war; ever flowing, relentless change, have dashed the grandeur of Athens to the dust, crumbled the temple of Capitoline Jove, and buried the magnificent edifices that once stood on the banks of the Tigris and the Nile so deeply beneath accumulated sand that men now build upon their tombs ignorant of their previous existence. And the achievements of mechanical Masonry must all perish. But, brothers, what intellectual and moral Masonry does well by square and plummet, within the circle described by the sharp-pointed compasses of Truth and Right, is in its very nature indestructible.

It teaches, subordinate to the Divine law, love to God and good will to men, and thus, by the very activity of its operations. frames the mind of the creature in to loving conformity with the Creator. In this work it cannot be straitened by any local or adventitious distinction. Its sympathies are as broad as the race, as practical as human want, as real, and just as generous as Adversity itself dare ask it to be.

Such is the spirit of Masonry. It is humane; its watchword is Charity; its life work is to do good."

The Ignorant Introduction of an Improper Ceremony in the Third Degree.

There are more than one of the new lights in Masonry, sprung up like mushrooms in a night, who in an important portion of the ceremonial of the third degree treat H. A. as if he had been a *Junior* Warden at the Temple building. That illustrious personage was *not* a Junior Warden, but Warden of the work at the Temple; and the traditionary manner of his death shows that he had nothing to do with superintending the Craft at their meals. He was a "custos laborum,"—"custodien de la loge," Warden or General Overseer of the Lodge, or work going on; or as we call him "Operative Grand Master!" He had nothing whatever to do with the superintendence of the Craft whilst at refreshment.

We call the earnest attention of the Fraternity to these facts, because they oppose a doctrine which has been the cause of an important error which is growing of late in the mode of working adopted by a great many Lodges in this country, The belief that Hiram Abiff was the Junior Grand Warden at the Temple, and that consequently the candidate in the third degree is a representative of the Junior Warden of the Lodge, has led to the introduction of the innovation complained of in the conferring of that degree, of a most silly and unmasonic character, in direct opposition to the whole traditionary history on which the degree is founded, and which is well calculated, at the very commencement of the ceremonies, to divest them of all the awe and sublimity which the peculiar design of the degree is intended to produce. We allude to the absurd scene which takes place in connection with the chair of the Junior Warden and the candidate. We cannot of course be more explicit, but such of our readers as have been present at the performance of this scene will readily understand our allusion.

Now, the source of this puerile ceremony is to be found, as we have stated, in the erroneous belief that H. A. was the Junior Warden at the Temple. It is true, even if he were, that the introduction of this scene at that time would be wholly inconsistent with our traditions, which record him, not as taking his seat in South, but as repairing to the S. S. Nevertheless, we are to attribute its introduction to some undefined and floating idea of a connection between that illustrious personage and the candidate, with the office of Junior Warden, and the particular time of day.

Anderson, in the first or historical portion of the Book of Constitutions, calls him the "Deputy Grand Master" in the absence of Solomon, and "Senior Grand Warden" in his presence. But by our own ritual, as adopted throughout the United States, he is placed in his proper position as a "Grand Master." Webb, in the Freemason's Monitor, the first work of the kind published in this country, and of which all subsequent Hand Books are little more than copies, says, speaking of the Temple, in the monitorial part of the lecture on the third degree—"there were employed as its builders, *three* Grand Masters,"—one of these, of course, was H. A.

A knowledge of this fact is important; because the moment that it is perfectly understood that he was a Grand Master, and not a Junior Grand Warden, all necessity or excuse for his connection with the South at once and forever ceases—the absurd ceremony to which we have alluded is abolished, and the solemn and impressive ceremonies of the sublimest degree in Masonry are no longer interrupted by the interpolation of a ludicrous and unhistorical scene, whose manifest absurdity shocks the common sense of every intelligent candidate.

Masters of Lodges, or Lecturers—of which alas we have too many—who have been in the habit of using this innovation in conferring the third degree, would therefore do well to reflect on what we have said. Reflection will at once show them that there is no reason for retaining the objectional ceremony, and a great many for abolishing it, and then there is but little doubt, if they are strong-minded men, and not wedded to false gods, of what course they will next pursue.—*N. Y. Courier.*

God's Heroes.

Here are "God's heroes," the heroes of the sick chamber and the vigil by the cradleside; the heroes of poverty and of the workshop; of silent, patient endurance, having learned, through much tribulation, that waiting and suffering is their destined work; the heroes of long suffering, forbearance and charity, or of victory over pain, of the unostentatious self-denial of the household; the lowly, toiling, sad woman climbing mounts of sacrifice under heavy crosses, without a human hand held out in sympathy; the noble army of martyrs who have found and followed the Master's footprints in the daily round of human duties, transfiguring that despised, circumscribed, care-encumbered life of theirs into a living testimony to the truth of Christ's evangel; the lonely sufferers, priests by a heavenly consecration, offering the sacrifices of praise in garret and cellar; men and women far from stimulating delights of successful activities, co-workers with Christ, sowing in hope the seed whose increase they shall never reap; "the sacramental host of God's elect," ever ascending with songs most jubilant from the faithful performance of earth's lower ministries to the perfect service of the upper sanctuary with its perennial and unhindered praise. They are passing up through the gates of the morning into the city without a temple, and it is for other fingers than ours to weave the amaranth round their lowly brow.—*North British Review.*

PRACTICAL MASONRY.

THE narative of our good Brother Cammack, Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of the District, is so interesting, we give it entire to our readers:

DEAR DOCTOR:

I mentioned to you last night the incidents of the death of a brother Mason, and the action taken by St. John's Lodge, No. XI, thereon.

The brother was, by the kindness of Brother B. B. French, admitted to the citizens' ward in Douglas Hospital. He was a person of retiring and modest habits; would rather suffer than be a burden on any. His name was J. R. Dowling, a native of Florida. Was a member there of the Baptist Church, and was esteemed by members of the 13th Street Church of this city, who knew him, and so far as their humble means allowed contributed to his relief, not knowing that he was a Mason. Incidently hearing of his illness, and not being apprised of his real situation, on calling at the Douglas Hospital, I was informed of his death and burial; and, on subsequent inquiry, found him to be a brother Mason, whom I had met with in a M.·. M.·. Lodge. On ascertaining the fact, it was brought to the notice of St. John's Lodge, who passed resolutions empowering me to have the body of the deceased brother exhumed from a pauper's grave in the Potter's field, and have it interred in one of the sites belonging to St. John's Lodge, in the Congressional Cemetery. It was with some difficulty the remains were found. No less than four graves were opened before the right one was found and identified. It was put into a decent case, and removed to the Congressional burying ground, and with a few devoted members of the 13th Street Baptist Church, and Masons, consigned to its last resting place. The funeral ceremony of our order read, and some remarks made over his remains, and the ever-green deposited on his coffin, and a prayer by a Deacon of the 13th Street Church, closed the ceremonies. Thus the last sad rites to the remains were paid, and it is a pleasing reflection, that though humble and unknown, the Order of which he was member, rescued his memory from oblivion, and he now lies on a level with his brethren.

The following lines were composed by him just before his death, for a member of 13th Street Church, to whom he strongly attached, to be given to him, however, after his death:

Farewell!
We meet no more
On this side heaven;
The parting scene is o'er,
The last sad look is given.

Farewell!
My soul will weep
While memory lives,
From wounds that sink so deep,
No earthly hand relieves.

Farewell!
My stricken heart
To Jesus flies,
From him I'll never part,
On him my hope relies.

Farewell!
And shall we meet
In heaven above,
And there in union sweet,
Sing of a Saviour's love.

Thinking the recital of these inclosed facts might be useful, and if found worthy, placed in your valuable paper, I hand them to you to give what direction you please to them. They are at your service, and will tend to show that the cherished principles of our beloved Order are best displayed by acts and not by mere professions.

J. R. Dowling, died at Douglas Hospital, August 4th, 1863, and his remains were re-interred on Aug. 18th, 1863.

Rev. Dr. Tyng—Masonic Clergy and their Testimony.

Our worthy and highly esteemed Masonic, Christian, and clerical brother, and Past Grand Master, Rev. Dr. Tyng, of St. George's, New York, has labored and has accomplished as much for his race as any man in America. He has not only honored the church, and advanced Christianity, and with his noble heart blessed the world; but he has also honored Masonry, and blessed the Craft.

Without enumerating his previous exertions and labor for mankind, and his zeal in every other good word and work, we obtain an idea of all from his work in his own parish.

The Doctor has completed his eighteenth year at St. George's, New York city. During this time he has presented 810 persons for confirmation. He found 229 communicants; he has added 1138. The average pew rent of his church has been $10,000 a year. The average sum for charities and the spread of the Gospel out of his parish, by his church, has been nearly $17,000. The last year the church contributed for benevolent purposes, $25,000. Two missionaries among the poor are supported by the Doctor's church—one English and the other German. A Mission Sunday School has in it 1,200 children; and another German Mission School has 400 children.

Is there no connection between Masonry and such lives and such results?

The predecessor of Dr. Tyng, the sainted Milnor, was also a Freemason, and was Grand Master of Pennslyvania. The sainted Bedell, also. In all the churches, the majority of earnest, self-denying, charitable spirits, they who have influenced society to grow wiser and better, have been Freemasons. They were taught in the Order great reverence for the Bible, the name and character of God, they were taught reverence for laws human and divine; they were taught regard for man in his poorest and humblest condition; they were taught that all men should be the care of all men, and when these Masons became Christians, this early masonic training did influence them, did make their benevolence and efforts more comprehensive and methodical, did give them knowledge of men, and did save them from, not religious decision, but religious bigotry.

We make no apology for a connection with Masonry. We offer no negative modification of its abuse. We boldly assert that it is invaluable to young men, in their training for future usefulness; that it has saved myriads of youth for virtue, the country, and the church; that it is now saving tens of thousands in our cities from vice and corruption; that it is now blessing State and church, army and navy; that it is now an influence of incalculable good to this country and mankind.

They who, in the full light of Washington, Franklin, and Jackson's masonic character and teachings, Bishops White, Griswold, Chase, Otey, Hedding, George, and McKendree, Drs. Bedell, Milnor, Tyng, and a host of such men, will still contemn Masonry, or regard it as a puerile or vicious institution, do exhibit great grossness of understanding, and coarseness of spiritual sensibility, and utterly ignore cause and effect. We point to the lives and talents and usefulness of our masonic clergy who were not ashamed of the Institution, such as are not influenced by fear of some loss of patronage by identification with our Order. We also now quote their published testimony, to which we shall add from time to time. Our readers will recollect the admirable address by Dr. Milnor, in our first number, made to Alexandria Lodge, on his especial visit to the Freemasons of that city.

If the lives of the masonic clergy, and such testimony as the following, do not convince them, though one should rise from the dead, they would not believe:

The Right Rev. Dr. Griswold, the learned and pious Protestant Bishop of Massachusetts, was a Mason—not a cold and nominal, but a zealous and practical one. In an interesting work, entitled "Stray Leaves from a Freemason's Note Book," the testimony of the Bishop, in favor of our Order, is given as follows: During the anti-masonic excitement, a wealthy layman called upon the Bishop, with several insinuations against the character of a clergyman, summing up his list of accusations by stating, as he supposed, to the diocesan's horror, that his presbyter was a Mason. "A Mason is he? I am one myself," replied Dr. Griswold; "I wish all my clergy were Masons; I wish they all belonged to the Craft; provided they would act up to its obligations, and fulfill its engagements."

To this testimony of an eminent American prelate, may appropriately be subjoined that of the Right Rev. Dr. Horseley, Bishop of Rochester, a distinguished member of the English hierarchy. In June, 1799, when, in consequence of the fears entertained by government, of the Jacobin Clubs, the British Parliament was about to pass a law for the suppression of secret societies, on the discussion of the bill, several noblemen in the House of Lords publicly defended the character and designs of the masonic lodges.—Among them, the Bishop of Rochester arose, and acknowledged himself to be a Freemason, with his hand on his heart, declared, "that versed in the Craft and mystery of the Fraternity, he agreed fully with all that had been said with respect to the purity of the Institution as conducted in this country, and the charitable purposes which it tended to promote; that there existed nothing in the principles on which the societies of Masons were constituted, or in their practices, that was in the smallest degree contrary to religion, to loyalty, to patriotism, or to the strenuous support of the government under which they flourished; that the innocence of the Institution was unquestionable, and the objects which it embraced were of the most laudable nature."

It was testimonies like this, given by the most distinguished British legislators, that induced Parliament to give to Freemasonry the sanction of protecting clauses, in the law which prohibited the meeting of secret societies.

Of innumerable passages in the writings of the Rev. Dr. Oliver, which embody his opinions of Freemasonry, I shall present but one. The difficulty here is not to find, but to select, an encomium. His whole life, devoted as it has been to the illustration of our Order, is one untiring eulogium. No man has written more, or written better for Masonry, than this great apostle of its mysteries. No man's labors have been more useful to the Institution, no man's virtues have been more creditable to its character.

"The study of Freemasonry," says he, "is the study of man for a blessed eternity. It furnishes examples of holy living, and displays the conduct which is pleasing and acceptable to God. The doctrine and examples which distinguish the Order are obvious, and suited to every capacity. It is impossible for the most fastidious Mason to misunderstand, however he may slight or neglect them. It is impossible for the most superficial Brother to say, that he is unable to comprehend the plain precepts and the unanswerable arguments which are furnished by Freemasonry."

The Rev. Thaddeus Mason Harris, of Massachusetts, was another indefatigable laborer in the vineyard of Masonry. Of this eminently learned and pious man and Mason, it has been justly said, that "he brought the energy of his gifted mind, the patronage of his immaculate reputation, and the weight of his personal character, as a willing offering to the altar of Freemasonry." One of his testimonials to the genius of our Institution is here presented to the reader, extracted from an address delivered at the consecration of Olive Branch Lodge at Oxford, Mass., in 1798; and let it be remembered, that for nearly half a century afterwards, Dr. Harris continued to cherish these favorable opinions of the Order—maintaining his allegiance to it with unshaken firmness, through all the trying exigencies of the anti-masonic excitement, and dying in 1842, at the ripe age of seventy-four, a faithful officer of the charity fund of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. The opinions advanced in the maturity of his manhood, were confirmed and strengthened by the long experience of his advancing years. That opinion is in these words:

"Freemasonry inspires its members with the most exalted ideas of God, and leads to the exercise of the most pure and sublime piety. A reverence for the Supreme Being, the Grand Architect of nature, is the elemental life, the primordial source of all its principles, the very spring and fountain of all its virtues.

"It interests us also in the duties and engagements of humanity; produces an affectionate concern for the welfare of all around us; and, raising us superior to every selfish view, or party prejudice, fills the heart with an unlimited good will to man.

"All its plans are pacific. It co-operates with our blessed religion in regulating the tempers, restraining the passions, sweetening the dispositions, and harmonizing the discordant interests of men; breathes a spirit of universal love and benevolence; adds one thread more to the silken cord of evangelical charity which binds man to man; and seeks to entwine the cardinal virtues and the Christian graces in the web of the affections, and the drapery of the conduct. In its bosom flows cheerily the milk of human kindness; and its heart expands with love and good will. It wears 'the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.' In one hand it holds out the olive branch of peace; and in the other, the liberal donation of charity."

In an address delivered in 1837, at Montrose, in Scotland, by the Rev. Br. Norval, Chaplain of St. Peter's Lodge in that city, he thus describes the objects of a masonic lodge:

"A Mason's lodge is a school of piety. The principal emblems are the teachers. The All-seeing Eye teaches the omnipresence of the Deity. Its lessons are delightful and awful; delightful, while we remember that we are under its guardian care; awful, when we forget that to it darkness is as the noon day. It is a school of brotherly love. The holy volume expanded, invites us to peruse its sacred pages, because in them only are the words of eternal life."

The Rev. Dr. Dalcho, who was at the same time the assistant minister of St. Michael's Church, in Charleston, S. C., and the Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of South Carolina, a clergyman highly esteemed and respected for the faithful discharge of his pastoral duties, thus offers his testimony, founded on long experience as a Mason:

"I highly venerate the masonic Institution, under the fullest persuasion, that where its principles are acknowledged, and its laws and precepts obeyed, it comes nearest to the Christian religion, in its moral effects and influence, of any Institution with which I am acquainted."

The Rev. G. Roberts, Vicar of Monmouth, in England, in a sermon preached at Newport, declares that "there is no subject existing within the range and grasp of the human intellect; be it the most subtle and various; be it high as the heavens above, or deep as the earth beneath—no secret of creation—into which the science of Freemasonry does not enter, in the pursuit of wisdom, knowledge, and virtue."

The Rev. Dr. Russell, Provincial Grand Chaplain for Devonshire, in England, gives his testimony in these words:

"The precepts of the Gospel were universally the obligations of Masonry. So far from containing aught that is inconsistent with the Gospel, the love of the brotherhood, the fear of God, and the honor of the Queen, are three of the brightest jewels of Masonry—three of its richest ornaments—three of its first and leading principles."

The Rev. Dr. Slade, Provincial Grand Chaplain for Staffordshire, England, thus eloquently expatiates on the religious tendency of Freemasonry, in a sermon preached in 1841, at Wolverhampton:

"Charity, or brotherly kindness, is as much a masonic, as it is a Christian virtue. It is professedly the ruling principle of the masonic, as it is of the Christian faith. The advent of the Messiah's kingdom was announced by angels with this celestial chorus—Glory to God on high, peace on earth, good will toward men. And the standard of Freemasonry bears upon its banner, in golden characters, the same token of its divine mission. The Gospel of Christ, the Epistles of his Apostles, teach one faith on this article of a Christian's creed. The records and lectures of Masonry, take no other basis for instruction and initiation into its mysteries."

The Rev. Erastus Burr, Grand Orator of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, in an address before that body in 1845, has written this pleasing but faithful eulogy of our Order:

"From its origin to the present hour, in all its vicissitudes, Masonry has been the steady, unvarying friend of man. It has gone forth from age to age, the constant messenger of peace and love—never weary—never forgetful of its holy mission—patiently ministering to the relief of want and sorrow, and scattering, with unsparing hand, blessings and benefits to all around. It comforts the mourner. It speaks peace and consolation to the troubled spirit. It carries relief and gladness to the habitation of want and desolation. It dries the tears of widowhood and orphanage. It opens the source of knowledge. It widens the sphere of human happiness. It even seeks to light up the darkness and gloom of the grave, by pointing to the hopes and promises of a better life to come. All this Masonry has done, and is still doing. These are some of its benefits, the happy fruits of its benevolent principles. We speak of them in no spirit of vain boasting, but to wipe off injurious and unjust imputations. And we ask with confidence, can a system which inculcates such duties, and is productive of such results—duties and results so entirely accordant with the very spirit of the Gospel, be found, by any possibility, in a position of hostility to the Gospel? From every honest and unprejudiced mind, we anticipate a decided negative to this question."

We quote the following remarks from an admirable sermon, entitled "The Consistency of Freemasonry with Christianity," preached at Portsmouth, England, on July 4th, 1842, by the Rev. T. Tunstall Haverfield, D. D., Rector of Coddington, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Duke of Sussex:

"It would be presumptuous—I had almost said impious—to draw a parallel between any human institution and that holy scheme of religious faith and practice, whose author is God—whose founder is God's only Son. But we may, without being guilty of too unholy an intrusion upon sacred things, declare to those who are unacquainted with our principles, that, in humble obedience to the commands of him whose word is the truth, these principles instruct us *to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God;* that they teach us to dedicate our lives and all our actions to the service of the Supreme Being, by giving glory to God in the highest, by promoting peace on earth, and disseminating good will among men. We may tell them further, that loyalty to our Sovereign, and fidelity and obedience to the government of our country, are also among the foremost characteristics of our Order, into which no one is ever admitted, without having these principles duly impressed upon his mind; and being solemnly engaged to abide by them, and to prove himself in his masonic life, precisely what Christ enjoined his followers to prove themselves in the Christian."

In 1798, at the period when, by the efforts of such men as Barruel and Robison, Freemasonry was in England beginning, for a season, to be confounded with the illuminism and infidel philosophy of France and Germany, the Rev. Richard Munkhouse, D. D., of Queen's College, Oxford, gave the following testimony to the purity of the Institution, in an address which he delivered before Unanimity Lodge No. 202, at Wakefield, England:

"Whatever corruptions, religious, moral, or political, may (either upon the continent of Europe, or elsewhere) have taken shelter under the hallowed appellation of Freemasonry, it does not concern me to inquire in this place. I will even admit, that among a people who have impiously revolted from most sacred obligations and professions, this honorable Institution may have been perverted and abused to the worst of purposes. But I must repel the preposterous insinuation that involves, in one comprehensive and indiscriminate censure, the proceedings in our lodges, with those in which it is asserted that men, calling themselves Masons, have deviated from the avowed spirit and integrity of the Order. No; than the true brethren of the Craft, there are not, I maintain, any descriptions of their fellow-subjects, who more readily, more consistently, more conscientiously discharge their several duties as men, Masons, and Christians. And in briefly bearing this testimony to the brotherhood at large, but most especially as existing in this country, I presume to the full extent of my own observation to add—'I speak that I do not know, and testify that I have seen.' "

In a sermon preached at Gravesend, England, on St. John the Baptist's Day, 1793, the Rev. Jethro Inwood, Provincial Grand Chaplain for the county of Kent, made use of the following language:

"The Institution of Masonry, so far from giving birth or growth to the commission of any thing inconsistent with the strictest part of our holy religion, whether respecting our duty to God or man, has a direct tendency to enforce and encourage the performance of every one of its holy precepts;" and in making this assertion, he says that he claims to be believed, "as one who dared not speak falsely before the awful presence of Almighty God.".

The "Vesica Piscis."

In the earliest age of the masonic institution a geometrical figure or canon was adopted in all sacred buildings, which had an import hid from the vulgar. Although it had a decided reference to the Christian religion, and many have been invented by the Church, yet it had also an equal analogy with other mysteries professed by the first society of "Masons." This hieroglyphic device was styled the *Vesica Piscis*, (fishes' bladder,) and may be traced from the Church of St. John Lutheran and old St. Peter's, at Rome, to the Church of Bath, one of the latest Gothic buildings of England. It was formed by two equal circles cutting each other in their centers, and was held in high veneration, having been invariably adopted by Master Masons in all countries. In bas-reliefs, in the most ancient churches and over door-ways, it usually circumscribes the figure of the Saviour. It has also been attributed to a knowledge of Euclid, and necessarily involves the construction of the pointed arch, one of the distinctive features of the Gothic style of architecture, which was the exclusive secret of the Freemasons of the middle ages. Those Masons were certainly not ignorant of Euclid's works, which had been translated from Greek into Latin by Boethius. It is said that Cassidorus recommended Euclid to Theodoric, King of the Goths.

The sacred emblem, being in shape somewhat like a fish, has by some been thought to have been suggested by the Greek word for a fish acrostically formed from the initial letters of the Greek sentence, "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour." A modern writer, quoted by Dr. Oliver, says that this device, which constituted the sign of recognition among the Epopts, appertained to the Platonic system. Plato and Proclus frequently refer to this figure, which also appears on the temples of Egypt.

The seal of the Strasburg "Haupt-hutte," or Lodge of Masons, in 1524, was in the form of a Vesica Piscis, inclosing the figure of the Virgin and infant Jesus, and the arms of the Fraternity, which may be thus described: *gules*, on a bend *argent* two stone-hammers *or*, between a level and a pair of compasses extended *or*. It would be well if more attention were given to the ancient symbols and devices of our Fraternity, in the erection and decoration of our Lodge rooms and masonic halls, where they could be most appropriately and beautifully introduced by the skill of the painter and decorative artist.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

INFLUENCE OF A SMILE.—When the celebrated mathematical Mason, William Hufton, was called upon by a respectable looking country women anxious to speak with him, she told him with an air of secrecy, that her husband behaved unkindly to her, and sought other company, frequently passing his evenings from home, which made her feel extremely unhappy; and knowing Mr. Hutton to be a wise man, she thought he might be able to tell her how she should manage to cure her husband. The case was a common one, and he thought he could prescribe for it without losing his reputation as a conjurer. "The remedy is a simple one," said he, "but I have never known it to fail. *Always treat your husband with a smile.*" The woman expressed her thanks, dropped a courtesy, and went away. A few months afterwards she waited on Mr. Hutton with a couple of fine fowls, which she begged him to accept. She told him, while a tear of joy and gratitude glistened in her eye, that she had followed his advice, and her husband was cured. He no longer sought the company of others, but treated her with constant love and kindness.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Visit of respect of the Templars of Washington to the Grand Master of the Order.

Washington Commandery No. 1, Sir S. P. Bell, E.·. C.·., and Columbia Commandery No. 2, U.·. D.·., Sir E. L. Stevens, E.·. C.·., of Knights Templar of Washington, paid a visit of respect to the G.·. M.·. of the Order, Hon. B. B. French, Thursday evening, August 27, at five o'clock p. m. The Marine band preceded the line of march. The Templar banner and United States flag were borne by the standard bearers of Washington Commandery, and as the entire body passed along Pennsylvania Avenue, their handsome millitary appearance was remarked by all who saw them.

On arriving in front of the Most Eminent Grand Master's mansion, on East Capitol street, the lines were formed, and a committee waited upon the Grand Master, who soon appeared accompanied by Rev. Dr. Sir Robert McMurdy, Grand Prelate, and Sir James Stirrat, of Baltimore, Grand Sword Bearer, both of the Grand Encampment of the U. S., and the latter Em. Commander of Baltimore Commandery No. 2. The Grand Master, on taking his position in front of the line, received the customary military salute, and was addressed by the Rev. Grand Prelate, in behalf of the two Commanders.

Doctor McMurdy adverted to the respect and affection with which the Grand Master was regarded at home and abroad, the growth of Templarism at Washington, the stability and position of the first Commandery, and the life and vigor of the second, and the Knights' regard for the good lady of our Grand Master. To the Grand Master and his lady, for the Knights assembled, the Doctor presented homage and respect.

The Grand Master replied, in substance—That he felt flattered and honored by this visit of respect; that he most cordially welcomed the Sir Knights, and should ask them to partake of the hospitalities of his dwelling. He said he rejoiced to see them standing not only under the Templar banner, but under the glorious Stripes and Stars of our country—the flag of the Union. He hailed with joy that emblem of our nationality *always*, but particularly *now*, when our country was bleeding at every pore in its defense. He hoped and trusted that every Templar Knight, when he devoted his sword to the defense of the Christian religion, made, in his heart, another vow devoting it also to the defence of that banner as long as his arm was able to wield it! He hoped and he prayed that this fratricidal war would soon be at an end, that again brother would meet brother, North and South, East and West, in fraternal embrace, but he feared lest it might not speedily be so, and if it were not we might all have a stern and imperative duty to perform in defense of our country, and he trusted that when called to such a duty none would be found wanting, but that that flag would be defended as long as a drop of blood was left in the veins of a Templar Knight.

The Grand Master, after other words of welcome which cannot be recalled, as all his remarks were extemporaneous, proceeded to inspect the lives, and having returned to his station, the two Commanderies passed in review before him, saluting as they passed, and then into his house where they were most cordially received by his estimable lady, and quite a party of ladies and gentlemen assembled to witness the ceremonies.

The Knights were made entirely at home. They rambled about the beautiful grounds attached to the house, and we think we have seen few more picturesque scenes than the one presented on this occasion. The elegantly arranged garden, with its trees, bowers, shrubbery, and fountain, all glowing in the twilight, with the full moon in the clear heavens just beginning to exert her influence; the white plumes of the Knights as they were scattered through the premises; the forms of the ladies in their light summer dresses; the strains of the Marine band, discoursing most eloquent music, all presented a *coup d'œil* which brought back to our mind some of the romantic descriptions of ancient knighthood of which we have read.

After an hour spent thus the large and brilliantly lighted library of the Grand Master was thrown open, and the Knights were invited to enter and partake of a bountiful and elegantly spread banquet, prepared by the lady of the mansion. All being assembled around the hospitable board, the blessing of the Great Father of all was invoked in an appropriate manner by the Rev. Grand Prelate, Dr. McMurdy, and the Knights proceeded to enjoy the good things before them. After the *refreshment* was over the Knights, who had for a time enjoyed the company of the ladies and some sweet singing accompanied by the piano, prepared for their departure. The lines were formed in front of the house, and the Grand Master appeared in front of them, and after again thanking the Knights for their visit, and expressing his hope that all had been as pleasant to them as to him, he bade them good night, and they moved onward to their asylum where they were dismissed.

Continued happiness and prolonged life to our Grand Master and his noble lady.

TEMPLAR.

The Templar's Mission.

A Sir Knight sent his note book to the Grand Master of Knights Templar to write something appropriate, and affix his autograph thereto. Sir Knight French inscribed the following:

"OUR MISSION.—To live lives of purity. To be faithful to every trust. To defend the Christian Religion; the flag of our country; the Government which protects us; and to uphold with strong arms and resolute hearts the pillars of the Constitution."

B. B. FRENCH,
April, 1863. *Grand Master.*

Possible Origin of the Stars and Stripes.

Are we indebted to this masonic family also for our National Flag?

At the public breakfast of Americans in London, on the last anniversary of Washington's birthday, Bishop McIlvaine, who presided, introduced the Rev. J. Simkinson, the rector of the parish in Northamptonshire, where the ancestors of Washington lived. In the course of his speech which contained many interesting historical allusions to the family, which he traced out, he stated that the last English ancestor of Washington who died on English soil lies buried in his church, and said, "When I look down, as I do in passing through the church, on the stars and stripes of the arms of Washington, nothing will ever persuade me or my parishioners that we do not possess the proof that your glorious and world-renowned country took the suggestion for its flag from those arms. When I see the three stars on the top of that shield, which is striped gules and argent, or in plain English, red and white; when I see the five-pointed stars not six-pointed, which is peculiar, nothing will ever persuade me that we do not possess the original of the great and glorious American banner." In closing his speech, he said, "Follow the course of Washington. You cannot have a nobler man to follow. May I say, in allusion to his arms, that I trust you will always bear in mind his three stars—the star of truth, the star of patriotism, and the star of trust in God."

The National Freemason.

WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER, 1863.

Letters of business, and containing money, and correspondence, should be directed Dr. McMurdy, Box 982; printed matter, National Freemason, Lock Box 18, Washington City.

The editor can be seen before 8 a. m., or at 4 p. m., at Mrs. Parrish's, 54 Missouri avenue.

Agents.—Bro. Chas. H. Anderson, 458 7th street, and Bro. Faulkner; Bro. Tacey, Clerk of Court, for Alexandria.

Every change of residence of subscribers should be carefully reported to the editor.

OFFICIAL.

To the Brethren, Companions, and Sir Knights of the several jurisdictions; We, as Grand Master of Knights Templar in the United States of America, Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, send greeting:

We not only regard with favor the enterprise so generally approved by the craft, to establish a National Masonic Journal at the metropolis of the nation, but we are impelled by a deep sense of its importance to urge upon you the most vigorous exertions to give to this much-needed instrument for good a healthy and vigorous life.

Let each Masonic body, in corporate capacity, subscribe for as many copies of the National Freemason, as may be expedient, for circulation among the widows and orphans of Masons, and among the sick and indigent Masons in hospitals, thereby exercising a high charity. Let each Mason take as many copies personally as he can afford, and induce his neighbor to

We are satisfied, from the well-known high educational, literary, and Masonic character of the Rev R. McMurdy, D. D., LL. D., Grand Prelate of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, that the National Freemason will be conducted in a liberal, faithful, national, and catholic spirit, and will tend to increase and diffuse light within and without our sacred precincts, and promote harmony and good will among the brotherhood.

The moderate terms of its publication, ($1.50 per annum,) make it accessible to the Masonic masses.

We urge you all, brethren, to prompt action in sending names of subscribers, paying in advance, to Rev. Dr. McMurdy, Washington City.

B. B. FRENCH,
Grand Master Knights Templar, U. S. of A.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand High Priest of Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and District of Columbia.
Y. P. PAGE,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Maryland.

The Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, at its last session, adopted the following resolution concerning the "National Freemason," offered by Past Grand Master B. B. French:

"*Resolved*, That the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge be hereby directed to take for the Grand Lodge a sufficient number of copies, not exceeding thirty, of the National Freemason, to preserve three copies for the archives of the Grand Lodge, and to send one copy to each Grand Lodge in the United States, and such foreign Grand Lodges as are in communication with the Grand Lodge."

Federal Lodge, No. 1, and Union Lodge, U. D., Alexandria, have subscribed in lodge capacity for 30 copies each of the National Freemason; B. B. French Lodge for 40 copies; Washington Naval Lodge, 10 copies; and Washington Commandery, No. 1, 20 copies. Alexandria Lodge has voted to stereotype the first three numbers of the Freemason. St. John's Lodge, of this city, has also voted a sum sufficient to stereotype the present number. Our cordial thanks to brethren. Why should not every lodge in the country do something in this way?

At the last moment of going to press, we announce the demise of our Grand Master, Y. P. Page. As a faithful Sir Knight, his eyes turned towards his Great Commander, ready and willing to obey his summons, to enter upon his inheritance and heavenly repose, the warfare of life being accomplished. He remembered his Lord in the Last Supper, and enjoyed words of Christian consolation, and the voice of prayer.

At eleven a. m., Saturday, September 26, with the Knightly and Christian word "pray," on his lips, he breathed his last. *Requiescat in pace.*

Further notice in next number.

To Subscribers.—Every subscriber should transmit his subscription at once. Inclose the money in an envelope, and address Box 982.

Agents Wanted.—We desire industrious, sober, honest agents, of good repute, in every State and city of the Union, and in all parts of the globe where there are Masons reading the English language.

The American Masonic Almanac for 1864.—We shall publish a work of the above title, for ten cents a copy, without any expense to us for delivery. If sent by mail or express, of course there must be the postage or express charge added.

Booksellers and others, taking not less than 100 copies, at 20 per cent. discount; nor less than 500 copies, 33⅓ per cent. discount. No order received for less than 10 copies.

Chas. H. Anderson, 7th street, opposite post office, will receive and register orders.

We design making this valuable to the brethren, as a work of reference and worthy of perpetual preservation. Cash for subscriptions for less amount than $2 should accompany the name. Our experience in the paper, in collecting subscriptions, admonishes us.

Irregularity.—Brethren will be patient, when they they know that we are doing everything possible to supply them with the paper. Some subscribers wish their papers deposited at the Post office. This we superintend in person, mark the number of the boxes on the papers, and see that they reach the Post office. Yet brothers Capt. Schreiner and J. D. Forney failed to find them in their boxes.

Other papers are left at C. Anderson's, opposite Post office, on Seventh street.

If brethren would notify us of their changes from one part of the city to another, it would save us much trouble. Brethren losing their paper by the negligence of our agents, or the carelessness of the Post office, will be always re-supplied; others, if in our power. The number is so great of the latter class, that we shall be compelled to charge at the rate of the subscription for the year.

Bro. Moore, of the veteran magazine of the Order, *The Freemason's Monthly*, is pleased to say in his last issue, that The National Freemason is "a well printed and interesting paper."

Bro. Moore, of *The Masonic Review*, commends The National Freemason as "neat, well got up, and promises to be an active co-worker in the good cause."

Mount Vernon Chapter received its dispensation to work, at Washington City, at the close of August. Bro. Steele is High Priest. It promises well, and we trust will be fruitful in holiness to the Lord, and charity to mankind.

The Peninsula Campaign in Virginia, by Rev. Dr. Marks.—Our thanks to the Doctor for this book, certainly the most readable yet issued on his theme. It will prove as interesting to the general reader as a novel, and we predict for it an immense sale and circulation. We shall notice, in our next number, some items of interest, in its pages, to the fraternity.

Deputy Grand Master.—We regret to part with our warm-hearted and energetic Deputy Grand Master, G. A. Hall, who performed his official duties creditably to himself and satisfactorily to the G∴ L∴ What is our loss, is great gain to the craft at New Orleans.

Bro. French has kindly permitted us to peruse a work published by Bro. Moore, of Cincinnati, Ohio, styled "Sketches of Eminent Freemasons." It is invaluable to the craft. More again.

We are pleased to find our worthy brother, Rev. Mr. Brown, officiating at the Presbyterian church, on Seventh street, Island, and that the prospects of the church are encouraging.

If any paymaster in the army or merchant out of the city wishes a young man as clerk or to keep books, he might be well served by applying to the Editor.

Responsibility.

We are not responsible for all the facts and opinions expressed by correspondents. We shall allow of great liberty in discussing any mooted question that may arise, but writers must observe the law of masonic charity, and abstain from personal abuse. Let none fear that our institution can be destroyed by man. It is based on eternal truth, and will prevail over secret foes and public enemies. It will survive individual attacks, royal persecutions and abuse, and organized assaults. Human infirmity, angry discussion, and contests about trifles may affect the perfection of its labor and its results. May each craftsman act upon the motto: "In essentials unity; in non-essentials liberty; in all things charity."

Hon. Andrew Wylie, Jr.—We are glad to welcome our old friend and masonic brother and his family to the city, after their summer tour. Judge Wylie has augmented his reputation for legal ability and judgment, since occupying the bench of the re-organized Court of the District. There is a general feeling of great satisfaction with this appointment, extending even to those who politically might be opposed to the Judge. We knew Judge Wylie's father—Rev. Dr. Wylie—in the ministry of the Episcopal Church. He was for years the President of the University of Indiana. He was a profound thinker, an able divine, and the perfection of integrity and honesty.

Gen. Green Clay Smith and M. C. 1863–5.—This R. A. Comp. of Kentucky, spent several days with us in September. He is very well, but still limps a little, the result of an honorable wound in the service of his country. He is a dashing and successful officer, who has made his military mark, and sustained fully the expectations of his friends. He will be a popular and useful member of the approaching Congress. We were delighted with his Masonic charity at his late visit. We had an appointment for him to accompany us to a social gathering of some interest in the city; but he chose the rather to visit a sick and suffering soldier, once of his command, and afford him comfort, and administer to his wants.

Comp. Smith enlisted as a private in Col. Humphrey Marshall's Regiment, 1846, being but 14 years of age. He was soon made a lieutenant. At the expiration of his term of service, (one year,) he returned to Kentucky, and raised a company for the war. His conduct at the battle of Buena Vista was so distinguished, he was offered a staff appointment.

After the war, he studied law. He was a district Douglas elector in 1860, and elected to the State Legislature in 1861, receiving 3000 out of 3400 votes polled. He resigned February, 1862, and accepted the Colonelcy of the 4th Kentucky cavalry, having previously served as volunteer aid-de-camp to our lamented Bro. Baker, in the battle of Ball's Bluff, escaping with his life by swimming the river in the rear of our forces.

As a cavalry officer in the army of the Cumberland, his engagements, as commanding a brigade at Franklin, Rutherford, Harpeth, Spring Hill, Lebanon, War Trace, and his six days' fighting with the advance of Gen. Kirby Smith's invasion of Kentucky, in the fall of 1862, attest his skill and gallantry.

At Harpeth, March 25th, 1863, he engaged the forces of Generals Forest, Stearns, and Biffles for five hours, although outnumbering him three to one; headed three desperate charges, and finally routed the enemy, with a loss of several hundred killed and wounded, for which General Rosecrans complimented him in special orders.

At Lebanon, May 5th, 1862, when he engaged and defeated John Morgan, he was severely wounded by a musket shot through the right leg, which incapacitated him for active service for several months. He was appointed a bridadier general June 11th, 1862. In June last he was nominated by the Union Convention of his district, as a candidate for Congress, and was elected by a majority of nearly 5000 votes.

Dr. D. J. Ayres, Lexington, Ky.—Our esteemed Sir Knight, friend and Christian brother is no more. This exemplary and devoted Mason, at one time at the head of the Grand Encampment of Kentucky, was a courteous gentleman, a skillful practitioner, and a warm friend of humanity.

Lord Clyde (**Sir Colin Campbell**)—Born in Glasgow, Oct. 20, 1792, entered the army at 16, served in Portugal and at Walcheren, in the Peninsula war, and in the war with U. S. in 1814; 1842, prominent in the Chinese and Punjaub wars; 1854, chief of Highland brigade at the Crimea, and conspicuous at the battle of Alma; 1857, supreme commander of the army in India, and reached Calcutta Aug. 14, 32 days after date of his commission. History is replete with accounts of his consummate skill and generalship in conquering the rebels in the East India mutiny. Sir Colin was made Major General 1854, Lieut. Gen. 1856, and a peer, under title of Baron Clyde of Clydesdale, 1859. He was an ardent Freemason, and fulfilled his obligations.

Judge Wm. M. Samuel, Ky.—Sir Knight Samuel has been a Mason for 50 years, and occupies a proud eminence in the Order, merited by his long service, his wisdom, and his exalted character. He is now Deputy Grand Commander of Knights Templar, Ky. He is a devoted friend of the National Freemason, as meeting his views of a Masonic paper.

Edmund K. Russell, Captain, and A. C. S. 6th Corps, not only sends his subscriptions, but ten dollars for the paper for "any of the brotherhood that are in the hospitals." They shall not be forgotten.

Hon. Wm. A. Hacker.—Bro. Reynolds, of the *The Trowel*, has an interesting notice of Bro. Wm. A. Hacker. He associates him with Kellogg, Knox, and the President, in humor, wit, and repartee, as appreciative of talent, worth, and religion. Bro. Reynolds makes him also the son of a celebrated wit and legislator, adverts to his residence at West Point, and resigning on account of feeble constitution, being in the Departments in this city, and here made a Mason by Bro. French. [Thus have some of the best Masons of the country been made to go forth a blessing to the Craft.] He returned to Jonesboro to practice law, served in the Legislature, was President of the Constitutional Convention, and, it is said, was excelled by no other presiding officer of the State but by Gov. Casey. Bro. Reynolds concludes with a touching evidence of his Masonic heart and nobleness of character, which we reserve for the next number.

Dr. Robt. Morris has been delivering masonic lectures at Memphis Tennessee. They were concluded with a "Table Lodge," at a hotel. The following song was written for and inscribed to the masonic fraternity around Memphis, and styled "Round this altar come, or, Masons still are blest." Air: "When this Cruel war is over."

Brothers, met from every nation,
Far away from home,
Men of every rank and station,
Round this altar come.
Bring your hearts, so full of feeling;
Join your hands, so true;
Swear, ye sons of truth and honor,
Naught shall sever you.

CHORUS.

War's dark cloud will vanish—
Joy to East and West;
Though the land is full of weeping,
Masons, Masons still are blest.

Come, forgetting every sorrow,
Level bring, and Square
Leave all trouble to to-morrow;
Each the Compass bear;
Pass the Trowel o'er each discord;
Wear the Lambskin white;
Brothers, one more happy meeting,
In our Lodge to-night.

Chorus—War's dark cloud will vanish—
Joy to East and West, &c.

In the circle here extended,
Shadowy forms appear;
With our loving spirits blended,
Dead ones, ah, how dear!
Dead on many a field of battle,
Lost to friends and home,
Yet, in Masons' love surviving,
Round this altar come.

Chorus—War's dark cloud will vanish—
Joy to East and West, &c.

When to distant homes returning,
We shall say farewell,
And shall cease the tender yearning,
Now our bosoms feel—
Prattling lips and sweet caresses,
All the joys of home,
Will bring back the loving circle,
Round this altar come.

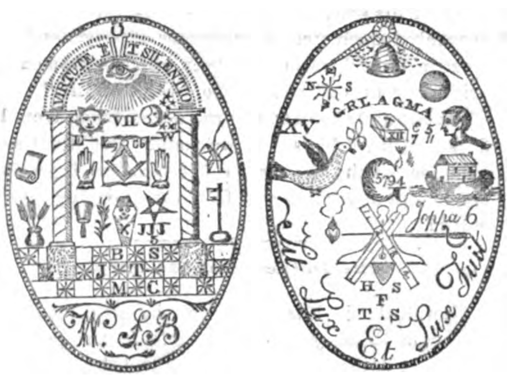
Chorus—War's dark cloud will vanish—
Joy to East and West;
Though the land is full of weeping,
Masons, Masons still are blest.

◆

"**Dear Doctor**: * * Do you wish us ladies to subscribe and help you in extending the circulation of the paper? I need not say that we like it and wish you would print it oftener. * * A. O."

Why should not our sisters help in this good work? Is it not the cause of humanity, of universal brotherhood, of real progress, of morality and virtue, of "peace on earth and good will to man?" Will it not bless your sons? and does it not serve your brothers, husbands, and fathers? We should be pleased with the active agency and co-operation of all our ladies, and *will answer* any questions they may put to us about Freemasonry. We hope our lady friends in every community will act heartily for the paper, and send subscribers.

MASONIC RELIC.



We print above impressions of the relic adverted to in the last two numbers of the the National Freemason, ordered by Columbia and Washington Royal Arch Chapters, a perfect *fac simile* in size and form and matter. This was found seven years ago in the rubbish of the house owned by Gen. Washington as his Alexandria residence. The unlettered man who found it gave it to our worthy brother, a Master Mason, Capt. Gedney, of the steamboat Thos. Collyer. He exhibited it to the Editor of the Freemason, and upon showing it to the Chapters, they, with masonic intelligence and zeal, resolved to defray the expense of its perpetuation.

It will be seen that this silver relic bears date 1794, and all the ascertained facts credit this date. Over the arch are the words "*virtute et silentio*;" then the all-seeing eye, phases of the moon, stars, the Roman seven, East and West, Holy Bible, square and compass, the mystic raising of the hands, Hiram Abif, Acacia, tomb, mallet, the three criminal craftsmen, scroll, inkhorn, keys, 47th problem of Euclid, B, S, J, T, M and C, initials of words that Masons will recognize, all supported by Wisdom, Strength and Beauty.

The reverse has the bee-hive, armillary-sphere, cardinal points of the compass, initials of seven liberal arts and sciences, numbers 3, 5, 7, 11, fifteen fellow-crafts, allusion to the repenting 12, G, dove, ark, Joppa, ladder, plumb, level, "Let there be light and there was light," the intitials of the five senses—hearing, seeing, feeling, touching, and smelling. Is it possible to put more of capitular and symbolic Masonry in so small a compass? We invite criticism, and may present additional information concerning this relic in our next number.

The Open Bible.

Why and where should the Holy Bible be open in the Lodge? It should *always* be open in a Lodge as a symbol that its light should be diffused among the brethren. The passages on which it it is opened differ in the different degrees. In this country, in the first degree, at Psalm cxxxii or cxxxiii; the second at Amos vii, 7, 8; the third at Ecclesiastes xii, 1–7.

Ample and Due Form.

What is the meaning of ample and due form as applied to the Grand Lodge? "Ample form" is used when the G.·. L.·. is opened by the Grand Master in person. "Due form" when opened by the Deputy Grand Master; and "in form" by any other officer.

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On the Wednesday following St. George's day, April 23, the Grand Lodge of England holds its annual festival. St. George is the patron saint of England. On St. Andrew's day, Nov. 30, the Grand Lodge of Scotland holds it annual festival. St. Andrew is the patron saint of Scotland.

The Israelite Festivals.

The evening of September 20 commenced the Jewish New Year festival of *Rosh Hoshand*, continuing unto Tuesday, at sunset, the anniversary of the creation of the world. The Israelites make it 5,624 years old. This festival is strictly observed; no work is performed. Every faithful one listens to the sounds of *Shophar*, or *cornet*, blown at noon. The 23d was the fast of the Atonement or *Iom Kipour*.

We have been delighted with the music of the Synagogue, stealing five minutes on the day of worship from ennuyant duties to listen to it. We are investigating the claim of their day to chronological record in history as the day of creation.

◆

Thanks.—Thanks to our Sir Knight Rev. Dr. Merrick, of Paris, Ky., for Journal of Diocese of Kentucky. We are struck, in the address of the eminently wise and good prelate, Bishop Smith, to find how large a share of the early actors in and for the Church, were ardent Masons. What hallowed associations, within Lodge and Church, do such sainted names as Bishops Chase and Ravenscroft and Griswold and Otey invoke!

Thanks to G.·. S.·. G.·. L.·., Indiana, Bro. King, for especial favors; to the Grand Secretary of the G.·. L.·. of N. Y., for Transactions of 1862–3; Sir Knt. Ranney, the Grand Recorder of G.·. C.·. of Illinois, for copy of Proceedings; and to Sir Knt. Eliphalet G. Storer, for copies of Proceedings of Grand Encampments and Grand Chapter of Connecticut.

Bro. M. Thompson's Digest of Laws of District.

We acknowledge the receipt of this volume of 454 pp., put up in the best style of the typographical art, and bound after the durable and chaste law-book pattern. From our limited observation and experience in the complications of a residence here, in renting and buying houses, and in conducting business, the wisest act for a new resident is to possess a copy of this invaluable work, bringing down the laws of the District to the present time.

The work is for sale at our friends, the Morrisons, Law Booksellers and Publishers, on Pennsylvania Avenue, one door from Four-and-a-half street.

Bro. Wood's Paper File and Document Safe.

Our thanks for Bro. Wood's present. No lawyer, nor agent, nor office ought to be without this ingenious and convenient article, enabling him to examine his papers without removing them from the box. No dust, mouse, or moisture can reach the contents. It is in use in the Patent Office and Agricultural Department. Bro. Wood's room is No. 10 Patent Office, first floor.

Templars' Anagrams.

The best two anagrams that we remember are the following. Only the Latin scholar can enjoy them. Pilate asks the Saviour, *What is truth?* In Latin

QUID EST VERITAS?

The Saviour might have answered, using the same letters differently arranged,

VIR QUI ADEST:

that is the man before you. The other is very good:

SUPREMUS PONTIFEX ROMANUS.
O NON SUM SUPER PETRAM FIXUS.

The Sovereign Pope of Rome.
O, I am not founded on a rock.

Many other anagrams have been made that are full of curious meaning, but these are so pertinent in their double reading as to be exceedingly neat and pleasing. The construction of an anagram is a severe tax upon patience and ingenuity, and if any correspondent will send us a better than the above, we shall be happy to publish it.

Masonry—By a Brother's Wife.

There is mystery and honor in the very name of Mason. Around each link of this wondrous antique chain, binding together this noble brotherhood, there hangs in beauty, the purest gems. They do not glitter in the glare of worldly light; their shining luster, tho' bright, is unseen by curious eyes, and yet their warm rays are felt in a thousand hearts. Their holy influences fall as soft as snow o'er the sea, from day to day, from year to year, o'er the hearts of the poor, the sick, weary, and dying; lighting with hope and joy the faces of the outcast, and unhappy. Yet of the masonic captive to love and beauty, around which the bright winged angels of Hope, Charity, and Faith do ever linger, we hear the words, lightly spoken, "only a Mason." Let us pause on the threshold of thought, and even tho' a tale of mystery it be, we can, with uplifted eye and thankful heart, breathe a prayer o'er the chain which so truly and faithfully clasps our generous brothers together; and, from our own observation and experience, never pronounce the name of Mason, but with reverence and thankfulness.

NELLIE.

EXTRACTS OF MASONIC WORK.

On Friday, Sept. 4, we married Bro. Robert Crawford, of the Adjutant General's Office, to Miss Ellen Wall. May our sister say, years hence, with Bro. George P. Morris:

And now, I'm a' his ain,
In a' his joys I minglo;
Nao for the wealth of warlds,
Would I again be single!

Our opinion about the use of the ring at weddings, has been asked. Our reply is, that Masons especially should appreciate its use. It has always had mystic significance, a type of eternity, and of the stability of affection.

We delivered a lecture in Union Lodge of Alexandria, Sept. 10, on the Universality of Masonry, showing the glaring inconsistency of Masons who would object to an Israelite or a Roman Catholic, on account of his religion, giving the history of the Israelites, showing our masonic indebtedness to them, vindicating them from aspersion, and rebuking the spirit which would produce the results of their present condition of trade, and then censure them therefor. The work of this lodge in ritual and good deeds is exceeded by none in the country.

We cannot omit noticing the *Masonic excursion* to Glymont. The members of Alexandria Union Lodge of Freemasons, and the brothers in its vicinity, made a delightful excursion to Glymont on Wednesday, September 2. There was a large collection of ladies in company. There were few jurisdictions, North or South, from Texas to Maine, not represented. Even South Carolina had a worthy representative in Bro. Henning.

The First Massachusetts Band gave the company delightful instrumental music, and the singing of its *vocal* quartette was much admired for its taste, sympathy, and power. Old and young, male and female, children and servants, were a gay and happy company. Everything was conducted in the most perfect order and decorum, under the direction of the Master of the Lodge, Bro. Weymouth, whose heart is large enough for a world's missionary.

The Young America stopped at Fort Washington long enough to give the company opportunity to mount it, and view the scenery of this region.

Washington's funeral dirge by the Band, tolling of the steamboat bell, silent lips and uncovered heads, marked the passage of Mount Vernon. All felt that not only the Father of his Country, but the founder of American masonic sentiment, lay in his tomb, and the longer departed, and the greater our country's troubles, the more his absence is regretted.

Reaching Glymont, a delightful and shady retreat in Maryland, the various family and bachelor (sad!) groups brought out their basket stores, and refreshed themselves with an early dinner.

The band playing a solemn, sacred piece, Bro. and Mrs. Boyd (and their friends) brought forward their first-born baby for baptism, (Christian, not masonic,) and, encircled with smiling friends and a sympathizing brotherhood, in the due forms of the Christian Church, in sight of Mount Vernon, to the sweet little baby, born on the 4th of July, the name of George Washington was given. The day of its birth, the name, the scene, the company, all hallow the baptism.

A short address followed by Dr. McMurdy, the editor, who was an invited guest, on "*Fear God, love the brotherhood, honor the king,*" teaching reverence for, and submission to, all authority, and universal benevolence.

After hours of innocent enjoyment, this happy company returned to Alexandria, without one incident to mar the pleasure, or cause regret. It was a great success.

Let us here urge that these excursions be exclusively under masonic control, that they be inexpensive, in no case costing more than fifty cents for each person, that they be informal, and that entire masonic families shall feel free to go, babies and all.

Grand Master.—It has afforded us great satisfaction to witness, with the decline of the body of our excellent Grand Master, an increase of the fullness and vigor of his spiritual life, a growing interest in his heavenly inheritance. Our seasons of prayer and converse in the sick room have been precious moments, a privilege "beyond the common walks of life."

Sir Knight Goodall mourns a lamb taken from his flock. What fold is not stricken? Ought not such afflictions to chasten every sufferer, and such precious attractions above draw us from the groveling toys of earth?

The Influence of Masonry.

How little do Masons realize the great modifying effects of Masonry in every age? It has protected humanity in the church, and sustained the equality of all men before God; trampling under foot adventitious distinctions in the house of worship. It has given whatever vitality exists in the benevolent associations of the present. It has preserved communities from riot and violent agitations, and sudden and chimerical reforms. It has been conservative of the good, the stable, and essential of the past; and yet reformative of evil, and destructive of oppression. It has taught the deepest reverence for God, and the greatest respect for religion. It furnished the best blood in the revolutionary struggles, and the wisest statesmen in our early career. Lexington, Bunker Hill, Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth, Saratoga and Cowpens, Camden and Guilford Court-House, and Yorktown, are so many illustrations of masonic devotion to country and liberty. As Masons, we rejoice that the mind of man, under subordination to his Maker, will continue and extend the freedom of its thoughts and acquisitions, until it fathoms the deepest researches of nature, and approximates, as permitted by the constitution of humanity, that God, who created man after his own image. Who can tell the bounds of thought? What Mason can grasp the glorious future of the Order, fully understanding the genius of Masonry? See how the arts, of which Masons are the natural and historical patrons and promoters, have ameliorated the condition of mankind, prolonging life, augmenting personal comfort, and by the use of machinery, affording more time for study and progress. See how governments have advanced in regard to the masses of mankind. No ambitious sovereign now proposes any action without the vote (the expressed wish) of the people. This is unreal often and secured by device of rulers; but the time is coming when the people everywhere will really rule. Let Masonry seek the greatest personal improvement for each individual of the race, and aiding Christianity and philanthropy, hasten the day when peace and justice, liberty and truth, shall reign triumphant.

Charitable Judgment.

The generous impulses of the Freemason will govern his judgment, and dictate his measures, making the former charitable, and the latter gentle in rescuing from error. There can be no excuse for harsh or censorious remarks about a brother, in the magnitude of his fault or grievances. It is unworthy at all times to speak evil of the absent. There are some gossips and slanderers who accompany their attacks by expressions of pity, or who circulate vile reports, with the caveat that they hope they are untrue. They imagine that their animus is not understood, or the end they seek.

We should be charitable concerning our brother, knowing the infirmities of judgment, and the fallibility of human testimony. It is not always that those are in the wrong whom we suppose so. None but a higher power can know all the facts.

The brother unable to pay his lodge dues, or small debts incurred for the scantiest support of his family, may possess the nobleness of an angel. We speak not of those who are open and persistent violators of law, and who cannot, by any charity, be Freemasons. The true craftsmen never scorn any brother if reduced by want to wear the habiliments of humblest poverty. They spurn none; they crush none. They lose hope of none. They would save the culprit and the magdalen. They would not forget the fact that even our prisons are full of *humanity*—of *men;* none more degraded than some, who, from the very depths of infamy, have become examples of goodness and purity.

Masonry is charity, full of kind words, gentle admonitions, good counsel, timely aid, and ennobling inspirations. It depresses none; it elevates all. It has faith in God and humanity, and gives hope to the lowly and fallen.

How many Masons visit, without observation, and for relief, the prisons of our land, our hospitals, the abodes of poverty and suffering and distress, speaking kind words to the orphan and outcast, helping the destitute, and diffusing life, light, and love among the fallen? Many, we trust; may their number be increased, until, through their instrumentality, multitudes shall rise up and call them "Blessed."

This is the best defense of our Institution.

Worthy of American Imitation.

It is not unusual for Masons and masonic bodies in Europe to originate societies of benevolence, and boards of relief; to organize them and make subscriptions, and call on the community to aid. These demands are promptly met, so great is the confidence in the wisdom and efficiency of their mannagement.

One of these is the Association of Dramatic Poets in Paris, and also, their laudable efforts to found an "Honorary Establishment" for young authors, who are to receive pecuniary aid until they are able to earn a livelihood for themselves. Legouve, the masonic Academecian, and a man of business, gives 10,000 francs and calls for 90,000 francs additional.

We have Masons of great wealth in our city and throughout the nation; why don't they originate and sustain some noble masonic eleemosynary institutions?

But One Fault—A Word to Such.

Occasionally we meet with a brother who is cordial, sincere, and benevolent; devoted to Masonry and humanity, and it is said of him he has "but one fault."

The President of the United States said of a brother once "He is a firm friend of my policy and the country, just the man for the place, but he has 'one fault.'"

A naval officer said of another, "He understands the adjustment of instruments and the scientific method of taking observations, was himself once commander of a vessel. He has *but one fault*—if he will drop that I will put him right through all the promotions he wants."

A devoted wife said of a husband, otherwise noble and exemplary, "He has but one fault."

An express agent said I must dismiss your friend from the service, although he has "but one fault."

A lovely but wise young lady said: I esteem ——— highly, my family also, *but* he has *one fault.* She was right.

Our army, our navy, our merchant ships, our land swarms with such men, who are kept subordinates and mere drudges for this "one fault." There are thousands who have lost and are daily losing valuable situations for this "*one fault.*" We are glad to know that it is very rare to find a drunken Freemason—and still rarer to find a lodge who will not subject him to discipline.

Dear brother, possessed of "but one fault," suffer a word of kind exhortation. Thy friends, thy true friends, thy brethren, love thee and would save thee. But they are powerless without thine own act. Wilt thou not obey and honor Freemasonry? Then cease drinking; and as thou hast fallen once, take the only safe course for thee—that of total abstinence. Thou must not go into temptation. Thou must avoid places and scenes of temptation. Thou must absolutely refuse all invitations to drink, and thou must boldly and courageously say that you fear to fall and you abstain. Then you will not be pressed more.

There is no sin in the moderate use of liquor for the aged and the feeble. Young men rarely ever need stimulants in this country. Thou canst afford to die, but not to bring disgrace upon the Craft, trouble upon thy family, ruin upon thy fortune, and sin upon thy soul.

Officers in lodges, and older brethren must bring the power of kindness and masonic fidelity to bear upon such brethren as may be erring. It is not sufficient to permit a brother to take his downward course unchecked; and then when the charge of "habitual drunkenness" is presented, vote the brother guilty and expel him. Be plain and kind with thy brother, and change his associations. Do all that thou mayest to save him.

Gen. Washington's Letter to Rev. Mr. Snyder.

A brother asks, what did Gen. Washington mean when he wrote to Rev. Mr. Snyder, of Maryland, Sept. 25, 1798, thanking him for "Robinson's proof of a conspiracy, &c.," stating that sickness and business had prevented him from answering before, and even then allowed him only time "to correct an error you have run into, of my presiding over the English Lodges in this country. The fact is I preside over none, nor have I been in one more than once or twice within the last thirty years. I believe, notwithstanding, that none of the lodges in this country are contaminated with the principles ascribed to the Society of the Illuminatti."

General Washington meant to declare that he had no *official* connection with the lodges in this country which still adhered to their *English* charters, and were connected with the Grand Lodge of England; that he had not visited them more than once or twice since the oppressions of the English Government made it necessary to separate and war with her. Since then, he meant to declare, that they had both in the army, and at other places, American lodges. Yet he continued to declare that he was sufficiently intimate with the principles of Masonry, to say, *none of the lodges in this country,* neither *English* nor American, hold any of the doctrines that alarmed Mr. Snyder. The Grand Orient of France had a lodge in Richmond discontinued or transferred at the remonstrance of the G.·. L.·. of Va. The Grand Lodge of Hamburg has a lodge at New York, which has been the occasion of remonstrance on the part of the G.·. L.·. of New York. All masonic connection is inhibited. No Mason of New York visits this lodge. Yet all Masons of New York would repel the insinuation of conspiracy against government, or injurious sentiments and practices, on the part of this lodge, like Washington, stating that he did not visit this lodge.

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MASONS AT SIGHT—The Grand Master of a G.·. L.·. alone has the right, without dispensation, to make Masons at sight, when and where he pleases. He cannot delegate the right to any one. If done in a subordinate lodge, not without the consent of that lodge.

CATHEDRAL SERVICE AND 100TH PSALM.—At some Masonic Festivals of England, the full Cathedral service is used. The 100th Psalm is a favorite for commencing the services. At funerals of Masons of great public and military worth, the "Dead March in Saul" is played on the organ.

Autocratic Powers of the Master.

When is the decision of the Master absolute and beyond appeal? Is it so in all cases? Certainly not; only in what relates solely and entirely to the work of the Order, its landmarks, usages, and customs. The ancient usage of no appeal on questions of law and masonic usage is right and proper, because a different custom would create confusion, and if a decision of the Master be wrong, a reference to the G.·. L.·. would correct. But in questions relating to the government and policy of the lodge, the members can judge as correctly as the Master. The members ought to decide when to have refreshments, and how much to pay for them; how many copies of the by-laws ought to be printed, and at what price; the amount of charity to be dispensed, &c. It is the duty of the Master to submit to the lodge in these and similar cases, and to be governed by the expressed wishes of the majority. The governmental policy of the lodge must be determined by itself, and not by the Master. So Grand Masters and Grand Lodges.

Doctrinal Groundwork of Masonry.

The two leading doctrines, the *unity* and the resurrection of the body, form the groundwork of Freemasonry. The identity of the body is sublime philosophy, and with it the resurrection teaches us that in a purer land we shall meet our loved ones, shall meet and recognize by feature and expression.

Plain Facts for Modern Americans.

Fifty out of fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, that text-book of freedom, and chart of the rights of man, were members of the masonic Order. Let the masonic student of language trace its history from its thought and words. Can he then doubt its origin? Can he fail to perceive that masonic sentiments and teachings produced it, and united the signers upon it? Did they not know that Masonry had, at all times, and under the harshest trials, been the unfaltering supporter of just and free principles? *The chair occupied by John Hancock, as President of the signers, has upon it, in bold relief, the masonic symbol of "The All-seeing Eye."*

Nearly every officer and every major general of the Revolutionary army was a Mason. Washington saw its power in cementing the officers together, and in promoting harmony and good will, and hence he frequently opened his lodge in his own tent, presiding as Master. Washington knew that in Greece and in Venice, in the dark ages, in ancient and modern times, Masonry had been true and steadfast in advancing the intellectual and moral improvement of the masses, and, true to the principles of the American cause, that Masonry had done more than all other associations for the establishment of the just rights of man; that broad, comprehensive, and never-yielding in its ends, it had steadily resisted wrong and oppression in all its forms, defying and overcoming the commands of the despot, and the tortures of the inquisition, triumphing morally over the seductions of power, and the temptations of alliance from the powerful monarchs of earth.

Let the enemies of humanity only be the enemies of Freemasonry.

It Deserves a Rebuke.

The use of the sign of the entered apprentice on steamboats and railroad cars, and in crowded rooms, and so that it must be observed by the company, as I have seen it during the last year, is very reprehensible. The offender should be admonished, and if he persists should be dealt with as violating his vows. It is not only a masonic delinquency, but it is vulgar.

Washington Masonic Relics.

We are often asked for an enumeration of the articles in the Alexandria Lodge, most of which have been removed. We have taken some pains to make out a list. If any brother can recollect the names of any other articles, we will add them. The following is our list:

1. The charter of Alexandria Washington Lodge, dated April 28, 1788, from the Grand Lodge of Virginia; signed by Edmond Randolph, (Governor of Virginia,) then Grand Master of Virginia; attested by Wm. Waddel, Grand Secretary. It is directed to "Our illustrious and well-beloved brother, George Washington, late General and Commander-in-Chief of the forces of the United States of America, and our worthy brethren Robert McCrea, William Hunter, jr., and John Allison, together with such other brethren as may be permitted to associate with them, to be a just, true, and regular lodge of Freemasons, by the name, title, and designation of the Alexandria Lodge, No. 22."
2. The chair in which he sat while presiding over the lodge.
3. The apron and sash he wore when presiding.
4. A small cabinet, covered with glass, (still in the lodge room,) which was full of mementos of Washington; among which were a pearl-handed penknife, given him when 12 years old, by his mother, and in his possession 56 years; a pruning-knife; his farm spurs; a pair of white buckskin gloves, worn when he was President, and in mourning for his mother; a small box made from Shakspeare's mulberry tree; and a staff from the isle of Patmos, with a beautiful carved head of St. John the Evangelist on its top. These last two were sent to Gen. Washington from abroad, and after his death were given to the lodge.

Who can add to this list?

Man a Dependent Brotherhood.

It is a universal law that each created object must depend upon other created objects for power to reach its perfection. All things depend upon God. No one is independent of his fellows. He gives to and receives from his co-habitants of the universe. God could have given everything directly from himself, but then the world would not have been *one*—it would not have been a *whole.*

The helplessness of infancy is sustained and grown out of by the love of the mother and the care of the father; and man advances only by men, *means* to each other of wealth, progress, and happiness.

Thus Masonry advances the interests of all by teaching that all men are God's *means* of progress, and that men are a brotherhood of common interests, affection, and care.

Of Sir Christopher Wren

It is inscribed in St. Paul's, London, "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*" "If you inquire for his monument, look about you."

My young masonic brother, aspire to an inscription at your departure like that of the Great Anglican Grand Master. Leave *everywhere about you* the monuments of your usefulness, the sure pledges of a well spent life. Remember that—

> "We live in deeds, not years; in thought, not breath;
> In feelings, not in figures on the dial.
> We should count time by heart-throbs when they beat
> For man, for God, for duty. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best."

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FREEMASON'S CREED AND PRACTICE.—The Freemason views God as his father, and man as his brother. He makes earnest persistent efforts to lead a true and virtuous life. He aims to perfect and sanctify humanity.

LETTER FROM A LADY.

Dear Sir: In your September number, speaking of Law and Candidates, you say in regard to females, "Their exclusion is a mark of high regard for them," &c. My dear sir, when you wrote that sentence, did not the image of that dear mother, or wife, or gentle sister rise up before your mind and cause some twinges of conscience? Are the objects of your Order good and noble and it yet a mark of *high regard* to be excluded? We should suppose it a mark of degradation instead of regard, if the teachings of your paper are realized. If, instead of this smoothly-rounded excuse you had admitted that it was one of the relics of the primitive and dark ages in which the masonic foundations were laid, and which the brethren have yet failed to see in its true bearings and rectify, would it not have been nearer the truth? Did it ever occur to you that concerning all the mysteries of your Order, the most unworthy brother stands nearer to a member than the wife that should be his confidential friend? Confidence we believe to be one of the strong pillars of domestic happiness, and the tendency of Freemasonry is to undermine it. If anything of this nature, any matter understood to be systematically hid by one from the other, and revealed to acquaintances of a few months or weeks—if this *ever* added one iota to the happiness of the family circle, we have yet to see it. That the wives and families are often most generously cared for after the death of the masonic husband and father, we know; but are not the spiritual wants better than those of the body? Then would it not be as noble to care for the confidence and affection of the wife, as the food of the widow? To do the one and not leave the other undone? That there are women who loving and forgiving, live on so that the world knows nothing, and the husband scarce dreams of the struggle going on, is true; and it is also true that the demon of mistrust has with Masonry entered happy homes, and as the habit of trust in others grew on the husband, the wife grew cold and reserved, so that to-day the love light on the home altar is but a faint shadow of its former self. We admit the many beauties of the masonic Order, both because of the good men who uphold it, and the outside workings which we have seen; but at this point it is in fault, and because men who make the regulations do not suffer by them, (unless indirectly,) they are not rectified. Much has been said and truly of the mutual protection thrown around its members, which fact the Odd Fellows recognizing, have given their wives a degree. Gallant Masons! loving husbands and brothers, where is the mystic sign for those you love? When in these days of war and trouble she seeks *you* who need her help, going on the battle-field, in the country of the enemy, anywhere in the wide world to find you; does she not peril life and more than life, her *honor*, for your sake, and in return what safeguard do you give her? Justitia.

To Dr. McMurdy.

To Mrs. ——: Dear Sister—We thus address you. You give us, according to our rule, your real name, but, not being a Paul Pry, we inquire not whether you are entitled to the address by strict masonic adoption or not. If not, you merit it. Your's is the best letter from a lady, on this subject, not a convert to our Institution, we have yet seen. You are a Mason at heart. Your husband ought to be a Mason, if he is not, that you may be a Mason's wife. You are worthy of our adoptive rites.

You are no caviler. You find no fault with our secrecy or mystery. You have no unfavorable nor indifferent opinion of our institution. You acknowledge fully its physical benefits, and bear strong testimony to what you have seen of them. Your own eyes have witnessed its "brotherly love, relief and truth"—have seen its faithfulness to the widow and orphan. You fear no crime, nor deeds of darkness from its teachings. You are candid and reasonable; and, with a gifted mind and cultivated intellect, and a sensitive heart, you are an abundant treasure to any brother. You will yet see the truth of Masonry, and acknowledge its wisdom concerning ladies.

If you will read carefully the whole paragraph from which you quote, and get its full meaning, you may entertain a different opinion of its sentiments. It is this:

"One *physical qualification* is that he shall be a man, (no woman admitted,) for in operative Masonry females are not employed. They do not dig foundations, and lay stones, and mount scaffolding. Their exclusion is a mark of high regard for them as the gentler and more favored sex."

Is it not a high regard for woman, and conformity to the law of God and that of her sex, that she is not engaged in manly work, that she is not delving in the ground, driving teams, laying brick, and carrying mortar? Do not the husband and father honor their wife and daughter, when they permit her assistance only in gentler labor, and away from the public eye? Now, if Masonry hallows and ennobles work, saves our young men from despising labor and the laborer, and practically compels the modern gentleman to honor them within the Order, by personating the laborer, and thus links him with the hewer of wood and drawer of water, to teach the initiate, at the threshold of Masonry, one of its fundamental principles—does not this, as much in its exclusion of females from its representation within the lodge, honor woman, as her exclusion from actual physical and observed labor without, or exclusion from associating with men around scaffoldings and in cellars, in every day life? If Masonry is symbolical representation of great truths, it must be consistent and harmonious to be beautiful. Truth must possess unity.

If our fair lady is in favor of women doing men's work, engaging in men's avocations, and unsexing themselves, then her position is consistent, and we have no controversy; but the point yielded that symbolical societies are proper, there is no alternative but consistency.

Besides, is there not wisdom, in a perpetual institution, as society is organized, where the wife is dependent on the husband, and represented by him in voting and business, that the wife should not be a member? A widow and re-marrying, with the power husbands have legally and socially over the wife, persistence in her Masonry might result in domestic evil.

This whole subject has been thoroughly surveyed, and we feel satisfied that it is all right—that in no other method can the universality, mystery, and permanence of Masonry be secured, so long as the marital relations remain what they are. When ladies vote, and chiefly transact business, when the whole regimen of society is reversed, then will Masonry also admit women. But so long as men chiefly perform public acts, so long as they alone are the clergy, the professional, civil, and business incumbents, so long will the masonic law concerning females be in full force.

The second point you make, dear Justitia, is that there must be perfect confidence between man and wife—no secrets. Do you tell your husband all your inner thoughts? Have you concealed no latent feeling from him? Sometimes there is mercy and love, the tenderest love, in concealment. If the vile slanderer may have gossipped with your good name, your husband and father ought to, in most cases, conceal it from you. Having his confidence, you ought not to have your gentle and innocent spirit disturbed. It is a question of judgment, about which an intelligent love will always be wise and never err, which will determine what is best to be hidden.

Again, ought your husband, as a physician, or as a lawyer, or as a divine, to reveal to you the secrets of some sick rooms, or the confessions of a client, or the cases of conscience transpiring in his professional life?

But, dear madam, you wholly mistake the nature of the masonic society, when you suppose there is any fact to be concealed from you. Everything done within the lodge is matter of record and printed. Borrow the printed proceedings of the Grand Lodge, and you have before you the full business, every motion and resolution, every report of committee—nothing concealed. Read a printed copy of the by-laws and constitution of a masonic body, and you see the whole of its code of government, and its principles—nothing omitted. Read the Monitor, and you have much of its secret work, and a sample of its teachings. From these learn all. What is concealed? Nothing but what is essential to the very existence of the Order. Make these public, and the institution suffers the fate of nearly all the societies of the world, becomes spasmodic, feeble, and expires. Have you, as a wife, any objection to such ceremonies as enables your husband to know a brother in the dark, on the battle-field, or at a foreign port? Do you object to a brotherhood? Do you ignore the claims of humanity? Do you wish all your husband's time and kindness? Will you not encourage him to do his duty to his brother, as well as to his wife? Will you not increase his love and regard for you by your unselfishness, and by your hearty co-operation in his good works? If he be a true man, if he be a Mason at heart, (and your husband can be none other,) your husband is no less true to you because he is a Mason, no less loving and confiding. Because he loves humanity *more*, by reason of his Masonry, he loves his wife none the less.

I fear Masonry is sometimes only the occasion of trouble between man and wife, not the cause. It would be something else if this were removed. There is deficient judgment or some infirmity that no yielding would relieve. Masons may sometimes ignorantly err, supposing that they may hold no conversation, nor give any information about the Order. They should, and intelligent Masons do, give their wives ample opportunity for all rightful information.

But the wife says, "I cannot go to the lodge room;" and, the husband might say, "I cannot go to the sewing circle, or the female class-room, or join in the little coterie of ladies where there are real secrets." Shame upon the man who would interfere with his wife's little friendships and love of the sisterhood! He needs cultivation and liberality.

You refer to other societies. Masonry has no jealousy nor rivalry. Her antiquity and universality, her glorious past, her literature, her connection with every good work in church and civil community, her influence (she knows it) for good in every organization and neighborhood, on land and sea; her divine principles (not organization) make herself complacent. She has no envy. She wages no warfare against Odd Fellowship, but bids God-speed to any and all societies, which, to any extent, will promote "peace on earth and good will to men." They have all borrowed from her and are indebted to her. God bless them in all they do for suffering humanity. But may I inform you that there are adoptive masonic societies and degrees for ladies, which existed before America was discovered. Have you not heard of the very beautiful degree for the wives of Royal Arch Masons, styled the "Heroines of Jericho?" In France it is a perfect and beautiful system; as many degrees for ladies as gentlemen. The Seven Adoptive Degrees corresponding to the Degrees of Masonry. The time will come when this will prevail here.

You ask, "what safeguard do you give her?" 1st. That of humanity, most fully taught by Masonry. 2d. That of obligation to defend and protect women. (One of the orders has no other purpose than this, in connection with the defense of Christianity. And is it not painful that women, the clergy, and the church, cannot see that they are sometimes persecuting their best friends.) 3d. In some cases mystic signs.

Has Masonry no influence on individuals and communities, in peace and war, for the benefit of woman? Has it not modified this war? Little do they know of it who think otherwise. Cruel as is the selfishness of man in our cities to the poor woman seeking an honest livelihood, it would be infinitely worse without our teachings and institutions. Masons, alas, too frequently make profession of masonic faith without corresponding works; but their frequent instructions must and do influence. If you know of any departure from these principles and report it to the lodge, the offender will be surely and speedily dealt with.

No, my dear sister, Masonry had not its origin in the dark ages. She originated in the light. Indeed, she was one of the two great lights of the world many hundred years before the dark ages, and has continued until this day to illumine the pathway of truth and humanity. In the dark ages, so-called, she was a burning light, saving Europe from the whelming tide of barbarism threatening to immerse the whole continent. (Read the article of *Knights of Malta* in the last number of the National Freemason.)

[The printer postpones the remainder of this article to the next number.]

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Duke of Wellington a Mason.—Was the Duke of Wellington a Mason? Yes. He was initiated into Freemasonry, Dec. 7, 1790, in Lodge No. 494, at Trim, Ireland, and of which, Bro. Wm. Elliott was W∴ M∴. The Duke's signature, "A. Wesley," is still extant. This lodge was afterwards removed to Dublin. The Duke said: "Masonry is a great and royal art, beneficial to the individual and the community.

Examination.—When the examination is eccentric, and the questions are irrelevant to the visitor, what should he do? Peremptorily refuse to answer, claim the rights of a brother, and bring the committee to the legitimate work.

A Sergeant Presiding as Master over Gen. Washington.—In the course of the Revolutionary War, Gen. Washington frequently visited a lodge where a *Sergeant* presided as *Master*. Thus and here Washington had impressed upon him the great lessons of the equality and fraternity of mankind. That worth alone opens the door of Masonry and within it all are brothers, free and equal.

"NOTHING TO DO?"

"Nothing to do?" O, pause and look around
At those oppressed with want, and sorrow too!
Look at the wrongs, the sufferings that abound,
Ere yet thou sayest there's nought for thee to do.

"Nothing to do?" Are there no hearts that ache—
No care-worn breasts that heave an anguished sigh—
No burdens that thy hands may lighter make—
No bitter tears thy sympathy might dry?

Are there no hungry that thy hand may feed—
No sick to aid, no naked to be clad?
Are there no blind whose footsteps thou mayst lead—
No mourning heart that thou couldst make less sad?

"Nothing to do?" Hast thou no store of gold—
No wealth of time that thou shouldst well employ?
No hidden talent that thou shouldst unfold—
No gift that thou shouldst use for others' joy?

"Nothing to do?" O, look without, within!
Be to thyself and to thy duties true:
Look on the world, its troubles, and its sin,
And own that thou hast *much* indeed to do!

PRAYER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Father in heaven! Thou, only thou canst sound
The heart's great deep, with floods of anguish filled,
For human lines too fearfully profound:
Therefore, forgive, my Father, if thy child,
Rocked on its heaving darkness, hath gone wild,
And sinned in her despair. It well may be,
That thou wouldst lead my spirit back to Thee,
By the crushed hope, too long on this world poured,
The stricken love, which hath, perchance, adored
A mortal in thy place. Now let me strive
With thy strong arm no more. Forgive, forgive!
Take me to peace!

MILITARY MASONRY.

Military Lodge, 33d Ind. Regiment.

The following letter is from Bro. Miller, the Major of the Regiment:

Our Lodge was organized by dispensation from Grand Lodge of Indiana, at Crab Orchard, Ky., during the winter of 1861. With the exception of a stay of some three months at Lexington, Ky., our Regiment has been almost constantly on the move, which has prevented us from doing very much work. Up to the present we have made thirty-four Masons, and there are some seven or eight apprentices and fellow-crafts very anxious to be passed and raised.

We have passed away a great portion of our time in lodge pleasantly and profitably, which without this great privilege, would have hung heavily on our hands. We have formed and made acquaintances with brother soldiers in the lodge, which, probably, we never would have made elsewhere, and in this way have acquired both pleasure and benefit from our association. We are prevented from having meetings as frequently as we would like, owing to many of our brethren being on detached service away from this post.

Hermann Lodge, No. 268, N. Y. City, working in the German language, having a fund of $7,000, appropriated $2,500, for the benefit of its members who might be drafted.

Letter from Gen. Grant's Army.

Dear Doctor:—Send me *The National Freemason*, a charming copy of which was given me for perusal. As an officer of Gen. Grant's army, since the commencement of our unnatural strife, and an humble member of the masonic fraternity, I must bear my testimony to its humane teaching, daily developing its exalted and beneficent character in offices of masonic charity, throughout the hostile camps of both armies.

Anti-Masonry—Who was the first Anti-Mason in America? Don't know. Tom Paine wrote first against Masonry, because Masonry was based upon the Bible.

Murat, Masonry, and a Throne.—Then Murat objects, on the other hand, that his recent difference with the Freemasons, and his desertion of them as Grand Master, when the cause was attacked by the government, would be most hurtful to his popularity in Mexico, where Freemasonry is not merely cultivated as a pastime, or profession of faith, as in France, but is actually followed out with all the serious belief in its holy mission which it used, in former days, to enjoy in Europe.—*Paris Cor. Eng. Jour.*

TIDINGS FROM THE CRAFT.

Knights Templar, New York.—Grand Conclave met at Troy, Sept. 8. Sir Knight Priest declined, and Sir Knight Orrin Welch was elected G.·. C.·.

Knights Templar, Conn.—Annual Assembly met at Hartford, May 14. Sir Knight Clark declined reelection, and Sir Knight Brewer was elected G.·. C.·., and Sir Knight Storer, G.·. R.·.

Grand Chapter, Conn.—Met at Hartford, May 12. G.·. H.·. P.·. Dikeman presents thanksgiving to God for his goodness toward the Chapter, exhorts remembrance of "those who have gone from our midst, and with self-sacrificing heroism are enduring the privations of the camp and the march, or stretched upon a bed of suffering in the hospital, or engaged upon the field in the defense of a Government and Constitution under which all the institutions of society, our own included, have been fostered and protected. Let our united prayers ascend to heaven that their efforts may be crowned with success, and that ere the masonic year now opened shall have been numbered with the past, we may again be united under one Government and one flag; that we may come forth from this terrible ordeal purified and refined, having proved to the world that the great principle of self-government is no more a theory, but a fixed and established fact.

While the great question of *free institutions* is upon trial, is it not true that the principles which we profess as Masons are upon trial also? Are not our professions subjected to a test such as we have never before experienced? Hundreds of our brethren and companions have gone forth, under a patriotic sense of duty, and given their lives a sacrifice upon the altar of their country. Their bodies rest beneath the long low mounds of the battle-field, unwatched save by the stars; no monument to mark their resting-place, and their identity known only to the "All-seeing Eye" of Omnipotence. They went forth confident in the belief that should they fall, those who were near and dear to them, and dependent upon them, would among Masons find friends who would "administer relief to their distresses, and comfort their afflictions." Shall it be said that their belief was a mere empty delusion? Shall their blood cry to Heaven to witness our perfidy? That when the hour of trial came, we were found wanting? That Masonry is an institution whose members are active and faithful only under the sunshine of prosperity? The hour and time has come to test the great principles which we profess. Let us see to it that we meet the issue with open heart and hand, and prove to the world that in the hour of adversity and trial our charities and sympathies are co-extensive with the occasion that calls them forth.

A resolution, requiring a separate ballot for each degree, was taken up, voted upon, and rightly rejected.

M.·. E.·. Asa Smith was elected G.·. H.·. P.·., and E.·. E. G. Storer, G.·. S.·.

Committee on General G.·. C.·. interrogatively suggests the dissolution of the General G.·. C.·.

Canada.—Grand Chapter met at Toronto, August 11, and meets next year a Quebec. M.·. E.·. Comp. T. D. Harrington, of Quebec, is G.·. Z.·.

Grand assembly of Knights Templar met at Toronto, August 12. V.·. E.·. Sir Knt. Col. W. J. B. M'Leod Moore, Commander.

Grand Royal Arch Chapter, Maine.—M.·. E.·. Jno. J. Bell, re-elected G.·. H.·. P.·. and R.·. E.·. Ira Berry, Grand Secretary. [Thanks for Journal.]

The G.·. H.·. P.·. decides that the charter of a Chapter demits the companions named in it from other Chapters; and, also, that he cannot grant dispensation to fill vacancy in council, occasioned by death, but may in subordinate offices.

The following epitaph on himself was written by Benjamin Franklin, many years previous to his death:

THE BODY
OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
PRINTER,
(like the cover of an old book,
its contents worn out,
and stript of its lettering and gilding,)
lies here, food for worms;
yet the work itself shall not be lost,
for it will (as he believed) appear once more
in a new
and more beautiful edition,
corrected and amended
by
THE AUTHOR.

PERSECUTIONS OF THE ORDER.

Montevideo, S. A.—The Catholic priesthood continue their persecutions. We regret that our brethren, while they did not originate, still to some extent have sanctioned the farce used on the stage, entitled, "Jesuits and Freemasons." Let replies, if made, be calm and dignified.

Marseilles, France.—The Bishop of Nîmes has made a most violent assault in an official letter to the minister of Public Instruction.

Mayence, Germany.—Bishop von Kettler has imitated the example of the Bishop of Nîmes.

Ireland.—Dr. Cullen, a Catholic priest, has threatened Freemasons with excommunication, and action we learn is being taken by some of the ecclesiastical bodies.

Silesia.—The Roman Catholic clergy refused to perform the funeral service over Brother Wodiska, Master of the lodge at Gleiwitz, because he was a Freemason.

Copenhagen.—Rumors of hostile movements on the part of the Lutheran clergy.

Persia.—The Shah has enacted regulations unfavorable to Freemasonry.

Bavaria.—No Freemason can be a civil officer.

Saxony.—No Freemason can be in the military service.

Hesse Cassel.—Lodges are interdicted.

Spain incarcerates and heavily fines the brethren.

Rome.—The Pope is no less implacable.

Portugal.—In traveling through this beautiful country, so disturbed by revolution in the past and feebleness of enterprise, I have thought of the persecutions the Masons have endured. We have specimens in the cases of John Coustos and Moulton, two diamond cutters and polishers. They were arrested in 1743 and thrown into the subterranean dungeons of the Inquisition, enduring the severest punishment, accused of not obeying the Pope's Bull, which declared Freemasonry heresy. Coustos suffered the most excruciating tortures; was racked nine times in three months, and sentenced to four years' work as a galley-slave. As late as 1776, two Masons, Major Dalincourt and Don Oyres de Ornelles Paracao, a nobleman remained incarcerated fourteen months. In 1802 Don Costa, the masonic naturalist was arrested. The Jesuits banished, the Grand Lodge began to flourish under the guidance of Egaz Moniz, M.·. W.·. G.·. M.·. March 30, 1818, King John promulgated from Brazil his edict against Freemasonry, and a severer one was issued from Lisbon, 1823. The punishment of death was reduced in a few years to fine and transportation to Africa, and this has gradually become a dead letter. Masonry is becoming more confident daily, and will become a public institution. She has been retiring and sensitive. Here no mercenary motive has operated to add one Mason to the Order. The masonic society is pure and earnest in Portugal.

Italy.—John Gaston, the last of the Medician Dukes of Tuscany, 1737, published stringent laws against the Station Freemasonry, but in the following year when persecution in France raged against the Craft, they were protected in Italy.

In the 18th century Freemasonry flourished in Naples. Its most celebrated statesmen and citizens were members. Naples was then under the dominion of Charles III, of Spain. In 1751, he proclaimed Masonry dangerous and turbulent, and threatened punishment due to revolutionists. Charles eventually relaxed and appointed a learned craftsman as tutor to his sons. This gave courage to the disorganized masonic body, and they soon became a Grand Lodge, and February 27, 1764, it was installed by Diequc Naselle. Bernardo Tanucci, secretary of state, influenced Ferdinand IV (who had been educated by a Mason) to republish the laws of his father, and declare Freemasons guilty of treason. The queen of Ferdinand, the noble "Caroline" daughter of Francis I of Germany, appeared as the guardian angel of the Craft, and by her Freemasonry was protected and supported. Highly let her name be prized. Success attended her efforts and all the previous enactments were withdrawn. The other parts of Italy, are a mere repetition of sufferings, persecutions, and misfortunes. The members of the Craft being continually under punishment, through the intolerance of the priests and interference of the civil power. 1785, produced a decree of the Senate against Masonry, and many families were transported. Under

Joseph Bonaparte and Murat the lodges again grew in power and honor. Murat was installed in the Italian G.·. L.·. June 24, 1809; but in August, 1816, March and May, 1821, galley slavery was awarded to many craftsmen.

Switzerland.—This country has two distinct masonic histories, one for the Catholic cantons and the other for the Protestant cantons; the one friendly, the other inimical.

The council of Berne, 1745, passed punitive laws against members of lodges, and they were renewed 1782. Geneva boldly formed a Grand Lodge, 1786, and seven years thereafter became a branch of the Grand Orient. The French revolution suspended the lodges of Switzerland with those of France. Berne reopens the "Lodge of Hope," 14th September, 1803, and soon the "Grand Orient of the National Roman Helvetigue" appears under Grand Master Brother Glayre, who had restored Masonry in Poland. 1764, other bodies arose and were all amalgamated under "the National Lodge of Switzerland," whose master was installed St. John's day, 1822, in Berne.

The Protestant division of the Order has kept the even tenor of its way. The Roman Catholic division has suffered from the efforts of its clergy to strangle Freemasonry.

Sweden.—Frederick I, forbade Freemasonry under penalty of death. Gustavus III, was a Freemason and found it serviceable to him in his efforts against the nobles, and thus was a change wrought in their aristocratic system. This brother was Grand Master.

◆

NOTES AND QUERIES.

1. What is the usual mode of organizing a Grand Lodge?

Lodges not less than *three*, with charters from authorized Grand Lodges, meet in connection, by their representatives, resolve to organize a G.·. L.·., adopt a constitution, proceed to elect and install their officers. The lodges then surrender their old warrants and take new ones from the new Grand Lodge. If there be but three lodges the consent of all is necessary to constitute a G.·. L.·.

2. Is it necessary that the State or territory be separate? What else is necessary?

This is the custom. There must be no G.·. L.·. within it, there must be at least three working lodges, they must meet in connection as lodges, and not as individuals, they must adopt a constitution and install the elected G.·. M.·. by a P.·. G.·. M.·., or by the senior P.·. M.·. present.

How, and when was the Knight's Templars' property in England bestowed on Knights of St. John?

In the seventeenth year of the reign of Edward II, A. D. 1324, by a Parliament holden in London.

If the Regulation of 1703 was designed, for the first time, to admit speculative Masons, how is this reconcilable with the facts of history?

See the Regulation in p. 43, August number. It was not so designed. From the earliest period the operative and speculative were combined, princes, noblemen, prelates, and scholars holding high positions in the fraternity. The most, however, operatives or stone masons. The object of this regulation was to make it wholly speculative, and completely divest it of the operative.

◆

Letter to the King of England.

Dorchester Jail, *August* 26, *Anno Tenebræ*, 1825,
Anno Lucis (*to Masons*) 1.

Sir: It is an insult and a disgrace to the nation that its chief magistrate should be the patron of so scandalous and mischievous a mummery as that of Freemasonry. After I have completed the Exposure, I propose, if I can get an extensive list, to publish the names of the magistrates and priests who support this abominable Institution, at the head of which, as a matter of course, will stand your name as Grand Patron. None of these mummeries of which you are the head and chief, such as Masonry, the Church, Orders of Knighthood, and even the Monarchy, it its presence state, can stand before that torrent of knowledge which is rushing upon the people, and the wisest thing that you can do, for the benefit of your successor, is to edge out of every nonsensical or ceremonial mummery as smoothly, but as quickly as you can. You never had a better or more honest counselor than

Your prisoner, Richard Carlile.

[Carlile was an atheist, radical, and antimason.]

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

COMMANDERY DECISIONS.

Grand Commandery, *Indiana*, 1862.—The suspension from a lodge or chapter, for non-payment of dues, of a Knight Templar, does not affect his standing in the encampment.

Grand Commandery, *New Jersey*, 1861.—A rejected applicant cannot be admitted in any other commandery without the written consent of the commandery rejecting him.

An installation by proxy is irregular and void.

◆

HISTORY OF GRAND LODGE OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

(*Continued from p.* 62 of *No.* 4.)

At the session of the Grand Lodge, November 4, 1823, Bro. Seaton of the Intelligencer, was the M.·. W.·. Grand Master, and Bros. Corcoran and Jos. Ingle were the committee of accounts.

To show our young craftsmen of the present day what the brethren of former days thought within the province of Masonry, we give the following entire:

The Grand Master laid before the Grand Lodge, a communication in the words following, to wit:

"To the Most Worshipful the Grand Master, the other officers and members, of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.

"The representation of William Lambert, of the City of Washington,

"Respectfully sheweth:

"That the members of this Grand Lodge having, by an *unanimous* resolution, passed the 6th of May last, pledged themselves to use such influence as they may possess to promote the establishment of a first meridian for the United States, at the seat of the General Government, it is incumbent on the author of the report made to the President of the United States on that subject, to state, that two manuscript copies have been prepared, one for each branch of Congress, containing astronomical calculations, testing, by various methods and rules of oblique-angled spherical trigonometry, the accuracy of such results of the longitude of our Capitol from Greenwich, as had been previously determined by observations on solar eclipses, and occultations of fixed stars by the moon; and that, upon strict investigation of every part of the process originally used, the variance, in taking a *mean* of all the results, amounts to an inconsiderable fraction of a second in longitude. The author of this work having, as he conceives, done everything in his power to lessen our dependence on foreign nations for a point from which our geographers and mariners may reckon their distance, or take their departure, confidently relies on the support of the intelligent and well-disposed citizens of the American community, to carry the plan into effect; and on none more than the members of the Masonic Institution, to whom this representation is now submitted.

"William Lambert.

"City of Washington, *November*, 4, 1823."

The said representation being read by the Grand Master, it was, on motion of Brother Samuel Burch,

Resolved, *unanimously*, That this Grand Lodge view with pleasure the renewed and continued exertions of Brother William Lambert, upon the subject of a first meridian, and are sensibly alive to the attainment of the object he has so industriously pursued; and that, in the opinion of this Grand Lodge, he has entitled himself to the thanks and gratitude of his countrymen, for his unwearied endeavors to render his native land independent of foreign nations, upon so important a branch of the sciences.

Bro. William W. Seaton, was re-elected Grand Master.

Richard Wallach, is marked as member No. 34, of Lebanon Lodge, No. 7.

Bro. Jeremiah Elkins, was elected Grand Visitor and Lecturer.

At the session of December 27, twenty-five cents from each member, and one dollar for each initiate was required from the subordinate lodges, and each visitor to the Grand Lodge, was required to pay fifty cents to the treasurer at the door.

A motion to omit "York," and use the title "Ancient Freemasons," in the records and papers of the Grand Lodge was ordered to lie upon the table.

"Evangelical Lodge of Alexandria, No. 8," was chartered at this meeting.

At the session of November 2, 5824, New Jerusalem Lodge received its charter.

At the session of the Grand Lodge of December, 27, an address was delivered in St. John's Church, by Bro. Elkins, Grand Visitor and Lecturer.

BOOK NOTICES.

Continental Monthly, *October*.—Richly freighted with literary treasures. *Contents*—Freedom of the Press; The Brothers; Unuttered; William Lilly; Robert Walker on Jefferson Davis; Repudiation, Recognition, and Slavery; Krasinska; Thirty days with 71st Regiment; Reason, Rhythm, and Rhymes; Currency; October; Afternoon in the Highlands; Isle of Springs; Restoration of the Union; Was He Successful; Walker on American Finances; Voiceless Singers; A Detective's Story; and Literary Notices. Sold at book stores.

Fowler's American Phrenological Journal.—Edited by S. R. Wells, at one dollar and fifty cents per annum: New York City. An amusing, interesting and instructive paper. The September number is attractive.

◆

Masonic Meetings within the District.

Grand Lodge, first Tuesday, May and November, and December 27, at 4 p. m. Grand Chapter, second Monday in November, 7 p. m. Washington Commandery, No. 1, 2d and 4th Wednesdays, and on Good Friday, at 7½ p. m. Columbia Commandery, No. 2, U. D., 1st and 3d Fridays, at 7½ p. m. Columbia R. A. Chapter, 1st and 3d Wednesdays; and Washington R. A. Chapter, No. 16, 2d and 4th Thursdays, at 7½ p. m. Federal Lodge, No. 1, every other Tuesday. Lebanon Lodge, No. 7, 1st and 3d Fridays. New Jerusalem, No. 9, 2d and 4th Thursdays. St. John's, No. 11, 2d and 4th Fridays. National, No. 12, every other Tuesday. Washington Centennial, No. 14, 1st and 3d Thursdays. B. B. French, No. 15, 1st and 3d Mondays. Dawson, No. 16, 2d and 4th Mondays. Harmony, No. 17, 2d and 4th Wednesdays. All the above at Masonic Hall, corner D and 9th, and at 7½ p. m., except where otherwise specified. Washington Naval Lodge, No. 4, 1st Saturday of each month, Virginia avenue, Navy Yard, at 7½ p. m. Hiram Lodge, No. 10, 1st and 3d Fridays, 19th, above Pennsylvania avenue, 7½ p. m.

Georgetown, Masonic Hall, at 7½ p. m. Potomac R. A. Chapter, No. 8, 1st Thursday; and Potomac Lodge, No. 5, 1st and 3d Mondays.

Alexandria, Union Lodge, at Masonic Hall, every Thursday, at 7½ p. m.

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Mail leaves at	9.15 a. m.
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The 6.30 a. m. train from Washington connects with the 8.30 a. m. train from Baltimore for Pittsburg and the West, and for Elmira, Buffalo, Rochester, Dunkirk, Canandaigua, and Niagara Falls, and for New York City.

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The body will remain in the same condition as when received; no decomposition, no discoloration, no change, but arrive at the home of friends just as taken from his bed.

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ROBERT McMURDY, D. D., LL. D., GRAND PRELATE OF GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF U. S., EDITOR, BOX 982.

THE MASONIC MEASURE OF LIFE.

We live in deeds, not years ; in thought, not breath ;
In feelings, not in figures on the dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs when they beat
For God, for man, for duty. He most lives,
Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best.
Life is but a means unto an end—that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things, God.

RULES OF ACTION FOR MASONS.

BY SHAKSPEARE.

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none : be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use ; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key : be checked for silence,
But never taxed for speech.

HOPE FOR THE OPPRESSED.

BY MISS HARRIET WOOD.

Prisoner, who sighest
For the free air,
And in thy cell criest
Wildly in prayer,
Tempted one ! fallen one !
Mourning to-day,
Spurned by the Pharisee
Out of his way.

There's One, compassionate,
Knoweth thy woes,
Feels for the tempted,—
Mercy bestows ;
Art thou repentant ?
Man may despise,
But there is hope for thee,
Sent from the skies.

Wronged and insulted one,
Grieved and oppressed !
Rankles yet bitterly
Wrath in thy breast ?
Banish it speedily ;
Seek not revenge :
All man's injustice
Heaven will avenge.

Where'er humanity
Suffering shall cry
To the All-merciful,
Aid shall be nigh ;
Though evil aboundeth,
Mercy is free,
And the true prayer of faith
Wins it for thee !

THE LOVED ONE EVER NEAR.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.)

I think of thee when the bright sunlight shimmers
Across the sea ;
When the clear fountain in the moonbeam glimmers,
I think of thee.

I see thee, if far up the pathway yonder
The dust be stirred ;
If faint steps o'er the little bridge to wander
At night be heard.

I hear thee, when the tossing waves' low rumbling
Creeps up the hill ;
I go to the lone wood and listen, trembling,
When all is still.

I am with thee wherever thou art roaming,
And thou art near !
The sun goes down and soon the stars are coming—
Would thou wert here !

MASONRY IN 1776.

BY JOHN D. HOYT.

Towards the close of an afternoon in the middle of April, 1776, the quiet village of Œsopus was roused from its drowsiness by the shrill notes of the fife, accompanied by the measured beat of the drum. The old men hastened to the doors, the boys to the street, while the matrons, with their timid daughters, sought to solve the mystery of the uproar by what intelligence could be gained in peering through the curtained windows.

The village tavern was emptied of its visitors, who thronged its piazza to review a company of Liberty Boys, on their way to the place of general rendezvous. They were not exactly uniform in their dress or equipments, yet the most casual observer could not fail to discover a oneness of purpose in the lineaments of every face.

"Well, Doctor, what do you think of that?" said the host of the tavern, (as the last straggler of the company filed past the door,) addressing himself to one whose black dress, silver shoe and knee-buckles, with his ruffled wristbands, spoke him at once but a visitor of the place ; while the small sword, more for ornament than use, that dangled at his side, gave him a semi-military appearance.

"Think!" said he, "think! why I would rather physic them for a month than see them hung for an hour."

"Generous—very!" replied the interrogator ; "but come, Doctor, why not join us then ?"

A cloud of seriousness played over the doctor's features, like the shadow of the moth flitting around a candle, as he replied,

"No, no, that cannot be now ; whatever might have been, cannot be now. What might have been rebellion, would now be treason ; and what might have been a resignation, would now be desertion ;" and then resuming his usual jocose manner, he continued, "and, beside, what will become of your ragged regiment when they get into Sir Henry's hands ? They will all die of the rot, if they have no doctor ; and, then, you know, what can a man be without a clean shirt and a guinea ? for your Congress are not worth enough to buy a dose of jalap. So I must be off in the morning."

"Not so soon, sir," said one of the several new comers among the group ; "your company is too good to be lost so soon."

The doctor turned himself to the speaker, who was dressed in the full uniform of a Continental captain, and giving him a familiar nod, replied,

"So, so, Captain! got the first lesson by heart already—know where there is good quarters. Well, I think you had better stay here and enjoy it."

"Indeed, so! we calculate to stay here for a while, till we hear from Boston or New York, and we calculate to have the Doctor's company, though we don't care about his physic. As to the guinea a day, King George can furnish that, as we don't mean to stop either the Doctor's grog or pay."

"Can't stay, Captain ; can't stay," replied the doctor ; "must be off in the morning : but, for old acquaintance sake, come and quarter here to-night, and we'll have a rousing bowl of punch, without politics, eh ?"

"Dr. Betts," said the captain, in a solemn tone, that made the physician look a little more serious than was his wont, "a truce to jokes! I conceive it my duty, according to general instructions, to say to you that you are my prisoner."

A thunder storm gathered over the doctor's features, and his hand mechanically sought the hilt of his sword ; but, the captain continued, "it must be either your parole or the jail."

"Prisoner! jail!" echoed the doctor, as a half-dozen bayonets gathered around him, while his hand still rested on his weaponless weapon, as the small sword at his side might be justly styled ; and fixing his eyes on the captain, who met their angry flash with a half smile, he continued, "what do you mean, sir ? Is it not enough for you, and the like of you, to be turning the country upside down with your rebellious clamor ; but must you bring your ragged regiment here to stop the king's officer ?"

"Well, well, Doctor," replied the captain, "it is not worth while to bandy words about it at this time of day, you know. Rebels or no rebels, you know what a soldier's word is, and I am willing to risk it, coming from you. So you may take your choice ; either to mess here with us, like a gentleman, or mess by yourself yonder ;" and he pointed to the Court-house a little distance off, "If you choose the former, we'll have the punch."

The light and shade that played over the doctor's face showed his irresolution, as he muttered, "Parole or jail" then, raising his hand, and pushing aside a bayonet that was ambitiously protruded beyond its fellows, he remarked, "that's rather a rusty joke."

"Yes," said the owner, "but it is somewhat *pointed.*"

This retort caused a smile of good humor, that was soon followed by three hearty cheers, as the doctor extended his hand to the captain, saying, "Well, Captain, then you have my word. I am yours till exchanged, or honorably discharged, or recaptured, which I should not like to be ; for they might judge me by the company I am in. So let's have the punch : because we have broke jail, it is no reason why we should stay out doors all the time."

So saying, the party withdrew, and soon were busy with their wit and cups ; which according to the doctor's theory, was much better for the head than plumbago pills.

The city of New York, at the time we write of, was not what it is at the time we write. Then its longest shadow to the east could not extend to what is now known as Chatham square. Pearl street was the eastern boundary, and Chatham street, then the Bowery Road, was a defile through hills and meadows. On the northern side was a hill, commencing at or near the Fields, now the Park, and gaining its highest altitude a little east of Duane street ; thence sloping off to the Collect, its summit was graced by a seat of learning, where *A*, by itself *ȧ*, was "licked" into the young idea with a yard or two of birch, more plentiful in those days than school books. On the opposite side were a few scattered country houses, with gardens stretching away up the hill-side towards Rose street. On the corner of the road, towards Duane street, then a mere narrow way for convenience, was a suburban house, with brick front, a little loftier in appearance than its neighbors, although its occupants were as well known to the poor as the rich; but few, even of the most inveterate grumblers, would venture on a remark against the well known generosity and kindness of Dr. Betts or his family.

A few days after the transactions at Œsopus, the doctor's wife was plying her needle in a way known to but few, if any, of the ladies of the present day, when idleness is considered a mark of gentility, and a knowledge of the *modus operandi* of making a shirt is decidedly vulgar. Beside her was sitting a little girl of some seven years, taking from her mother the first lessons for the ball of yarn, which was soon to come off in the shape of a stocking.

"Come, Sarah, don't be looking toward the window so much, or I shall think you want to go to school, instead of learning to knit," said the mother, addressing herself to her daughter.

"No, mother, no; I would rather knit all day than go to Mr. Shankland."

"And why do you not like Mr. Shankland?"

The child looked for a moment into her mother's face, and replied, "he is such a *tory*."

A smile from her mother was the only answer; for a strain of martial music put an end to the conversation, and brought Sarah to her feet and the window, with the exclamation, "Hannah Jones told me they were coming to-day?"

Nearer and nearer came the sound, and a few minutes brought the head of the column to Sarah's view, when clapping her tiny hands, she exclaimed, "here they come! here they come! mother! mother! do come to the window! none of them have got red coats on, mother. Do come and see! *Aint* this General Washington, mother? Hannah said he was coming to-day."

"Sarah! Sarah!" replied her mother, "do cease your noise! You will waken your brother, and you know your father is not there."

And the good wife applied her foot to the cradle by her side, and commenced humming a lullaby to the waking child, while Sarah amused herself by muttering, "yes, they are the whigs—they are the whigs!"

The last notes of the bugle had died away, the last straggler had disappeared, and Sarah had resumed her yarn, while the sights she had seen furnished an endless theme for her childish prattle, when a rap at the hall door announced a stranger; who, preceded by the colored house-maid, entered the room with no other ceremony than the military one of touching his chapeau to the mistress, which he did as Martha finished the sentence of "a gentleman wishes to see you, ma'am." He was booted and spurred, with the dusty appearance of a long ride. Addressing himself to the mistress, who stood before him, he coolly remarked, "The location and appearance of your house, madam, makes it necessary and convenient for my quarters while the army shall remain in the city. It is the fortune of war, and necessity knows no law. I will retire for a couple of hours, that you may make what arrangements you see fit."

During the delivery of this short speech his eye was met more than once by a look as proud and unflinching as ever bid defiance to oppression. Touching his hat again, with a slight inclination of the head, which was coldly returned, he left, and as the door closed on his retreating steps, the tears rushed to her eyes, as Mrs. Betts exclaimed, "Where is your father?" One arm of Sarah was round her mother's neck, while the other hand was busy with the corner of her apron, wiping the tears that coursed each other down the parent's cheek, at the same time running over a catalogue of places where they might go in this emergency. Another summons at the door soon removed each wrinkle of complaint, and Martha again entered, with "A letter for you, ma'am." It was eagerly seized and soon read. A slight pallor was observable as the wife exclaimed, "I wonder where this war will end? But there is no use of moping away our time. "Martha," she continued, addressing herself to the servant, "the doctor is a prisoner of war; we must do the best we can; we will pack up first, and look for a shelter afterwards."

But little time elapsed ere the neatly furnished parlor became strewed with papers, crockery, and clothing; and what an hour before seemed the abode of peace and quietness, now resembled the rendezvous of disorder. While thus engaged, the author of all this confusion again entered, and was met by the exclamation, "The time is not yet up, sir!" spoken in a manner that none but a woman who feels her rights invaded can speak.

"It is not," was the cool reply; then, glancing around the cheerless apartment, the intruder took up a paper from the floor that had attracted his attention, and turning to the woman he asked "Is that your husband's?"

A new idea flashed across her mind, and might have been read in her eye, as she promptly answered, "It is."

It was a masonic notice, signed by her husband.

"Where is he now? asked the intruder. The open letter that lay upon the table was placed in his hands; and he read as follows:

> DEAR MOLLY: The boys are up and doing, and have caught the doctor to begin with. In other words, I am a prisoner on parole. Give yourself no uneasiness about me, as I am well cared for. The only drawback is being away from you and the children. Ascertain who and where the nearest general officer is, and I will report to him, so as to be exchanged as soon as possible. Should any of the lodge ask for me, you can tell them how I am situated. You are so far out of town as to escape from the uproar of Washington's army when he comes to New York; but if they are all like the specimen I am with, they are a jolly fine set.
>
> In haste, yours truly,
>
> J. B.
>
> ŒSOPUS, *April* 16, 1776.

Placing the letter on the table, the soldier made a memorandum on the notice with his pencil, and turning to Mrs. B. he said, "War at the best is a great misfortune, madam; and though some may win, it is a curse to others. Were it not that some high power occasionally turned its shafts, its horrors could scarce be borne. I am sorry for the trouble I have given, occasioned in some measure by the meddlesomeness of others. You may make yourself easy where you are, and I will try and make amends for the evils that may have been committed."

Thus saying, he left the room, to which the energies of a light heart soon gave its wonted appearance, while Sarah insisted upon it that the whigs were not such bad men after all.

A week had elapsed. The arrival and departure of troops, the active preparations for defending the city, and the nightly meetings of the citizens, who were co-operating with the military authorities, seemed to absorb and swallow up every other interest. Even "the church-going bell" could scarce be heard amid the din of "the drum and trumpet's warlike sound." It was afternoon. A single horseman, dusty and travel-worn, came dashing through the Bowery Road. The signs of military occupation that met his practised eye put new energy to his heel, as he plied the spur to his evidently jaded steed, who, taking the hint, acceded to his rider's wishes, and gave evidence of his mettle by the speed with which he neared the city, the suburbs of which were soon gained. A sudden check brought him to a full stop, and the doctor leaped from his back, and was met at the threshold by wife, children, and servant, each eye brilliant with tears of joy. His story was soon told. An order had been received by the captain in whose custody he had remained, to allow him forthwith to return to the city on his parole, and request him to report on his arrival to Col. ———. But few preliminaries were necessary on the receipt and announcement of this order. The saddle-bags were soon filled, the parting bumper soon drank, and with the aid of a good horse, urged by a husband's and father's feelings, the loved ones were speedily gained; the result of a notice, carelessly thrown on the floor, and picked up by the colonel, who was a Mason true to his pledge. And this was but one of many instances where the shield of Brotherhood had proved too strong for the shafts of envy and the missives of war.

Putnam's Rescue.

Gen. Israel Putnam, subsequently so much distinguished in the Revolution, commanded, during the old French and English war, a corps of partizans on the Northern frontier. In a skirmish with the Indian allies of the French he was taken captive. The bravery and enterprise of Putnam made him no ordinary prize, and as a usual expression of their high respect for his character as a soldier, it was determined, by his savage captors, that the utmost ingenuity of torture should be exercised in putting him to death.—Putnam was therefore bound to the stake, and the faggots piled around him, ready for ignition. In this extremity, he was about consigning himself to utter despair, when he beheld a French officer approaching. Putnam was a Mason, and with the precarious, but only remaining hope, that the Frenchman might be a member of the fraternity, he spoke to him in the mysterious, but universal language of the craft, and made that appeal which is so sure to reach the Mason's heart. It was seen and felt, and quickly responded to. For notwithstanding the danger of disappointing a crowd of Indians preparing to feast upon the agonies of a tortured enemy, the Frenchman rushed through the band of savages, and severing the cords that bound his brother to the stake, he rescued the life of Putnam at the imminent peril of his own. Putnam, through all his subsequent adventures, never failed to admit that he owed his life to Masonry; and acknowledged that nothing but the force of the masonic appeal, would have induced the French officer to risk the danger of displeasing, or exciting his Indian allies, by thus rescuing their conquered and already condemned victim from the stake.

The Talismanic Horn.

"I was General Park's orderly this night," says the author of Retrospects of a Military Life, "and had a good roof over my head, and the dry floor of a cart shed, with plenty of dry straw for a bed; but my poor wife was absent, for the first time since we left home. She was detained, along with several other women, on the right shore of the Adour, until the bridge was repaired. While this was doing, one of the women belonging to the regiment, begged her to take care of her little ass colt, with a couple of bundles, until she should get back to St. Severe, to make some purchases; she complied, and before the other returned, the bridge was repaired. Our regiment had passed, and she followed, driving the ass colt before her; but before she got to the further end, the stubborn animal stood still, and would not move a foot. Another regiment was advancing, the passage was impeded, and what to do, she knew not. She was in the act of removing the woman's bundles from the beast's back, and struggling to get out of the way, determined to leave the animal, when a grenadier of the advancing regiment, casting his eyes on a finely polished horn with Masonic arms cut on it, and slung over her shoulder, stepped aside, saying, 'Poor creature, I shall not see you struggling here, for the sake of what is slung by your side;' at the same time, handing his musket to one of his comrades, he lifted the colt in his arms, and carried it to the end of the bridge. My poor wife thanked him with the tears in her eyes, the only acknowledgment she could make for his kindness; but she has often thought of it since, and congratulated herself on having the good fortune to have that horn, empty as it was, with its talismanic hieroglyphic, slung by her side on that occasion; and thus to raise up a friend, when she was so much in need of one.

DAILY DUTIES.

HERBERT.

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day ;
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul. Watch the decay
And growth of it. If with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both. Since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

THE FREEMASONRY OF PYTHAGORAS.

BY AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, LL. D.

As this celebrated Society singularly confirms the theory of secret association which we have ventured to propose, and as the philosophical Mystagogue, Pythagoras, is frequently mentioned in Masonic traditions, we are confident the reader will not complain if we give a somewhat extended account of the society, and of its founder and of his teachings.

Pythagoras was a Samian by birth, and lived somewhere about the sixth century before Christ. He received his first instruction from Creophilus in his native city. Thence he went to the island of Cyros, and studied with Pherecides, till the death of the latter. He was also for a time the scholar of Thales. He possessed an inquiring mind, a philosophical spirit, and an unquenchable thirst for wisdom. In the pursuit of science he spent considerable time in Phœnicia, in communion with the successors of Moschus and other priests of that country, by whom he was initiated into the Cabirian Mysteries. Continuing his journey, he visited various parts of Syria, in order to become acquainted with the most important religious doctrines and usages. He also visited Judea, and a Pythagorean society—the Essæans—existed there as early as the time of the Maccabees, and down to the time of Christ. Recommended by Polycrates, king of Samos, to Amasis, the Egyptian king, he visited Egypt, and was initiated into the Mysteries of Isis, and became acquainted with all the learning of that remarkable people. From Egypt he journeyed to India, to acquaint himself with the wisdom of the Gymnosophists, visiting the Magi and the Chaldean sages on his way. He also visited Crete, where the priests of Cybele took him to the caverns of Ida, where Jupiter had been cradled, and where, it was pretended, his grave could be seen. There he met Epimenides, whom he initiated into the sacred Mysteries of the Greeks. From Crete he went to Sparta and Elis, and thence to Phlius, where, being asked by King Leon what his profession was, he replied, that "he was a *philosopher*, friend of wisdom, declaring that the name of *sage*, or of the wise, belonged solely to the divinity."

Having thus acquired all the wisdom of his age, and master of the science of all countries, he returned home and established a school at Samos, where, in imitation of the Egyptians, he taught his doctrines in a symbolical form. His teachings seemed divine oracles, and the sacred obscurity in which he veiled them, attracted great numbers of disciples. But as his ideas embraced politics, the structure of society, and the science of government, as well as religion and philosophy, and desiring probably to apply his theories to a practical result, he left Samos and established himself at Crotona, in Magna Græcia. Here he established his secret brotherhood, which was organized after the Ideal, and in harmony with those political principles which he wished to see realized in all civilized institutions. It was an aristocratic republic, although all who became members united their property in one common stock for the good of the whole. The most influential citizens of Crotona were numbered among its members.

Candidates for initiation were subjected to a severe discipline and examination before they were admitted to all the Mysteries. They were required to practice the greatest simplicity of manners. A silence of two to five years was imposed upon them. He alone who had passed through the appointed series of severe trials, was allowed to hear the word of the master, in his immediate presence. Whoever was terrified by the difficulties of initiation, might withdraw without opposition, and his contributions to the common stock were repaid, a tomb was erected to his memory, as if he were dead, and he was no more thought of. To the *illuminated* the doctrines were not delivered as to others, under the veil of images and symbols. As soon as they had made sufficient progress in geometry, they were introduced to the study of nature, to the investigation of fundamental principles, and to the knowledge of God and religious ideas. They are instructed in morals, economics, or politics, and afterward employed either in managing the affairs of the order, or sent abroad to inculcate and bring into practice these principles of philosophy and government in the other Grecian States.

It appears, therefore, that the secret fraternity of Pythagoras was intended as a *propaganda* of new ideas and social relations, as a means of fashioning society after a higher and better idea of justice and right. The members lived together, with their wives and children, in buildings, in perfect harmony, as one family. Each morning it was decided how the day should be spent, and every evening a review was made of all that had been done. They rose before the sun for religious worship; verses from Homer and other poets were then recited, or music was introduced, to arouse the mental powers, and fit them for the duties of the day. Several hours were then spent in serious study. A pause for recreation followed, in which a solitary walk was usually taken, to indulge in contemplation; a conversation then took place. Before dinner, various gymnastic exercises were performed. The common meal consisted principally of bread, honey, and water. The remainder of the day was devoted to public and domestic affairs, conversation, and religious performances.

Such was the character of this famous *confrerie*, which was to achieve the social regeneration of Magna Græcia. Previous to, and at the time of its establishment there, the inhabitants were notorious for the looseness of their manners. They were licentious and vicious to the last degree. Lawlessness, disorder, and crime prevailed on one hand, and despotism on the other. But the influence of the Pythagorean Brotherhood was not long in showing itself. Sobriety, temperance, justice, and virtue soon predominated over the prevailing dissoluteness. Justice and equity appeared in the administration of the laws, and society rapidly advanced to a high degree of prosperity.

Unfortunately, the social ideal of the order did not reach far enough. The society was republican, but it retained the aristocratic element. In progress of time a struggle arose between this and the democratic element. The fault of the society was, that it did not provide for the unlimited development of social ideas, nor for their application to life. It did not yield readily to the progress of the democratic principle, and as nobles and princes were active members of the order, it was suspected of too great a leaning in that direction. The rejection of one Cylon, an influential citizen, who had made application for initiation, was made the occasion of an attack on the institution, which ended in the breaking up of the establishment at Crotona. But this turned to the advantage of the order at large; for the members dispersing, carried the ideas of the society into all lands, and Pythagorean lodges or clubs—to use modern appellations for want of better—were established in all quarters of the globe, and flourished through many ages.

The objects of the associations were mutual aid, social communion, intellectual cultivation, and social and personal progress. The scope of the Pythagorean Mysteries was therefore as wide as the circle of human wants and human science. By an admirable system of education, they led the neophyte gradually, step by step, through the mazes of science, up to the sublimest secrets of philosophy. In this progress of the human mind, the first step was the study of

The Mathematics.—The doctrine of numbers was considered the foundation of the mathematics, according to Pythagoras. They are as it were, the model by which the world is formed in all its parts. The odd numbers are limited and perfect; the even unlimited and imperfect. The *monad*, or unity, is the source of all numbers. The *dyad* is imperfect and passive, and the cause of increase and division. The *triad* compounded of the *monad* and *dyad*, partakes of the nature of both. The *tetras*, or number four, is, in the highest degree, perfect. The *decad*, which contains the sum of the four prime numbers, and is therefore called the *tetractys*, comprehends all musical and arithmetical proportions, and denotes the system of the world.

The real meaning of this Pythagorean doctrine of numbers is not well understood. It is probable, however, that *numbers* were considered the symbolical or allegorical representations of the first principles or forms of nature. As Pythagoras could not express abstract ideas in simple language, he seems to have made use of numbers, as geometers do of a diagram, to assist the comprehension of his scholars. He perceived some analogies between numbers and the attributes of the Divine understanding, and made the former the symbols of the latter. As the numbers proceed from the *monad*, or unity, undergo various combinations, and, with progress, assume new properties, so he regarded the pure and simple essence of *the Diety as the common source of all the forms of nature*, which, according to their various modifications, possess different properties. Here, as in all the philosophical systems of antiquity, God is presented as the basis of all existence, and interpenetrates all things.

The second preparatory step, in the pursuit of wisdom, was

Music.—As it raised the mind above the dominion of passion, it was considered as the most proper exercise to fit the mind for contemplation. Pythagoras considered music not only as an art, to be judged of by the ear, but as a science to be reduced to mathematical maxims and relations, and allied to astronomy. He believed that the heavenly spheres, in which the planets move, dividing the ether in their course, produced tones, and that the tones must be different according to their size, velocity, and distance. That these relations were in concord, that these tones produced the most perfect harmony, he necessarily believed, in consequence of his notions of the supreme perfection of the universe. Here we have that sublime conception of the music of the spheres, so poetical, so lofty, and so beautiful! To the initiate of the Pythagorean Mysteries, the universe overflowed with melody and song! The whole system of worlds swam in a celestial harmony. Around the central Throne, where He, the All-beautiful and Mighty, sits in unspeakable majesty, hidden from mortal eyes by the golden drapery of innumerable suns and stars, swells, from age to age, this ineffable chorus of the spheres. In the midst of such contemplations was the mind of the Pythagorean disciple exalted and refined. To him—

"The earth and sea, those orbs of fire,
Which sweep the clear serene along,
Were parts of one stupendous lyre,
That wrapped the worlds in mighty song."

Astronomy—The astronomical idea of the Pythagorean Mysteries was, that *heaven* denotes either the spheres of the fixed stars, or the whole space between the fixed stars and the moon, or the whole world, including both the heavenly spheres and the earth. Agreeably to the arithmetical hypothesis, there are ten heavenly spheres, of which nine are visible to us, viz: the sphere of the fixed stars; the seven spheres of the seven planets, including the sun and moon; and the sphere of the earth. The tenth earth, called by Pythagoras *anticthon*—anti-earth—is invisible, but necessary to the perfection of the harmony of nature, since the *decad* is the perfection of the numerical harmony. By this anti-earth, he explains the eclipses of the moon. In the middle of the universe is the central fire, the principle of warmth and life. The earth is one of the planets moving around the sphere of fire. The atmosphere of the earth is a gross immovable mass, but the ether is pure, clear, always in motion, and the region of all the divine and immortal natures. His moon and stars are divine intelligences, or inhabited by such.

Of Philosophy.—The Pythagorean mysteries taught that true knowledge embraced those subjects which are in their nature immutable, eternal, and indestructible, and of which alone it can be properly predicated that they exist. The object of philosophy is, by contemplation, to render the human mind similar to the Divine, and make it fit to enter the assembly of superior and purer intelligences. For this purpose it is necessary to invoke, in prayer, the assistance of the divinity and of good angels. Contemplative wisdom cannot be fully attained without entire abstraction from common things—without entire tranquillity and freedom of mind. Hence the necessity of societies, separate from the world, for contemplation and study.*

Of God.—Pythagoras taught that God was a universal spirit, diffused in all directions from the center, the source of all animal life, the actual and inward cause of all motion; in substance, similar to light—the first principal of the universe, incapable of suffering, invisible, indestructible, and to be comprehended by the mind alone. To the Deity, there were three kinds of subordinate intelligences—gods, demons, and heroes—emanations from the Supreme God, varying in dignity and perfection, in proportion as they were more or less removed from their source. The heroes he believed to be clothed with bodies of subtle matter.

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* This Pythagorean idea seems to have been perpetuated and practised on by the Romish Church, in its monastic system.

As God is one, and the origin of all variety, he was represented as a monad, and the subordinate spirits as number, derived from and contained in unity. In the organization of his secret society, this idea was displayed. The regions of the air he thought filled with spirits, demons and heroes, who were the cause of health or sickness to men and animals, and by means of dreams and other kinds of divinations, imparted the knowledge of future events. The soul was likewise a number, an emanation of the central fire, and consequently always in motion and indestructible.

OF MAN.—In the mystic science of Pythagoras, man consisted of an elementary nature, of a divine and rational principle. His soul was a self-moving power, and consisted of two parts—the rational, which was a portion of the universal soul, an emanation of the central fire, and had its seat in the brain, and *irrational*, which comprised the passions, and lived in the heart. The sensitive soul (*thumos*) was supposed to perish; but the rational mind (*phrenes, nous*) was believed to be immortal, because it had its origin in an immortal source. When the latter was freed from the fetters of the body. it assumed an ethereal vehicle, and passed to the habitations of the dead, where it remained till it returned to the world, to dwell in some other body. This transmigration of the spirit was continued, until it was purified of all taint of sin, when it was received to everlasting beatitude in the bosom of Him from whom it proceeded.

Such was the sublime and lofty character of that ancient system of Freemasonry—if we may call it so—which was so celebrated in the ancient world, and exercised so mighty an influence on subsequent ages. It had its errors, both in its organization and the ideas it sought to propagate, yet its results were eminently advantageous to the human race. Many of its teachings were profoundly philosophical, and are accepted by the most critical systems of the present age. Its idea of association around the secret principle, for mutual aid, social enjoyment, intellectual culture, is still the ideal of earnest positive spirits, who believe in the everlasting progress of the race, and look forward, with a sublime hope, to "a good time coming."

Masonry in Bohemia.

The Masons of Bohemia are distinguished for the punctuality with which they discharge the duties and obligations of the order. Of the truth of this fact, the following anecdote, related in Smith's, "Use and Abuse of Freemasonry," will afford a sufficient exemplification. Smith says the circumstance was communicated to him by the officer himself.

A Scotch gentleman, in the Prussian service, was taken prisoner at the battle of Lutzen, and was conveyed to the city of Prague, together with four hundred of his companions in arms; as soon as it was known that he was a Mason, he was released from confinement; he was invited to the tables of the most distinguished citizens; and requested to consider himself as a Freemason, and not as a prisoner of war. About three months after the engagement, an enchange of prisoners was effected, and the Scotch officer was presented by the fraternity with a purse of sixty ducats, to defray the expenses of his journey home.

In 1776 there were four lodges in the city of Prague, all equally remarkable for their intelligence and their benevolence. In that year they erected an Orphan House by their unaided exertions. On the 28th of February, 1784, the river Eger having overflowed its banks, the city of Prague was almost entirely inundated, on which occasion, the members of the Lodge of "Truth and Concord" were distinguished for their intrepidity in rescuing numbers of the inhabitants from a watery grave. Immediately afterwards the four lodges made a collection among themselves for the sufferers, which amounted to fifteen hundred florins; and not content with this liberality, they deputed a committee, consisting of their most eloquent members, who stationed themselves at the doors of the various churches, and by moving appeals to the feelings of the congregations, succeeded in collecting eleven thousand florins more, which they distributed among the most destitute. It is not surprising, that until its suppression by the Austrian government, Freemasonry was an object of respect and veneration to all classes of the population of Bohemia.

The Sword of Ethan Allen.

[At East-Manville, on Grand River, some twenty miles below Grand Rapids, Michigan. lives a family by the name of Hopkins, and here, in the possession of an aged lady, niece of Gen. Ethan Allen, is his sword. Aware, says our informant, who saw it two years since, that the leaders of the revolutionary struggle were often selected for their weight and mettle, as well as other military accomplishments, we were not surprised to find their arms of a similar kind. The sword in question was without ornament, and might be a hundred years old by its appearance; very heavy, with an iron hilt, on which is engraved in rude character, as if cut by a jack-knife, the name of 'Ethan Allen;' the blade long, straight, and single-edged—a veritable 'Damascus blade.' Though the strong rust-spots were proof that a long term of peace is uncongenial to weapons of war, this relic of the olden time seemed to possess, in pent-up silence, all the fire that flashed from its surface when waving in triumph over the gates of Ticonderoga. One of our company intimated to the owner that if fifty dollars would be any object, he would like to present the sword to his father, who was an intimate friend and adviser of the General, with the assurance that it should descend as an heir-loom of much value through successive generations. She, casting a glance at the huge logs of which the house was built, with a flash of the eye, said to be peculiar to the General and his family, quietly remarked: 'There are some things in this house that money will not buy—*this* is one of them.']

I.

The sword of Allen! hear, ye braves!
Ye cohorts of the mighty dead,
Wake from the slumber of your graves,
To see it circling o'er your head,
As erst it flashed in days of yore:
Bathed to the hilt in foeman's gore.

II.

That blade of battle, keen and straight,
Rust-spotted by the touch of time,
Cut through the fetters forged by fate,
To bind the brave of every clime;
Ticonderoga's gates gave way,
As blazed that sabre's meteor ray.

III.

That sword of freedom, single edged,
With iron hilt and hero-graved,
Transcends earth's diadems, all pledged.
The bravest of the brave, *it braved:*
The freest of the free, *it freed:*
And fame eternal crowned the deed.

IV.

Sword, take thy rest: thy work is done:
The warrior's hero-goal is won.
Some things there be, gold cannot buy:
Brave Allen's sword of victory!
Yes, relic of the olden time,
Thou'rt sheathed in glory, lone, sublime.

Sydney Smith on Swearing.

Sydney Smith, when traveling in a stage coach one day, was annoyed by a young man who had acquired the habit of swearing to such an extent, that he could not help interlarding his discourse with it, as though it were a constituent part of the language. As there was a lady present, the matter was doubly annoying. After enduring the young man's display for some time, "the wag, wit, and vicar," as one of his Cockney admirers called him, asked permission to tell the company a little anecdote, and thus commenced: "Once upon a time (boots, sugar tongs, and tinder boxes) there was a king of (boots, sugar tongs, and tinder boxes) England, who at a grand ball, (boots, sugar tongs, and tinder boxes) picked up the Dutchess of (boots, sugar tongs, and tinder boxes) Shrewsbury's garter (boots, sugar tongs, and tinder boxes) and said: 'Honi soit qui mal y (boots, sugar tongs, and tinder boxes) pense, which means in English, 'Evil be to him who evil thinks.' This was the origin of (boots, sugar tongs, and tinber boxes) the order of the garter."

When Sidney Smith had concluded, the young gentleman said: "A very good story, sir—rather old—but what the devil has boots, sugar tongs, and tinder boxes to do with it."

"I will tell you, my friend, when you tell me what 'd—n my eyes,' &c., have to do with our conversation. In the mean time, allow me to say, that's my style of swearing."

Origin of the Gridiron in making Freemasons.

BY NOEL.

In years gone by, say forty or more, there lived in the city of Gotham, a jolly good host whose physical man betokened that he was no idle workman at seasons of refreshment, and his full face denoted that good humor and a relish for jokes whetted his appetite for bibibles as well as eatables. This jolly good host was a Freemason, and his hotel was a resort for the members of the Craft to while away their leisure time where they were received with a smiling welcome, and their indulgences seasoned with a happy jest or some lively anecdote. Among the members of the lodge to which our good host was attached, was one, a tailor by profession, who fully equaled him in pranks and jokes, and when they met some mischief was sure to be concocted, some plan devised for merriment at some one's expense. Among the inmates of the hotel was a very worthy young man, a mechanic, employed in the neighborhood, boarding there for convenience. This young man had a desire to learn the mysteries of Freemasonry, and requested the landlord to advise him the course to pursue, to which he readily agreed, as the young man was every way worthy to become a member of the Fraternity. The application was made, and everything was satisfactory Prior to his initiation, he concluded to make his debut in the lodge in a new outfit, and he engaged a new suit from our jolly good tailor, to be finished on the night of his initiation. The tailor being cognizant of his customer's application to be made a Mason, and divining the purpose for which the suit of clothes was ordered, he, at the suggestion of the host, devised a plan for some sport on the occasion. The worthy host's wife it was known had some curious views concerning the mystic order, and believed it was not altogether for beneficial or charitable purposes the Masons met in their lodges. The tailor prepared a piece of cloth, and scorched it in stripes as if it had been burnt on a gridiron, this he neatly basted on the seat of the pantaloons. The clothes arrived in due time, and soon encased the physical man of the candidate for initiation. He presented himself before the host before going to the lodge, who, in the presence of his better half, appearing to admire very much the new suit, and, inspecting the lower part of his coat, he remarked "how very considerate," loud enough for his spouse to hear, and then left the house accompanied by the candidate. The next day the clothing was closely examined, and before the close of the week there were few of the lady acquaintances, whose husbands were known to be Masons, who did not see those pantaloons. It must not be supposed there were no secret conversations in relation to making Masons after retiring at night between the good host and his better half. She, good soul, serious and moralizing. He unable to contain his laughter, and striving to prevent giving offense. The circumstance gave occasion for much talk among the good wives in the neighborhood. In due time the piece of cloth which had created no little excitement was removed, and the young man remained in ignorance of the practical joke, the subject being of a delicate nature, could not be communicated to him by those who believed him to have been a victim to some cruel ceremony. It was this circumstnnce which gave such extensive currency to the belief that a heated gridiron was a necessary implement in masonic initiation.

The Title of Mr.

The title of Mr. is something to be proud of now-a-days. in contradistinction to Esq., or Hon. In old times it was equally a mark of respectability, as will be seen by the following extract from the Old Colony Records, Sept. 27, 1631:

"It is ordered that Josias Plastowe shall (for stealing 4 baskets of corn from the Indians) return them 8 baskets again, be fined vt., and hereafter to be called by the name of Josias. and not Mr., as formerly he used to be; and that William Buchland, and Thomas Andrews, shall be whipped for being accessory to the same offense."

Joseph II on Freemasonry.

The Emperor Joseph II of Austria, succeeded to the imperial throne in 1765, but did not acquire independent authority until the death of his mother, the famous Maria Theresa, 1780. Joseph's political opinions were far in advance of his time; and, indeed, were supposed to contribute, in an indirect manner, to the development of the revolution in France. He effected numerous changes in the system of government in his own dominions, some of which were unsuited to the circumstances of the times, but the majority were reforms, displaying wisdom and benevolence. It was this monarch who first tolerated all denominations of Christians in Catholic Austria; the condition of his Jewish subjects also received his attention, and their civil rights to a certain extent were recognized by the emperor. He was not uniformly successful in accomplishing the objects of his policy; his interference with religious ordinances in Flanders, which he considered to be useless, bigoted, and obstructive, eventually cost him his Belgian dominions.

In the year 1786, great indignation and alarm were excited among the priestly party in Austria, by the spread of the Illuminati, and kindred secret societies, who were accused (whether justly or not) of propagating doctrines tending to the overthrow of the altar and the throne. By the ultra Catholics the society of Freemasons was denounced as participating in the worst errors, and even crimes, of the revolutionary propaganda; and petitions were by the former addressed to the emperor, demanding the suppression of the Order as subversive of all order and religion. Joseph II, however, far from countenancing in the slightest degree the bigoted and obviously unprincipled designs of the Papal party, as exhibited in these one-sided counsels, after mature deliberation, issued a decree evincing a spirit of discerning and paternal interest in what he rightly considered to be a highly deserving and loyal class of his subjects.

"DECREE.

"Joseph II, by the grace of God, &c.

"The Freemasons of my dominions are so numerous that there is now scarcely a village in which we do not find a lodge; it is, therefore, an imperative necessity to establish order for their continuance.

"I am not acquainted with their secrets, never having had curiosity enough to penetrate them; it is sufficient for me to know that they always do some good; they sustain the poor, and cultivate and protect literature. But as the security of the State, and good order, demand that we should not leave the people entirely to themselves, I propose to take Freemasonry under my protection, and give it my especial favor, (if the Masons conduct themselves well,) subject to the following conditions:

"1. There shall not be in the capital but one, two, or three lodges, if it be possible in them to receive all the brethren; at the utmost three. In cities which are the seats of provincial governments, one, two, or three lodges. In provincial towns where there is no resident governor, lodges are strictly forbidden, and any innkeeper who allows a meeting at his house shall be rigorously punished.

"2. Lists of the lodges, with the names of their members, and days of meeting, correctly described, are to be sent to the Government; and every three months an exact account must be rendered of all the members who have been received into the lodge, and of those who have left it. Likewise must be forwarded particulars of the titles, dignities, and grades, which each holds in the lodge.

"3. The name of the Master of the lodge must annually be returned to the Government.

"In return for their compliance with this ordinance, the Government accords to the Freemasons welcome, protection, and liberty; leaving entirely to their own direction the control of their members and their constitutions. The Government will not attempt to penetrate into their mysteries.

"Following these directions, the Order of Freemasons, in which body are comprised a great number of worthy men who are well known to me, may become useful to the State.

"This ordinance shall be communicated to all governors of provinces.

"JOSEPH.

"The execution of this ordinance is to commence on the 1st of January, 1787."

The Light Divine.

Let there be light! Th' Almighty spoke!
Refulgent streams from chaos broke,
T' illume the rising earth!
Well pleas'd the great Jehovah stood,
The Pow'r supreme pronounced it good,
And gave the Planets birth!
In choral numbers Masons join,
To bless and praise the Light divine!

Parent of Light! accept our praise!
Who shed'st on us thy brightest rays,
The light that fills our mind!
By choice selected, lo! we stand,
By friendship join'd, a social band!
That love that aids mankind!
In choral numbers Masons join,
To bless and praise the Light divine!

The widow's tear, the orphan's cry,
All wants our ready hands supply,
As far as pow'r is given!
The naked clothe, the pris'ner free,
These are thy works, sweet charity!
Reveal'd to us from heaven!
In choral numbers Masons join.
To bless and praise the Light divine!

Ancient Document—806th Anniversary.

The Lodge of "Glasgow St. John," celebrated its eight hundred and sixth anniversary, on the 5th of October last, at Glasgow, Scotland.

The following is a copy of the original warrant, which is always present at the anniversary celebrations:

"Malcolm the third by the grace of God King of Scots, wishes health and safety to the Bishops, Princes, Earls, Barons, Ministers, and Administrators of our law, and all good men of the nation, both clergy, laicks, or common people, and to all where these presents shall come, greeting. Whereas, our trusty and well-beloved friends, the Operative Masons in the City of Glasgow, hath, by their petition, humbly represented to us that the inhabitants of this city has been imposed upon by a number of unskilled and insufficient workmen that has come to work at our cathedral and other parts of the city, and also has erected lodges contrary to the rules of masonry, and being desirous of putting a stop to such unskilled and irregular brothers, most humbly prays us to grant them our royal license and protection for stopping such irregular disorders; and we being willing to give all due encouragement to so reasonable a petition, are graciously pleased to condescend to their request, and we do, by these presents, ordain and grant to our petitioners to incorporate themselves together in one incorporation, and we strictly discharge any mason within the foresaid city to work in it, until he serve his time as an apprentice for the space of seven years, or he be married to a freeman's daughter; and he or they shall be examined anent their skill and knowledge in the mason craft, by three of the ablest of the mason trade; and if he or they be found of cunning or knowledge tö be received into the incorporation, each shall pay twenty pounds Scots to the common funds, and three pounds to the altar and clerks, and officers' dues, which the forsaid incorporation shall always be allowed to be the judge of that and other laws made for the behoof of the forsaid incorporation. Item, that the free incorporate masons of Glasgow shall have a lodge for ever at the city of Glasgow. None in my dominions shall erect a lodge until they make application to the Saint John's Lodge, Glasgow, and they considering their petition and examining their character and behavior, grant them a charter, conform to their regulations. Item, that all the members of said Incorporation shall have liberty to quarry stones, lime, sand, and other materials, from the grounds of persons, for paying the damages of what they occupy, or damage for building of the forsaid Cathedral. But if the owners of the said lands and the forsaid workmen do not agree, each party is to choose an honest man to value the expense of the foresaid damages. Item, and that any having power from me, maintain my peace firm and stable against all other pretenders and usurpers, who encroach on me or my subjects to disturb our peace. Item, and that you and all my subjects in this obey the magistrates in things relating to my peace and the good of the city. Item, and that you instruct and teach apprentices, and that none take or employ any man's apprentice when their time of apprenticeship is not completed, under the pain of paying twenty pounds, the one half to the incorporation, one fourth to the lodge, and one fourth to Saint Thomas's altar to say mass to their soul. Item, and I strictly charge and command that none take in hand to disturb the free operative masons from being incorporated freemen, or to have a free lodge, to take away their good name or possession, or harass or do any injury to my freemasons and petitioners under the peril of my highest displeasure; and we order that notice be taken that due obedience may be rendered to our pleasure herein declared. Given at our court, at Fordie, the 5th day of October, 1057 years, before these witnesses—Earl David, my brother, Earl Duncan, Earl Gilbert ef Monteith, Sir Robert of Velen, Adam of Stenhous, and Andrew Hamilton, Bishop of Glasgow."

An Anecdote of Washington—The Plot to Poison Him by Green Peas.

In the summer of 1777, when the American army was in New York, a young girl of the city went to her lover, one Francis, and communicated to him, as a secret she had overheard, a plan that was in operation, among the Government men, to destroy the American commander-in-chief by poison, which was to be plentifully mingled with his green peas, a favorite vegetable of his, on the following day, at Richmond Hill headquarters, where he was to dine. Francis, who was a thorough Whig, although supposed to be friendly to the royalists, went immediately to Washington and acquainted him with this diabolical plan for his destruction. Washington having listened with attention, said:

"My friend I thank you. Your fidelity has saved my life; to what reserve the Almighty knows! But now for your safety: I charge you to return to your horse; and let not a word of what you have related to me pass your lips. It would involve you in certain ruin; and Heaven forbid that your life should be forfeited or endangered by your faith to me! I will take the necessary steps to prevent, and, at the same time, discover the instrument of this wicked device."

The next day, about two hours before dinner, he sent for one of his guard, told him of the plot, and requested that he would disguise himself as a female, and go to the kitchen, there to keep a strict watch upon the peas until they should be served up for the table. The young man carefully observed the directions he had received, and had not been long upon his post of duty before a young man, another of the guard, came anxiously to the door of the kitchen, looked in, and then passed away. In a few moments after, he returned and approached the hearth where the peas stood, and was about to mingle in the deadly substance, when suddenly he shrunk back, as though from the sting of the four-tongued adder; his color changed to the pale hue of death, and his limbs apparently palsied with fear, evidently horror-struck with his own purpose: but soon, however, the operation of a more powerful incitement urged forward his reluctant hand, that tremblingly strewed the odious bane; and he left the kitchen, overwhelmed with conflicting passions, remorse, and confusion.

"Harold sleeps no more; the cry has reached his heart ere the deed be accomplished," said the youth on duty, in a voice devoid of pity, as he looked upon the self-condemned wretch.

"What, Harold?" said the commander-in-chief, sorrowfully, upon receiving the information; "can it be possible? so young, so fair, and gentle. He would have been the last person upon whom suspicion of that nature could have fallen, by right of countenance. You have done well," said be to the youth before him. "Go join your comrades, and be secret."

The young man went accordingly; and Washington returned to the piazza, where several officers were assembled, among whom was the hero of Saratoga, who was waiting for further orders from Congress before he departed for Canada. In a few moments, dinner was announced; and the party was ushered into a handsome apartment, where the sumptuous board was spread, covered with all the delicacies of the season.

The commander-in-chief took his seat, placing General Gates on his right hand, and General Wooster on his left. When the remainder of the officers and company were seated, and eager to commence the duties of the table, the chief said, impressively—

"Gentlemen, I must request you to suspend your meal for a few moments. Let the guard attend me."

All was silence and amazement. The guard entered, and formed in a line towards the upper end of the apartment.

Washington, having put on his plate a spoonful of peas, fixed his eyes sternly upon the guilty man, and said—

"Shall I eat of this vegetable?"

The youth turned pale, and became dreadfully agitated, while his trembling lips faintly uttered—

"I don't know."

"Shall I eat of these?" again demanded Washington, raising some upon a knife.

Here Harold elevated his hand, as if, by an involuntary impulse, to prevent their being tasted. A chicken was then brought in, that a conclusive experiment might be made, in the presence of all those witnesses. The animal ate of the peas, and immediately died; and the wretched criminal, overcome with terror and remorse, fell fainting, and was borne from the apartment.

Mozart's Requiem.

[Mozart's famous composition, *The Requiem*, was his last piece, finished just before his death. He had been engaged upon it for several weeks, and as soon as it was concluded, asked his daughter Emilie to play it on the piano. "Take these, my last notes," said he, "sit down to my piano here—sing with them the hymn of your sainted mother." His daughter sang, and on looking around after she had finished, found that the spirit of her father had departed! The following is the hymn:]

Spirit! thy labor is o'er!
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore
And the race of immortals begun.

Spirit! look not on the strife,
Or the pleasures of earth with regret—
Pause not on the threshold of limitless life
To mourn for the thing that is set.

Spirit! no fetters can bind,
No wicked have power to molest;
There the weary, like thee—the wretched shall find
A heaven, a mansion of rest.

Spirit! how bright the road
For which thou art now on the wing,
Thy home it will be, with thy Saviour and God,
Their loud hallelujah to sing.

CONGRESSIONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY B. B. FRENCH.

The year 1835 was ushered in by the citizens of Washington, very much after the fashion of those which had for twenty years preceded it, and very much as every one has been for the twenty years which, at this writing, have followed it. The noisy discharge of guns, pistols, and India crackers, had been, was, and is, the method taken by "Young America" in Washington, to let their graver seniors know that they are "on hand and wide awake." "Young America" must have his fun, and *we*, who were once ourselves young, ought not, and I hope do not, begrudge it to him.

By referring to one of my own letters, dated Jan. 1, 1835, I see that I made one of the immense crowd which visited the Presidential Mansion on that day. We had a President *then* who was worthy to be visited and to be loved, and whose hand it was an honor to grasp, and to whom one could say with a true voice, and a moistened eye, "God bless you, and 'a happy new year to you.'"

On that day, the 1st of '35, there stood in the palace halls an Indian Chief, said to be *eighty-seven years of age*. He was the most perfect specimen of aboriginal dignity that I have ever seen. He had been renowned in battle, and bore the scars of more than twenty wounds. The interpreter who accompanied him said he was second to no one as a warrior, not even to Tecumseh or Black Hawk. Such an imperturbably grave face as he exhibited, while making his way through the crowded East Room, "the observed of all observers," I have never seen; not even the approach to a smile lightened up his countenance at any time. His approbation of the White House was expressed in the brief sentence, "very fine wigwam," and of the ladies he only remarked, "very pretty squaws."

It was but an incident of the occasion, and, in all probability, not one of that crowd remembered, in a single week, that erect, dignified, and swarthy form, as it moved among the brilliant throng of foreign and domestic diplomatists—senators, representatives, military officers—"fair women and brave men." On me a deeper and more lasting impression was made. I looked upon that aged man as the representative of a mighty race which was fast dwindling away, and I imagined what a history of wrong, of might over right, even his four-score years and seven had seen; and what a story he could tell touching "man's inhumanity to man."

On the evening of Jan. 8th, 1835, the Democratic party celebrated the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, and the extinguishment of the national debt, by a public dinner at Brown's Hotel. It was a very brilliant affair, and one long to be remembered by those who participated in it.

Hon. Thomas H. Benton was president of the occasion, and he was assisted by James K. Polk, Wm. R. King, Henry A. Muhlenberg, Silas Wright, J. M. Wayne, Isaac Hill, Bedford Brown, Thomas Morris, Ratliff Boone, John Y. Mason, E. K. Kane, Philemon Dickerson, and Joseph Hall, as vice-presidents. There were between two and three hundred guests, and every thing was arranged in elegant style.

After the cloth was removed, Col. Benton, as president of the day, made a brief but eloquent speech, which was received with great applause. He said in that brief speech one of the happiest things he ever uttered.

"Wars," said he, "create debt; peace and economy extinguish it. The laureled general shines in the career of arms that loads his country with debt; the civil statesman pays off the incumbrance of military glory. How great then the felicity of him, who uniting in his own person the functions of general and statesman, pays off in peace the debt of war."

This deserved eulogium on the old hero and statesman, was received with immense applause. And howsoever it may have been viewed by *some* at the time, now that Andrew Jackson reposes in his grave at the Hermitage, and his memory is cherished and blessed by all, I doubt if there is one American heart in this broad land, that does not cheerfully respond to that noble sentiment of Col. Benton, and the one equally noble and magnanimous with which he closed his remarks, viz.:

President Jackson: May the evening of his days be as tranquil and as happy for himself as their meridian has been resplendent, glorious, and benificent for his country."

This wish was gratified in the last days of the eminent old warrior and statesman to the very letter. The meridian splendor of his sun was surpassed even in the glorious halo which accompanied its setting. The following, which I have just met with, (summer of 1856,) illustrates better than anything I can write, the manner of life which marked the last days of General Jackson:

The *Western Christian Advocate* records the following interesting anecdote of Jackson. The scene of it was in the Tennessee Annual Conference held at Nashville, and to which he had been invited by a vote of the brethren, that they might have the pleasure of an introduction to him:

"The committee was appointed, and the General fixed the time for nine o'clock on Monday morning. The Conference room being too small to accommodate the hundreds who wished to witness the introduction, one of the churches was substituted, and an hour before the time, filled to overflowing. Front seats were reserved for the members of the Conference, which was called to order by the Bishop, seated in a large chair in the altar, just before the pulpit. After prayers, the committee retired; and a minute afterwards entered, conducting the man whom all delighted to honor. They led him to the Bishop's chair, which was made vacant for him, the Bishop meanwhile occupying another place within the altar.

"The secretary was directed to call the names of the members of Conference, which he did in alphabetical order, each coming forward and receiving from the Bishop a personal introduction to the ex-President, and immediately retiring to give place to the next. The ceremony had nearly been completed, when the secretary read the name of Rev. James T——. An elderly gentleman, with weather-beaten face, clad in a suit of jeans, arose and came forward. Few seemed to know him. He had always been on circuit, on the frontier; and though always at Conference, he never troubled it with long speeches, but kept his seat, and said little—that little, however, was always to the purpose. Mr. T. came forward, and was introduced to General Jackson. He turned his face towards the General, who said, 'It seems to me that we have met before.' The preacher apparently embarrassed, said: 'I was with you through the Creek campaign—one of your body-guard at the battle of Horse Shoe—and fought under your command at New Orleans. The General arose slowly from his seat, and throwing his long withered bony arms around the preacher's neck, exclaimed: 'We'll soon meet where there's no war—where the smoke of battle never rolls up its sulphurous incense!'

"Never before, or since, have I seen so many tears shed as then flowed forth from the eyes of that vast assembly. Every eye was moist with weeping.

"Eleven years have passed away since that day. The old hero has been more than ten in his silent and narrow home. The voice that cheered the drooping fight, and thundered in the rear of routed armies, is silent forever. The old preacher, too, has fought his last battle, laid his armor by, and gone home to his eternal rest."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lady Morgan a Freemason.

[In confirmation of our letter to Justitia, in the October number, we present an extract from Lady Morgan's Diary:

January, 1819—"Well, here I am, a Free and Accepted Mason, according to the old Irish masonic song. When we drove to the solitudes of the Rue Vaugirard, Faubourg St. Germaine, we found the court of the Hotel la Vilette and all the premises full of carriages. Belle et Bonne magnificently dressed in white satin and diamonds, with Voltaire's picture round her neck, set in brilliants, received us in the salon with a sort of solemn grace, very unlike her usual joyous address. Madame le Generale Foy, the wife of the popular *militaire*, stood beside her; his Royal Highness Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, the Bishop of Jerusalem, Talma, Count de la Rochefoucault, in full dress, looking very like his illustrious ancestor of Les Maximes; Denon, the Count de Cazes, pair de France, (brother to the premier, the Duc de Cazes,) General Favier, and many others whom we knew, were assembled, and muttered their conversation in little groups. At half-past eight they all proceeded to hold the Chapter for the installation of the Dames Ecossaises du Temple, according to the programme, we, les dames postulantes, remaining behind till we were called for. I really began to feel some trepidation, and the stories I had heard from my childhood upwards, of the horrors of the trial of a free masonic probation, rose to my mind, red hot poker included. At nine o'clock we were summoned to attend the 'Ouverture de la Cour des Grands Commandeurs.' When the battants were thrown open a spectacle of great magnificence presented itself. A profusion of crimson and gold, marble busts, a decorated throne and altar, a profusion of flowers, incense of the finest odor filling the air, and, in fact, a spectacle of the most scenic and dramatic effect ever presented itself. Such of the forms as are permitted to reach the ears profane are detailed in the programme. We took the vows, but as to the secret it shall never pass these lips in holy silence sealed."

A GAME THAT DIDN'T WIN.—When the Crusaders under King Richard, of England, defeated the Saracens, the Sultan seeing his troops fly, asked what was the number of the Christians who were making all this slaughter. He was told that it was only King Richard and his men, and that they were all afoot. "Then," said the Sultan, "God forbid that such a noble fellow as King Richard should march on foot," and sent him a noble charger. The messenger took it, and said: "Sir, the Sultan sends you this charger, in order that you may not be on foot." The King was as cunning as his enemy, and ordered one of his squires to mount the horse, in order to try him. The squire did so; but the animal was fiery and he could not hold him. He set off at full speed to the Sultan's pavilion. The Sultan expected he had got King Richard, and was not a little mortified to discover his mistake.

THE LODGE.—A lodge is an organized subordinate union of Freemasons. A Freemason is a member of the Craft universal. His relations to a lodge are special and transitory, that to the brotherhood strict and eternal. He owes indefeasable fealty to the mysteries. He owes nothing to a lodge when he ceases to be a member of it. The right of a lodge to make a Freemason is inherent. Its power to do so co-exists with its organization. This right and this power are circumscribed only as to qualification of applicants, not to individuals. A lodge in Russia has the authority to make a Mexican a Mason if he has the necessary prerequisites. Once in the Order, he is everywhere recognized where the Order is to be found.—The brotherhood of Masons embraces subjects and citizens of all nations. The language is understood and spoken by all people. Nationalities are as nothing in the commonwealth of the Craft.—*G. L. Penn.*

THE COMPASS.

Thou art, O God, my East! In Thee I dawned;
Within me ever let my day-spring shine!
Then for each night of sorrow I have mourned
I'll bless thee, Father, since it seals me thine.

Thou art, O God, my North! My trembling soul,
Like a charmed needle, points to Thee alone;
Each wave of time, each storm of life shall roll
My trusting spirit forward to thy throne.

Thou art, O God, my South! Thy fervent love
Perennial verdure o'er my life hath shed,
And constant sunshine from thy heart of love
With wine and oil thy grateful child hath fed.

Thou art, O God, my West! Into thy arms,
Glad as the setting sun, may I decline;
Baptized from earthly storms and sin's alarms,
Reborn, arise in thy new heavens to shine.

Elections.

The time is rapidly approaching when the lodges will hold their elections of officers for the ensuing year.

The first natural inquiry is: Who is eligible to the office of Master? We answer: all who have been legally installed and have completed a term as Master of any regularly constituted lodge, and all who have served a term as Wardens.

The exceptions to this rule are only where there are no Past Masters or Wardens, or where they refuse to serve. In such cases, any competent brother may be legally elected.

The next natural question is: Suppose that the Past Masters and Wardens, or Past Wardens refuse to serve, or are incompetent or improper persons to fill the place, what then is to be done?

This is a serious question, and demands a careful answer. If there be time, a petition setting forth the true facts of the case, signed by a respectable number of the brethren, may be sent to the Grand Master, with a petition for leave to elect a Master, from the floor. For good and strong—*very strong* reasons, the Grand Master will grant such a dispensation.

If the brethren have not time to address the Grand Master, and find themselves in an extremity, they may elect a Master from the floor, and apply to the Grand Master for a dispensation confirming the election.

In all elections, more especially for Master, the brethren are bound, as they are in all other masonic matters, to act for the good of Masonry, as we will now proceed to specify.

The brethren should never re-elect a Master, or elect a Past Master, who has proven himself incapable of governing his Lodge with moderation and decorum; the Master should dignify the chair, not the chair the Master. No one should be so elected who has been inattentive to his duties, or inattentive to the duties of his officers, who has fallen into disrepute, or suffered his lodge to decay. No Master who has taken the installation vows, can plead any excuse for the neglect of his duties, but necessity or emergency.

The brethren are always to consider whether any of the brethren eligible to the chair, by virtue of their position, are worthy in point of character, or qualified by their knowledge and capabilities, to rule and govern a lodge, and transact the varied and important duties and business intrusted to the Master.—*Trowel.*

◆

Thoughtfulness of a Dying Masonic Officer.—When the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie was mortally wounded in the battle of Aboukir, he was carried in a litter on board the "Fourdroyant." To ease his pain a soldier's blanket was placed under his head, from which he received great relief. He asked what it was. "It is only a soldier's blanket," was the answer. "*Whose* blanket is it!" he asked, half lifting himself up. "Only one of the men's." "I wish to *know* the name of the man whose blanket this is," insisted the dying commander. "It is Duncan Roy's, of the Forty-second, Sir Ralph," answered his attendant. "Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night," said the brave man, not forgetting even in his last agonies the welfare and comfort of another, however humble.

◆

Hail Columbia.—It has recently been discovered that the air of "Hail Columbia" is taken from "Richard Cœur de Lion," an opera of the last century, composed by Gretry, who, though a Belgian by birth, was for fifty years the star composer of the French lyric stage. The original is said to be a very majestic air, and forms part of a *fantasia* from the above-named opera, arranged by Arban, which is quite popular at the Champs Elysees concerts. It is said that the liberties taken with it in filching it for "Hail Columbia" have not at all improved it."

Army Masonry.—A Soldier's Testimony.

The following letter is a specimen of what is written to the District, expressing gratitude to the Craft and love for the Institution. No indigent nor suffering Mason has ever been neglected if the brethren of this city knew of a want. Some have diligently sought out all who were in need or in any adversity. We insert the main parts of the letter.

New York City, *September* 18, 1863.

Dear Sir: * * * * I am a soldier, who having been wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville on the 3d of May, in both feet, was removed as soon as was deemed expedient, to Washington. The wound in one of my feet having assumed already a very serious aspect, and, as it was becoming daily evident that amputation would be necessary, it was considered proper that I should be taken where I could have the advantage of treatment superior to that which a camp hospital afforded. I arrived accordingly in Washington on the 9th of May, and was duly admitted.

Not many days had elapsed ere I was visited by some of the brethren of "Lebanon Lodge" No. 7, and the companions of Washington Royal Arch Chapter No. 16, of the District of Columbia, and it is almost unnecessary to say that everything was done by those brethren and companions to alleviate my suffering—which, had it not been for them, would have been, I think, insupportable—and make me as comfortable as possible; and permit me to say none but those who have had experience can begin to estimate or appreciate the highly beneficial results of such kindness. How, when it was determined upon to remove my leg, and the operation was performed, and the critical condition I was in seemed to render my chances of recovery exceedingly doubtful, they redoubled their exertions, doing everything in their power to cheer my drooping spirits, and make bright the *star of hope.* Their zeal seemed to know no bounds, and, dear sir, not until gratitude ceases to be a virtue, shall those kind offices be forgotten. Nor did their kind consideration stop here, but, on the contrary, my dues have been remitted both in the lodge and chapter, and I have been made an honorary member. * * * *

Masonic Comity.

The war of the rebellion has caused to be revealed to the world, in a great many instances, the fact that there is a power of brotherly love in Freemasonry that no human discord can overcome.

While the ties of consanguinity may be utterly severed and held at naught, those of Freemasonry will stand the test. The hempen cords may fail, but when the great chain-cable goes overboard with the sheet-anchor of *the Craft* attached, it *holds on*, and defies the storm!

As an instance of the exhibition of the true teachings of Masonry, I inclose a slip cut from the *Eastern Argus* of the 14th inst., showing how the great and good Dr. Mackey, one of the most brilliant ornaments of Freemasonry, performed his duty, and his whole duty, to the mortally wounded son of his old friend and brother, Freeman Bradford, Esq., Past Grand Master of Masons of the State of Maine.

Fraternally yours,

B. B. FRENCH.

Dr. McMurdy,
Ed. National Freemason.

ONE MORE PATRIOT GONE.

It becomes our painful duty to announce the decease of Charles H. Bradford, late a lieutenant in the U. S. Marine Corps, who died at Charleston, S. C., between the 17th and 26th days of September, from wounds received by him in the attempt to storm Fort Sumter by boats on the night of 8th September, in which expedition he was a volunteer.

Lieut. B. was a young man of great promise and very exemplary in his character, retiring and modest in his disposition, and it was necessary to be well acquainted with him in order fully to appreciate and do him justice. He was a son of our esteemed townsman Freeman Bradford, whose family are thus called upon to mourn for their loved one, cut down in his early manhood, he being only twenty-three years of age.

Lieutenant Bradford was among the first to volunteer when the call was made on Maine for her first quota; was made a sergeant in Company D, in the 1st Maine Regiment, in which capacity he served with credit until his regiment was discharged upon the expiration of their term of service. He at once set himself about getting into the service of his country again, and did not cease in his efforts until he attained the position he held at the time of his decease.

Amid the gloom which the announcement of this event will cause to a large circle of relatives and friends, it is a source of much satisfaction to learn from a letter from Dr. Albert G. Mackey, Grand Secretary of the M. W. Grand Lodge of South Carolina, "that he was enabled to be with him daily from the time of his arrival at Charleston until his death, that everything that was possible was done for his comfort, that he suffered little or no pain, that every needful and proper preparation was made for his funeral, that he and his two sons accompanied the body to the grave, where it was safely and tenderly deposited, and the grave so marked that it may hereafter be identified."

Among the articles preserved by Dr. Mackey is a memorandum-book, in which Lieut. B. had commenced a letter to his mother. He had only been able to write one line, assuring her that his wounds were improving satisfactorily.

When his father found that Lieut. Bradford was ordered to Charleston, he wrote to him charging him if he ever entered Charleston as a victor or as a captive, to at once, if possible, let Dr. A. G. Mackey know that he was the son of a mason, and that he would receive all the attention it was possible to afford. After his capture Lieut. B. remarked to his friend Lieut. Mead, that if he was taken to Charleston he should endeavor to communicate with Dr. Mackey. That he succeeded the result shows. P.

Interesting Discovery at Jerusalem.

According to the *Jewish Chronicle*, the foundation of the inner wall of Jerusalem (referred to in Lam. ii, 8, under the name of rampart; and also in Isaiah xxii, 11, where the two walls are spoken of) has lately been discovered. As far as it is laid bare, it consists of very large stones, and the solid masonry is just the same as that of the western wall of the Temple. It is about four yards distant from the present wall. The spot was visited by many Europeans, among whom are mentioned the Austrian and French consuls, as also by Dr. Rosen, the Prussian consul, distinguished for his topographical knowledge of the Holy City, and they all agreed in pronouncing this remnant of hoary antiquity the foundation of the "rampart." It was discovered while digging to lay the foundation of a new building, the "Abode of Peace," erecting for the Jewish poor at the expense of a deceased benefactor. On the same plot of ground was also discovered a very large and equally ancient cistern, thirty-six yards long by nine and a half wide, and fourteen deep.—*London Builder.*

Washington's Prayer.

In the summer of 1776, Washington, exploring alone one day the position of the British forces on the banks of the Hudson, ventured too far from his own camp, and was compelled by a sudden storm, and the fatigue of his horse, to seek shelter for the night in the cottage of a pious American peasant, who, greatly struck with the language and manner of his guest, and listening at the door of his chamber, overheard the following prayer from the Father of his Country:

"And now, Almighty Father, if it is thy holy will that we shall obtain a place and name among the nations of the earth, grant that we may be enabled to show our gratitude for thy goodness, by our endeavors to fear and obey thee. Bless us with wisdom in our councils, success in battle, and let all our victories be tempered with humanity. Endow, also, our enemies with enlightened minds, that they become sensible of their injustice, and willing to restore our liberty and peace. Grant the petition of thy servant, for the sake of Him whom thou hast called thy beloved Son; nevertheless not my will but thine be done."—*McGuire's "Religious Opinions and Character of Washington."*

The National Freemason.

WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER, 1863.

Letters of business, and containing money, and correspondence, should be addressed Dr. McMurdy, Box 982. Printed matter should be directed National Freemason, Lock Box 18, Washington City.

The editor can be seen before 8, a. m., or at 5, p. m., at Mrs. Parrish's, 54 Missouri avenue.

Agents.—Bro. Charles H. Anderson, 458 Seventh street, and Bro. Faulkner, for Maryland and the District; and Bro. Tacey, Clerk of Court, for Alexandria; Bro. Geo. H. Raymond, G.·. L.·., 48 John street, for New York city; Bros. James Sterratt and Dr. Crane, 74 Lexington street, between Charles and Liberty streets, for Baltimore city; Bro. Huntington, Adams, N. Y.; Bro. Enos, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Every change of P. O. box, or residence of subscribers, should be carefully reported. The past address of the paper should always be stated.

Under the present postal law, no matter can be delivered until postage (three cents per quarter) is paid.

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OFFICIAL.

To the Brethren, Companions, and Sir Knights of the several jurisdictions; We, as Grand Master of Knights Templar in the United States of America, Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, send greeting:

We not only regard with favor the enterprise so generally approved by the Craft, to establish a National Masonic Journal at the metropolis of the nation, but we are impelled by a deep sense of its importance to urge upon you the most vigorous exertions to give to this much-needed instrument for good a healthy and vigorous life.

Let each Masonic body, in corporate capacity, subscribe for as many copies of the National Freemason, as may be expedient, for circulation among the widows and orphans of Masons, and among the sick and indigent Masons in hospitals, thereby exercising a high charity. Let each Mason take as many copies personally as he can afford, and induce his neighbor to do the same.

We are satisfied, from the well-known high educational, literary, and Masonic character of the Rev. R. McMurdy, D. D., LL. D., Grand Prelate of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, that the National Freemason will be conducted in a liberal, faithful, national, and catholic spirit, and will tend to increase and diffuse light within and without our sacred precincts, and promote harmony and good will among the brotherhood.

The moderate terms of its publication, ($1.50 per annum,) make it accessible to the Masonic masses.

We urge you all, brethren, to prompt action in sending names of subscribers, paying in advance, to Rev. Dr. McMurdy, Washington City.

B. B. FRENCH,
Grand Master Knights Templar, U. S. of A.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand High Priest of Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and District of Columbia.
Y. P. PAGE,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Maryland.

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The Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, at its last session, adopted the following resolution concerning the "National Freemason," offered by Past Grand Master B. B. French.

"*Resolved*, That the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge be hereby directed to take for the Grand Lodge a sufficient number of copies, not exceeding thirty, of the National Freemason, to preserve three copies for the archives of the Grand Lodge, and to send one copy to each Grand Lodge in the United States, and such foreign Grand Lodges as are in communication with the Grand Lodge."

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Federal Lodge, No. 1, and Union Lodge, U. D., Alexandria, have subscribed in lodge capacity for 30 copies each of the National Freemason; B. B. French Lodge for 40 copies; Washington Naval Lodge, 10 copies; and Washington Commandery, No. 1, 20 copies. Alexandria Lodge has voted to stereotype the first three numbers of the Freemason. St. John's Lodge, of this city, has voted a sum sufficient to stereotype the October number.

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Agents Wanted.—We desire industrious, sober, honest agent, of good repute, in every State and city of the Union, and in all parts of the globe where there are Masons reading the English language.

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The American Masonic Almanac for 1864.—We shall publish a work of the above title, about the 20th of November, for fifteen cents a copy, without any expense to us for delivery. If sent by mail or express, of course there must be the postage or express charge added. Two copies for twenty-five cents; ten copies for one dollar.

Booksellers and others, taking not less than 100 copies, at 20 per cent. discount; nor less than 500 copies, 33⅓ per cent. discount. No order received for less than 10 copies.

Chas. H. Anderson, 7th street, opposite Post Office, will receive and register orders.

We design making this valuable to the brethren, as a work of reference and worthy of perpetual preservation. Money must accompany orders.

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Back Numbers.—By the 15th of November, can be obtained, *at subscription rates*, at Anderson's. Where our negligence has caused a failure in the transmission of papers, by communicating it, the missing numbers will be cheerfully supplied.

Y. P. Page, late Grand Master.

We omit our extended notice of our late friend and Grand Master, learning that P.·. G.·. M.·. B. B. French has been invited by Naval Lodge to deliver an oration at the Methodist Episcopal Church, Navy-yard, at an early day. We trust that Naval Lodge will publish Brother French's address, and the entire proceedings commemorative of our lamented brother in a supplement to the Freemason. We ought not to withhold from our readers that, in the last bright Christian and religious hours of his existence here, Bro. Page did not fail to remember his masonic brethren and duties. On the last evening of his mundane life, after prayers, and the reading of devotional poetry, finding him very restless and needing sleep, we left his room and had proceeded to the foot of the stairs, when his good lady called me, saying that "Brother Page wished to see me again." His language was: "Doctor, can you tell me how the brethren at Convalescent Camp have been getting along with their masonic work and lodge, referring to matters of theirs submitted to him." I replied, "I could not; but would ascertain and report next day." Said he: "I wish you would, I am anxious to know, for I feel an interest in my brethren everywhere; but especially in those of our jurisdiction, and in those who have sought our masonic shelter and protection."

Brother Page felt the most lively interest in the National Freemason. He needed no urging to promote its interests. He was a subscriber for five copies.

Brother Page, although dead, yet liveth. He lived not in vain in our midst, and died not in vain. His works are left behind him. His remembrances remain in the lodge room and in this community. Dead and in his grave he still lives, and his life and example go about among us as ever, continuing his works of goodness here commenced. Let us pray that he may watch over us as a guardian genius, and preserve us from selfishness, injustice, and impurity. Our brother, departed, is not lost to us. His sympathy surrounds us still, and we feel his presence as we call his name. He looks down upon us from the Grand Lodge above, and cheers us on in our works of benevolence and love.

> Even they—the dead—though dead so dear,
> Fond memory, to her duty true,
> Brings back their faded forms to view.
> How life-like, through the mist of years,
> Each well remembered face appears!
> We see them as in times long past;
> From each to each kind looks are cast,
> We hear their words, their smiles behold,
> They're round us as they were of old!
> They are all here!

Hon. Mr. Chandler, M. C. elect from Virginia.—We have been gratified with our interviews with this brother, who is affiliated with a lodge in Norfolk, Va. He has been a Mason for twelve years. Bro. C. is U. S. District Attorney for Virginia, and we doubt not that his masonic teachings will be seen in all his congressional efforts for humanity and popular freedom. [If in Europe kings, princes, and rulers, who are Masons, feel their sense of obligation to masonic precepts and principles, why not our masonic legislators and rulers! Why should we not expect, among our masonic judges, legislators, and officers, to find a lively sense of justice, mercy, and charity, a delicate regard for the rights of a brother, or a man, however humble? Should we not feel disappointed to see a masonic Secretary ignoring his masonic teachings, and, in this war, losing sight of humblest humanity, amid the wholesale destruction of life in war, regarding man as a mere machine of muscle to effect certain ends? While the sacrifice is cheerfully made of sons and brothers and citizens, for country, let it be felt that it is a great sacrifice—the sacrifice of a human being made in the Divine image.]

Major Gen. Rob't Huston Milroy.—[It is gratifying, amid his cares and duties, that he can find time to attend the lodge. Some of our Masons of high standing, visiting Washington, make excuse for non-attendance that they have not time amid their ennuyant duties, yet find time to attend theaters.]

General Milroy is a Mason, of the jurisdiction of Indiana, and is of a masonic family. He is a native of Indiana, born near Salem, June 11, 1816.

The General was raised to hard labor on his father's farm, and at a saw and grist-mill, till his 25th year, when, having obtained but a common country school education, and having from boyhood been very desirous of a finished collegiate education, he left home on his own responsibility and went to Norwich University, Vermont, and, by the most intense application, graduated in 1843, taking the degrees of B. A., and also Master of Military Science and Civil Engineering. In 1844, the General commenced the study of law. In 1846, he raised a company of volunteers for the Mexican war, and became captain of Company C, 1st Indiana Volunteers. After his return from Mexico, he graduated at a law school, and was admitted to the bar 1849. In 1850, he was elected a member from Carroll county, of the convention to remodel the constitution of Indiana; and in 1852, was made a circuit judge. February 7, 1861, General Milroy issued a call in the *Rensselaer Gazette*, Indiana, for a volunteer company for three months service, at the commencement of the present war, and he and its members were mustered into service at Indianapolis, April 24, 1861. Three days afterwards, upon the organization of the 9th Indiana, he was unanimously chosen colonel. His was the first Indiana regiment to enter Virginia, May 30, 1861. During the three months' service, his regiment was in the battles of Phillippi, Laurel Hill, and Carrick's Ford. At the end of the three months his regiment returned to Indiana, and was mustered out of service. In twenty days he recruited his new regiment to the maximum, and on the 20th October, 1861, he was in the battle of Greenbrier, West Virginia. September 3d, he was made Brigadier General. November 21, he drove the enemy out of Cheat Mountain Summit; and December 12, attacked them again with only 750 men, a portion of his force having failed to meet him according to orders, and drove 2,000 of them into their works, capturing 30, and killing and wounding 300.

[We have not space at present to follow General Milroy much further. But from a thorough examination of the case, we are satisfied that General Milroy not only did his duty, but proved himself a brave soldier, and a wise officer. The court found no shadow of evidence against General Milroy, and Judge Holt came to the same conclusion.]

General Milroy had not, previous to his arrest, been absent from his command for a day from the beginning of the war. Captured confederate officers have confirmed the opinions of his friends that Milroy's resistance to the advance of Lee's army at Winchester, and the three day's delay occasioned, greatly deranged Lee's plans, and saved Harrisburg, and probably Philadelphia and Baltimore,

General Milroy awaits, and is anxious for, any command in which he may serve his country.

We have just read the article on the Defense and Evacuation of Winchester, by Hon. Bro. Fred. Stanton, in the November number of the *Continental Monthly*, and extract the following:

"He (Gen. Milroy) is not yet forty-eight, though his perfectly white hair would seem to indicate a greater age. But his red beard and whiskers contrast strongly with the snow on his head, and, together with a flashing bluish-grey eye, indicate the energetic and ardent temperament of unconquerable youth. Though not large in person, he is tall and erect, with a fine, soldierly form. His address is quick, and nervous to such a degree as to deprive him of even the ordinary fluency of speech. His want of words to express the thoughts that evidently burn within him, together with a remarkable diffidence among strangers, renders him incapable of making an impression, at first, proportionate to his real merit. He has, however, always enjoyed great popularity among his men, commanding their entire confidence, and has never failed to endear himself to his intimate companions."

MAJOR R. J. FALLS.—This brother was injured in General Stoneman's raid; but is so far recovered as to perform duty on General Hatch's staff. He is a native of New York, but has resided a long time in California. At the beginning of the war he raised troops there, but was ordered to remain at home. Having been in the Mexican war, and wishing active service, he resigned and soon obtained service in the Pennsylvania cavalry. The Major is said to have few superiors as a drill officer. He was warmly attached to our lamented brother, General Bayard, served on his staff, and performed the last sad offices for the dying hero.

GEN. ROBERT ANDERSON.—This brother has been retired by the Retiring Board at Wilmington, (and his pay consequently reduced,) by the ill health, induced by his sufferings at Charleston. By his loyalty and adherence to his country's cause, he lost his handsome property. Ought not Congress to continue his pay in full at least?

Masonic Authorship of a Hymn.

It is not generally known, but nevertheless true, that the masonic hymn—

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in mutual love,"

was composed by a Mason. Its author is Rev. J. M. Harris. In an address before Union Lodge, Dorchester, Massachusetts, January 7, 1800, assembled to pay funeral honors to the memory of Washington, he said:

"When harassed by the fatigues of war, or the concerns of public life, he was fond of seeking the refreshment and enjoying the society always to be found within the peaceful walls of the lodge. There every perplexing anxiety was subdued, and rising tumultuous thought was calmed. There he obtained relief from his cares, or strength to rise above them. There his spirit was relieved and his joys restored; every cloud dispersed, and a bright sunshine illuminated his prospects."

WASHINGTON gave to Masonry the warm feelings of youth, the vigorous and firm attachment of manhood, and the affectionate counsel and ardent prayers of mature and declining life. God gave us a *pattern Mason* in Washington, and may He make us a *pattern fraternity*.

DURING the month, among the sad funeral services we performed, was that of Col. Ruffin, of the Confederate service. He was wounded at Centreville in the head, a portion of the ball entering the brain. He was, at the commencement of this war, a Member of Congress from North Carolina.

After writing the foregoing we received the following from a brother, reporter for a New York paper:

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
October 23d, 1863.

BRO. MCMURDY: An incident, not without its moral, and interesting withal, was in the wounding and capture of the late Col. Thomas Ruffin, at the battle of Broad-Run. Col. Ruffin was brought into our lines late in the night of Wednesday, in company with two or three other wounded Confederate officers. Our surgeons were particularly busy with the suffering ones of our own army, and 'twas natural that the wounded rebels should be passed by until our own people were cared for. The Colonel suffered severely from his wound, but he deigned no complaint, as he probably considered that to murmur would only ensure neglect. So he lay in the ambulance until late the next morning, when I found him weary, worn, cross, and uncommunicative. When I went to him and professionally asked his name, he muttered, "Tom Ruffin," and his eyes glared fiercely, and his lips twitched, and his hand clutched, as he strove to suppress the signs of the agony he was undergoing. "Are you a surgeon?" he asked. But I had to say "no" to the question. "Who are you then," said he. "A reporter," I replied. "Well, say to the public then that Tom Ruffin has got his death wound, but he does not complain, only, he thinks that your surgeons might pay him a little attention," he said, and was about turning away from me when his eyes caught a glimpse of the little square and compass upon my bosom. Immediately he brightened up as if a new hope had settled upon him, and he extended his hand to me, and whispered, almost inaudibly, lest his groaning companion should here him, the mason's talismanic inquiry. When he found by my answer, that we were brothers, he breathed freer, and I could see that he felt better. "For God's sake brother," said he, "bring me a surgeon, a brother whom I can trust, for I am badly wounded, and cannot last long," and he shook my hand with the lion's grip, as I left to find a surgeon of our order. A few moments—[Here the brother was called away. Trust he will finish soon.]

In waiting upon a brother, who, but, a few weeks ago, returned from the Libby prison, Richmond, where he was confined for five months, amid much suffering and many privations, we were pleased to learn of the kindness of our masonic brother, Dr. McCabe of that city, towards our prisoners, and of his successful pleading, in some cases, with the authorities, for some of his masonic brethren, and the adoption of several merciful regulations for all, thus benefiting those who were not Masons.

When the history of this war shall be written, masonry will stand prominent, almost alone, among softening and modifying influences, effecting good in a thousand noiseless ways, little dreamed of by those benefited, who, unwittingly, undervalue their benefactors.

Our thanks to Sir Knt. Starritt, and the managers of the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, for a ticket to their exhibition, and our regrets at not being able to be present.

The masons of Alexandria, early in October, made a second excursion to Glymont, and, although the weather was unpropitious, the party enjoyed themselves very much. Short addresses were made by Gov. Pierpoint, Major Henshaw, Capt. O'Hair, and Dr. McMurdy.

Owing to ill health, and domestic duties, it was our pleasure to be present at but two of the visitations of the Grand Lodge. At New Jerusalem Lodge, Acting Grand Master Holmead made an appropriate address, referring to the Grand Master deceased, the charities of the lodge, and the importance of adhering strictly to the landmarks of the Order. By request we acted as Grand Chaplain.

At a visit to B. B. French Lodge, we witnessed the conferring of the E.·. A.·. degree on our noble, warm-hearted, and gentlemanly Kentucky friend, Judge Adams, Sixth Auditor of the Treasury. There is not a more masonic heart in this world than that of Judge Adams. Bro. Donaldson, W.·. M.·. of Federal Lodge No. 1, conferred the degree in an admirable manner. The same evening, in the chapter, Col. Shirratts, the popular and efficient Chief Clerk of Judge Adams's Bureau, was receiving instructions in the advanced teachings of capitular Masonry.

After a wedding at General Slough's Headquarters, Alexandria, we buried one of Brother Gedney's infant twins. The family has our condolence.

The Archbishop of Dublin and the Freemasons.

We lay before our readers, as a portion of masonic history, the late circular of His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, sent us by a friend. It is addressed to the Very Rev. and Rev. Confessors, Secular and Regular, of the Diocese of Dublin.

The circular proves the antiquity of Freemasonry, the Papal attacks on it from time to time, and its spread among our Catholic brethren. How impertinent and presuming for the quintessence of secresy, for a Church fostering innumerable secret societies, and among them the Jesuits, to reprove the secresy of Freemasonry, which is purely symbolical.

Anti-Masons ought to know that a pope was the first anti-mason, and he a tyrant; and that those rulers, ecclesiastical and civil, in Europe, most given to masonic persecutions have been the greatest oppressors of their subjects.

MY DEAR AND REV. SIR—In consequence of the attendance of some Catholics at the late Masonic Ball, held in this city, it becomes my duty to direct your attention to the Pontifical Constitution and Decrees, in particular those of Clement XII, Benedict XIV, Pius VII, Leo XII, and of the reigning Pontiff, Pius IX, by which not only the institution of Freemasonry, and all such secret societies, are most severely condemned, but all participation, favor, and countenance, and attendance at their assemblages, as well as any aid or encouragement afforded them, are most strictly forbidden. The violation of these Constitutions or Precepts of the Church is a grievous sin, and is punished by the Church with the severest censure—that of excommunication, the absolution from which is reserved, except in danger of death, to the Sovereign Pontiff, or one delegated by his authority. It is also, in this diocese, one of the diocesan reserved cases. You will be careful not to use the power which has been committed to the confessors of this diocese during the month of May, of absolving from this sin, without having previously admonished penitents of the great guilt they have incurred by disobeying the commandment of the Church, and giving bad example to their brethren, especially the poor, who are easily induced to enrol themselves in secret societies, when they see such societies patronized and encouraged by their superiors in station and wealth. You must also exact a distinct promise from the penitents that they will not repeat a similar transgression in future. The members of Ribbon lodges, and dangerous and condemned brotherhoods, and those who encourage and promote them, incur a reservation in this diocese, and are to be treated in the same way as Freemasons. Let us, rev. brethren, do everything in our power to prevent the evils that arise from secret and dangerous societies, and especially that indifference to all religion which is pointed out by Benedict XIV as a necessary consequence of their meetings. The Constitution of this country allows full publicity to be given to the proceedings of any man or any body of men, if there be nothing bad or illegal in them. Why, then, any society should bind its members by oath to conceal its doctrines and practices, it is difficult to conceive, unless its deeds be those of darkness. The Scripture says—"Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, and cometh not to the light that his works may not be reproved; but he that doth truth, cometh to the light that his works may be made manifest, because they are done in God."—John iii. 20. The special power of absolving from the above, and some other diocesan reserved cases, expires with the month of May. You will have the goodness to communicate these instructions to the confessors in your church or parish, or otherwise acting under your directions.

I remain, my dear and rev. sir, your devoted servant,
† PAUL CULLEN, Archbishop, &c.
55 Eccles street, 1st May, 1863.

Recommending a Friend.

They who sign a recommendation for a friend's initiation, endorse not only his character, but also his fitness as a member of the Order. In ancient times, in presenting the petition, those recommending rose and stated to the lodge their convictions, in a very formal manner. Great care should be used in this regard. They who recommend the unworthy, through carelessness of inquiry or partiality, deserve rebuke.

Was Dr. Kane a Freemason?

We fancy so from many expressions in his journal, and from the Washington-like characteristics of the Arctic explorer.

We have positive evidence that Dr. Kane was not only a Mason, but an ardent lover of the Craft. The square and compass waved from the mast of his vessel, "The Advance."

Sir John Franklin was also a Mason. Franklin's enterprise was masonic, and conducted in a masonic spirit. Kane's also. The one brother risked his life for another brother. The Grand Master of Canada, in 1857, thus adverted to Kane:

"Who, within the limits of civilization, has not heard of, and lamented the sad fate of our illustrious Brother Sir John Franklin? And who is there, among the millions of the earth, who has not longed to tear aside the impenetrable vail, which for years past has shrouded, and will, I fear, forever conceal, the fate of our lost brother? Among the many dauntless spirits who dared the dangers of the Arctic seas, in the vain hope of affording him relief, or at least, of ascertaining his fate, there is none more entitled to the gratitude of the world, and the love and admiration of the Craft, than the late Dr. Kane! In humble dependence upon Almighty God, with a mind thoroughly imbued with scientific and useful knowledge, with a heart overflowing with every noble and generous impulse, and with our venerated emblems, the square and compass, waving from the mast of his gallant little vessel, "The Advance," he left the land of his birth and of his affections, he left the comforts and attachments of his home, to look for his masonic brother among some of the most terribly magnificent scenes of nature, to look for the lost one, amid the desolate seas and ice-bound shores of the polar region! Who that has followed his perilous course through the trials and dangers of that eventful voyage, so truthfully described in his published journal, can avoid coming to the conclusion, that in addition to his sense of public duty, he was mainly impelled by those very feelings and principles which it is the great aim and object of Masonry to cultivate and cherish in the hearts of her children; his love for Masonry and his obedience to its precepts was proved by his conduct and shown by his acts; and we can readily imagine and sympathize with the feelings which must have thrilled his heart, when, as he says, 'on the highest northern land, not only of America, but of our globe, we planted the star spangled banner of our country, and side by side with it, our masonic emblem of the compass and square.'

"Who can read without emotion the graphic description which he has left on record, of his fearful journey in search of his perishing companions, his hair-breadth escapes, his nobly endured sufferings? And whose heart does not thrill with sympathy, as he reads the description of how, 'when he, fainting and worn out with fatigue, and himself tottering on the very verge of death, at length, amid the ice and snow of that most dreary and desolate region, discovered a small American flag fluttering from a hammock, and lower down, a little masonic banner, hanging from a tent-pole, hardly visible above the drift.' That commander and those men were bound together by a cord which death alone could sever! Our distinguished brother, although failing in the main object of his journey, yet added much to geographical and scientific knowledge. He, with many of his companions, returned in safety to his country; but, alas for him! the seeds of disease, consequent upon his past sufferings and exposure, were then lurking in his system; the fiat had gone forth, and he sunk in submission to the gavel of death! He will long live, however, in the hearts and affections of his brethren and countrymen, and his name will stand emblazoned on the roll of those illustrious individuals, who by their virtues and their talents have shed a halo of glory and brightness around our masonic temple!"

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We are indebted to Brother Moore, of Cincinnati, for a copy of "Leaflets of Masonic Biography." This is a duodecimo of 420 pp., and contains sketches of Joseph Warren, Sir Christopher Wren, Thomas Smith Webb, Dr. Anderson, George Washington, Israel Putnam, and Robert Burns, by Brother Moore; of Joseph Brant, by Brother Hayden; of David Wooster, by Brother Deming; and of the Duke of Sussex, De Witt Clinton, Benjamin Franklin, and La Fayette, by our esteemed friend of many years, Rev. Dr. Strickland.

This work will be of infinite service to the Craft, and will accomplish incalculable good, both within and without the Order. Every Mason should possess a copy, and it should be in every masonic library.

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Views of Washington, and the Stranger's Guide for the City (at Morrison's, 440 Pennsylvania avenue, near 4½ street) are just what our friends desire, coming to the city. There are views of the Capitol, Patent Office, Post Office, Treasury Department, President's House, Smithsonian Institution, National Observatory, City Hall, Washington and Jackson monuments, Military and Insane Asylums, National Armory, Mount Vernon and its vault.

The *Guide* acquaints the traveler with all he wishes to see here, and answers all his inquiries. It has *multum* (and *multa*) *in parvo*.

Whether he observes the etiquette of the city or not, every visitor should know what it is.

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Washington's motto was, *Exitus Acta Probat*.

PETITIONS.

A candidate must apply to the lodge nearest to his place of residence. He must sign the petition himself, and obtain the recommendation of at least two members of this same lodge.

Verbal nomination will not suffice. The petition must be written, that it may be filed, and signed by the petitioner himself. A man who must make his mark, and is wholly uneducated, would thus not find admission. The Grand Lodge of England expressly requires it, and, in a note to the constitutions on this point, adds: "Any individual who cannot write is consequently ineligible to be admitted into the Order."

The form of the petition is not material. It should contain the following: 1. The address. The W.·. M.·., WS.·. and Bn.·. of —— L.·., No. —, of F.·. A.·. A.·. M.·.. 2. The declaration—that he has *for a long time* entertained a favorable opinion of Masonry, and desires initiation. 3. His place of residence, age, and occupation. 4. His signature. 5. Date. 6. Names of persons recommending. It should, in no case, be received by the secretary without the fee. Two members of the lodge recommend. Formerly, in many cases, one member was sufficient; and, in some cases, one would propose and another member second.

The petition must be sent to the lodge nearest the residence of the candidate. This is required by nearly all the Grand Lodges. It is not required by all. It is not found in the ancient landmarks nor the old constitutions. The Grand Lodge of this District requires that the residence shall have been for one year. This regulation of Grand Lodges appears to be right; for surely the place of a petitioner's residence is that where he is best known, and where the unworthy can be best excluded, and all Grand Lodges and subordinate lodges should strictly conform to it. But, if any lodge, violating this rule, admits a profane, what is the proper course on the part of the offending lodge? Certainly, to protest, and confer and secure immunity for the future, but not to withhold masonic intercourse from either the offending lodge or the initiate. Returning to his residence, if his unworthiness and immorality continue, try him and expel him. He was made a mason irregularly, but the validity of the act cannot be questioned, whether examined by landmarks and constitutions or by analogy.

Petitions can only be read at a stated meeting, that none may be surprised into the admission of the unworthy; and, once read, cannot be withdrawn. The candidate symbolizes material brought up for the building of the temple. It must be accepted or rejected.

Petitions must be referred to a committee, for investigation, not only of the reputation, but the character of the candidate. Reputation is what he is *thought to be*, character is what he *really is*. The important matter is to find out his character—the real man. The committee should be prompt and impartial, and visit the candidate.

At the next regular meeting (monthly)—one *month* must elapse—the committee report; and, if unfavorable, the candidate is at once rejected without ballot. Common sense teaches the absurdity of a ballot where a committee reports unfavorably, and there should be no balloting in such case.

MASONIC SCRIPTURE.

"In the October number," my dear Doctor, "you specify certain passages, to be opened in certain degrees. Why these? Please answer." The Bible is always spread open in the lodge, because it is the Great Light of Masonry—open, to indicate the lodge is not in darkness. The Divine Author of the Christian religion said—"It giveth light unto all that are in the house." A closed book indicated its contents to be secret; and a book, or roll folded up—of law abrogated or of no further use. Hence, the Book of the Law is open, teaching that it is to be studied; that it is in force, and is "the rule and guide of our conduct."

Let the lodge see that the Bible is open at the right passages: in the first degree, at Psalm cxxxiii, inculcating brotherly love, and appropriate, as our society depends on that noble principle. For this reason, it was used in the initiatory ritual of the ancient Knights Templar. This Psalm represents the Priests or Levites returned from captivity, and united in the service of God in the sanctuary. The lodge represents the temple, and appropriately is this passage used to accompany the entrance of the candidate into the sanctuary of Masonry.

In the second degree, Amos vii, 7, 8 is used, for its allusion to the important emblem of the degree—a plumb-line. This is not so appropriate. The allusion is merely verbal, the whole chapter being a prophetic vision of God's judgments on Israel, having no appropriateness for Masonry. St. Paul's eulogium on charity, in Corinthians, is sometimes used, but no more appropriately, and then it is from the New Testament.

In the third degree, Ecclesiastes xii, 1–7, is an exquisitely beautiful allusion to the design of the Master Mason's degree. It symbolizes old age and death by a dilapidated building.

Formerly, other passages were used. For the first degree, Genesis xxii, the account of Abraham's intended sacrifice of Isaac—the *First Grand Offering*, commemorated by our ancient brethren—by which the ground floor of the Apprentices Lodge was consecrated. Genesis, 28th chap., the record of the vision of Jacob's ladder, was appropriately used.

In the second degree, 1 Kings vi, 8, was used; and, also, at another time, II Chronicles ii, 17.

In the third, Amos v, 25, 26, was used. The allusions here are obscure, referring to historical matters embodied in the ancient lectures, in which the sacrifices of the Israelites to Moloch were fully described. A tradition of the third degree informs us that Hiram Abif did much to extirpate idolatrous worship from the religious system of Tyre.

II Chronicles, 6 chapter, the prayer of King Solomon at the dedication of the Temple was used not so appropriately, as the events of the third degree preceded the dedication. This passage is appropriate for the Most Excellent Master's degree.

Balloting.

In the lodges of England, there is no balloting for the second and third degrees. They hold "that all necessary inquiry has been made prior to a candidate being initiated, and that the lodge which admits him as a brother is about to give him the other degrees without further ballot." The law requires unanimity in admitting a new member, but it was originally applied only to initiation, and the candidate was regarded as entitled to promotion, after suitable proficiency. The sixth of the "General Regulations" of the Grand Lodge of England, of 1723, required that "no man can be entered a brother in any particular lodge, or admitted to be a member thereof, without the unanimous consent of all the members of that lodge then present;" but this rule then and now in England only applied to *initiation* and *affiliation*. The candidate was considered "admitted," "made a Mason," etc., when he received the first degree.

Attributes of the Degrees.

The attributes of the Apprentice, are honor and probity; of the Fellow Craft, diligence, assiduity, and a sincere love of scientific pursuits; of the Master Mason, truth, fidelity, and experience in the details and landmarks of the Order.

Israelites.—Masonic Teachings.

A brother remarked some time ago that he would not permit a Jew to become a masonic initiate if he could prevent it. In other words, he would violate his vows, and remove one of the ancient and sacred landmarks of Masonry, ignore its universality, and consider not the worthiness of the individual, but permit his prejudice against a religious community to demasonize himself. If the remark were not a mere ebullition of uncharitableness; if it were a sentiment or basis of action; he, by such sentiment, ceases to be a Mason, except in name. The fundamental idea of Freemasonry is that of a universal brotherhood, unaffected by political ties, or those of any religious society. Man is considered here only in his relation to his fellow man universally. We cannot argue this point, nor deem it necessary, for the least instructed of our masonic readers to prove this basis-doctrine of masonic regimen.

There are prejudices against our Jewish brethren, many of which are without foundation, and unworthy of Freemasons. We should look for the truth existing in all sects and parties and, while exposing error, gladly acknowledge what is commendable. No church nor sect, in religion or politics, is founded on unmixed error. There must be truth, however infinitesimal, and chiefly upon this truth is the body built. The great error is that our societies build on some one great truth, and magnify and distort even this. We should be eclectic, receiving truth from all sources, and obeying it. *Magna est veritas.* Great is truth. Truth is a divine attribute. It is ennobling. Let us reverence it, and the God of truth. Let us realize that we have not the least interest in error, or in maintaining error, by profession or practice. Let us exercise patience of the truth, and despair not of its victory.

> "Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
> The eternal years of God are hers;
> But error wounded writhes in pain,
> And dies amid her worshippers."

We are a firm believer in the Christian religion. We have not a doubt about Jesus Christ being the Son of God, and equal with the Father. *Very God and very man.* I. N. R. I., and I. H. S., *In Hoc Signo Vinces.*, and our Templar mottoes are religious sentiments pervading our heart, and controlling our life. We have very decided views about the regimen of the Church, and what Christ ordained it, in its internal and external character. We have our political faith and opinions. All these we advocate and maintain. But we are also a Freemason, and here it delights us to cultivate charity towards all men, and acknowledge the universal brotherhood, seeing excellence in even men furthest removed from what we conceive to be religious and political truth. Our blessed Saviour was full of this charity. Himself a despised Nazarene, he rejected no man. His sympathies were ever with the poor, the persecuted, and the oppressed. He was a friend of sinners, and went about doing good to the bodies and souls of men. His followers should imitate Him more, and not feel that their only mission is that of building churches, saying prayers, and hearing sermons. While these are not neglected, His clergy should realize that their mission is to humanity, and especially to the poor. "*To the poor the Gospel is preached.*"

But what objection did this brother make to the Israelites? He said that they were a trading and wandering people, sharp in a bargain, and would cheat if opportunity were given. Alas! dishonesty is a widespread disease. Are there no Gentiles who defraud? No other communities with reputation for sharpness? No other migratory people? We question whether God, in His Providence, is not using this disposition among them for His own good purposes.

> "His purposes" are ripening "fast,"
> "Unfolding every hour."

Existing as a race, dispersed as they have been over the earth, is a miracle, proving, if nothing else did, that they are the ancient people of God, and their condition for the last 1800 years is a fulfillment of divine prophecy.

But this trading disposition has been a necessity the result of hundreds of years of European persecution, commencing with the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, (A. D. 79,) forbidding them the right of real estate, and compelling them into avocations which permit ready change of place. For a short period the despotic governments of Europe gave full liberty to the Israelites, to prevent their emigration to this country; but they are again following the suggestion of Prince Metternich, when asked what is the best mode to crush the feeling of liberty, replied, "Exile the Jews." The old regulations have been revived in the Roman States. They cannot travel there without permission from the Inquisition, nor stop in any place without a new one. Europe has created their condition, has deprived them of country, home, and citizenship, and then would inflict censure therefor. Then there is the expectation of restoration to their native land supporting them in all their reverses. But this ancient people of God are a living proof of His wisdom of government. Do you ever find a begging Jew or a drunken Jew? Do you find this people, to any extent, in our penitentiaries and jails? If so, it is only in connection with the violation of some restriction in trade. Why no beggars, nor drunkards, and but few of them convicts? Because each child is bred, without regard to immediate or presumptive wealth, to some regular trade, profession, or employment.

During the commercial revolution of 1836, an eminent and wealthy Hebrew banking-house, in Wall street, New York, was prostrated. One member of the house, bred to the profession of medicine, according to usage, but not anticipating practice, was, by this misfortune, thrown upon this reserve. He at once established himself as a physician, and is a popular and successful practitioner.

Idleness is unknown among them. Labor is honored. All work or are employed; and they who need assistance receive it in such a way as to encourage their independence, self-respect, and manhood, receive it in the way of loans, and not as charity. This Israelite loan fund, without being organized, is immense, and is created by each faithful Israelite laying aside one thirtieth of his income for his needy brethren. After the great fast-day of the Jews, every Israelite gives a shekel (25 cents) to charity; many give more, none less. Labor and the charity of employment are the relief of the Jews from poverty, and beggary, and drunkenness. Let us all learn these lessons for our families and modern societies. God's precepts cannot be improved by modern legislation.

Notwithstanding their nomadic condition, induced by persecution, they have given more than their share of literature, science, art, and taste, to Europe and America.

Who has not heard of Mendelsohn, Spinoza, Boerne, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Rachel, Fould, D'Israeli, Tourohs, and the universities of Europe presided over by Jews? Who were Cremier, Goucher, and Field?

In this country they are gradually becoming resident, forming literary associations, and paying less regard to the material. In our city, the only flourishing literary society is among the Israelites, with their hall and library open for all, and their weekly assemblies for improvement.

Masonry has fostered the Jews. They have gathered around the masonic altars of Europe for shelter. They have found protection in the principles and lodges of Freemasonry. Nobly have they bestowed their gratitude. Faithfully have they, as a whole, honored the Institution.

If Freemasonry should ever make any distinction, it should be certainly not against a people, with whom it originated, who undoubtedly gave it form. The Jewish origin of Masonry is clearly marked by symbol and precept. Upon architecture as a basis to rest the entire structure of the order (her teachings being natural deductions from its implements of use,) is not satisfactory, regarding its value as a science alone. It seems scarcely probable that the excellence of an art should be thus perpetuated, which, commencing in the poverty and necessities of nations, attains its full glory in the midst of wealth and refinement. The mystery is solved, if we reflect upon the importance of preserving a tradition of a *building*, of which that God was the designer, whose residence it became; *the* building which the Jew regarded as his Holy of Holies, and the Christian values as the pattern of things to come. From that temple, as from its type, the Tabernacle radiated light. To this temple, the thoughts of the child of Israel constantly recurred, amid the din of business, or in the quiet watches of the night. To it he turned in prayer, whether in the security of his chamber, or in a distant and strange land, captive and distressed. His heaven upon earth, for within the Shekinah dwelt. Appropriate then the selection of this building, by the fathers of our Israel as a symbol of that spiritual temple each must raise for himself eternal in the heavens.

As the Temple on Mount Moriah rested on massive stones, imparting strength and safety to beauty and symmetry, so the temple of Masonry standing, as upon blocks of foundation, upon those commandments, which, uttered first amid the thunders of Sinai, were rehearsed each Sabbath within the sacred precincts. The Ten Commandments are the precepts recorded on the masonic Trestle Board. The rule of life thereon read for Jew and Christian, *for all*, is simple but comprehensive: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself." Here the code of religion and morals. "Thou shalt have no other Gods but me." The Mason is taught the unity of God. He is not taught how to reconcile the doctrine of the Trinity with that of the Unity. He places the word of God in his hands and bids him look to it for life and salvation. Jew and Gentile both teach: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Is the Israelite candidate thus less prepared to understand the admonition, that in all the walks of life he must reverence the name of Diety? Is he less prepared throughout the journey of life to bow in humble adoration to the name Ineffable? Do we find many profane Jews? More than their proportion? Is it not rare to find a swearing Israelite? Masonry enjoins a day of rest for peace and quiet and devout reflection; dilligence in labor during the week, earthly and heavenly duties beautifully united, and on the first day of the week to lay aside for the relief of the distressed and worthy brother. Is the Israelite unfitted by his habits to perform those masonic duties? With the reputation of this people for money-getting, it is remarkable that they so universally close their stores on Saturday and Sunday both, thus losing two sevenths of their time for business. The Mason is instructed by symbol and precept to honor superiors, whom age and worth may place above him, not to envy a brother, nor seek to supplant him by unworthy means, yielding due obedience that the "work of the Lord be not hindered." Is the Hebrew unfitted by his teachings and habits, for observance here? So we might notice the various precepts of Masonry, and inquire why the Jew, from his training and habits is not as well fitted for Masonry, as communities, religious and political generally. The nationality or religion is not to be considered. The individual, his worth and character only.

The stones of our foundation and the massive blocks of the old Temple are linked together. The tables of stone form the bolt which unites them. The binding precept of the Mason responds to the sacred law of the Israelite. The Jew and the Mason, in the days of old, stood shoulder to shoulder, twin brothers of a common father.

No. *Obsta principiis*—here no yielding. This great landmark of Masonry must be preserved. Our cosmopolite society must always hail and treat as brethren all within its pale. Here the Jew must be a brother—one spot which he may call home, and dwell in peace and safety, enjoying all immunities and privileges, eligible to any office, entitled to all the benefits which the fraternity have covenanted to extend to each other.

One word to our Israelite friends. Forget your oppressions endured under the tyrant rules of the Old World. You are here free and untrammeled. No Haynau, no Bavarian Louis, nor Italian heirarch, can molest and oppress. Continue to identify yourselves more and more with the country and Government, and to aid them in securing liberty and Union for latest generations, and show by your continued morality, your increased and expanded charity, and your masonic virtues, that our country and Masonry are justified by their just and proper regard of your rights.

Honor Masonry and aid in its good works. Honor an institution which sheltered your six millions of people when the nations of earth virtually outlawed you, and live in peace and charity with your Christian brethren, and be assured that the true masonic heart of this country will not permit its landmarks to be ignored in any crusade against your hundred thousand people of America. Here you shall have a home.

Bishop Whitehouse, Corner-Stone Ceremonials, and Masonry.

Bishop Whitehouse, in his address to the late Illinois Convention, thus notices what is of interest to our Craft. Referring to the laying of the corner-stone of the church at Peru, he says:

> "Since my visit, and quite recently, a determination to lay the corner-stone with Masonic honors, contrary to the advice of the Rev. Mr. Albert, and with my own disapproval, has led to the resignation of Mr. Albert, with my consent, and the parish is without a rector.
>
> Another case of a similar kind occurred shortly after at Hyde Park; but I am happy to say that the officers of the Church have fully acknowledged the error, and made satisfactory reparation for the same. The corner-stone will be laid in due form, with proper religious services, under my direction, and the matter has thus been adjusted, as it ought to be, with entire respect to the courteous purposes of the masonic fraternity, and the vindication of the distinct faith and discipline and religious order of the Church."

Bishop Whitehouse we esteem as a cultivated and devoted Prelate of the Church, with a disposition to meet and faithfully perform all his duties to his diocese. He errs concerning Masonry, from a misconception of its design, and its claims. It does not purport to be a religious institution, but it is a defense of the Bible, and a handmaid to the Church, and should be no more disregarded by the wise churchman than science, when it tends directly to support Christianity. The Bishop appears to think that the services of laying the corner-stone must be exclusively with church ceremony to vindicate the distinct faith and discipline, and religious order of the Church." If Masonry laid claim to a religious or church position, the Bishop would be right, and should receive commendation for his course. But this not being the case, and no part of the masonic ceremony sustaining such an assumption, it clearly follows that the Bishop is in error. The masonic ceremony simply follows ancient usage, and in good taste, and with appropriate forms, executes the *material* functions, those of master and scientific builders, applies the *plumb, square*, and *level*, to the stone, pronouncing it "*well formed, true, and trusty.*" It is a beautiful appropriation of this part of the ceremony, not ecclesiastical, to the only body to whom it properly belongs, that has not only laid the corner-stones of all the important structures of earth, but has actually built them. What has Freemasonry done for the Church? What Solomon did—it has "built the house for the Lord God of Israel." Who were the immortal *three* who wrought in the erection of the first temple at Jerusalem? Who have erected the mighty temples of worship and praise to Almighty God, wherever the *Te Deum* and the *Glorias* and the noble anthems of the past peal out their exultations to the Supreme Architect?

Whenever we see a specimen of the beautiful Gothic, itself a psalm of praise, or any of its modifications, we know that it is the gift of Freemasonry to the Church. If we visit foreign countries, and travel on the continent of Europe, and when in Strasburg, Cologne, Meissen, Munich, Prague, or Paris, we have seen the noblest church; that is the gift of Freemasonry to the Church.

What Anglican temple, used by the Bishop's Church, is not associated with the masonic order? Who was Sir Christopher Wren, standing first on the "roll of the workmen" of his age? He was the Grand Master of England, and the model Mason of his time. It was he that planned, and carried forward to success, the most gigantic structure of the world, consecrated to a reformed Christianity, St. Paul's, London, sustained by this very society. Visiting its swelling dome, and cloud-cleaving cross, walking in amazement through its glorious colonade, passing through transept, aisle, and nave, descending into its silent crypt, and reading the latin record of perpetual acknowledgment:

Beneath
Lies the Builder
of
This Church,
Who lived above Ninety Years;
Not for Himself,
But for the Public Good.
Reader, would'st thou behold his Monument?
Circumspice.

We can but wonder that well informed (on other subjects) gentlemen and churchmen do not appreciate the labors of our Craft.

Westminster Abbey, and the noble piles in the burnt district, are all attestations of the value of Freemasonry.

There is not, perhaps, one church in all the British empire whose corner-stone has not been laid by the Freemasons. No clerical British gentleman, whatever his grade or Church sentiment, has seen the propriety of committing this ceremony to any other association. The common sentiment of the Anglican world demands it.

The Church and Freemasonry meet face to face symbolizing their relations. The latter in laying a corner-stone goes in working apparel to serve the Church, to assist in preparing the material temple for the dwelling of the Almighty; going out into the wilderness, leveling the rugged hills, and causing precipitous valleys to be filled for the passage of the Church's truth and glory.

We feel assured that when Bishop Whitehouse fully examines the subject, he will cordially agree with his Anglican brethren, and with his friends in the present and the past. He will see that the Craft will help, and not hinder. The Bishop is not an anti-Mason; he has not the sentiments and ways of those exploded busy-bodies.

Without being personal concerning Brother Albert, we must say that, until he exercises wiser judgment, we fear he will be useful in very few parishes.

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THE founders of the only two republics in the world were Marino and George Washington.

Adoptive Masonry—For the Ladies.

[In our reply to Justitia, the final portion was omitted for want of room. See also extract from Lady Morgan's Diary, on another page.]

Adoptive Masonry, for the ladies, originated with our French brethren. The degrees, without divulging the secrets of the Craft, are said to be beautiful, and correspond to the first five as practiced in Gallican Masonry, where the adoptive rite was introduced. The degrees are: 1, Apprentie; 2, Compagnone; 3. Maitresse; 4, Parfaite; and 5, Ellue Souveraine et Illustre Ecossaise. The W.·. M.·. of a symbolic lodge, under the authority of the Grand Orient of France, calls lodges of the adoptive rite at his pleasure. Thus have the adoptive rites not merely the toleration of the G.·. O.·., but its sanction, under its authority and regulated by it. The officers of the Craft Lodge are assisted in their duties by the Sisters, one sitting by every officer, and participating in his dignity. The chief lady assisting the W.·. M.·. is called Grande Maitresse; the Sœurs inspectrice et Depositaire are placed by the wardens, and so of the subordinate officers. The lodge room is elegantly decorated with emblems. The sisters dress in white, wear aprons and blue scarfs, to which are fastened the jewels of their rank. The brothers add to the insignia of their rank the gold ladder of five steps, the jewel of Adoptive Masonry.

Before admission, the sisters and brothers must be satisfied that the lady seeks admission from worthy motives. In the first degree the lodge room represents the world, typifying the universality of Masonry. Previous to introduction, the lady is made acquainted with the principles of the Order, and left to meditate in a small, gloomy, and dark chamber, sombre and mysterious. The postulant is then introduced into the body of the lodge, with proper ceremony, which ended, a collection is made for the poor.

The second degree symbolizes the fall of man, teaches resistance to temptation, repentance, and forgiveness.

The third degree teaches the necessity of industry, and the great moral duty of mutual assistance.

The fourth degree gives a most striking instance of unity and brotherly love, reminding the candidate that we are merely passing through this world to show ourselves worthy of a better. Self-denial and fidelity are the lessons of this degree.

The fifth degree is seldom conferred, and is similar to the fourth.

While these adoptive rites are older than modern societies, they cannot call up the solemn and remote ideas of Freemasonry. They, however, are beautiful, and effective of much good in France. The Empress Josephine, in 1805, presided at the Festival of Adoption in Strasburg. The ladies' degrees of this country are irregular, indifferently conferred, and, as a whole, are utterly unworthy of cognizance or regard by the Craft. But they exist, and are multiplying, and we are quite inclined to the opinion that something must soon be done to modify, regulate, and systemize.

Sister Victorine Hennon delivered the following address before the Adoptive *Loge L'Alliance:*

ADDRESS.

BRETHREN: Encouraged by the kind reception you have heretofore accorded to my feeble efforts, I appear here to-day as the representative of my beloved sisters, to lay before you our annual tribute of acknowledgment and gratitude.

To some among us, perhaps, these flowers are—flowers; this festival—a festival; this baptism and its ceremonies, a spectacle; to others, the flowers are an emblem; the festival, the baptism, conceal a serious lesson—a secret symbol of an imposing truth. To all it is assuredly a happy meeting of friends and brethren—a community of ideas and sentiments, in which the heart has a large share; and for all these reasons, my brethren, I bring the tribute of our sincere homage.

We live, brethren, in an age when man and woman should honor each other; and, feeling capable of understanding and aiding you, we have accepted your graceful invitation, rather as an act of fraternity, than one of condescension.

The initiative in Masonry belongs to you, my brethren; and by your physical superiority, and the creative power given you by nature, you will ever be the apostles and heroes of this noble institution, which the contact of centuries and revolutions, for nearly five thousand years, have transmitted to us like an imperishable diamond, brighter and purer. But, in admitting us among you, you have, perhaps, found the impulsive force your great work needed—a work grand as the eternal universe, and which can only stop when progress ceases. Humanity must coöperate in the gigantic movement of which Masonry is one of the levers; and Masonry, which embraces humanity, gives woman a tacit part, according to her weakness, in your sentiments, your ideas, and thence in your actions. It is of this community of action that we are proud, and of which we desire to show ourselves worthy, replying, by the accomplishment of new duties thus imposed on us, to the indirect appeal made by your indirect revelations.

In former times, my sisters, Masonry, created in a time of ignorance and barbarism, applied itself to a single country or nation; its aim was the destruction of a tyrant or the establishment of an empire. Leaving the temple, a man often met with death and martyrdom, and frequently sealed with his blood the revelation of the fact that he was a Mason; for at that period ideas were yet in their infancy, governments existed by strength, not wisdom—it was the reign of terror, and not of love. Light, whether called Moses or Joshua, was driven beyond seas as the enemy of the throne and the altar. But light, triumphing in the struggle, and guiding all people and all nations, will one day arrive at the confines of the world, where Progress, like a new *Red Sea*, will swallow up in its vengeful waves all the Pharaohs of the globe. In this crusade, old as the world, soldiers were needed—men of courage, heroes.

To-day, Masonry has changed its object, without changing its design; the crusade of ages still continues, but confined to no single country; it applies to all; to no sect of men, but to humanity; the Holy Land of to-day is everywhere; Jerusalem is the universe. She desires not only to conquer the holy sepulchre, but to submit the world to her sublime law. The tyrant she pursues is *evil*. The arm she uses is *love*.

To-day, we fear no tyrants, no martyrdom, no blood. Masonry rears her head, and finds shelter even under the mantle of kings. The Koran and the Bible, kings, people, and emperors unite in her temples in rendering homage to the Great Architect of the world, and in securing the future reign of immortal truth.

Masonry needs, to-day, honest, enlightened Christian men.

That she may have such men, we must take them from the cradle. Their education, physical in former times, moral to-day, belongs to woman, who becomes an actor in this humanizing struggle, and the son should be inspired with the ideas and the love of his mother.

Thus it is that every woman should understand your teachings and her duty; that she should possess not only the Gospel, but the spirit of Masonry, that she may impart it to her sons. For it is necessary, my sisters, in order that Masonry may be powerful and respected, that the profane world may distinguish these men among all others, and say, with admiration, "That noble workman, that worthy citizen, that virtuous man, is a freemason!" Of what use is the practice of virtue in secret, if, in the world, man gives way to vice and temptation?

The true Mason, my sisters, is not he whom a foolish vanity or a mean curiosity leads to the temple; it is not he who is urged by a vile spirit of speculation to solicit a diploma, which often degenerates in his hands into a brevet of mendicity; it is not he who, seeing in a banquet only a banquet, in a meeting of brethren only a subject of passing amusement, goes to it to satisfy his hunger or his thirst. A Mason is not he who treats Masonry as he would the ordinary affairs of life, who brings into it the petty hatreds and passions, the narrow calculations of the outer world. Away with such men! they are but Masons in name, and their presence soils the purity of the temple.

The true Mason is of those chosen men who treat Masonry as a question of humanity; it is he who, practicing at the domestic altar the spirit of the Gospel and the law of God, carries with him in the world and in his family the perfume of those virtues he has learned in the sanctuary; it is he who feels that it is not sufficient that his life should be unspotted by any bad action, but that he should strive to render himself more capable of accomplishing good ones; it is he, finally, who understands that the love of his neighbor is the true beginning of improvement, who does not make charity an act of proselytism, but a fraternal and salutary remedy, while awaiting the solution of the great social problem, toward which each century labors, and which God alone knows.

Such are the men Masonry claims at your hands. Mothers, be, then, persuaded that henceforward human existence has an end in view—an end we may not understand, but to the accomplishment of which we are, by the law of nature, mysterious instruments; learn that, when a son is born to you, he is a precious trust, reposed in your hands, for which you must answer before God and society; recollect that your son belongs to humanity, and turn his mind and his heart toward his brethren, and toward the future; put away from him all ideas of egotism and individuality. Let him consider material interests as but secondary ones; for material interest is the plague of the age; it prevents progress, and retards the work of Masonry.

I know that it is pleasing, in traveling through France, to admire, in the marvelous inventions exposed on every hand to our regards, the work of her sons, and the development of intelligence applied to industry. It is flattering to calculate the consequences, as to money and physical well-being, that may result from them; but, after all, it is but matter reproduced in a thousand different forms, and arrived at the apogee of its power; matter to which human intelligence has sacrificed everything. Yet all these things, beautiful as they are, may be ingulphed in a revolution, or annihilated in an inundation, as history abundantly teaches us; while the *idea*, the idea alone, survives, and is propagated; and when, from the esplanade of the Invalides, you have heard the booming cannon, your hearts, my sisters, have bounded in your breasts, as you have been reminded that a son, a husband, a brother, was expiring in a foreign land, giving his blood as the price of victory; you have shuddered, you have wept, and yet this victory is the victory of mind over strength. It is the throe of barbarism expiring in the struggle against progress. Courage, then; for the blood thus shed in the last martyrdom of the present phase, to which love must succeed. Courage; for on the soil impregnated with blood and strewn with the dead, Christianity shall erect her altars, before which all men, whether French or Russians, Turks or Tartars, shall bow, calling each other brethren. Then we shall no longer weep for children perished, for they will fight only with the arms we shall have placed in their hands—the masonic virtues; the entire world will have become a temple, open to all. Mothers, whom I invoke, after having said with me—

TO THE TRIUMPH OF OUR ARMS!

Repeat, also,

TO THE GLORY OF MASONRY!

The Stone which the Builders Refused.

Every Royal Arch mason will thank Brother Cammack for the following extract from Spurgeon:

I have heard a story—I cannot tell whether it is true or not—out of some of the Jewish Rabbis; it is a tale concerning the text—"The stone which the builders refused, the same is become the headstone of the corner." It is said when Solomon's temple was building, all the stones were brought from the quarry ready-cut and fashioned, and they were marked on all the blocks the places they were to be put. Amongst the stones was a very curious one; it seemed of no describable shape. It appeared unfit for any portion of the building. They tried at this wall, but it would not fit; they tried it in another, but it could not be accommodated; so, vexed and angry, they threw it away. The temple was so many years building that this stone became covered with moss, and grass grew around it. Everybody passing by laughed at the stone; they said Solomon was wise, and doubtless all the other stones were right; but, as for that block, they might as well send it back to the quarry, for they were quite sure it was meant for nothing. Year after year rolled on, and the poor stone was still despised; the builders constantly refused it. The eventful day came when the temple was to be finished and opened, and the multitude was to see the grand sight. The builders said "Where is the top stone? Where is the pinnacle?" They little thought where the crowning marble was, until some one said "Perhaps that stone, which the builders refused, is meant to be the top stone." They then took it, and hoisted it to the top of the house; and, as it reached the summit, they found it well adapted for the place. Loud hosannahs made the welkin ring, as the stone which the builders refused thus became the headstone of the corner. So it is with Christ Jesus. The builders cast him away. He was a plebeian, he was of poor extraction, he was a man acquainted with sinners, who walked in poverty and meanness; hence, the worldly-wise despised him. But when God shall gather together in one, all things that are in heaven and that are in earth, then Christ shall be the glorious consummation of all things;

> "Christ reigns in Heaven, the topmost stone,
> And well deserves the praise."

He shall be exalted, he shall be honored; his name shall endure as long as the sun, and all nations shall be blessed in him: yea, all generations shall call him blessed.

Bishop Philander Chase, the Patriarch of the Western Episcopal Church.

The brother making inquiry will be satisfied when we give him the following extract from the journal of Brother Thomas Smith Webb: "Worthington, Ohio, Dec. 26, 1818.—Attended the Royal Arch Chapter, and conferred the degrees (Royal Arch) upon the Rev. Philander Chase, whom I had made a Mason in Temple Lodge, Albany, twenty years before."

We received the degrees of Masonry in the same room that the bishop received the Royal Arch degrees, and have conversed with hundreds of Masons who attest the Bishop's love of the Order, and who were visitors of masonic bodies with him.

PERSECUTIONS OF THE ORDER.

SPAIN.—"Freemasonry was known earlier in Spain than in Portugal. * * * 1737, Pope Clement XII issued his decree against Masonry, and followed by the edict of Cardinal Firrao, the punishment of its practice was death and confiscation. Philip V, 1740, after a long confinement in the prisons of the inquisition, sentenced the Masons arrested to the galleys for life, or punishment of death with torture. This inhuman treatment did not extirpate Masonry. Numerous lodges continued their work, but very secretly as to the place of meeting, and no town but what had Masons of the martyr spirit. Peter Torrubia, the Inquisitor of Spain, having first made confession, and having received absolution, entered the Order for the purpose of betraying it, and of handing to the executioner the members. As accuser, witness, and judge, and *without any pretext*, he named members of 97 lodges for punishment. This great number of Masons were tortured on the rack. 1751, Benedict XIV, supposed to have been a Freemason, received the bull of Clement without putting it in force, but Ferdinand VI declared Freemasonry high treason, and punishable with death, instigated by threats of Torrubia. So secret were the places and proceedings of the Craft that we know little of them until 1807, when Napoleon took possession of Spain. Joseph Bonaparte had been Grand Master of French Freemasons, and under his sway many new lodges were formed, and the *Grand Lodge of Madrid met in the hall previously occupied by their enemies of the Inquisition*. 1811, Joseph Bonaparte ordained a Superior Chapter for the high degrees. With the fall of Napoleon, and the restoration of Ferdinand VII, came the restitution of the Jesuits, the reorganization of the Inquisition, and the exterminating process against Freemasons. Pope Pius VII issued his decree against the Masons August 7, 1814, and at once 25 Masons were dragged in chains to confinement; but the number subsequently became so great that no correct account of their fate can be given. 1818, March 30, Ferdinand dictated the punishment of Freemasons to be death, transportation to India, confiscation of estates, &c. March, 1820, General Ballasteros, by order of the Cortes and Provisional Government, ordered the release of the Freemasons, and fresh lodges were warranted and previous lodges reinstated. August, 1824, a law was issued commanding all Masons to declare themselves, and deliver up their papers and documents, or be declared traitors. 16th of October, every Freemason was declared outlawed. 1827, seven members of a lodge in Granada *were executed*. At the death of Ferdinand civil war ensued, and the abandonment of the kingdom by Don Carlos enabled Mendigabel, a Freemason, to protect the Craft.

RUSSIA.—So secret were the meetings of the lodges in Russia, that one lodge existed for thirty-one years, without any one out of the Order knowing it. The Empress Catherine II, hearing of the Order, instituted rigid inquiries, and finally made herself their protector, and the Lodge Clio, in Maseon, received her especial favor. Masonry flourished. Every Russian nobleman was a member of the Order. When the Emperor Paul succeeded to the throne, his love of the Order was open and earnest. When Alexander ascended to the Czar's place, he was quite opposed to the Order, but changed in his disposition and was initiated. Two Grand Lodges arose from a division concerning the Swedish work. One was organized August 30, 1815, with the name of Astraa. Its four fundamental rites were: 1st. Admission of all known systems. 2d. Every lodge to have an equal representation in Grand Lodges. 3d. An annual uncontroled election of every officer. 4th. The non-interference of Grand Lodge with the highest orders.

August 12, 1822, Alexander suddenly ordered the suspension of Masonry, without any reason given or motive alleged, even to the present.

TIDINGS FROM THE CRAFT.

Iowa, G.·. C.·. .—The G.·. H.·. P.·. entered the army, requesting his deputy to act in his place. The deputy and members generally concluded that the duties devolved on the G.·. K.·., second in rank and authority. A committee sustained this decision, and also the G.·. C.·. itself, and measures originated to abolish the office as incongruous with the regimen of Capitular Masonry, the governing power residing, not as in Symbolic Masonry, but in the H.·. P.·., K.·., and S.·. as a *triad*, and no place for a deputy

The G.·. C.·. has severed its connection with the G.·. G.·. C.·. U. S.

Maryland.—The Grand Lodge, 1862, granted dispensation to a lodge U. D. at Fortress Monroe, 1863; the G.·. L.·. issues a charter to it, by name of Monitor Lodge, No. 113. The committee of the G.·. L.·. thus reported:

"The committee to whom was referred the proceedings and dispensation of the regimental lodge at present located at Fortress Monroe, have carefully considered the subject, and beg to report that they have had the proceedings of the lodge before them, and, after a diligent examination, find them strictly correct; and also satisfactorily ascertained that the lodge under dispensation has complied with all the requirements of the dispensation, in the fact that they have not entered, passed, or raised any one not in the immediate service of the Government, and connected with the army or navy; and in view of these facts, respectfully recommend that a charter be granted in accordance with the annexed resolution."

Illinois.—Peace restored. We have not failed in private correspondence to urge amiable adjustment of all difficulties.

Michigan.—Sir Knight Clark, M.·. E.·. G.·. C.·., at the last meeting of the G.·. Commandery, made an admirable address. Here is an extract:

"Templarism may be classed under three heads: Ancient Craft and Symbolic Masonry, Templar, and Chivalry or Military. Symbolic Masonry is based upon the same great and eternal principles that were given to the twelve tribes of Israel—the moral law, as given to Moses on Mount Sinai by God himself—which teaches the relation in which we stand to Jehovah as our God—considering who He is, and what He has done for us, to render services suited to His perfections, and honorable to his name. We 'should not take the name of the Lord our God in vain;' we are reminded of that Sabbath which had been previously known to the Patriarchs, which was to be kept holy—of the relative duties of parents and children, our love to our neighbor, his person, his life, his purity, and domestic happiness, his property, his reputation, and we are not to covet anything that is our neighbor's. These are the moral principles, which are love, reverence, awe, obedience, to 'do unto others as you would they should do unto you.' These embrace the moral obligations binding upon man. Whatever is moral obligation is masonic obligation. The condition of the covenant which God made with Abraham and his descendents, was obedience; and a strict compliance with its requirements insures the blessing. It admitted of not the slightest variation; its sacrifices were to be such as God had chosen and required; its color must be red, a heifer without spot, wherein is no blemish, and upon which never came a yoke."

Canada.—We notice that the Grand Lodge of Canada has a standing committee "on Condition of Masonry."

California.—At the installation, in May last, of the Grand Master of California, (W.·. G.·. M.·. William C. Belcher,) P. W. G. M.: J. D. Stevenson—who had been twice elected to the same office—made the following eloquent allusion to the progress of Masonry in California:

"Thirteen years ago, he who now addresses you was installed the first Grand Master of Masons in California; and it may not be uninteresting to the younger members of the fraternity to have their attention called to the wondrous changes which have marked the progress of our beloved Order since that eventful period. The first Grand Master assumed his station, surrounded only by the representatives of three chartered lodges—all that were at that time within the borders of the State; and their authority was derived from three Grand Lodges of different States. You, Worshipful Brother, are about to be installed for the second time, surrounded by the representatives of nearly one hundred and fifty lodges, all whom have received their charters from the Grand Lodge of California. The emblem of his high office, with which the first Grand Master was invested at his installation, was of plain silver (if not of baser metal) borrowed from a subordinate lodge, and was worn suspended by a tape string, or faded ribbon. The jewel which you have worn for the past year, and with which I am about to again invest you, is of gold, and the hangings from which it is suspended are of royal purple, most elaborately fringed and wrought with bullion and threads of the precious metals—the products of our own great State. The first Grand Master was installed in a Masonic Hall of humble dimensions, in an obscure place, with space scarcely sufficient for the accommodation of fifty members. You, sir, are about to be installed within a temple of ample accommodation for thousands, which, for magnificent proportions and architectural beauty, is unequaled in any of the States of the Union, and is at this time unsurpassed, if indeed it be equaled, for its splendor and magnificence, by any Masonic Temple upon earth. This, among other wondrous changes, has been wrought by the devotion of the Craft to the Order in the short space of thirteen years. Wonderful and progressive as have been all the institutions of our Golden State in that short period, none, no, not one, has equaled in progressive advancement and in usefulness to the community in which we live, (save and except the religion of the Saviour of man) that of the Order of Free and Accepted Masons. Elected twice to preside over such an Order is an honor of which you have justly a right to be proud. To him who now addresses and installs you, who for nearly half a century has been a most devoted and faithful servant of the Order, this is one of the most gratifying moments of life; and from the inmost recesses of his heart does he most gratefully thank the Supreme Architect of the Universe for permitting him to live to see this day, when, surrounded by hundreds of representatives of lodges which had no existence when he was first installed Grand Master and guardian of our infant Order in this new State, he sees this adolescent Masonic Hercules which has created all the lodges and Grand Lodges now giving Masonic laws and orders to our western coasts."

◆

Washington and Georgetown Directory, with a Business Directory of Alexandria.—Canvassing for this work will be completed about the 5th of November. Changes of business residence, or names to be inserted different from what the canvasser took it, can have the alterations made at the office, 377 F street, opposite the Patent Office.

Bro. Boyd has had a long experience in this business, and has given very general satisfaction in his works. He is scrupulously particular in making a thorough canvass of the city.

The Directory will be issued in December.

Military Masonry.

Brigadier General Sir Knt. W. H. L. Wallace, who died April 10, 1862, from wounds received on the bloody field of Shiloh, was Captain General of Ottawa Commandery, Illinois. Born in Urbana, Ohio, July 8, 1821; served under Colonel Hardin in Mexico; made a Master Mason, 1846, a Royal Arch, 1856, and a Sir Knt., 1857. He raised and commanded 11th Illinois Regiment, commanded a brigade at Donelson, and made Brigadier General for his gallantry.

Sir Knt. Moses R. Thompson, P. C. of Freeport Commandery, Illinois, died October 10, 1861, from wounds received at the battle of Hatchie. Born October 9, 1816, in Dumfergus, Ireland. Emigrated in 1841; made a Master Mason, 1853; Master of lodge, 1856–59; Royal Arch, 1854; High Priest, 1858–60. The blood of the hero Montgomery flowed in his veins.

Indiana Record shows the names of thirty-one Templars of that jurisdiction in the Federal army, or one out of six.

Colonel Lorin Andrews, former President of Kenyon College, who left its society and classic shades, from patriotic motives, and organized a regiment—the 4th Ohio Volunteers—for Western Virginia service, was a Sir Knight of ardent love of masonic Templarism.

Captain Hulburd, of the 23d Illinois, was a Sir Knight.

Edwin W. Hamlin, of Dayton Lodge, Iowa, of 22d Regiment, Iowa Infantry, was killed at the siege of Vicksburg. Bro. Grimes, of the same lodge and regiment gave the body decent interment at midnight.

Colonel Stone, of this regiment is a consistent mason.

Bro. Moore, of Boston, publishes the following letter:

Headquarters, 17th Mass. Volunteers,
Newbern, N. C., *December* 2, 1862.

Bro. Moore: While on the recent expedition under Gen. Foster, we passed through the village of Hamilton, N. C. Our regiment being in the rear, it was sometime after the arrival of the head of the column before we reached the place. When we did arrive, I found that the building occupied by the Masonic Fraternity had been broken open by some New York soldiers, and much of the regalia and all of the Jewels carried off. With the assistance of some brethren I succeeded in getting a guard placed over what was left, while the troops were in the town.

In looking over the articles that were left, I found the charter of the Lodge, which being in quite a fine frame, I feared might perhaps be taken possession of by some one who might make an improper use of it, and there being no one in the town with whom it could be left; by the advice of some of our Fraternity, I took possession of it, and herewith enclose it to you. You will please make such disposition of it as you may deem proper under the circumstances.

I could find no traces of the Jewels, but should I succeed in getting possession of them hereafter, I will send them to you to be deposited with our Grand Lodge, until such time as they can be returned.

Our hearts have recently been made glad by the arrival of quite a number of our Massachusetts brethren in the new regiments from home. We are happy to see them, for we *know they will be good soldiers.* In our regiment we have have been waiting the return of our dispensation. It has now arrived, and we hope to have another meeting in a few days.

Fraternally yours, W. H. H. HINDS,
Asst. Surgeon 17th Mass. Vols., S. Warden "United Brethren" Army Lodge, No. 3.

To C. W. Moore, *G. Sec. Grand Lodge of Mass.*

Bro. Moore says that he holds the articles referred to as "a sacred brotherly trust." The Jewels are the Master, Senior and Junior Warden, Treasurer, Secretary and Tyler's, twenty-four inch guage, (silver,) seal of lodge, a chapter Jewel and a Chaplain's silver triangle, a gold miniature of a middle aged gentleman.

The three incidents original to our paper, noticed in Brother Moore's article, are perfectly reliable. We hope to gather many similar incidents for the benefit of the Craft.

McClellan Army Lodge.—A large attendance of Masons took place Tuesday evening, August 4th, at the Masonic Hall, the occasion being the surrender of the dispensation granted to McClellan Lodge by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

The McClellan Lodge was composed of members of the 43d regiment, and a dispensation was granted at the time of their departure for Newbern, N. C.

The ceremonies of the occasion, Tuesday evening, took place in Corinthian Hall, which was decorated with the regimental flags of the 43d, and was well filled with members of the Lodge, who appeared in full uniform and regalia, and the friends of the regiment, among whom were a large number of the past members of the Boston Light Infantry.

The Worshipful Grand Master, Parkman, together with the Grand Lodge, visited Corinthian Hall in a body, and formally received the dispensation, and discharged the officers. It was a novel sight to witness all the official chairs filled with members in full military uniforms.

The acts and records of the McClellan Lodge were reviewed, and showed that during the six months in which it was in working order at Newbern, over forty members were initiated.

During the evening, a magnificent silver pitcher was presented by the lodge to their Worshipful Master, Capt. Thomas G. Whytal, and a beautiful silver goblet to the Secretary, Lieut. James M. Whitney. The presentation speeches were made in a very happy manner by the Senior Warden, Capt. Wm. B. Fowle, Jr., and the recipients of the splendid gifts made appropriate responses.

After the services of the evening, the lodge with its guests adjourned to the banqueting hall, where an excellent collation was spread by Mr. Silsbee, of the Winthrop House. At the tables speeches were made by Captains Whytal, Fowle, and Rounds, of the Lodge, and by Rev. Messrs. Greenwood, Dadman, and Studley, Grand Master Parkman and others, some of whom feelingly alluded to the serious illness of the Chaplain of the lodge, Rev. Jacob M. Manning, whose recovery was stated to be exceedingly doubtful. Since dead.

The occasion was one of much enjoyment to all present, and terminated by the whole company joining in singing the Star Spangled Banner and Auld Lang Syne.—*Freemasons' Monthly Magazine.*

Charity—Bro. Hacker, of Illinois.—A few weeks since, several citizens of Union county, were arrested by the military authorities and confined at Cairo—three of them neighbors of Bro. Hacker, with no very strong ties to bind him to them, but on the contrary, one of them a virulent personal and political enemy, fell sick, and upon visiting them, he found that they would die unless removed. He at once applied to the commander for leave to take them to Jonesboro, and offered to give any kind of security for their good behaviour or safe return which might be required. The reply was, that no security would be taken, but a pledge as a soldier that he would suffer death if he failed to return them at the appointed time. The commander well knew that if he took that pledge as a soldier, he would keep it. He took the pledge without hesitation, conveyed the men to the cars, (where one of them died,) took them home and delivered them to their afflicted families. We believe that neither of them are Masons, but such acts are masonic in the highest sense.

Here was more than the golden rule requires, yet is required by Christian teachings—"Love your enemies." Brother Hacker will never repent that act. Brother, "do likewise."—*The Masonic Trowel.*

◆

The *Continental Monthly* for November is just received. Contents: Defense and evacuation of Winchester—The Two Southern Mothers—Poland in the 18th Century—The Assizes of Jerusalem—Loyalty and Sovereignty—Human Development—Treasure Trove—Matter and Spirit—Extraterritoriality in China—Reason, Rhyme, and Rhythm—The Lions of Scotland—We Two—Patriotism and Provincialism—and Literary Notices.

◆

Washington Bible.

In March, 1851, the Holy Bible upon which General Washington took his masonic obligations at Fredericksburg Lodge, was taken with great pomp to "the Lodge of Virtue," in the city of Manchester, (opposite Richmond,) carried three times round the lodge in solemn procession, while the hymn

"Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure thou art mine."

was sung by the brethren, accompanied with other ceremonies."

◆

General Washington, in full masonic regalia, laid the corner-stone of the Capitol of the United States, at Washington, 1793.

◆

In the masonic dirge sung at the meeting of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, paying funeral honors to Washington, on the 11th of February, 1800, is this line—

"A *Mason*, brothers; a Grand Master dies."

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The National Freemason.

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ROBERT McMURDY, D. D., LL. D., GRAND PRELATE OF GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF U. S., EDITOR, BOX 982.

A MIDNIGHT CHANT FOR THE DYING YEAR.

"Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
'Vex not his ghost!'"

'Tis the death-howl of the aged year!—through pine woods wild and vast,
It rideth on the pinion of the sounding mountain blast;
From valley and cold forest, and from icy ocean-shore,
I hear its mournful wailing, blent with the billows roar;
And far upon the summit of the storm-scarred promontory,
I see grim Winter's legions bursting through the cedars hoary!

They come with dismal chanting, and hollow-sounding dirges,
They pass unto the music of the sea's orchestral surges:
I see the gloomy warriors their snowy chargers mounting,
I here the gibbering Storm-fiend his cold battalions counting:
Now creak ye icy forests!—they are forming on the lea,
They are mounting on the mountain, and the surly-sounding sea!

Hark!—heard ye not that distant roar?—'tis Winter's ghostly cry,
O'er the gray-haired Year that wrestleth with his dying agony!
He is passing to his slumber! Hist! the winds around him crowd
And the eagle shrieks his death-song in the snowy mountain cloud:
He is passing to his sepulchre, upborne upon the form
Of the fiercely-spinning whirlwind, and the gloomy mountain storm!

They bear him to eternity, with wild and solemn moan!
And as they pass, the rocking woods make melancholy groan:
They are creaking on the mountain, and on the lonely shore,
In wild and angry concert with old Ocean's mighty roar;
And ever as they rattle their bare bones in the gale,
Dark Winter o'er the dying year howls out his midnight wail.

Then cometh from the wilderness, and from the stormy sky,
The voice of him who fighteth with his dying agony.
'Tis done!—wan Night now shudders through all her wild dominion,
And haggard Time upon the blast unfolds his awful pinion;
And, legion after legion, the winds, with mighty roar,
Go howling through the pine woods, and pass from hill and shore!

The year is in his sepulchre!—approach and view his bier!
Thou wilt not deem it idleness to shed a parting tear;
For low! here sleep the beautiful, they who, in life's sweet spring,
Were merry as the painted birds that mount on joyous wing;
Now they are gone forever!—behold them where they lie!
They of the pure and gentle heart, the bright and sunny eye!

They are gone! the loved and beautiful—oh! come they back no more?
Speak, friends!—sweet friends, with ye I smiled, and sang in days of yore;
And will ye not return again? Hark! hark!—'twas but the sigh
Of cowled Winter sweeping through the cold and solemn sky;
They come not!—nay, they come not!—the loved are in the tomb,
And I am here, a mourner, over youth and beauty's bloom.

I stand in the grim wilderness, and while the tempest's wail
Doth shake the leafless forest, and die along the vale,
I think of many a sylph-like form, and many a fair young brow,
All eloquent with beauty once, but cold and lifeless now:
I think of them while on the hills the mournful whirlwinds roar,
But the beautiful have vanished, and will return no more!

December 31, 1839. H. W. R.

NEW STATESMEN.

[May our present Congress, our new statesmen, be lovers of right. May our masonic Representatives be on the side of humanity and fraternity.]

We want the Good; the men of just intent,
Lovers of right who will not wink on wrong,
Men of high principle and purpose strong,
On duty and the common welfare bent;
We want no longer—we have had too long—
The Siren-talkers false and eloquent,
Mighty in word but paralized in deed;
Too long the mere adventurers, whose aim
Is self-advancement from their country's need;
O party gamesters, hide yourselves for shame!
Our country calls for patriots good and true;
What if plebeian, so they save the State?
Men to diplomacy and office now,
Pure-hearted and unhackneyed in debate.

CHRISTMAS HYMN FOR KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

BY DR. DURJE.

[TUNE: "*Portuguese Hymn.*"]

Adeste Fideles.

Adeste fideles, laeti triumphantes
Venite, venite, in Bethlehem,
Natum videte Regum Angelorum
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

Ergo, qui natus die hordieno
Jesu tibi sit gloria.
Patris æterni verbum carofactum
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Cantet nunc Io! Chorus angelorum
Cantet nunc aula cœlestium
Gloria in excelsis Deo;
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Translation.

Hither ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,
To Bethlehem go the Lord of Life to meet;
To you this day was born a Prince and Saviour;
Oh! come, and let us worship at his feet.

O Jesus! for such wondrous condescension
Our praises and rev'rence are an off'ring meet;
Now is the Word made flesh, and dwells among us,
Oh! come, and let us worship at his feet.

Shout his almighty name, ye choir of angels;
Let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
Unto our God be glory in the highest,
Oh! come and let us worship at his feet.

MARY MAGDALENE.

BY FRANCIS S. KEY.

I.

To the hall of the feast came the sinful and fair,
She heard in the city that Jesus was there:
Unheeding the splendor that blazed on the board,
She silently knelt at the feet of the Lord.

II.

The hair on her forehead so sad and so meek,
Hung dark on the blushes that burned in her cheek;
And so sad and so lowly she knelt in her shame,
It seemed that her spirit had fled from her frame.

III.

The frown and the murmur went round thro' them all,
That one so unhallowed should tread in that hall;
And some said the *Poor* would be objects more meet,
For the wealth of the perfume she poured on his feet.

IV.

She heard but her *Saviour*, she spoke but in sighs,
And she dared not look up to the heaven of his eyes;
And the hot tears gushed forth with each heave of her breast,
While her lips to his sandals were throbbingly pressed.

V.

In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow—
In the glance of the sunbeam as melteth the snow,
He looked on the lost one, her sins are forgiven—
And Mary went forth in the beauty of Heaven.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT WITTENBERG IN 1536—LUTHER AND MASONRY.

[Who can read the following masonic narrative without having his masonic faith confirmed; and his admiration of the Order increased, at the mighty influence it has ever exerted in behalf of humanity and the truth?]

The merry chimes of the Christmas bells had begun to ring their cheerful sounds in Wittenberg, in the year 1536, a period at which that festival was still celebrated with all the ceremonies which caused it to be hailed not only by the young, but also by the old and middle-aged, and every family in the town got ready to enjoy it to their heart's content. Lights shone brightly from every window, and merry sounds were heard everywhere above the hum of the multitude, which filled the streets. Every passer by carried some gift to add to the stock, of which the Dutch saint, with his little pipe, rosy old Nicholas, is the representative.

In a modest dwelling in one of the most retired parts of the city preparations were going on for the due celebration of the ancient festival. The parlor walls were decked all around with immense branches of evergreens, and lamps were judiciously disposed to show the whole off to the best advantage. The fire burnt brightly and cheerfully on the large hearth, and the chairs were so arranged as to give a cosy and comfortable appearance to the family circle, as soon as its members should have taken possession of their cushioned seats.

Upon the table stood the pride of the little folks, and sometimes even of the big folks, the splendidly-decorated Christmas tree. There is no need to describe what the reader can have a very good idea of.

The whole was the work of Dame Kate, that pious and worthy woman who contributed so much to the happiness of the often much harassed reformer, Martin Luther. Our readers have no doubt already divined that it is his family circle which we are about to approach.

As soon as the signal was given there came a rush of little feet, a scampering from the adjoining rooms and closets, and the ample door being thrown open in rushed four youngsters, and with a shout surrounded a richly laden table.

There was a bow and quiver for the eldest, a horse and cavalry for the second, while the good Melancthon uncovered before the admiring eyes of little Kate a box full of all the implements of housekeeping in miniature. Little George in the meantime seized his flag and shouted defiance all around the room.

After this juvenile uproar had somewhat abated the children were restrained to their respective places and the good Luther himself took a seat by the side of his beloved Kate, and, having done ample justice to the substantials on the table, he seized his mandolin, and began playing a prelude, which hushed even the youngest child into silence. For Luther was not only an amateur, and devotedly attached to the art which makes harmony, but he was also a skillful performer, and deemed no joyous meeting complete without woman and song.

He first gave expression to his gratitude and faith by singing that noble hymn:

Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott!

A number of songs followed this, until Martin Gotlieb, his eldest son, approached gently, and drew from within the folds of his father's gown *a medal*, and then said, "Father, sing that strange song which you sometimes sing for me when I am very good, and which you said only those who had received such a medal as this in the right way could fully understand."

"I will, my son, and particularly to-night, since it is the anniversary of the night when that jewel was first placed in my hands, and of good service has it been to me since."

He then sang with rich and melodious tones the following song, while his little son held the medal in his hand, contemplating the mysterious figures and letters with childlike awe:

MARK MASTER'S SONG.*

Mark Masters, all appear
Before the Chief O'erseer
In concert move;
Let him your work inspect
For the Chief Architect;
If there is no defect,
He will approve.

Those who have pass'd the square
For your rewards prepare,
Join heart and hand;
Each with his mark in view,
March with the just and true;
Wages to you are due,
At your command.

Hiram, the widow's son,
Sent unto Solomon
Our great key-stone;
On it appears the name
Which raises high the fame
Of all to whom the same
Is truly known.

Now to the Westward move,
Where, full of strength and love,
Hiram doth stand;
But if impostors are
Mix'd with the worthy there,
Caution them to beware
Of the right hand.

Now to the praise of those
Who triumphed o'er the foes
Of Mason's art;
To the praiseworthy three,
Who founded this degree:
May all their virtues be
Deep in our hearts.

When he had finished he rested his head upon his hand, and was lost for a few moments in contemplation. Kate, who knew his habits, sat in silence by his side, but little Martin pulled his father's sleeve, and whispered, "Father, may I know something more of this medal?"

After a few seconds Luther replied: "Yes, my son, as far as I may tell you, and I do not know that there is a better time than the present, for you all may learn thereby that Providence sends help in ways often mysterious and unexpected to us.

"During the night of Christmas, 1520, when I had just fifteen days before publicly burned the Pope's Bull, I sat in my study weary and heavy laden. For the bold act, while it drew my staunch friends closer around me, alienated also at the same time the more timid multitude, and I was left to a certain degree alone. Melancholy and a certain sad feeling crept over me, as the twilight passed away and darkness threw a still greater gloom over the study. But at last I aroused myself, and said, 'A helper will be raised up for me—I will have faith in this my darkest hour.' Hardly had I come to this conclusion when there came a rap at the door, and three men entered, and congratulated me upon the bold steps I had taken that day. The eldest inquired of me whether I had considered the danger and risk I ran in thus bidding defiance to the whole papal power. I replied that I did not stop to consider the probable peril in my way as long as I knew myself in the path of duty."

"'Well said, brother Martin,' replied Hans Stauffenacher, who had until then stood behind his companions; 'well said! the guild has long thought that in thee we have found a kindred spirit, and is now ready therefore to throw its protection around thee. What sayest, art willing to become one of us?'

"I answered, 'but I am not skilled in the using of the implements of thy calling, how can I then become one of you?'

"A quiet smile played around Han's mouth, as he said, 'Ah! there are other implements we use than thou wot'st of, implements which thou wilt find that thou canst handle with a master's hand. In the meantime, for thy satisfaction, thou mayest know that many honorable knights and princes have been made free of the guild, and they knew far less of its implements than thou. We have departed from our ordinary usage in making thee this offer, but the guild thought that thou wert not only a kindred spirit, but a master, in carrying out the great principles of true and untrammeled religion. It is therefore ready to extend to thee its privileges and help.'

"After a few seconds of hesitation I answered, 'Hans, I have known thee for many years, and am fully convinced that thou wouldest not lead me into any place where, in consistence with my calling, I ought not to go. But thy coming to-night seems to have been a special providence, for only a few minutes ago, did I feel cast down in my soul, when the thought that God would raise me up help strengthened me. I am ready, therefore; lead on, I'll follow.'

"My three companions then conducted me to the Guildhall, where I was with many and ancient ceremonies, introduced among the brethren of the Mystic Tye. Judge my delight and surprise when the first thing I beheld in the room was a beautiful copy of the Holy Bible, the book which I ever acknowledged the rule for our faith. I was then told that that volume lies ever open in the hall, to be consulted by the brethren.

"Rapidly was I advanced that night from step to step, until I reached the grade which entitled me to wear this medal, and know the meaning of its mystic inscription. That night I learned too, the beautiful song which you seem to like so much.

"Months passed by, and the multiplicity of my labors did not permit me to meet my new brethren more than once, but they did not forget *me*.

"On the 2d of April I was waited upon by three of the guild, who presented me, in its name, with this medal, which I was now entitled to wear. They at the same time earnestly entreated me always to wear it when abroad, and particularly when surrounded by enemies.

"A few days after this interview I left for Worms, to defend myself before the Diet. I need not now repeat to you what took place there. You and your mother have made me relate it so often that you ought to know it by heart. Enough, the trial over, I set out on my way home. Twice before I reached Moera, the residence of my grandmother, was I accosted by riders in rather a suspicious way, but each time, when they caught sight of the medal they stopped short, asked permission to examine it, cast meaning glances at one another, then shook hands with me and left.

"When we came near the castle of Altenstein I perceived one of the riders who had been left with me become sad and cast down; at the same time he always kept close to my side. I entered into conversation with him, and endeavored to ascertain the cause of his grief. At first he remained silent, until it appeared that the words forced themselves to his lips, when he said: "Thy danger, brother Martin, makes me sad. I felt a great struggle between my duty to keep concealed the order of the Holy Vehme, and the duty which I owe to thee as a brother of high degree in the ancient guild. I have, however, given notice to the guild, of which the noble Elector, Frederick the wise, is an illustrious member.

"When I had heard the cause of his uneasiness, I replied, 'Be not troubled on my account, the Lord will raise up help for me.' Hardly had the words escaped my lips before a troop of savage looking riders, perfectly disguised, rushed down upon us, tore me from my horse, and tying my hands, one of them took me up behind him, while the rest surrounded him, and then they all galloped off in a westerly direction. Rapidly they now continued to ride through the woods, nor did they slacken their pace until the Wartburg was in sight.

"When they drew up before the bridge of that strong castle, they lifted me gently from my horse, and led me into the hall of the castle. When arrived there, and I looked around me, I found assembled many of the noblest knights of the Empire, and among them the venerable elders of the guild; and each of them, as well as those who were my late captors, wore upon their breast a medal similar to the one you now see.

"I was then told that my enemies had succeeded in arousing the Vehme against me, that that day the fearful summons was to be delivered, but the man who had charge of it seeing the medal upon my breast, and having himself received one like it, informed the Elector of the pending summons, and the place where it was to be delivered. The trusty brethren of the *Mark*, when informed thereof, immediately assembled to rescue a brother from the clutches of the dark tribunal. You have seen how they executed their task.

"'But now, my brother, you must change your garb, and assume that of an esquire, until this storm shall have blown over.'

"My theological and literary labors, in which I engaged during my stay at the Burg, were much facilitated by the lore which I found among the brethren of the guild; and the connections I formed during that time have continued to be among the dearest and most profitable I have made in life. I shall ever bless the day when I became free of the guild."

"And I too, will join the guild when I shall be big enough," exclaimed little Martin Gotlieb.

In 1759 was buried in Dresden Martin Gotlieb Luther, a lawyer, and worthy member and P. M. of the Guild, and the silver *Mark* was placed in his coffin, in accordance with his last request.

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Anecdote of Wellington.—A Valliant Button-Maker at Waterloo.

Carew, the sculptor, told Haydon the following story of the Duke of Wellington: The Duke was at the Marchioness of Downshire's, and the ladies plagued him for some of his stories. For some time he declared all his stories were in print. At last he said, "well, I'll tell you one that has not been printed." In the middle of the battle of Waterloo he saw a man in plain clothes riding about on a cob in the thickest fire. During a temporary lull the Duke beckoned him, and he rode over. He asked him who he was, and what business he had there. He replied he was an Englishman, accidentally at Brussels; that he had never seen a fight and wanted to see one. The Duke told him he was in imminent danger of his life; he said, "Not more than your Grace," and they parted. But every now and then the Duke saw the cobman riding about in the smoke, and at last having nobody to send to a regiment, he again beckoned to this little fellow and told him to go up to that regiment and order them to charge, giving him some mark of authority the colonel would recognize.

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* This, though not a translation of the song, contains precisely the same thought and sentiment as the original.

Away he galloped, and in a few minutes the Duke saw his order obeyed. The Duke asked him for his card, and found in the evening, when the card fell out of his sash, that he lived at Birmingham, and was a button-maker! When at Birmingham, the Duke inquired of the firm, and found he was their traveler, and then in Ireland. When he returned, at the Duke's request, he called on him in London. The Duke was happy to see him, and said he had a vacancy in the Mint at £800 a year, where accountants were wanted. The little cobman said it would be exactly the thing, and the Duke installed him much to his Grace's honor.

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"HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL."

BY P.·. G.·. M.·. B. B. FRENCH.

[Composed by Brother French especially for the commemorative services of the late G.·. M.·. Y. P. Page, of Naval Lodge, Washington city, and sung by the choir on that occasion.]

We praise thee gracious God,
  We glorify Thy name;
Sore stricken by Thy rod,
  We bow beneath the same:
    For though Thy ways we cannot tell,
    We know Thou doest all things well.

The brother of our love;
  So good, so true, so kind,
Has gone to realms above,
  Rest from our world to find:
    He lives where saints and angels dwell,
    Where seraph harps Thy glories swell.

Then, while we mourn our loss,
  We will our God adore;
'Tis but our earthly cross—
  He has but gone before—
    He wears the crown with those who dwell
    With One who doeth all things well.

Again, in realms above,
  We shall our brother meet;
And hear Christ's words of love
  From off the mercy seat:
    "Come all ye blest, forever dwell
    With God, who doeth all things well."

Then mourners cease to weep;
  Brothers, repress the sigh—
Our dear one doth but sleep,
  To wake again on high.
    Mid bliss and joy tongue cannot tell,
    With God who doeth all things well.

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The French Privateersman.

In the month of December, 1812, during the war between England and France, the sloop Three Friends,* Captain James Campbell, trading from Limerick, in Ireland, was captured by the French privateer Juliet, commanded by Captain Louis Marencourt. Signals of Masonry were exchanged between the two captains, when the French commander, finding in his prisoner a brother of the mystic tie, immediately gave him and his crew their liberty, and restored the ship and cargo.

On the 6th of February, 1813, Captain Marencourt, who was then in command of another privateer, Le Furet, was captured by the British frigate Modeste, and sent as a prisoner of war to Plymouth. When the news of Captain Marencourt's misfortune reached Limerick, the residence of his former prisoner, two of the lodges of that city were convened, and unanimously adopted resolutions, which, as they afford an evidence of that kind and brotherly spirit, which, not even the asperities of war can erase from the masonic breast, are entitled to a place in such a work as this. The letters will be found in Joyce Gold's "Naval Chronicle," vol. xxix., pages 194 and 195, whence I have extracted them.

At a meeting of Ancient Limerick Lodge, No. 271, holden in the city of Limerick, on Thursday, the 18th of February, 1813, the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

"Resolved, That the thanks of this ancient body be, and are hereby, presented to Captain Louis Marencourt, of Le Furet, French privateer, (lately captured by the Modeste, British frigate,) for his generous, humane, and praiseworthy conduct to Brother James Campbell, of the sloop Three Friends, of Youghall, in restoring to him his ship and cargo, and rescuing himself and crew from captivity, in December last, when captured by him, at the time he commanded the Juliet, French privateer.

"Resolved, That as men peculiarly attached by the most unshaken loyalty to our most gracious Sovereign and the British Constitution, we exult at the prosperity of his Majesty's arms both by sea and land—yet, as Masons, we are bound to commiserate the unfortunate, and pour out the balm of consolation into the wounds of those who are deprived of the greatest blessing in life—liberty.

"Resolved, That we sympathize with Captain Marencourt in his present state of captivity and absence, (perhaps from a family and most tender connexions,) yet, at the same time, we must console him with the pleasing reflection that he is a prisoner in a land, and under a government, whose monarch has been, through a long reign, the father of his people, and the friend to the unfortunate—and we most ardently hope that the man who has held forth to the world so meritorious a pattern of generosity and kindness to a British subject, when in his power, may meet with that lenity which his former conduct so loudly calls for.

"Resolved, That these our resolutions be transmitted by our Secretary to the Worshipful Master of No. 79, at Plymouth, and that he be requested to communicate them to Captain Marencourt, and the officers and brethren of the lodge.

"Resolved, That the foregoing resolutions be inserted in our transaction book, and published in the Limerick newspapers, and in the Dublin Evening Post."

Rising Sun Lodge, No. 952, of Limerick, also unanimously adopted the following resolutions.

"Resolved, That we do fully approve of the resolutions entered into by our brethren of Lodge No. 271, expressive of their thanks to Captain Marencourt, lately captured by the Modeste, British frigate, for his humane and generous conduct to Captain Campbell, of the sloop Three Friends, in December last, in not only restoring him to liberty and his country, but with the disinterestedness of a true Mason giving him his sloop and cargo, captured by Captain Marencourt, when commander of the Juliet, privateer.

"Resolved, That generosity, even in an enemy, has a peculiar claim on Britons and Irishmen—it is characteristic of those countries to feel and cherish its influence. We cannot, therefore, suppress the expression of our sympathy for the present captivity of this generous brother and stranger; and could we constitutionally supplicate the high personage who now rules these realms, and who in himself is a splendid example of the purity of masonic principles, we would implore his royal interposition in favor of Captain Marencourt, fortified as we are by the Christian maxim of 'Do unto others as you would wish to be done by.'

"Resolved, That our Secretary be instructed to transmit a copy of these resolutions to our Right Worshipful Brother and Grand Master, the Earl of Donoughmore, as the sentiments of our lodge, and that we ardently hope some measure, not inconsistent with the high offices of the State, may be speedily adopted, to give efficacy to our prayer, so that our nation may not yield to an enemy in generosity or gratitude.

"Resolved, That our Secretary do also send a copy of these resolutions to the Worshipful Master, officers, and brethren of No. 79, at Plymouth, and that they be requested to communicate the same to Captain Marencourt.

"Resolved, That these our resolutions be published in the General Advertiser, or Limerick Gazette, and Limerick Evening Post, and that our highly esteemed Brother, Alexander MacDonnell, proprietor of the Advertiser, be requested to transmit the same to the proprietors of the Freeman's Journal and Patriot, Dublin, and the Globe, London.

Lodge No. 13, of Limerick, was equally ready to bestow its commendations on the gallant and generous Frenchman, and as a testimonial of its high opinion of the masonic conduct of Captain Marencourt, it voted him a silver vase of the value of one hundred guineas, on which was engraved the following inscription:

"To Captain Louis Marencourt, of the French privateer Le Furet, to commemorate the illustrious example of masonic virtue his conduct to Captain Campbell displays, the brethren of Lodge No. 13, on the registry of Ireland, present and dedicate this cup—Limerick, 1st May, 1813."

The vase was sent, through the British consul, to the Grand Lodge of France; but the gallant Marencourt had, in the mean time, lost his life in Africa,* and the vase was returned to the lodge, where it is still preserved as its brightest ornament.

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Masonic Confidence.

A merchant, from Alabama, by the name of Abrahams, was taken ill in Baltimore, and desired his physician to send to his room a clergyman, who was a Mason. The generous hearted physician, who is a good friend of ours, but no Mason, when he called to request our attendance at the bed-side of the sick brother, said he knew Masons were peculiar in their preferences for each other, but that he could not tell why any other clergyman might not answer as well. We told him that when he became a Mason, he would find out the difference. He found it out without becoming a Mason. We proceeded immediately to the hotel where our brother was lying, and found him as described by the physician, quite ill. He was in a very uncomfortable condition. His bed was hard, and his room hot and in disorder. After a few moments conversation, during which we learned something of his history, we called a servant, and desired him to make his bed, and air his room, &c., which the servant refused to do. We then called upon the chief clerk, and stated our desire. He referred us to the servant. We were prompt in telling the clerk that if our request was not complied with immediately, our friend should be removed from the hotel. We must say in palliation of the case, that it was Sunday night, and the servants in attendance in the part of the house occupied by our brother were out. Our threat had the desired effect, and the brother was soon placed in a more comfortable condition. What we noticed most of all, was the restlessness of the brother—his uneasiness in relation to something of which he had not spoken. He said that he was on a business visit for the purpose of buying goods, and that he was fearful his sickness would terminate fatally. During the conversation we noticed that his pantaloons were hung upon the head board of the bedstead, and that he frequently turned his eyes towards them, with evidence of great anxiety. Upon inquiry we learned that he had some three or four thousand dollars in money and a gold watch and other valuables, which he did not consider safe in his trunk, that he had taken them from the trunk and placed them in the pocket of his pantaloons, and suspended the pantaloons upon the head board where he could watch them. We reminded him that under the influence of the opiates which the doctor had ordered, he was not in a proper condition to watch his property, and suggested that some other disposition should be made of it. We were not willing to undertake the responsibility of securing the valuables alone, and placing the pantaloons in the trunk, we desired him to be as quiet as possible for an hour or two, when we would return with a brother Mason, and proceed to the performance of whatever service he might suggest. At the time appointed, I returned in company with Bro. D. A. Piper, Past Senior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Maryland. We consulted a few minutes in relation to the best way to relieve our brother's mind by having his property removed to a place of security. Bro. Piper suggested that he should call upon Bro. Charles Goodwin, assistant cashier of the Merchant's Bank, and requested him to take charge of the money, &c., and deposit it in the safe of the bank. It was now after twelve o'clock at night, and Bro. Piper proceeded to Bro. Goodwin's residence, and found him in bed. It was the call of necessity in relief of a brother in distress, and Bro. Goodwin at once arose from his bed and accompanied Bro. Piper to the hotel. We took the property in charge. The money was counted out in the presence of us all, and with the other valuables, tied up securely and delivered to Bro. Goodwin, who placed it the next day in the vault of the bank. The brother appeared to be greatly relieved. We remained with him all night, and the next morning had him removed to a house in which we knew his wants would be attended to. The sick brother was much better on the evening of the day of his removal, and conversed more freely in relation to his condition and purposes. In the course of the week, his health was sufficiently restored to admit of his proceeding with his business. And now, for the more profoundly masonic part of this story, and that which astonished our friend, the doctor. The brother informed us that he was never so much gratified in his life, and never felt such entire relief to his mind, as when *he saw the three brothers, whose faces he had never looked upon before, engaged in counting his money, and taking possession of his property.* And in whom, but his brother Masons, could the brother have had the same confidence. Masonry and nothing else can answer the question. Our brother was restored to health, attended to his business, and went on his way rejoicing. He remarked that he would long remember the event that had happened to him in Baltimore, and the brethren into whose hands he had placed his property.

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* We are ready to suppose, as an ingredient in the romance of this incident, (although it is but a conjecture,) that the name of the "Three Friends" was intended as an allusion to Solomon, King of Israel, and the two Hirams.

* The circumstance of his so soon after losing his life in Africa, might lead us to suppose that Marencourt was liberated by the English government, on the representation of his brethren of the Limerick lodge; but a diligent search among such periodicals of the time as have been accessible to me, has not been successful in obtaining an official statement of that fact. He was a prisoner of war at Plymouth in the month of February, and a few months afterwards is known to have died in Africa—he could not then have long been a prisoner, and it is but fair to presume that this brief period of his captivity is to be attributed to the just appreciation of his generosity by the British government, especially as the Prince Regent was himself a brother of the Craft.

—*Bro. J. N. McJilton.*

The Mason's Wife.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

In 1830, having arrived to years of manhood without a fortune or other appliances, promising successful competition with the business men of my native State, (Kentucky,) I turned my thoughts toward the far off West and South, as furnishing a more appropriate field for young and enterprising men who might possess the moral courage to withstand the hardships and toils incident to pioneers. Upon a conference with three other young men, in similar circumstances, we determined to wend our way to the wilds of Texas, and immediately set about preparing for our journey to that foreign land, as it was then esteemed. (Texas, twenty years ago, was thought to be a long way from Louisville.)

We all met at Louisville on the first day of July, where we were detained some three days waiting for a boat. On the evening of the third day a small low water craft made her appearance, bound for New Orleans; and knowing a large class of boats could not then navigate the Ohio, we lost no time in securing berths. Though small and uncomfortable, the boat was very much crowded with cabin and deck passengers, bound for different points on the Mississippi, together with some who were about to expatriate themselves, and make an abode in that land of promise to which we were bound. It were vain to undertake to depict the feelings which stirred in our bosoms as we gazed upon the floating stars and stripes of our native land, for aught we could know, for the last time. 'Tis true, our buoyant spirits bounded in the future, and hope, sweet hope, whispered that a day would come when that lone and modest star which had but dawned upon the horizon, would, by the magic power of the Saxon race, shine with resplendent glory, in the mighty galaxy destined to cluster around the "old thirteen." But as I set out with no intention to draw a fancy sketch, but to detail some little events which will illustrate to some extent the benign influence of our glorious Order, I must proceed with my simple narrative.

Nothing of much interest occurred after leaving Louisville until we landed at Smithland, (mouth of Cumberland river,) except that our boat formed a familiar acquaintance with the numerous shoals and sand-bars, with which the Ohio is well supplied, "ven te vater ish *mity* low."

At Smithland several passengers came on board, and among the number a very dignified and genteel looking lady, apparently about forty years old, and her daughter, some eighteen or nineteen. The latter was so beautiful and bewitchingly interesting in appearance that any attempt of mine to describe her, would fall far short of the reality; but I must be permitted to say that such was the impression made upon my mind that I could not realize that her home was upon this broad earth as connected with the children of men. And yet, to the astonishment of all, these two interesting beings took a deck passage bound for the mouth of Red River. On the following morning the clerk, as usual, went below to collect passage money. The elder lady informed him that she had about as much money as would meet his demand, but if he took it all she and her daughter would be placed on shore pennyless among strangers. The feeling and gentlemanly clerk declined accepting the money until he could state the facts to the captain, and receive his orders. The captain, on hearing the statement, desired the clerk to desist, promising to call on the ladies himself, and in a few hours done so, and spent some time very agreeably in their company, and took occasion to repeat his calls several times during the day. The day following he also continued his calls, and made on one occasion some advances towards the young lady, which led her to believe his intentions were not of the most honorable kind. Feeling keenly the insult, and reflecting upon her dependent condition, she was, for an instant, embarrassed, and uncertain what course to pursue, but, being possessed of a strong mind and quick perception, she soon recovered her self control, and gave the captain a signal of distress from a degree called masonic, sometimes given to the wives and daughters of master Masons. The captain recognized the signal, stepped back as if electrified, and, with uplifted hands, beseechingly inquired, "In the name of God where did you obtain that?" She answered with a sweet-toned voice, and with all the innocence of an angel, "From my husband, father, and brother." This unexpected answer seemed only to confuse the captain the more, for he certainly had not supposed she was a married woman. Upon inquiry he learned that she and her mother were both wives of Master Masons. Soon after the clerk was seen gallanting the two ladies into the cabin, and the porter following with their baggage. The best state rooms were assigned them, and if the captain had been the brother or son he could not have been more devoted to their comfort and happiness.

At the mouth of Red River the captain took the ladies to the only house then at that place, saw them provided for while waiting for a packet. Before leaving he told the elder lady that they might be longer detained than they expected, and consequently incur greater expenses than she was then able to meet, and handed her a hundred dollar bill. With emotions deeply mingled with gratitude, she assured him, that, though she was at that time almost destitute, she was not an object of charity, and, hence, doubted the propriety of accepting his generous offer. On being informed, however, that the money was tendered as a loan, she said to him, "Captain, I know not that I shall ever have it in my power to see you again, how, then, can I return your money?" The captain assured her that as her son and son-in-law were Masons they would knew how to insure his receiving it, when it was entirely convenient to repay it, and bid them an affectionate adieu. At this moment both ladies were overcome by feelings of gratitude, and tears, not words, responded to his parting farewell.

My companions and myself continued on the boat to Orleans, not knowing whether we should proceed thence by sea to Galveston or by the Red River route. After remaining some three days in the city, we found a boat up for Alexandria, and determined to take passage on her, and proceed as far up the river as we could, and thence by land to San Philip de Austin. On the steamer Lioness we had a very pleasant trip to the mouth of Red River, at which point we took on several passengers, and among the number the two heroines of my narrative. The old lady soon recognized and sent for me. Up to this period I had not spoken to her, but from the intimacy which she had observed between the captain of the other boat and myself, she said she supposed he had told me certain things, and especially if I was, as she supposed a Mason, and, she added, "if you are, let me know it, for I have received so many favors from that source unasked that I desire to know all Masons with whom I meet." I informed her that I was a young Mason, had never done any good as such, and assured her that I claimed no credit for the favors she intimated she had received from the captain; that, whatever those favors were, the captain had rendered them, as all good Masons would do, with no other hope of reward than a consciousness of having discharged his duty.

"I presume, sir," said she, "the captain informed you of his generous and magnanimous conduct on taking leave of us at the mouth of the river."

No, madam, I replied, I heard the captain speak in the most respectful terms of you and your daughter, but in no way did he allude to favors done for either of you.

"And did he not tell you, sir, of our free passage down, and of his noble generosity in urging us to accept the means of defraying our expenses the balance of our journey?"

No, madam, said I, the captain intimated nothing of the sort to me, and I am very certain there was not a passenger on board who did not suppose you paid your passage, nor did any suspect the captain of giving you aid in any way. She then attempted to give me a detail of events, but her feelings overcame her, and, bursting into tears, she retired to her state room.

Our passage up the river was a protracted one, in consequence of the low stage of water, and I occasionally enjoyed the society of the ladies and spent an hour very pleasantly; but no further allusion was made to the captain.

At Alexandria we were informed that the boat could not ascend the river any further, and we were all forced to take our chances by land conveyance. My companions agreed to take charge of our baggage, leaving me at liberty to give my attention to the ladies, and see them provided for. In charge of the ladies I was about to descend the steps from the boiler deck when the young lady remembered to have left a small package in the ladies' cabin. I immediately hastened back, and on my return to resume my charge, I was rather taken aback, by beholding a man rather roughly clad, of tall stature, spare built, having long, rough hair, black, sunken eyes, large mouth, and of swarthy complexion, in short his whole appearance was anything but prepossessing, and yet this man was actually embracing the innocent, the pure, the beautiful young lady, and anon seized an occasion to give the old lady a most hearty and affectionate salutation. The bustle and excitement of such a meeting being over the young lady turned and introduced me to her husband. He seemed at once to divine my position, and proceeded in a courteous and gentlemanly manner to tender me his thanks for my attention to his family, and expressed a desire further to cultivate my acquaintance. We were detained at the hotel several days in providing horses, arms, &c., for the further prosecution of our journey, and I embraced the opportunity of knowing more of the gentleman, and so far from finding him repulsive and disagreeable, he proved to be in all respects the very reverse, a gentleman of highly cultivated mind and polished manners. During my short intercourse, I learned his entire history. His father was a wealthy and influential citizen of Kentucky, who had spared no pains or money in the education of this his only child. This young man lost his mother when he was about nineteen years old. At the age of twenty his father put him to the study of medicine. At twenty-four he obtained his diploma from the medical school of Transylvania University, Ky., and returned home only in time to see his father die. He then determined to leave his native State, and endeavor to rise in wealth and usefulness in a new and growing country, and advertised his large estates for sale, except about thirty choice hands, on six and twelve months' credit.

About this time he made the acquaintance and fondly loved this beautiful young lady, and married her. About two months after he took his thirty hands, and leaving his wife with her mother, started for Texas for the purpose of opening a farm and providing some comforts for the location of his family. Before leaving it was understood that his wife and mother-in-law were to collect the proceeds of the first notes due, or a sufficient amount to meet their expenses, and meet him at Nacogdoches, by a given time. At the appointed time he repaired to that point, but there learned that no boats could ascend higher than Alexandria, and hence he proceeded to the latter place. His wife and her mother had used every means in their power to collect the money spoken of, but entirely failed, and the old lady having on hand about forty dollars, she said she determined to keep their promise, by taking the chances of success, placing full reliance upon that Providence who had never forsaken her, while her own shoulder was at the wheel, and, continued she, "I thank God that in this enterprise had the clearest proof of the fulfillment of all His promises; and I may further add that another opportunity has been afforded us of witnessing the magic power of Freemasonry."

I have only to add that the hundred dollars, together, with the full price of passage, was soon placed in the hands of the boat's agents at New Orleans. The captain is still living, and is owner of one of the finest palaces that floats upon the southern waters, and an interest in several others. I have met him often, but he never alludes to the foregoing incidents, unless the subject is called up by another. He has assured me that he received every dollar due him, and more than he would have charged the ladies for their passage under any circumstances.

I have not given this truthful sketch because I have thought any of the incidents were very remarkable or thrillingly interesting, but mainly for the purpose of giving another proof of the power and usefulness of Freemasonry.—*Rev. Dr. McJilton.*

MOTHERS' CHRISTMAN COLUMNS.

We meet with so many afflicted mothers we dedicate a column to them, trusting it will bring consolation to bereaved hearts.

MOTHER TO A DYING INFANT.

Thou weepest, childless mother ;
Ay, weep, 'twill ease thine heart ;
He was thy first-born son,
Thy first, thine only one :
'Tis hard from him to part !

'Tis hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp, cold earth,
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber,
His small mouth's rosy kiss ;
Then wakened with a start,
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss !

To feel (half conscious why)
A dull, heart-sinking weight,
Till memory on thy soul
Flashes the painful whole,
That thou art desolate !

And then to lie and weep,
And think the live-long night
(Feeding thine own distress
With accurate greediness)
Of every past delight.

Of all his winning ways,
His pretty playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimickry,
And all his little wiles !

Oh ! these are recollections
Round mothers' hearts that cling ;
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then fond mother !
In after years look back,
(Time brings such wondrous easing,)
With sadness not unpleasing,
E'en on this gloomy track.

Thou 'lt say : " My first-born blessing,
It almost broke my heart,
When thou wert forced to go :
And yet for thee, I know
'Twas better to depart.

" God took thee in His mercy,
A lamb, untasked, untried :
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified.

" I look around and see
The evil ways of men ;
And O, beloved child !
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.

" The little arms that clasped me,
The innocent lips that pressed,
Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore
I lulled thee on my breast ?"

◆

A GEM.

An English laborer, whose child was suddenly killed by the falling of a beam, wrote the following lines suggested by the melancholy event. They are touchingly beautiful.

Sweet laughing child, the cottage door
Stands free and open now ;
But, oh ! its sunshine gilds no more
The gladness of thy brow !
Thy merry step hath passed away,
Thy laughing sport is hushed for ay ;
Thy mother by the fireside sits,
And listens for thy call ;
And slowly, slowly, as she knits,
Her quiet tears downfall ;
Her little hindering thing is gone,
And undisturbed she may work on.

◆

LITTLE LAURA.

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers ; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

A little stranger came to me,
And sought its home upon my breast ;
I loved it—oh, so tenderly !
And daily, hourly, 'twas caressed.

It grew—but, like a tender flower,
So fair, and yet so fragile too—
We kept it 'neath affection's bower,
Safe screened from each harsh wind that blew.

And well it did repay our care,
So fond and gentle, precious child !
Love clustered in each ringlet fair,
And ever in her blue eyes smiled.

Ah ! little, haply, did we think,
As round our hearts the golden chain
Was sweetly weaving, link by link,
We did an *angel* entertain.

But now, what then was hid, we know—
Our Laura's home was in the skies ;
Awhile she tarried, thus to show
What guests we hold in mortal guise.

And, sure, their mission well they fill—
Blest are our homes while here they stay ·
And luminous their pathway still,
Which draws us heavenward away.

Masonic Form of the First Christian Church.

BY AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, LL. D.

All of the normal institutions of antiquity were secret or masonic societies. The moral life and civilization of the nations were born in their secret sanctuaries, and through them communicated to the world.

We now proceed to show that Christianity—itself the revelation of eternal truth, and wisdom, and love—sought the same agencies, and surrounded itself with the same mysteries, and better to protect itself from the enmity of the world, and to work its way into the heart of humanity.

Those ancient documents known as the "apostolical Constitutions and Canons," make frequent mention of the *disciplina arcani*, or secret discipline of the most ancient church. Irenæus, Tertullian, Clemens, Origen, and Gregory of Nyssa, also furnish us abundant proofs that the ancient church was a secret society. Indeed, so well known was this peculiar organism, that nearly all ancient writers, whether Christian or pagan, have noticed the fact. Lucian of Samosata, speaks of Christ as a magician who established new mysteries. We learn also from Pliny that the Christians were persecuted in the reign of the Emperor Trajan, as a secret society, under a general law which prohibited all secret associations. The same writer tells us further that they celebrated their mysteries in the night, or rather in the morning, before day.

The rites* of the Christian religion were celebrated with an air of profound mystery, and were guarded from profane eyes with most scrupulous vigilance. Not only were unbelievers of every description excluded from the view of these rites, but the neophytes also, and all who were not fully initiated into, and entitled to a participation in its ordinances. From *all else, the time*, and *place*, and *manner* of administering them were concealed, and the import of each rite was a profound mystery, which none was at liberty to divulge or explain. To relate the manner in which it was administered, to mention the words used in the solemnity, or to describe the simple elements of which it consisted, were themes upon which the initiated were as strictly forbidden to touch as if they had been laid under an oath of secrecy ; not a hint was allowed to be given, nor a whisper breathed on the subject to the uninitiated. Even the ministers, when they were led in their public discourses to speak of the sacraments, or the higher doctrines of faith, contented themselves with remote allusions, and dismissed the subject by saying, "The initiated know what is meant." They never wrote about them except through the medium of figurative and enigmatical expressions.

The Christian Brotherhood, like that of the Essenes, comprised four circles, which the novitiate was required to traverse before he could look upon or participate in the highest and most sacred mysteries of the church. The central light of Christianity shone in its full splendor only on those who had attained to the highest degree. These favored ones moved in its unclouded radiance, while those in the outer ring were in comparative darkness, and were allowed to approach the light, only after long and severe trial.

"The dear-bought experience of the primitive Christians had convinced them that the gross habits of idolaters were not easily and all at once, in many instances, relinquished for the pure and spiritual principles of the Gospel, and that multitudes of professed believers held their faith by so slender a tie that the slightest temptation plunged them anew into their former sensuality, and the first alarm drove them back into the enemy's camp. To diminish, and, if possible, to prevent the occurrence of such melancholy apostasies, which interrupted the peace and prosperity of the Christian society, and brought a stain on the Christian name, was a consummation devoutly wished for by the pious fathers of the primitive age; and accordingly, animated by a spirit of holy jealousy, they adopted the rule which soon came into universal practice, of instituting a severe and protracted inquiry into the character and views of candidates for admission to the communion of the church—of not suddenly advancing them to that honorable degree, but of continuing them for a limited period in a state of probation. It was thus that the order of the catechumens arose; an order which, though unknown to the age of Peter and Paul, boasts of a very early introduction into the primitive church ; and, at whatever period its date may be fixed, its origin is to be traced to the laudable desire of more fully instructing young converts in the doctrines of the Christian faith, and at the same time affording them opportunities to give evidence of the sincerity of their profession, by the change of their lives and the holiness of their conversation."*

Having passed through the appointed discipline, the neophytes were clothed in white, and by solemn ceremonies, admitted to the communion of the faithful. Arrived at the center of the sacred circle, they were no longer called *Katechomenoi*, or learners, but received one or all of the following titles :

1. *Oi pistoi*, THE FAITHFUL. 2. *Photizomenoi*, THE ILLUMINATI, OR ENLIGHTENED. 3. *Memuememoi*, THE INITIATED ; and *Teleioumenoi*, THE PERFECT.

The appellation, Memuemenoi, or the initiated, occurs very often in the Book of Secret Discipline. It denotes such as have been initiated into the secret mysteries of the Christian faith. The phrase, "the *initiated know*" is repeated about fifty times in Augustine and Chrysostom alone. The terms *mustai* and *musta gogetoi* are also often used, and, in short, all the phraseology which the profane writers use respecting an initiation into their mysteries. Indeed the right of baptism itself has an evident relation, as Cyril of Jerusalem represents, to the initiatory rites of Eleusis, Samothrace, Phrygia, and Isis.† The foregoing titles also conveyed to those who bore them exclusively certain rights and privileges.

"1. They were permitted to be present at all religious assemblies without exception, to take part in the *missa catechumenorum*, the first religious service of public worship, designed especially for the catechumens, as well as in the *missa fidelium, the after-service*, which was particularly designed for them, and which none but the initiated were permitted to attend. To this service neither catechumens nor any other were permitted to be present, not even as spectators.

"2. It was another special privilege of *the faithful* that they were permitted to hear and join in the rehearsal of the Lord's Prayer. None but believers were permitted, in any case, audibly to adopt the language of this prayer and say, "Our Father who art in heaven ;" though it might be used in silent prayer. In the worship of *the faithful*, on the contrary, it might be rehearsed aloud, or sung by them, or repeated in responses.

"3 As another prerogative, they were allowed to seek an explanation of all the mysteries of the Christian religion. Origen and Gregory of Nyssa often allege, in commendation of Christianity, that it has refined mysteries which no vulgar mind can comprehend. By which is understood, among other things, the rites and doctrines of the church, and the subtle-ties of their faith. All these were cautiously concealed from catechumens, and taught to believers only, because 'by God's gift they were made partakers of these mysteries, and therefore qualified to judge of them.' To the uninitiated, the ancient fathers discoursed only on obvious points of morality; and if at any time they were led to touch upon their profound mysteries, they dismissed them with the expression, 'To the initiated it is given to know these things.'

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* Riddle's Christ. Antiq., et Lienhart ; De Antiq. Liturg., et de Disciplina Arcani ; and Coleman's Christian Antiquities.

* Jamieson : Manners of Prim. Christ., p. 132.

† Cyril. Hiersol. Catech. Mystagog. 5, et seq.

"4. The most important religious privilege of believers is that of partaking of the Eucharist, which has always comprehended a right to participate in all the sacred mysteries, and hence has derived the significant name of *communion.*"

Besides the foregoing, the primitive organism of the church had other peculiarities, which show that it belonged to the category of secret associations.

1. Its rites were celebrated in secret. Baptism and the Eucharist were administered only in the presence of the initiated. Before the solemn mysteries commenced, one of the deacons made proclamation, as in the ancient mysteries: *Procul, O procul, este profani!* —far, far hence, retire ye profane. The doors were closed, and a guard set to protect the believers from profane intrusion.

2. It used a costume of the order, or regalia. The candidates for baptism were clothed in white. At the baptism of the younger Theodosius, all the grandees of the court were dressed in white raiment: *ut existimaretur multitudo esse nive repleta.* According to Clemens Alexandrinus, the *whole assembly* were required to engage even in public worship, in becoming dress.

3. It had secret signs of recognition. The faithful disciple received at his initiation a new name, or a baptismal name. This was engraved, together with a secret signal or mark upon a white stone,* which the possessor retained as a voucher for his membership, and fidelity among strangers. But the signal the most in use among the Christian brotherhood was the sign of the cross.

There was no feature of their private manners more remarkable than the frequency with which they made use of this sign. With minds filled as theirs were with lively faith in the grand doctrine of redemption, and making it, as they did almost every moment, the subject of their meditations and the theme of their gratitude, it is not wonderful that they should have devised some concise mode of recalling it to their memories, or of expressing to each other by some mutual token the principles and hopes they held in common. Accordingly, the sign of the cross naturally suggested itself as an appropriate emblem, and so early was its introduction among the daily observances of the Christians, that the most ancient of the Fathers, whose writings have descended to our times, speak of it as in their days a venerable practice, which, though it would be in vain to seek any scriptural authority for its use, tradition had authorized and faith observed. Although, however, we have no authentic account of its introduction, we can guess at its origin. It was a beautiful custom of those who lived while the ministry of Christ was recent, and who were suddenly brought from the depths of despair at his death, to indescribable joy at his resurection, to break off in the middle of conversation and salute one another with the words, "Christ is risen." The practice was peculiar to the contemporaries of the Saviour; and it is not improbable that when time, by removing them further from that spirit-stirring event, had brought the interesting custom into disuse, his followers in the next age sought to substitute in its place that which, in every variety of time and circumstance, forms the chief subject of interest in the history and religion of Jesus, and on which, as the grand foundation, the whole superstructure of Christian doctrine rests. Accordingly the cross was used by the primitive Christians as an epitome of all that is most interesting and important in their faith; and its sign, where the word could not be conveniently nor safely uttered, represented their reliance on that event, which is at once the most ignominious and the most glorious part of Christianity. It was used by them at all times, and to consecrate the most common actions of life—when rising out of bed, or retiring to rest—when sitting at table, lighting a lamp, or dressing themselves—on every occasion, as they wished the influence of religion to pervade the whole course of their life, they made the sign of the cross, the visible emblem of their faith. The mode in which this was done was various: the most common was by drawing the hand rapidly across the forehead, or by merely tracing the sign in air; in some cases it was worn close to the bosom, in gold, silver, or bronze medals, suspended by a concealed chain from the neck; in others, it was engraven on the arms or some other part of the body by a colored drawing, made by pricking the skin with a needle, and borne as a perpetual memorial of the love of Christ. In times of persecution it served as the watchword of the Christian party. Hastily described by the finger, it was the secret but well-known signal by which Christians recognized each other in the presence of strangers and enemies; by which the persecuted sought an asylum, strangers threw themselves on the hospitality of their brethren; and nothing appeared to the pagan observer more strange and inexplicable than the ready and open-hearted manner in which, by these concerted means, foreign Christians were received by those whom they had never previously seen or heard of, and were welcomed to their homes, and entertained with the kindness usually bestowed only on relations and friends.*

4. It was a charitable fraternity, an order of mutual relief. That the primitive Christians were bound together by a close and intimate friendship, even pagan writers were constrained to confess. A Christian brother seems to have had claims upon his brothers and the fraternity, which were always recognized. Go under any name, travel to the remotest places, among people of foreign manners and unknown tongue, the pilgrims of faith were by their secret tokens able to make themselves known to the faithful, and were certain of finding friends who would cherish them, and watch over them with brotherly solicitude and care.

This fact early excited the suspicions of the heathen, that Christianity was a secret society; but unable to appreciate the lofty and divine sentiments of the gospel, they saw in this mystical friendship and those secret tokens, only the indications of a wide-spread conspiracy; especially was this the case when they saw the hand of fellowship given, and the rites of hospitality performed by such people to foreigners, whose person and character had been previously unknown to them. The heathen knew nothing of those inward feelings, that brotherly love, that fellowship of the spirit, which created between the Christians spiritual ties, independent alike of the natural and political boundaries of the earth, and one manifestation of which was their pleasure and their readiness to open their doors and render every hospitable attention to those of the same faith from all quarters of the world. The way was for a traveler, on arriving at any town, to seek out the church, in or about which liberal accommodation was always provided for both the temporal and spiritual comforts of the wayfaring man. But it was seldom that the burden of lodging him was allowed to be borne by the common funds of the church; for no sooner was the news of his arrival spread abroad, than the members vied with each other which should have the privilege of entertaining the Christian stranger at their homes; and whatever was his rank or calling, he soon found himself domiciled with brethren, whose circumstances were similar to his own. A minister was entertained by one of his own order; a mechanic by one of the same craft or station; and even the poorest would have been readier, and have counted it a greater honor, to share his hut and his crust with a disciple like himself, than to have sat at table with the Emperor of Rome. In course of time, however, this generous and open-hearted hospitality was abused. Persons unworthy to enjoy it—spies and impositors, under the assumed name of Christians—introduced themselves to the brethren in distant places, and by misrepresenting afterward what had been told them in the unsuspecting confidence of brotherhood, and circulating calumnies prejudicial both to individuals and to the body of Christians at large, threatened to bring on the church a variety of evils—not the least of which would have been that of putting an end to the ancient kindly intercourse with Christian strangers—had not a plan been happily devised and introduced into universal practice, by which travelers were known at once to be good men and true. The plan was this: every one on setting out on a journey was furnished by the minister of the church to which he belonged with a letter of credence to the spiritual rulers of the place where he meant to sojourn, the presentation of which having satisfied them as to his Christian character, was instantly followed by a welcome invitation to partake of the hospitality of the Church or the brethren. To prevent forgeries, these letters were folded in a particular form, which procured them the name of *literæ formatæ, besides containing some secret marks within, by which the Christians of foreign parts knew them to be genuine.* By these testimonials, slightly varied in external appearance, according to their several purposes—such, for instance, as their certifying the bearer's claim merely to the common entertainment of Christians, or his right to participate in all the privileges of the church, or his being sent on some embassy pertaining to the common faith—Christians were admitted to the followship of their brethren in all parts of the world, were treated by the family that received them as one of themselves, had their feet washed by the wife on their first arrival, and at their departure were anxiously and tenderly committed to the divine care, in a prayer by the master of the house. This last was a never-failing part of the hospitality of the times; and to have betrayed any symptoms of preferring the temporal good cheer of the friendly host to his parting benediction, would have been a death-blow to the further credit of the stranger.

In the general intercourse of society, the primitive Christians, acting according to the rules of Scripture, were careful to render to all their dues; honor to whom honor is due, tribute to whom tribute, and to practice everything that is just, honest, and of good report. Their salutations to one another were made by imprinting on each other's cheek a kiss—the token of love—the emblem of brotherhood; and this, except in times of trouble and persecution, when they hastily recognized each other by the secret sign of the cross, was the constant and the only form observed by Christians when they met together. It was practiced in their private houses, at their public meetings, and indeed, on all suitable occasions, though it was considered better and more prudent to dispense with it on the public streets, to avoid giving unnecessary offense to their heathen fellow-citizens. Whenever they met their pastor, they were accustomed from the earliest times, to bow their heads to receive his blessing—a ceremony which, in later times, when increased respect was paid to the clerical order, was accompanied with kissing his hands and embracing his feet.

5. It aimed to reform society, and rebuild the tabernacle of humanity on the divine idea of charity and mutual love. All the details transmitted to us of the secret brotherhood of the Christians, of their social intercourse, and of their public conduct, bespeak the lively operation of this Christian spirit. And when we read of the delightful harmony and concord that reigned in their assemblies, their ready disposition to render to every one his due—the high condescending to those of low degree—the poor giving the tribute of their respect to those whom Providence had placed in a more exalted station—and all vieing with amiable rivalry to promote each other's happiness and welfare, we perceive the strong grounds of the proverbial observation of the heathen, "Behold how these Christians love one another!" Not only when they were small in numbers, and, meeting together almost daily, were well known to each other, did this admirable affection prevail among them; but, how widely soever they might be separated, the ardor of their love suffered no diminution, and forgetting every other distinction in that of being the followers and friends of the Saviour, they sympathized in each other's joys and sorrows. Whatever blessing one of their number had received, was a subject of lively gratitude to all; and whatever calamity had befallen a single member, spread a gloom over the whole community. Bound to each other by ties infinitely holier and dearer than any that belong to the world, they look upon themselves as members of the same common family. Every time that they met, either in their own houses or in their public assemblies, they interchanged the kiss as a badge of fellowship and token of the warmest affection. Though totally unconnected by ties of consanguinity, they addressed each other according to their respective age and sex, by the name of father, mother, brother, sister. Though naturally separated by distinction of rank and diversity of color, nothing could cool the ardor or prevent the reciprocities of their mutual love. The knowledge of the simple fact that any one was a follower of Jesus, changed him at once from a stranger into a friend; creating a union between them not to be described by the cold selfish friendship of the world; and to them belongs the peculiar distinction of realizing a state of society which many philosophers had often delighted to picture to their fancy, and wished for in vain—the idea of a community united by no other bond than the golden chain of universal love.

By the foregoing, it appears to be demonstrated beyond a doubt that Christianity at its birth enveloped itself in secrecy and mystery. Divine and unspeakably important as its idea was, it did not disdain these human agencies which, in all the institutions of antiquity, were found so useful in winning the attachment and training the thoughts of the people. While Christianity was unquestionably the highest and divinest revelation of eternal truth, and brought to man the means of solicitation from sin, it sought in its material organism to provide for many of the wants and to alleviate many of the distresses of the outward life, which all human institutions had overlooked. The Christian Brotherhood was based on a new social idea, and the only one that can ever renovate society, and that idea could in no way be so well illustrated as in that secret order in which it was first enshrined. Protected by its mysterious vails from the assaults of its enemies, the gospel worked its way in the world, and finally gained the material dominion thereof, and promises in the end to subdue all things to itself.

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* St. John alludes to this custom. Vide Rev. ii. 17.

* Vide. Jamieson. Manners of Prim. Christ.

St. John the Evangelist.

"Name fitly chosen,—he who loved to rest
His weary head upon his Saviour's breast,
St. John, of all disciples the most blest."

This is the month consecrated masonically to St. John the Evangelist, Patron Saint of Anglican and Christian Masonry and lodges. The memory and life of the "Holy Evangelist" are monitory records of our duties and responsibilities, indicating the features of our institution and our purposes, and shedding wherever the gavel is heard the radiance of his benignity upon our ceremonies. Although that "loved disciple," upon the "burthen of whose every discourse," as has been beautifully remarked, "there is personified the embodiment, and poured out the very soul of Masonry," has long passed away from the scenes of his Christian battle-fields, he still symbolically remains among us; the echo of his voice still lingers round his varied emblems, allegories, and hieroglyphics; and to assist in perpetuating his inspired teachings, did Masonry first adopt him as her patron, and dedicate her lodges to his memory.

Let us not imagine then that we confer to a mere idle conventionality of our Order when we commemorate his anniversary—when we assemble, in obedience to ancient custom, to offer our tribute of veneration upon the altar of Masonry to the virtues and memory of one whose precepts and instructions are the very life-blood of Masonry itself. Nor must we think our task is accomplished, our self-imposed duties performed, by the attendance on a heartless and unmeaning ceremony, into which our souls and better feelings never enter, and the purposes of which we deem it unnecessary to comprehend or to deliberate on. True, it is a masonic holy-day, pronounced and received as such for centuries, but not in the common and popular acceptation of the word, which is wont to open the avenues of thoughtless frivolity and unrestrained excesses, and to yield a tacit acquiescence in abandonment of the noblest principles of our Order. On no day more should the lessons we have been taught by the "GREAT LIGHTS" before us more forcibly admonish ns of the several and solemn duties they prescribe. On no day can our labor in the moral workshop of Masonry be more clearly defined, or the Mason's mind be more attracted to a sense of the work designed for him upon our *moral tressel board* than on that which assembles us together as "a society of friends and brothers," to do honor to the name of one who in this life was the bright exemplar of our Order, and in his death has transmitted to posterity the Freemason's creed and duty. This is what we have received from him, and embodies the vitality and soul of our society. It is

"VIRTUE AND UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENCE."

—*N. Y. Era.*

Competency of Officers.

If there is any subject connected with our Order which demands, at the present time, the most serious consideration of the brethren, it is this which we have just mentioned. It lies very near the root of all our prosperity. Nothing will invest our Order with so much dignity—nothing will so secure the respect of new members, and win their reverence and love—and nothing, we are certain, will make the ritual so attractive to ourselves, as a dignified, decorous, and correct administration.

Whereas, on the contrary, no one can conceive the injury which is inflicted upon us by inefficient officers; of whom, we are sorry to say, there are far too many. We have sometimes been infinitely pained, to say the least, when it has been our lot to witness the dreadful havoc which is made of our work by incompetent officers.

A lodge, in selecting individuals to fill the various offices, should have no other desire than to find the men who will best discharge the respective duties of each. The charges and lectures of the Order are exceedingly elegant and refined, and no one, therefore, should venture to lay sacrilegious hands upon them, or attempt to deliver them, unless he can do so with a corresponding elegance and grace. That miserable, mumbling, unintelligible manner of performing these duties, which is even now the bane of many of our lodges, should be denounced everywhere, till the evil disappears. A gentlemanly address, a ready speech, and an impressive manner of delivery, are indispensable qualifications; without them no brother, it seems to us, ought to be considered eligible to office.

We speak with great plainness on this subject, because it is of momentous importance. It is a fact, which we are obliged to confess, that there are hundreds of the most respectable and intelligent citizens of the United States who never attend any meetings, having been disgusted at their initiation, by the undignified administration of the rites.

It is a happiness, however, to know that the Order everywhere is waking up to a consciousness of this evil, and all the brethren are anxious for its removal. The members of the Fraternity have so deep a love for it, they will readily sacrifice all private feeling for the general good. Those who have the requisite qualifications for office will not shrink from its duties, labors, and responsibilities; and those who have them not, will apply themselves diligently to the business that they may become proficient therein to their own honor and the credit of the Order.

We would not, for a moment, be understood to favor the notion of an aristocracy in the Order. We do not mean to say that none but literary and educated men should be allowed to hold offices in our lodges. We only mean that all who aspire to these honors shall, by previous study and practice, qualify themselves. And this we must most strenuously insist upon. We would not debar any one, whatever his condition in life, from the honors of the Order, but we would rather inspire all with a desire of becoming worthy of them by their qualifications.

Masonry.

(FROM AN ADDRESS OF J. K. CLARKE, P.·. E.·. G.·. C.·. OF MICHIGAN.)

No substitute or innovation will be tolerated. From the book of the law Masonry derived her ceremonies, ritual and landmarks; all of which are enforced upon our minds as a type of that which is to follow. Masonry admits of no change in her ceremonies, lectures, or work, but requires a strict conformity to her ancient landmarks. Freemasonry is a moral Order, presenting to our minds the most sublime truths in the midst of the most innocent and social pleasures, founded on liberality, brotherly love, and charity. It is a delightful system of morality illustrated by symbols. Truth is its center, pointing to its disciples a correct knowledge of the Grand Architect of the universe, and the moral law which he has ordained for their government. The masonic emblem and symbol appeal to his dull nature—they heighten the effect of moral principles, and incite to noble action, by vivid delineation. In all ages it has been the object of Masonry, not only to improve the minds of its members, by instructing them in the sciences and useful arts, but to improve their hearts by enforcing the precepts of religion and morality. The principal points of Masonry are threefold, and comprise the exalted virtues of brotherly love, relief, and truth. The cardinal virtues are temperance, fortitude, prudence, and justice. Like all sciences, whether moral or physical, Freemasonry is progressive, and a perfect knowledge of it can only be acquired by time, patience, and close study of its principles. What a sublime field for moral investigation and critical research do the liberal arts and sciences afford. A correct knowledge of Masonry, in all its moral teachings, symbolic illustrations, physical science, its order of architecture, the science of human nature, the liberal arts and sciences, the variety of appropriate emblems, its lectures, ceremonies, and work or rituals, are to be attained by perseverance, and will afford to the good Mason as great a cause of gratification as was obtained by the perseverance of Charlemagne, Hannibal, Bonaparte, or by our illustrious and beloved brother, Washington. The Craft Mason, who has been instructed in the principles of nature, and taught a knowledge of the Grand Architect of the universe, is in the Royal Arch degree, pointed to the Triune God, the Jehovah of the Scriptures. He passes thence from the old dispensation to the new, from the temple of Solomon to Bethlehem and Calvary, from types and shadows to the revealed Gospel.

Templarism is based upon the same principles of Craft or Symbolic Masonry—the moral law, to which a new command is added. Symbolic Masonry is to the Christian knight what the Jewish Law was to the Apostle—his instructor. "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, when I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel and the house of Judah. This is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel, saith the Lord, I will put my laws in their minds, and write it in their hearts, and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people" A new covenant he hath made—the first old—now that which decayeth and waxeth old, is ready to vanish away. If that which is done away was glorious, much more is that which remaineth glorious.

Ancient Correspondence.

The following letters passed between the king of Israel and the king of Tyre:

SOLOMON TO KING HIRAM.

"Know thou, that my father would have built a temple to God, but was hindered by wars, and continual expeditions, for he did not leave off to overthrow his enemies till he made them all subject to tribute; but I give thanks to God for the peace I at present enjoy; and on that account I am at leisure, and design to build an house to God; for God foretold to my father that such an house should be built by me; wherefore I desire thee to send some of thy subjects, with mine, to Mount Lebanon, to cut down timber, for the Sidonians are more skillful than our people in cutting of wood; I will pay whatsoever price thou shalt determine."

HIRAM TO KING SOLOMON.

"It is fit to bless God that he hath committed thy father's government to thee, who art a wise man, and endowed with all virtues. As for myself I rejoice at the condition thou art in, and will be subservient to thee in all that thou sendest to me about; for when by my subjects, I have cut down many, and large trees of cedar and cypress wood, I will send them to the sea, and will order my subjects to make floats of them, and to sail to what place soever of thy country thou shalt desire, and leave them there; after which thy subjects may carry them to Jerusalem; but do thou take care to procure us corn for this timber, which we stand in need of, because we inhabit in an island."—*Josephus's History of Antiquities of Jews.*

Incident of a Mason—Lord Nelson.

No man ever had a stronger sense of good nature, under the influence of justice, than Lord Nelson. He was loth to inflict punishment; and, when he was obliged, as he called it, to "to endure the torture of seeing men flogged," he came out of the cabin with a hurried step, ran into the gangway, made his bow to the general officers, and, reading the articles of war the culprit had infringed, said, "Boatswain, do your duty." The lash was instantly applied, and, consequently, the sufferer exclaimed, 'Forgive me, admiral, forgive me!' On such occasions, Nelson would look round with wild anxiety; and, as all his officers kept silence, he would say, 'What! none of you ask for him! Avast! cast him off!' and then add, to the suffering culprit, 'Jack, in the day of battle remember me, and become a good and obedient fellow in future." A poor man was about to be flogged—a landsman—and a few pitied him. His offense was drunkenness. As he was being tied up, a lovely girl, contrary to all rules, rushed through the officers, and, falling on her knees, clasped Nelson's hand, in which were the articles of war, exclaiming, "Pray, forgive him your honor, and he shall never offend again!' 'Your face,' said the admiral, is a security for his good behavior. Let him go; the fellow cannot be bad who has such a lovely creature in his care." This man rose to be a lieutenant; his name was William Pye.

Masonic Conundrum.

The following quaint conundrum took a prize of fifteen dollars.

"Why should the ladies of A——— dislike Masonic Halls?"

"*Answer.* Because their husbands go there to lodge."

The prize was a bracelet of the above value.

THE ATHENIANS had a statue of brass, made without a tongue, which they adored as the god of Secrecy.

The National Freemason.

WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER, 1863.

Letters of business, and containing money, and correspondence, should be addressed Dr. McMurdy, Box 982. Printed matter should be directed National Freemason, Lock Box 18, Washington City.

The editor can be seen before 8, a. m., or at 5, p. m., at Mrs. Parrish's, 54 Missouri avenue.

Agents.—Bro. Charles H. Anderson, 458 Seventh street, opposite Post Office; Bro. Tacey, Clerk of Court, for Alexandria; Bro. Geo. H. Raymond, G.·. L.·., 48 John street, for New York city; Bros. James Sterratt and Dr. Crane, 74 Lexington street, between Charles and Liberty streets, for Baltimore city; Bro. Huntington, Adams, N. Y.; Bro. Enos, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Every change of P. O. box, or residence of subscribers, should be carefully reported. The past address of the paper should always be stated.

Under the present postal law, no matter can be delivered until postage (three cents per quarter) is paid.

OFFICIAL.

To the Brethren, Companions, and Sir Knights of the several jurisdictions; We, as Grand Master of Knights Templar in the United States of America, Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, send greeting:

We not only regard with favor the enterprise so generally approved by the Craft, to establish a National Masonic Journal at the metropolis of the nation, but we are impelled by a deep sense of its importance to urge upon you the most vigorous exertions to give to this much-needed instrument for good a healthy and vigorous life.

Let each Masonic body, in corporate capacity, subscribe for as many copies of the National Freemason, as may be expedient, for circulation among the widows and orphans of Masons, and among the sick and indigent Masons in hospitals, thereby exercising a high charity. Let each Mason take as many copies personally as he can afford, and induce his neighbor to do the same.

We are satisfied, from the well-known high educational, literary, and Masonic character of the Rev. R. McMurdy, D. D., LL. D., Grand Prelate of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, that the National Freemason will be conducted in a liberal, faithful, national, and catholic spirit, and will tend to increase and diffuse light within and without our sacred precincts, and promote harmony and good will among the brotherhood.

The moderate terms of its publication, ($1.50 per annum,) make it accessible to the Masonic masses.

We urge you all, brethren, to prompt action in sending names of subscribers, paying in advance, to Rev. Dr. McMurdy, Washington City.

B. B. FRENCH,
Grand Master Knights Templar, U. S. of A.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand High Priest of Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and District of Columbia.
Y. P. PAGE,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Maryland.

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The Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, at its last session, adopted the following resolution concerning the "National Freemason," offered by Past Grand Master B. B. French.

"*Resolved*, That the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge be hereby directed to take for the Grand Lodge a sufficient number of copies, not exceeding thirty, of the National Freemason, to preserve three copies for the archives of the Grand Lodge, and to send one copy to each Grand Lodge in the United States, and such foreign Grand Lodges as are in communication with the Grand Lodge."

◆

Federal Lodge, No. 1, and Union Lodge, U. D., Alexandria, have subscribed in lodge capacity for 30 copies each of the National Freemason; B. B. French Lodge for 40 copies; Washington Naval Lodge, 10 copies; and Washington Commandery, No. 1, 20 copies. Alexandria Lodge has voted to stereotype the first three numbers of the Freemason. St. John's Lodge, of this city, has voted a sum sufficient to stereotype the October number.

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Agents Wanted.—We desire industrious, sober, honest agents, of good repute, in every State and city of the Union, and in all parts of the globe where there are Masons reading the English language.

◆

The American Masonic Almanac for 1864 is ready for delivery for fifteen cents a copy, without any expense to us for delivery. If sent by mail or express, of course there must be the postage or express charge added. Ten copies for one dollar.

Booksellers and others, taking not less than 100 copies, at 20 per cent. discount; nor less than 500 copies, 33⅓ per cent. Money must accompany orders.

◆

Back Numbers can be obtained, *at subscription rates*, at Anderson's. Where our negligence has caused a failure in the transmission of papers, by communicating it, the missing numbers will be cheerfully supplied.

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Charters for Grand Lodges.—Grand or supreme bodies are not organized under charters. No G.·. L.·., nor G.·. C.·., nor G.·. E.·. exists by charter, for this would imply inferiority, submission, and obedience on the part of a supreme, governing body.

Henry Clay and Lexington Lodge.

Henry Clay was Junior Warden of Lexington, (Ky.,) Lodge in 1800, Grand orator of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, every year from 1806 to 1818, and elected Grand Master in 1820.

Lexington Lodge, No. 25, (Kentucky,) boasted, in 1800, among its members the names of Henry Clay, (Junior Warden,) Edmond Bullock, Felix Grundy Thomas Bodley, Jesse Bledsoe, Cuthbert Banks, Joseph H. Daveiss, (killed in 1811 at Tippecanoe, at that time Grand Master,) and Green Clay.

◆

The Freemasons' Relief Association of Philadelphia has done much good. A number of lodges of that city agreed to furnish contributions for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers and sailors. Five cents a month was assessed by the lodges on each member. A committee of Masons met daily for two hours to attend to applications for relief. Hospitals received special attention. Delicate diet has been furnished, soldiers' families have been cared for, and much good has been done.

Qualifications for Master.

A Master should be an honest, upright man, without fear in the discharge of his duty, impartial in decision, maintaining the dignity of Masonry and preserving the landmarks. Mild and courteous, yet decided. A man of masonic reading and good sense. Benevolent and charitable towards the opinion and conduct of others. Of high moral character, strictly temperate, and just to all men. Competent to confer the three degrees of Masonry, and acquainted with the laws that govern bodies of men.

Visit of Sir Knights to Baltimore.

Columbia Commandery made a visit to Maryland Institute, Baltimore, at the close of the month. The Sir Knights reached the Camden railway station at 5 o'clock, and were met by a committee of the Institute. who escorted them to the Eutaw House, accompanied by the full band of the 2d U. S. Regular Artillery, of Fort McHenry.

After tea, the Knights, escorted by the committee, marched to the Hall. There were not less than 4,000 persons here. The officers were present to receive them. Mr. Hunt made the reception address. He spoke of the Order, of the Institute Library, School of Design, and lectures, and prayed for a return of peace. We were unexpectedly called upon to respond. We adverted to the history of the connection of chivalric with symbolic Masonry; of the one as representing labor, and the other poetry; the one genius, and the other taste. That Masonry was not an organized power nor a social busy-body; a silent but not powerless influence. At one time checking the world from an oppressive unity, which destroyed individualism, liberty, and progress; now seeking to check our excessive individualism, and to encourage unity, fraternity, devotion, and truth. We showed the connection Masonry had with fairs, mechanical arts, and sciences.

After inspecting the various exhibitions of industry and the fine arts, (which deserved great commendation,) the Sir Knights were drawn up in line; and, after making some remarks to the audience on Knight Templarism, we united in devotions, all using the Lord's Prayer, and, after the benediction, returned to the hotel.

Our good friend, Sir Knight Starritt, gave us Scottish masonic cheer at his house, and would not let us depart from the city without a memento of his liberality.

We ought to have noticed that the invitation was from the Maryland Institute to the Commandery.

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Thanks to Sir Knt. Corson, of New Jersey, for sundry documents.

Thanks to Bro. Barrett, of the "Masonic Casket," for his magnanimity, knightly generosity, and valuable favors.

Acknowledgments to Literary and Dramatic Association for tickets for ourselves and wife to the lecture of Park Benjamin, Esq., December 4, at Odd Fellows' Hall.

The Normal Lodge, New York city, and the Com. on Invitations especially, have our thanks for their cordial invitation to the Annual Reunion on the 16th of December, at Irving Hall, New York city. We shall be there if within our power. But the stern maxim—"Duty first and pleasure afterwards," has kept us from many a reunion.

While recording our thanks to Bro. Gedney, (393 Penn. Av., nearly opposite telegraph office,) for a double set of cards and card plate, we would urge the craft to visit his extensive preparations for most handsome executions of everything in his department. He occupies the entire fourth story of 393 Penn. Av.

◆

A brother asks, "Were lodges always dedicated to St. Johns?"—Lodges were dedicated to Moses and Solomon, so long as Masonry was in the custody of the Jews. After the destruction of the Temple at Jerusalem, and the dissolution of the Jewish polity, both civil and ecclesiastical, Masonry naturally fell into the hands of Christians. Since the destruction of Jerusalem, the lodges have been Christian. The Jews have not been in a situation to hold lodges, having no country, home, nor government—flying from country to country to escape persecutions everywhere pursuing them.

Love of the Brotherhood.

The following is a specimen of letters we receive. It is right. Every sick and suffering brother has a right to the society of the fraternity. We read the letter in a masonic body the other evening, and his address was at once taken by the brethren:

—— HOSPITAL, *Nov.* 24, 1863.

Dr. McMurdy:

DEAR SIR: Although not having the pleasure of being personally acquainted with you, yet from hearing you spoken of with great warmth and respect by the fraternity, I take the liberty of asking a favor of you. I am a M.·. M.·. of —— Lodge, —— City, and at present in the Hospital, with inflammation on the lungs, and, being a stranger in this city, I should take it as a great favor if you would request some of the brethren to visit me, for the time now passes very heavily."

* * *

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A Brother writes: "Do you not prejudice or weaken the principles of our common Christian faith by pleading for a full general recognition of the rights of Jews to the same political and municipal privileges as Christians?"

By no means. The advocacy of full rights, masonic and civil, for the Israelites, is a mark of intelligence in the individual, and of popular intelligence in the community. What is asserted is, that in the eye of Masonry and the law, and for all the ends of citizenship, genealogy and creed are not to be counted. We may lament that he is not a Christian, and strive by lawful means to win him to Christ; but in all our political, social, and masonic government we are bound to deal with him as a man and brother, without placing him, for a moment, in any position of obligation. We assign him his simple rights, however long withheld. We must do right and be just to all men, and love the Israelite as well as the Christian. "He that loveth fulfilleth the law.

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Election of Officers of Grand Lodge.

The following is sent us by the Grand Secretary of the G.·. L.·. of the District of Columbia:

J. E. F. Holmead, Grand Master; R. B. Donaldson, Deputy Grand Master; F. A. Jackson, Senior Grand Warden; J. E. Rawlings, Junior Grand Warden; C. Cammack, sr., Grand Treasurer; W. Morris Smith, Grand Secretary; W. G. Parkhurst, Grand Visitor and Lecturer; T. Creaser, Grand Tiler.

Grand Lodge of Chili was recognized.

Series of appropriate resolutions in relation to the death of late Grand Master Page adopted.

Total membership returned, 1229.

Total disbursements for charity, per report of Grand Treasurer in 1861	$905 37
1862	1625 26
1863	2427 68

W. MORRIS SMITH,
Grand Secretary.

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REV. BRO. MCJILTON, D. D.—We will comply with your request, and publish Bro. Gwynne's article in the January number.

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The Almanac contains valuable reading matter and its masonic chronology is perhaps unequaled in Europe and America. Price fifteen cents, and to this add the expense of postage.

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[The following is from M.·. W.·. Winslow Lewis, M. D.]

BOSTON, *Nov.* 9, 1863.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.: I hasten to enroll among the subscribers to the NATIONAL FREEMASON the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, and I congratulate the Fraternity that another chaplet promises to adorn and increase the literary treasures of the masonic history of the United States, and long may it flourish to diffuse a radiance commensurate with its incipient bloom.

Very fraternally yours,

WINSLOW LEWIS.

Table Lodges.

Before our next issue, our Anglican brethren will be in the midst of the celebration of the Festivals of the Winter St. John, as they term them, December 27. These banquets are in accordance with a fixed ritual, and the sound of the gavel is heard and obeyed.

The table is in the form of a horse-shoe, the brethren placed around the exterior circumference; the M.·. and visiting brethren occupying the upper portion, and the wardens the two ends. The interior is vacant for servants. Bottles are termed *barrels*; glasses, *cannons*; napkins, *flags*; knives, *swords*; for the act of drinking, *fire*; for wine, *powder*; &c. Plates, glasses, bottles, and dishes are arranged in lines, in the order named. After the opening formula, labor is suspended for refreshment, and the first service disposed of, the Master calls to order for the first toast, "The chief of the nation." Each brother charges his cannon with powder, after which he places his flag over his left arm and waits the word of command. The Master says: Right hand on sword (knife.) Present swords. Swords to the left. Right hand on arms (glass.) Present arms. Fire. The sentiment is always divided into three parts, and drunk by three fires, as—the President, his family, the prosperity of the Government. After the third fire, the glass is placed opposite the left shoulder at the word *one;* at *two*, carried to the right; at three, extended in front; the several motions forming a triangle. This is repeated three times. The Master then says one—two —three—and the glasses are placed on the table. So with the knife, and the brethren resume seats and listen to response. The second service is followed by second toast, and so on.

In foreign rites there are seven obligatory toasts: the President, the Grand Master, Grand Lodge, Master, Wardens, visiting brethren, remaining officers of the lodge, and Masons everywhere.

Here is artistic enjoyment; and from these European masonic "Table Lodges" we may well take useful lessons to retard our hurried banquets, and permit "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

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Compliment to Masonry.

The Provost Marshal at New Orleans passed (1861-2) through the lines the report of printed proceedings of the Grand Chapter of Maine to the Grand Chapters in the seceded States.

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Masonic Jewelry.

A brother asks for a remedy against the profane receiving masonic jewelry. There can be no law which can affect those without the Order. We have met but few, not Masons, exhibiting the masonic emblem. Such we ask for charity, and they soon find the sign more troublesome than they imagined.

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DR. JAMES R. REILY, Knight Templar, and late Medical Director, Gen. King's Division, has done several knightly acts which have come to our knowledge, in our visits among the poor on the Island. He is ever ready to visit without charge any poor Mason's family. His office is on Four-and-a-half street, below C, Island.

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THE POOR OF THE CITY who may suffer much during the winter, ought to enlist masonic sympathy for practical and organized relief. What say you brethren? What will you do? No time to be lost.

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ARCADE ACADEMY, N. Y., is under the care of Bro. Prof. Eagle. It has the powers and advantages of a college, with the more direct supervision of an academy. From all we learn of Bro. Eagle, we doubt if a superior can be found in his profession.

Minutes.

The minutes of lodges are "approved," not "confirmed" nor "adopted." The only question before the lodge, after their reading, is: "Are they correct?" Do they conform to the facts and order of business? Are the minutes a correct transcript of proceedings? The minority may vote the "approval" of the record of the secretary, although they may have voted against the action of the majority. An approval of the record is not an approval of the action of the lodge.

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Notice of Dr. Lewis's Biography, and Bro. French's excellent commemorative oration in next number.

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MILITARY MASONRY.

The Army.

COL. JAMES J. DOLLINS, Adjutant Zebedee Hammack, and R. W. Humphreys, sergeant of Company F, all of the 81st Illinois Regiment, General Logan's Division, were killed in the charge of the enemy's works, May 22d and 30th, 1863.

Major General McClernand, by dispensation, received the degrees in Central Lodge, No. 81, Illinois, W.·. M.·. Major Bateman, Master.

THE CRAFT AND THE COUNTRY.

We copy the following historical fact from the Carolina *Gazette* of July 19th, 1798, published at Charleston, South Carolina:

BALTIMORE, June 29, 1798.

A company of Masons are forming themselves in this town, under the command of Captain William Belton, the present Deputy Grand Master of this State. Such members of the Society as the officers may not have an opportunity of calling upon personally, and who wish to join this *Band of Brothers* (in the true and literal sense) for the defense of their country, will please to apply to Captain Belton, or to Lieut. G. L. Gray, so as, if possible, to be prepared for the first review of the 27th regiment, of which the company forms part.

The masonic brethren will recollect that the pen of calumny has lately been employed to make mankind believe that Masons, at their meetings, labor to annihilate government. One of their principles is to support government. Let the Masons of Baltimore remember that they have now in their power to convince their fellow-citizens *in character* of this *truth.*—*Masonic Review.*

MASONIC JEWELS SAVED.

Chas. W. Moore, G. Sec. of the G. L. of Mass.:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: You will please receive herewith eight silver jewels, the property of St. John's Lodge, of Newbern, N. C., which you will please deposit in the archives of the Gr. Lodge, for safe keeping, until an opportunity shall offer to return them to the rightful masonic owners.

They were obtained from a soldier, who probably obtained them from a negro, as, when the Masonic Hall was desecrated, the negroes carried away many valuables. Captain (now Lieutenant Colonel) Andrew Elwell, of the 23d regiment, a good Mason and brave and gallant soldier, hearing by chance that some masonic jewels had been seen in the hands of a soldier, one of his own company, caused strict search to be made, and finally found the jewels, of which he well knew the use. He now desires me to place them in the archives of the G. Lodge of Massachusetts for safe keeping, so that when peace may again spread her wings the grateful duty will remain to us to restore to whom they belong "these jewels," emblems of masonic brotherhood, and I earnestly hope the time may soon come when they shall remind our misguided brethren that we, as Masons, have not forgotten, neither will we ever forget, our common brotherhood.

Fraternally,

WM. PARKMAN.

The Navy.

Brother Capt. James D. Sinclair, U. S. N., was in every battle from Haines' Bluff to Port Hudson, and is now in command of U. S. gunboat Gen. Sterling Price.

Workmen of the Quarry, with Work of the Temple. Where is your Quarry?

Whence came the stones of the Cyclopean architecture of the southeast and southwest corners of the Temple inclosure, and the remains of Solomon's bridge, the admiration of pilgrims to Jerusalem? Or those of the ascent to the "House of the Lord," by the wonderful bridge spanning the Tyropean valley, affording access to the Temple Mount from the Hill of Zion? Or those of the Aqueduct (still bearing Solomon's name) conveying water through its six miles of stonework into the immense subterranean pool for the ablution of priests? (The subterranean rooms beneath these pools, with the keystone arches, identify its construction with the reign of Solomon, destroying the belief infidelity had generated, that the arch is of Roman origin, and restoring the credit to Solomon, and the Masons of that period.) But whence came, also, those immense masses of rock, measuring 80 feet in length, in the Temple wall, and how raised to their present position, *now* even more than 50 feet from the ground?

We think Brother David Barclay has solved this inquiry, so interesting to Masons, by his persistent efforts during many years residence at Jerusalem. He had often heard at Jerusalem vague accounts of an immense cavern beneath the city, he was constantly on the alert to gain any information that might lead to the precise locality of this interesting place. On walking around the northern wall, immediately opposite the cave of Jeremiah, (as long as the jealous eye of the Turk would allow, in the immediate vicinity of the Damascus gate, which is kept under constant guard,) his attention was attracted by his dog, apparently on the scent for game or food, for which he forthwith commenced active mining operations with his fore paws, and soon effected an entrance. No time was lost in crawling in, feet foremost, through a narrow hole, barely large enough to admit the body. A complete exploration of this gigantic artificial quarry occupied the entire night. It is more than a thousand feet in circumference, with immense labyrinthian halls, having their roofs supported by pillars, apparently left for that purpose, and galleries and crypts, in the end of which were visible the marked blocks to be cut, as well as several large masses prepared but never removed. Above a beautiful pellucid little pool of brackish and bitter water may be seen petrified stalactites that sparkle like chandeliers in a brilliantly lighted ballroom, when exposed to the light of the flambeaux. Small pieces of crockery were also observed beautifully incrusted in sparry deposits. In the southern end of the quarry was found a most singular skull, now in the Academy of Natural Sciences of New York. Imagination is left free in assigning to this person a locality, or unravelling the mystery of his death. Who can say but that the bleached hand of this adventurous explorer, three thousand years ago,

> "Held by Solomon's own invitation
> A torch at the great Temple's dedication."

On comparing some of the chippings of the blocks in the cave with the huge stones in the Temple wall, the origin of these immense stones, and the means by which Hiram, the great Phœnician architect, and Grand Master, placed them in this position in the Temple, by rolling them down the inclined plane, is at once made apparent. Is not this fact also explanatory of what Ezra mentions in relation to some of the large rocks in the Temple, repaired by Zerubbabel, which he calls the stones of rolling.

Is not this the cavern, for so many centuries unknown to the Christian and masonic world, in which the chisel and hammer so skillfully wrought out the materials for the silent growth of the great Temple of Solomon, the perpetual monument of the genius and skill of our Grand Master, Hiram Abif? Royal Arch Masonry in England and America ought to pursue this subject still further. Capitular masonry has the ability, and ought to have the enterprise, to have an especial exploring mission at Jerusalem.

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Unity and Individuality—Masonic Mission.

The social, political, religious, and scientific development of the world proceeds under the operation of two great principles, Unity and Individuality—the first bringing about co-operation, consolidation, convergence, dependence; the other separation, isolation, divergence, and independence; the one tending to order, the other to freedom; the one the animating sentiment of conservatism, the other the vital essence of progress; the one static, the other motive. The struggle between the two has been incessant. They have been too frequently regarded as antagonistic. They are both inherent in the nature of things, and equally important to society. Unity is allied to the affections, which are sympathetic; individuality to the disruptive, being analytical and *critical.* Unity predominates in religion; intellect in science.

Masonry has inculcated both, and favored the church and encouraged science. She has taught that unity and individuality must be everywhere represented, in proper proportions, to secure social harmony; that conservatism is equally valuable with progress; that there must be order and yet freedom in government; unity and yet liberty in church; individuality and yet mutuality in society—an equal activity of the intellectual and the moral. At one time, Masonic sympathies are with the people, as oppressed by rulers in church and state; at another time, they are with the governing influences of society, as against derangements and mobs; at one time, feeling that the church was destroying all individuality and freedom—and at the present, perhaps, fearing much evil from excessive individuality, sects gradually subdividing into sects, losing a unity of religious sentiment and a sympathy of religious action under the impulse of a common creed, exhibiting a fierce spirit of religious antagonism, a decline in power to influence men to perform vast deeds of benevolence, superintend the spiritual and material conditions of the indigent, provide for the poor, check the strong, and hold community in awe, advancing beyond the past in individual knowledge and freedom, but being far behind it in the *morale* of religion. Masonry would not check the blessings of the individualism of the present, but she would increase the conscientious endeavor to live, in all ways, a life of purity, of virtue, and of implicit obedience to the highest dictates of truth; to deem no sacrifice too great to do right; subduing egotism, cultivating humility, and deferring to superiority. Masonry would combine "Old-Fogyism" and "Young America," so combine the good results of each as to ultimate a nobler form of individual and social life. Our nation has reaped the advantages of individuality—European countries are following on. Let us so exert ourselves in this holy cause, that social and national life may be grounded on religious devotion to the highest truth, and may be perpetually active in securing the social welfare of the brotherhood of man.

Are the elements not now combining in glorious *unity?* Are not men full of love to God and men, becoming living stones in the vast temple of the redeemed? *one*, through the loving heart of the Brother who died for all; one, through him, with the Infinite God, since, in him, finite and infinite are forever *one!*

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Duke of Wellington—Was he a Mason?

[Dear Doctor: I know you have the evidence that the Duke of Wellington was a mason; but for the sake of an anti-masonic friend, will you give it? He is alarmed at your showing that the moving influences of the world have been Masonic.]

The following from Bro. Lloyd, Birmingham, England, settles the fact of the Duke's being a Mason. It was communicated to the London Magazine, in 1835:

> "This distinguished brother, when colonel of the 33d Regiment of Foot, was initiated into Freemasonry in Lodge No. 494, which was at the time held in the Castle of Dangan, county Meath, the late Earl of Mornington, his grace's father, being Master of the Lodge at the time. He was duly passed, after the usual examination, and (in the phraseology of the Lodge) entered at the southern gate, and afterwards raised.
>
> "The following brethren, being members, were present—many of them (in the words of the Irish bard) 'have been famous in story:' Bros. Sir Jas. Somerville, Bart.; Sir Benjamin Chapman, Bart.; Ham. Georges, M. P.; Delvin, (late) Earl of Westmeath; Robt. Uniacke, M. P.; Richard Boyle, M. P.; John Pomeroy; Wm. Forster; Geo. Lowther, M. P.; the Earl of Mornington; the Marquis Wellesley; F. North, (late) Earl of Guildford; Robt. Percival; Robt. Waller; Richard Lesley; Arthur Wellesley.
>
> "The Lodge has for many years been in abeyance, but has never surrendered its warrant. The venerable Brother Christopher Carleton, through whose fraternal kindness the above interesting particulars have been communicated, filled the offices of Master and Secretary for several years; and finding at length that he could not succeed in effecting a sufficient gathering of the Craft to work the Lodge, he prudently took the warrant into his personal charge, and, in order to preserve its reputation and Masonic honor, he enrolled the above names, and maintained the credit of the Lodge by paying half-yearly dues from his private purse, as though it were working in prosperity."

* * * * * *

> "In the absence of records showing the time of initiation of the Duke of Wellington, it will be gratifying to obtain secondary evidence. The duke was an affiliated member of that distinguished Lodge, La Clemente Amitie, of Paris, and in that capacity is commemorated by the Lodge in the official list. The Lodge was founded on the 8th of the 1st month, (March,) 5805. The duke must have joined during the period of his residence in Paris. Although the Lodge has not only a Rose Croix Chapter, but an areopagitic Council of K. H., the duke had not been admitted to any higher degree, but is entered as M. M. The Ill. Bro. De Marconnay will most likely be able to give further particulars. It is worth while to seek for information among the old Masons in Portugal, as to intercourse of the duke with Lodges in Portugal."

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Uniformity of Masonic Service.

One of the pleasant features of Masonry is its uniformity of service. Wherever we go it is always the same. Wherever the English language is used, we find in our masonic homes the same service throughout. [In lands foreign to us in language, we feel among brethren who understand our universal language, and can comprehend our wants and relieve our necessities.] We know that we shall find the Book of the Law open at the same passages, supporting the square and the compass; that we shall find the same internal arrangements: the Master in the East, the Senior Warden at the west, and the Junior Warden in the South; the other officers at their appointed posts, and the Tyler at the door to give the worthy welcome, and obtain admittance. The same lectures, the same ceremonies, the same ritual, all educating the mind and heart, removing idiosyncracies and peculiarities of individuals, restraining, guiding, moulding, producing uniformity and general agreements.

If Episcopalians, Lutherans, and other ritual churches have the advantage of the same forms over the entire world of their faith and language, if the Roman Catholics have one language for those of their faith, wherever it is professed, yet in different dioceses while having the same language, having different service books, Masonry rejoices not only in one language, but in one service also for all her children.

[We must not be understood as bringing Masonry in competition with the churches; but, as for its object, being, in the respect of universal language and service, quite perfect.]

The Moral Power of Right.

"Are you not afraid of the power of Jupiter?" asked one of Marshal Junot, when, acting in behalf of injured innocence, he had disobeyed Napoleon. "I never fear him when he is wrong," was the reply.

"Fear God, my Abner, and God alone," is pronounced by French critics and French taste the finest line of the poetry of the first French writer.

Barbés, the once wealthy republican, worn out in a dungeon and his property confiscated, was offered a free pardon if he would accept it. He refused it. He compelled the jailor to drag him out of prison. He wrote to Louis Napoleon that he would not receive a favor from the man of the 2d of December. He reproved him of his deeds, and history will make the reproof mightier than the throne of France.

Be sure, my young Craftsmen, that you are right, and then fear nothing. Cultivate a love of the truth and obey it. Live for a purpose higher than that which is selfish and material.

Number of Applicants and Qualifications.

The thinking, moving mind of the country is aroused to a careful scrutiny of Masonry. The number of applicants for admission into the masonic family over the entire country is great. Let all be admitted, according to the prescribed regulations, who are worthy. There can be no objection to mere numbers. There may be objection to the unworthy, there ought to be more than objection, positive denial of entrance. He who recommends one unworthy should be held to accountability.

The desire to promulgate the great principles of Masonry is natural and praiseworthy. We are but advancing social and moral reform by gathering within the fold all intellectually and morally fitted for entrance. But if moved by an anxiety to augment numbers we are wandering from the path of duty and will defeat the end we seek.

It is sometimes pleaded that an applicant will reform if brought under masonic teachings. Masonry is no school of reform. She helps the distressed of every name and condition, and would reform the inebriate and save the outcast, but cannot admit such into her bosom. Masonry is no resting place for those in transition from good to evil. She expects her children to reach her standard of excellence before they pass her portals. She relies not on promises of reformation. She demands present and undoubted qualifications.

A candidate is asked if he believes in a God. How and the nature of his belief. The devils believe and tremble. Has he faith in God's goodness and justice? Does he regard Him as a Father, pitying infirmity and relieving distress; and, as a Judge, rendering true judgment? Does he believe the Bible?—the book of the law to Jew and Christian—to be the revealed word of God? Is he willing to adopt it as the guide and rule of life? If deficient in honesty, morality, truth and reverence, if ignorant of God's character, attributes, and perfections, he is unfit to participate in masonic rites. Upon the Mason's belief in God depends the usefulness of the Mason, and of Masonry itself, as reflected from him. This great stone of the foundation must be sound, square, and true.

The oath, coming from the lips of a Mason, is unmistakable proof that there was deception practiced somewhere when he stood at the portals. He cannot believe in the God of the Jew and the Christian, for to both the name of Jehovah is too sacred to be taken in vain. The canon of masonry pronounces profanity a heinous sin.

The Mason must be a man of action, a worker in God's vineyard. "Life is a struggle between good and evil; the white stone is for him who gains the victory." He must press onward. He must discipline himself and strive for the mastery in all things. He must be instant in season and out of season in doing good to the bodies and souls of men as God gives opportunity.

It is not the number but the simple grandeur of the pillars around the great temple of Masonry, which has made it the wonder and delight of the ages. Let us watch not the number of stones, nor find fault, by captious criticism, with the multitudes flocking to our temple, but let us scrutinize *each stone from the quarry*, and reject what is unsound and imperfect.

Refused to Speak to a Brother!

"Love one another." "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." These are the teachings of Holy Writ, and of Masonry. Our institution is designed to link its membership in the golden chain of action, brotherhood. Precept upon precept, action upon action. Use the best means of producing love and fraternity, and also the appearance of brotherly feeling.

The Grand Lodge of Texas once took notice of such a case. Peter C. Price *refused to speak* to a Master Mason and member of Leona Union Lodge, whereupon he was charged with unmasonic conduct, tried by the lodge, and suspended. Bro. Price appealed to the Grand Lodge from the action of Leona Lodge. The Grand Lodge sustained the action of Leona Lodge in the premises, but thought there were modifying circumstances, and directed the W.·. M.·. to cite him before the Lodge, administer a reprimand and impress upon him the duty of one Mason to another.

Masonic Words.

When Nehemiah came from Babylon to visit the colony of Jews which he had planted in Judea he knew that Israel had remitted the strict ceremonial service because he heard the children speaking half in the language of Ashdod. How is it with our young Masons at present?

Khemis, missionary, a brother in the East, in the preface to his Tamil Grammar, addresses thus the Deity: "And now to God, the Eternal and Almighty Jehovah, *the author of speech*, be glory forever and forever."

Let us preserve the pure and old masonic language and style.

As the great Homer could not alter the purest idioms, and was indebted to the permanence of his own influence by his adherence to them, let masonic lecturers learn that their influence and that of Masonry depend upon adherence to the purest masonic language and style. In the practice of all the arts of Masonry "Man is lord * * only by submitting to her laws." So, in her language, let them be inviolate.

The loyalty of all Masonry must be preserved as a sacred trust to masonic words and style. They are the idioms of liberty and yet of harmony and unity. They entail no legacy of strife and disunion.

The world is influenced by the power of words. It is the lever of *all* artificial levers by which mankind is depressed or exalted. It is the truth in our forms of speech and skill in the expression of the mighty forces—freedom, religion, progress, humanity, fraternity, which give us renown.

Vast governmental fabrics, and monumental piles, depending on the *few* are *but* transitory compared with language, depending upon the *multitude* for stability and form. In the language of the mass, in the speech all claim as *theirs*, which is the masonic, are the ideas of the masonic eras. In the words do they live. Masons must hold fast to their "form of sound words," for thereby they hold fast to their old doctrine.

To undervalue the power of masonic language is masonic sin; not to preserve it is masonic crime; to rude or carelessly touch it is masonic profanation; and to violate masonic purity is sacrilege against the author of masonic sentiments which produced masonic language.

Masonry Divine.

"Did you not denominate Masonry as divine in one of your editorials?" asks a Christian brother. By no means. We do not regard Masonry as divine; that is to say, we do not regard the regimen or organization as divine or ordained of God. The Church we regard as divine. We believe that a certain regimen was ordained by its Founder, which He only can change; that He created ministerial orders and functions for these and his Church, which none may innocently assume, which Masonry does not and cannot pretend to. Masonry, by way of poetical accommodation and hyperbole, is sometimes called divine; as beauty, or poetry, or wit, is called divine. In one sense, mathematics is divine; for it is a science in perfect and exact conformity with His law. In this sense, we think, a republican form of government approximatively divine. Government is divine, its form is left to man himself. But we boldly aver that the *principles* of Masonry are divine, that they have not been derived from man, and are not the issues of reason, but are emanations of the Deity; they are heaven derived, and not earth-born. What are these principles? Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth. Is not the love of the brethren, of all men, inculcating relief and charity, and peace and good will to the entire race, without distinction of creed, political associations, or conventional differences, divine? Is not truth, a love of it, a full perception of it, obedience to it, divine? Is not God, the lord of the truth? When men oppose Masonry, they oppose these principles; they oppose a friend, and a friend of the race.

Here let us say, that in modern times there has been a slight deviation from masonic taste and propriety. Masonry has always exhibited great regard for the Church and the ministry; and we are delighted to see at least one Grand Lodge of extensive jurisdiction and influence inventing a burial service more in accordance with Anglican masonic usage, at least, than that found in our monitors. Clergymen, Christians, and families of deceased friends properly object to this service, as ignoring a cherished idea and usage at the grave. A clergyman should perform the services, except such as are purely official to the Master. The address should be shorter, and not apologetic of Masonry, and the services should be responsive. What would be thought of Episcopalians, Methodists, and other religious denominations, at the grave, explaining directly and formally the nature of their services. Whatever suggestions of this kind may be advisable, let them be indirect and manifest from the service itself.

Not exactly germain to the subject, yet would it not be a mark of masonic appreciation of propriety, and masonic cultivation of good breeding in the lodge room, in all the ceremonies, for the Master to call upon a clergyman, when present, to officiate at the altar.

The Church Member and the Third Degree.

A certain preacher, noted for his zeal adverse to secret societies, was once examining some applicants for church membership as to where and how they received their first impressions of religion. Various were the replies, and very edifying the remarks from the gratified shepherd. But, at the very end of the band, he came to old Tommy Blunt, all his days a moral man, and a Mason for several years, but only lately moved upon to throw in his influence with the church.

"And when, my old friend," pursued the parson, "when did you first feel the Lord precious to your soul?"

"While I was taking the third degree of Masonry!" responded Tommy Blunt. The chagrin of the Anti's may be conjectured, but they did not refuse the old truth-teller, even though his religion *had* so unpropitious a commencement.

BOOK NOTICES.

DR. MARK'S PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

We referred to this publication in the October number. We now notice what is of masonic interest in its pages. The Doctor gives the masonic view of government in the army. He writes:

"Many officers, as they ascend in rank in the service, divest themselves of all human feeling. With them, power hardens the heart and dries up all the springs of generous sympathy; their faces become cold and stern, and their commands have in them a sting which degrades all who have to obey. Under such an officer the soldier invariably becomes a worse man, often losing all interest in the cause of his country.

"As an escape from a despotism which goads them to madness, some desert, others feign sickness, others sink into indifference, and endure with feigned apathy the extra duty of the camp to-day, the guard-house to-morrow, and the handcuffs the next day; and all this because they have become hopeless. They have been treated like brutes, and to brutality they sink.

"I know that this stern iron rule—into which not a single element of humanity is permitted to enter—is excused on the principle of necessity. 'War has no time for charity,' 'nor moments which she can give to anointings with the oil of kindness.'

"To this the reply is easy. No man is fit to command in the camp or field who does not constantly recognize the great principles of humanity. Men may be drilled into perfect living machines; but this is not courage. All true bravery springs from confidence in the right of that cause for which all home ties are sacrificed; and in such an hour, every soldier is heroic in proportion to the trust and love which he bears towards his commander.

"In battle, the voice of the man whom the soldier loves, nerves his heart; and, rather than forfeit his esteem by flight, he will remain at his post and die. Much of the devotion of the army to General McClellan was owing to the fact that, as he rode through the ranks, he always looked upon the men kindly; and when he had to press a soldier out of his way, it was never with rudeness or insult. And this was the secret of Kearney's popularity in his division; and among the thousand camp traditions of that singular and gifted man, there is not one of needless insult or cruelty to soldiers in the ranks. For them he had always the looks and language of cheer; while for his officers he had often such words of biting, bitter scorn as only General Kearney could utter—falling on them like angry flashes of lightning from a storm-cloud. And in all the army I know of no such devotion to a general as was exhibited by the men of Kearney's division.

"The soldiers who perform prodigies of valor are those who have formed strong personal attachments for some officer; and they cannot waver under his eye, nor desert his person.

"My firm conviction, after nearly two years of observation, is that every officer ought to be dismissed from the service, as worthless for such a position of power, who fails to secure the trust and love of his men. For it will be found in the day of battle that such an officer will be left alone to perish; and, regardless of his fate, every man will consult his own safety.

"I have known companies in regiments which, in the earlier Peninsular engagements, never stood firm; but subsequently, by change of officers, became the best and most unfaltering of heroes.

"Nothing is lost by honoring in every man the great principles of his manhood."

Thus he treats of scenes of Mount Vernon:

"The thousand traditions of the neighborhood only confirmed the impression I had before received, that the life of Washington at Mount Vernon was most simple and unostentatious. His house was open to all his neighbors, and he was the friend and counselor of the poorest.

"His love of order was one of his most marked characteristics. Every appointment must be fulfilled at the moment. Settlements must be made on the very day the account or note fell due. On one part of his estate, four miles from Mount Vernon, are now found the ruins of the old mill to which Washington rode on Thursday, the 12th of December, 1799, to settle with his miller, and to receive his accounts for the year. He remained until in the afternoon, and rode home in a violent snowstorm, and never recovered from cold taken on that day. On the following Saturday night he died of croup or diptheria.

"His end was characterized by the remarkable self-possession which so signally distinguished his entire career. After the fatal symptoms were manifest on Saturday, he found great difficulty in speaking; but, as well as he could he gave instructions to his secretary to 'record his letters and papers, to arrange his accounts and settle his books.' To his physician he said: 'I feel myself going. You had better not take any more trouble about me, but let me go off quietly. I cannot last long.' And again: 'Doctor, I die hard; but I am not afraid to go. I believed from the first I should not survive it. My breath cannot last long.' And again: 'I should have been glad, had it pleased God, to die a little easier; but I doubt not it is for my good.' And just before he died he closed his eyes with his own hands, folded his arms on his breast, breathing out, 'Father of mercies, take me to thyself.' And the last words he ever uttered were, ''Tis well!' Thus died one of those noble men for whose lives and virtues we feel thankful to heaven; for they belong, not to one country, but to the human race. Showing us the attainments of which man is capable, they shine in our heavens like the star of the morning heralds of that better day when justice and truth, piety and temperance, shall ennoble and beautify all the great of every clime.

"All the walks and paths about Mount Vernon were trodden as holy ground; for along the same paths had been impressed the footsteps of Washington. These trees had been planted by his hands; on these flagstones under the portico had he often walked, and looked down on the Potomac; and there, under our eye, reared the obelisk which marks the spot where he lies until we shall all awake from the dust of the earth. Until then, his grave shall be a shrine to which his countrymen, and the good of all lands, will come, and learn to be patient in hope, and self-sacrificing for the future."

Of Yorktown antiquities and memorials of the Revolution, (premising that each person referred to in the narrative is a Mason,) the work says:

"Yorktown was of especial interest to us, because in that place and its immediate neighborhood are found many monuments of the most interesting event in our Revolutionary history. The divisions under Generals Kearney and Hooker encamped on the grounds where had been spread the tents of General Washington and General La Fayette. We daily looked out upon the plain where had been witnessed the combats and struggles which compelled the final surrender of Yorktown to our forces. The old lines of intrenchment, and the mounds of redoubts, lie like a chain across the fields.

"The spot where the sword of Cornwallis was surrendered to General Washington, is marked by a stone on the roadside about half a mile to the south of the town. It lies in an open and beautiful field; and as we stood there and looked over the scene, it required no effort of the imagination to bring up the great dead, and to become witnesses of one of those events which have left a lasting impression on the world. Prominent in that spectacle we could see the great, majestic Washington receiving, with the air of one who felt profound compassion for an honorable but humbled foe, the sword of Cornwallis. We could look upon the proud, stern brow of Tarleton, and see by his side the gloomy-faced officers of the British army. Again we looked into the youthful and glowing face of La Fayette, rejoicing not over a fallen enemy, but in the victory of liberty. And alongside of him we summoned up the brave German, Baron Steuben, and the courtly Count Rochambeau; and there, gazing on the great spectacle, were many of the heroes of our Revolutionary history—Knox, Nelson, Clinton, Hamilton. Rarely has the world witnessed anything more impressive and sublime. From this hour opened the great day of our national life.

This scene occurred on the 19th of October, 1781. One of the great actors of this time, to whom the country is most indebted for the final success of our arms, was General Thomas Nelson. He was born in Yorktown, and became one of the most popular leaders in the Revolutionary army. He commanded the militia of Virginia at the capture of Cornwallis. The Nelson house still stands in Yorktown, even at this time exhibiting the impressions made by the shells of the American batteries when the place was held by the English.

"Nearer to this are found many interesting antiquities. The ruined English church, one of the oldest on the continent, is surrounded with time-worn and venerable monuments. No walk is more suggestive than one amid the ruins of this ancient sanctuary. With one of the monuments standing in this ground I was deeply interested. It is quadrangular in form, and displays in its inscription the style and thought of the age. From angel faces on the upper end of the monument bursts the song, '*All glory be to God.*' From another angel's trumpet flows the inscription:

"'Here lies the body of the Hon. William Nelson, late President of his Majesty's Council in this dominion, in whom the love of man and the love of God so restrained and enforced each other, and so invigorated the mental powers in general, as not only to defend him from the vices and follies of his age and country, but also to render it a matter of difficult decision in what part of laudable conduct he most excelled; whether in the tender and endearing accomplishments of domestic life, or in the more arduous duties of a wider circuit; whether as a neighbor, gentleman, or magistrate; whether in the graces of hospitality, charity, or piety. Reader, if you feel the spirit of that exalted order which aspires to the felicity of conscious virtue, animated by those stimulating and divine admonitions, perform the task, and expect the distinction of a righteous man."

"*Obit.* 19*th Nov.*, *Anno Domini* 1772, *ætatis* 61."

What instructed brother does not read in the foregoing inscription the record of a Christian Mason?

On pages 157 and 158, General Kearney, that noble Mason, is thus spoken of:

"And now Kearney performed one of those brilliant feats which made him the model soldier of his division. In order to disclose to his troops the concealed position of the enemy, and to exhaust their fire, he announced his determination to ride in front of the enemy's lines. Surrounded by his aids and officers he dashed out into the open field, and as if on parade, leisurely galloped along the entire front. Five thousand guns were pointed at him, the balls fell around him like hail; two of his aids dropped dead at his side, and before he reached the end he was almost alone. He secured by this hazardous exploit what he aimed to accomplish, the uncovering of the enemy's position—then riding back amongst his men he shouted, 'You see, my boys, where to fire!' His forces held their own until Hancock, by a flank movement, compelled the retreat of the enemy within their works.

"All the soldiers and officers of this portion of the army not only spoke of Hooker and Kearney as displaying, on that day, the most brilliant soldierly qualities, but likewise commended in the highest terms the coolness, discrimination, and courage of General Heintzleman."

General Kearney was devoted to his suffering soldiers. The following is a copy of a letter to our friend, Dr. Marks, Chaplain 63d Pennsylvania Volunteers:

"DEAR SIR: I return you my grateful acknowledgments for your noble and energetic conduct in behalf of our poor sufferers in this division.

"From long experience in the field no one appreciates more sensibly the service you thus render to humanity and to our cause.

"If there has been one point more than another, where I have hitherto laboriously and conscientiously and successfully fulfilled my duties as an officer, it has been in my solicitude for the sick and disabled. I am thankful to find in you a strong coadjutor; and when I am a little more free to separate myself from the cares of being on the spot to command in case of attack, I will ever be found a constant visitor of the hospitals.

"Most respectfully, your obedient servant,
"P. KEARNEY,
"Brigadier General."

We can find room for only one more notice of our masonic friend, the pride of the army and a sacrifice to his country:

"General Kearney showed himself equal to every emergency, dared every danger, and risked his life in the most hazardous positions. His men seemed to be capable of performing anything under his eye, for their confidence in his courage and military sagacity was unbounded. I have often heard the men speak at the camp-fires of his unruffled coolness during both of those days." * * * *

"I again witnessed another illustration of the remarkable quickness and acuteness of General Kearney, who, though I was at some distance from him and his staff, saw me in a moment. He was seated on his celebrated gray. He turned his horse and came within speaking distance, and said:

"What sir, what, you here?"

"Yes, general," I replied.

"What brings you here, sir?"

"My regiment is here," I replied, "and I wanted to see the battle."

"This is no place for you, sir," said he. "Go to the rear, sir, to Savage Station, and report to me. All the men of my division that you find there wounded or dead, attend to them, sir, and I will thank you. Are you ready to report of the men that you took down to the White House?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, "I saw them all in their hospital wards before I left."

"That's well," said he. "Now go back and see to the poor fellows at Savage Station, and you will do a great deal better than to stand here and be killed."

Continental Monthly for December.—The Nation, by Thompson; Buckle, Draper, and a Science of History, by Freeland; Diary of Francis Krasinska; Sleeping Soldier, by Pomeroy; My Mission, by Rodman; Letter Writing, by Park Benjamin; The Tear, by Henderson; The Great American Crisis, by Andrews; Was he Successful, by Kimball; Dead, by Anne Gray; Reconstruction, by Russell; Virginia, by Tuckerman; She Defines Her Position, by Eliza S. Randolph; Whiffs from my Meerschaum, by Wolcott; and Literary Notices. The first piece is by an old friend and brother, Rev. H. M. Thompson, who writes nervously and effectively. He speaks well of labor. His article shows he has drunk at the masonic spring of thought and expression. He writes with understanding of Empire Builders, and the Great Master, and the mission of government and society.

CONGRESSIONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY B. B. FRENCH.

On the 22d day of January, 1835, came off the first affair of honor, in which a member of the House of Representatives was concerned, after I became a resident of Washington.

During the canvass in Accomac, between Mr. Henry A. Wise and Mr. Richard Coke, for seats in the Twenty-Third Congress, some difficulty occurred, which those gentlemen thought nothing short of "pistols for two," could settle. Circumstances, it was said, growing out of some other affair in which Mr. Coke was engaged, prevented the meeting until the 22d of January, 1835, when it was so arranged as not to have been publicly known until 12 o'clock of that day, when it began to be whispered about the House, that the parties had gone out to fight, and all sorts of rumors and the most intense excitement prevailed. At one time we had it that Wise was shot dead; at another, that Coke was; and then, that both were wounded. At length the truth arrived; which was, that Coke was severely wounded at the first fire, Wise's ball passing through his elbow. Wise was unhurt, and the parties returned to the city *friends*. This duel was so quietly managed, that it was followed by no excitement, and Mr. Wise resumed his seat immediately.

On the 30th of January the city was thrown into a tremendous excitement, by the attempt of a certain Richard H. Lawrence to assassinate General Jackson.

The funeral services, in respect to the memory of Hon. Warren R. Davis, a member of the House, had just taken place in the Representatives' Hall, and the procession was moving through the rotunda, and out the east door—the President and heads of Departments being in it—when, just as the President stepped outside of the door, Lawrence advanced and snapped two pistols within six or eight feet of his breast, the caps on each exploding without communicating to the powder within. Of course there was a rush at the would-be assassin—the old hero raised his cane and sought to strike him—saying, "stand away gentlemen, I am able to defend myself, let me reach him, and he shall never attempt to assassinate another person." The crowd however had intervened and arrested Lawrence, and the President passed on as cool and calm as if nothing had happened. The pistols were seized and found to be well loaded with powder and ball, and upon the next trial, one of them, in the hand of Major Donelson, was readily discharged.

I had just officiated at the Clerk's table, during the funeral ceremonies, and had passed though the side door of the hall into the Congressional Library, when a gentleman rushed in exclaiming—"there has just been an attempt to assassinate the President." With others, I went immediately into the rotunda, in a portion of which there was a dense mass of men in a circle, moving somewhat like a tornado—in a whirling and forward movement—in the midst of them was Lawrence, and my first thought was that he would be lynched on the spot, the crowd were so excited. He was, however, rushed through the northern door, and down the Senate stairway, and thence was conveyed in a hack to the City Hall, and after examination was committed to jail. A further examination substantiated the fact that he was insane.

The escape of the President was deemed as almost, if not quite, miraculous. It was the first, and up to this day, (1856,) the only attempt ever made on the life of a President of the United States. May there never be another!

The last days of the Twenty-Third Congress were, perhaps, as politically stormy, as the last days of any Congress that ever preceded it. It was the first ending of a Congress that I had ever witnessed, and I was not therefore a judge, but those associated with me, who had been "in at the death" of almost every antecedent Congress, pronounced it, beyond comparison, the stormiest. A great many things had tended, during the last session to such a result. The Administration had been most violently attacked both in the Senate and the House. Mr. Calhoun had said in the Senate, "we must have reform or revolution." Mr. W. C. Preston said, "maggots are working in the very vitals of the Government." During the session of the Senate, on the 13th of February, there was quite a scene. Mr. Calhoun attacked the Administration with great severity. Mr. Benton replied, and Mr. Poindexter called him to order. The Vice President, Van Buren, decided he was not out of order. Mr. Webster appealed—the question was discussed for a long time, and Mr. Poindexter was entreated to withdraw his call to order. He arose and declined to do it, when he was hissed by the galleries. The question was taken on the appeal, and the decision of the Vice President was overruled. Mr. Benton was, however, suffered to proceed, and he spoke with great bitterness, and was followed by Senators Linn and Cuthbert, each of whom avowed their intention to resist fearlessly and firmly any further attacks that might be made upon the Administration. The scene in the Senate was a most exciting one, and almost portended, at one time, personal violence.

In the House occurrences were constant, which excited feelings of bitterness between members, and in consequence of words between Col. Lane and Mr. Ewing, both of Indiana, the son of Col. Lane, a lieutenant in the army, attacked Mr. Ewing on Pennsylvania Avenue, seizing him by the nose—Ewing drew a dirk from his cane and attempted to stab Lane; Lane seized it, and broke, and threw it upon the pavement; Ewing then attempted to strike Lane with the portion remaining in his hand; Lane warded off the blows and struck Ewing in the face with his fist at every pass he, Ewing, made. They were separated by some one, and Lane walked off, remarking, "that he only wished to disgrace Ewing, and he had done it." I happened to be, perhaps ten rods in the rear of the two gentlemen when the fray commenced, and before I got to them they were separated and Lane was leaving.

I have seldom seen so bloody a man as Ewing was when I came up. He had a bad cut upon the forehead, from which the blood was flowing copiously; his hat, spectacles, papers, and the fragments of his cane were scattered all about, and he himself seemed to be perfectly bewildered. I aided in picking up his things, and accompanied him to his lodgings. This matter was brought before the House, but ended, if I recollect correctly, in nothing being done.

All these things were but the shadows of what was to be, and the substance came on the night of the 3d of March. But the gathering whirlwind expended itself in words, which precluded the transaction of any business, and at 3 o'clock, a. m., of Wednesday, March the 4th, Mr. Speaker Bell, after a few appropriate remarks, pronounced the House adjourned *sine die*. The Senate had adjourned long before. And so ended the Twenty-Third Congress.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

It always affords us much pleasure to respond to the queries of our brothers on points of Masonic law and usage, and in rendering our decision we always endeavor to do so without favor or prejudice. In regard to the "balloting" for candidates, we have had of late several questions propounded to us from various respected brethren, and we avail ourself of this opportunity of replying to them in a condensed form.

One brother writes us: "It was made known to the Master and Members of the Lodge that at least two or three members had objections to a candidate, and could not associate with him as a Mason. The objectors, however, contented themselves with making this known, and retired from the Lodge without using the black ball. The candidate was elected in their absence, and initiated. A repetition of the same circumstance occurred on the occasion of his passing—the objectors withdrawing from the Lodge, or failing to sustain their objections at the ballot-box. The candidate was passed. At a subsequent meeting a ballot was taken upon his application to receive the third degree, when one of the objectors black-balled the applicant. Great confusion ensued, the objector openly avowing that he had black-balled the applicant, and would do so again.

"The Master declined announcing the result, when a resolution was presented and passed, declaring that in balloting for the third degree only, objections to Masonic standing would be effectual, and that a brother had no right to black-ball an applicant for causes occurring before the latter was made a Mason. Thereupon the objector, considering that the Lodge had determined to refuse him privilege to vote, withdrew from the room. The ballot was again taken, found clear, and the applicant raised to the degree of Master Mason."

For the better expression of our views on the above, we shall classify our answer under three heads.

First. Can the ballot be reconsidered?

In passing the ballot upon a petition or application, it is the duty of the Master of the Lodge to see that the *sense* of his Lodge is thereby taken and ascertained, and of *this* he should be fully satisfied before he announces the result. As a black ball is not unfrequently cast through mistake, it is a safe rule, and certainly the part of prudence, for the Master, when only one black ball appears, to cause the ballot to be repassed before he announces the vote, in order that he may avoid such a mistake. But if, in repassing the ballot, the Master is satisfied that the black ball was intentionally cast, the sense of the Lodge (which must be unanimous in order to elect) being thus ascertained, he should announce "that the candidate is rejected," and so it should be recorded. After such decision by the Master there can be no reconsideration. The announcement of the vote is final and conclusive.

Second. Had the lodge any authority to disregard the opposition of the brother or brethren?

Every member of the lodge has the right to vote, and may vote as he pleases, and he *cannot* and *must not* be questioned or called to account for his vote on any pretense or under any circumstances. This principle lies at the very foundation of the masonic society, and upon it depends its harmony, peace, and prosperity—nay, we will say further, its very existence. Otherwise it would be a jarring mass of discordant elements. So important is this principle—this right—that the secret ballot is provided with a view to its enforcement and preservation. Members are required to vote secretly in order that the character of their votes may not be known, and their motives questioned. It must be *preserved* inviolate, and whenever a member objects to a candidate, his objections, unless removed, are fatal to his election, and must under all circumstances be regarded. The Master who would not regard such an object is unfit to preside; he either does not know his duty, or knowing it, does not wish to perform it—and in either case he ought to be deposed.

Third. Was not the candidate disqualified for the degrees by opposition to him—and, if so, can good and true Masons fellowship with him?

If the candidate possessed the necessary qualifications prescribed by the Ancient Constitutions, and customs of the Fraternity, he was certainly not disqualified for the degrees. Opposition to him, it is true, rendered him unworthy, but did not affect his qualifications; for, although by reason of this opposition he was unworthy to take the degrees, yet he was, nevertheless, regularly initiated, passed and raised in a just and regularly constituted lodge, and, this being the case, he is a regular Mason in good standing. The irregularity consisted in his election, and not in his taking the degrees by virtue of such election. The society is frequently imposed upon by bad men, who are regularly elected and take the degrees. Such men are unworthy to be made Masons, yet, having taken the degrees regularly, we are bound to recognize them and fellowship with them, until their unworthiness results in a conviction, and they are suspended or expelled. The election was irregular, but the initiation, passing, and raising were regular. The irregularity of his election was the fault and misconduct of the Master, for which the candidate cannot be held responsible, but for which the Master is held responsible.—*Courier*.

HISTORY OF GRAND LODGE OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

(Continued from p. 78 of No. 5.)

At the session of 1824, "New Jerusalem Lodge, No. 9, received its charter.

Brother Samuel Burch, was elected W.·. M.·. and, according to usage at that time, Brother Elkins was appointed G.·. Visitor and Lecturer, being nominated by the G.·. S.·.

On the 27th December, the G.·. L.·. proceeded in a body to St. John's church, where the Craft listened to an address from Brother Elkins, and attended to "the distribution of the sums collected for the benefit of distressed widows and orphans of masonic brethren and others within the District of Columbia." Services were closed "with an impressive exhortation and prayer by the Rev. Mr. Hawley, pastor of the said church."

[The following may prove of importance.]

At the session of February 25, 1863, the Grand Secretary proceeded to call the delegates of the subordinate lodges, commencing with Federal Lodge, No. 1, when Brother John Frank, the present Master of that lodge, answered to the call as a delegate thereof, referring to the 8th article of the Constitution of this Grand Lodge, an extract of which was read, in the words following, to wit:

"The Master and Wardens of a lodge shall be the legal representatives, unless the lodges shall think proper to be represented by other members; the names of all deputies, thus chosen, to be communicated to the secretary of this lodge:"

Whereupon, Brother Kurtz, the Presiding Grand Master, called for the reading of the names of the persons who represented the subordinate lodges at the meetings of this Grand Lodge held on the 2d of November, and 27th of December, last; and it being ascertained that Brother John Frank was not returned as a delegate of Federal Lodge, No. 1, at either of those meetings, the said presiding officer decided, as the opinion of the Chair that the Grand Lodge having adjourned on the 27th of December last, to meet this day for a special purpose, the same persons who then represented the subordinate lodges, and those only, ought now to be recognized as delegates; and objected to the claim of Brother Frank to act in the capacity of a representative of Federal Lodge aforesaid.

From which decision of the Chair an appeal, founded on the privilege granted to Masters and Wardens of lodges under this jurisdiction, by the 8th article of the constitution, as above recited, was made by Brother Frank to the Grand Lodge.

And the question being taken by yeas and nays, to wit: "Is this appeal from the decision of the Chair correct?"

It was determined in the affirmative, yeas 14, nays 2.

So the decision of the Chair was disagreed to by the Grand Lodge.

No further objection being made, the delegates from the subordinate lodges took their seats in the order assigned them by the Grand Pursuivant under the direction of the acting Grand Master.

A special meeting, Bro. Jno. A Moulder, M.·. W.·. G.·. M.·., was held at the Western Masonic Hall, city of Washington, September 14, A. L., 5826, to take into consideration arrangements for conducting ceremonies connected with laying the corner-stone of the new masonic edifice of Washington.

The Grand Master laid before the Grand Lodge a communication in the words following, to wit:

"To the Most Worshipful the Grand Master, the other officers and members of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.

"The representation of William Lambert, of the city of Washington, respectfully showeth:

"That the members of this Grand Lodge having by an *unanimous* resolution, passed the 6th of May last, pledged themselves to use such influence as they may possess to promote the establishment of a first meridian for the United States, at the seat of the General Government, it is incumbent on the author of the report made to the President of the United States on that subject, to state that two manuscript copies have been prepared, one for each branch of Congress, containing astronomical calculations, testing, by various methods and rules of oblique-angled spherical trigonometry, the accuracy of such results of the longitude of our Capitol from Greenwich, as had been previously determined by observations on solar eclipses, and occultations of fixed stars by the moon; and that, upon strict investigation of every part of the process originally used, the variance, in taking a *mean* of all the results, amounts to an inconsiderable fraction of a second in longitude. The author of this work having, as he conceives, done everything in his power to lessen our dependence on foreign nations for a point from which our geographers and mariners may reckon their distance, or take their departure, confidently relies on the support of the intelligent and well disposed citizens of the American community to carry the plan into effect; and on none more than the members of the Masonic Institution, to whom this representation is now submitted.

"WILLIAM LAMBERT.

"CITY OF WASHINGTON,
Nov. 4, 1823."

The said representation being read by the Grand Master, it was, on motion of Brother Samuel Burch,

Resolved unanimously, That this Grand Lodge view with pleasure the renewed and continued exertions of Brother William Lambert, upon the subject of a first meridian, and are sensibly alive to the attainment of the object he has so industriously pursued; and that, in the opinion of this Grand Lodge, he has entitled himself to the thanks and gratitude of his countrymen, for his unwearied endeavors to render his native land independent of foreign nations, upon so important a branch of the sciences.

◆

TIDINGS FROM THE CRAFT.

COLORADO.—The second of November the Grand Lodge elected the following Grand officers for the ensuing year:

H. M. Teller, G.·. M.·. A. J. Van Deren, D.·. G.·. M.·. O. B. Brown, S.·. G.·. W.·. J. H. Gest, J.·. G.·. W.·. L. W. Frary, G.·. T.·. O. A. Whittemore, G.·. S.·.

COMMENDABLE.—Independent Royal Arch Lodge, No. 2, New York City, for four years past has elected every officer by an unamimous vote, though many changes in officers have been made.

GRAND CHAPTER OF MARYLAND AND THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—We had hoped to have received the proceedings before going to press.

The following is just furnished by the G.·. S.·.:

GRAND ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER.—Charter granted to Mt. Vernon Chapter subsequently instituted, and its officers installed in open Grand Chapter.

Grand Treasurer Comp. Cariss, was not present with his books, consequently we have no financial report.

Comp. Jno. S. Yeats was elected G.·. H.·. P.·.; Jas. G. Smith, Dy. G.·. H.·. P.·.; Jas. Stirratt, G.·. K.·.; W. G. Parkhurst, G.·. S.·.; F. Fickey, Jr., G.·. Treasurer; W. Morris Smith, G.·. Secretary; Jas. A. McKenney, Rev. G.·. Chaplain; R. A. Holmes, G.·. C.·. H.·.; E. T. Owens and Jas. Logue, Trustees.

W. MORRIS SMITH,
G. Secretary.

GRAND LODGE OF MARYLAND.—Proceedings not yet received. We spent one evening with the brethren. Bro. McJilton's address was very able. He is certainly a very laborious and wise workman "that needeth not to be ashamed." The more we know of this brother the more we admire his character and the masonic life he lives. Bro. Starritt and family brought us under additional obligations.

◆

THE *Israelite*, of Cincinnati, comes to us in a beautiful dress, and with the expressive motto: "Let there be light."

The *Israelite* is liberal, and rebukes some of his brethren who show intolerance to Christians.

THE EVERGREEN.

Died, October 14th, 1863, at his residence in Brookfield, Orange county, Vermont, Brother JOHN SMITH, in the eighty-second year of his age.

This departed veteran was one of the few remaining early settlers of Orange county, removing there from New Hampshire in 1798, and resided in the same town thence till the time of his death.

He was made a Master Mason in 1804, and maintained the faith for *fifty-nine years*, and is now gathered to his rest in the full ripeness of age.

He was the father of Hon. A. C. Smith, of Forest City, Minnesota, formerly the talented editor of the "Ancient Landmark," at Mount Clemens, Michigan, and the grandfather of Mrs. Bro. L. B. Dixon.

The deceased was one of the few majestic *oaks* that stood firm during the memorable anti-masonic period from 1826 to 1836, and has maintained his integrity "even in death," and sealed his principles and concluded his record with his life.

——"He gained his full
Appointed strength, the wintry winds have dashed
Against his form; the fiery bolts fell at
His giant feet, and, through his time, did'st brave
Them all unhurt."

'Tis well to pause a moment and reflect, as we drop the "emblem of immortality" at the head of the grave of one of the *fathers*.

◆

Masonic Meetings within the District.

Grand Lodge, first Tuesday, May and November, and December 27, at 4 p. m. Grand Chapter, second Monday in November, 7 p. m. Washington Commandery, No. 1, 2d and 4th Wednesdays, and on Good Friday, at 7½ p. m. Columbia Commandery, No. 2, U. D., 1st and 3d Fridays, at 7½ p. m. Columbia R. A. Chapter, 1st and 3d Wednesdays; and Washington R. A. Chapter, No. 16, 2d and 4th Thursdays, at 7½ p. m. Federal Lodge, No. 1, every other Tuesday. Lebanon Lodge, No. 7, 1st and 3d Fridays. New Jerusalem, No. 9, 2d and 4th Thursdays. St. John's, No. 11, 2d and 4th Fridays. National, No. 12, every other Tuesday. Washington Centennial, No. 14, 1st and 3d Thursdays. B. B. French, No. 15, 1st and 3d Mondays. Dawson, No. 16, 2d and 4th Mondays. Harmony, No. 17, 2d and 4th Wednesdays. All the above at Masonic Hall, corner D and 9th, and at 7½ p. m., except where otherwise specified. Washington Naval Lodge, No. 4, 1st Saturday of each month, Virginia avenue, Navy Yard, at 7½ p. m. Hiram Lodge, No. 10, 1st and 3d Fridays, 19th, above Pennsylvania avenue, 7½ p. m.

Georgetown, Masonic Hall, at 7½ p. m. Potomac R. A. Chapter, No. 8, 1st Thursday; and Potomac Lodge, No. 5, 1st and 3d Mondays.

Alexandria, Union Lodge, at Masonic Hall, every Thursday, at 7½ p. m.

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ROBERT McMURDY, D. D., LL. D., GRAND PRELATE OF GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF U. S., EDITOR, BOX 982.

"Time, the Tomb-Builder"—The Sexton of the Ages.

(BY BRO. GEO. D. PRENTICE, LOUISVILLE, KY.)

"The year
Has gone, and with it many a glorions throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful—
And they are not!

"It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous; and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded.

"It passed o'er
The battle plain, where sword, and spear, and shield
Flashed in the light of mid-day; and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mouldering skeleton."

BROTHER MAN!

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

God is One, and we are Two—
Brother man, brother man!
Wherefore make so much ado?
Why should differ I and thou?
God is One, and we are Two.

We are wrong, and God is right—
Brother man, brother man!
Why should difference end in fight?
Why should good be quelled by might?
We are wrong, and God is right—
Brother man, brother man!

We are beads, and God the string—
Brother man, brother man!
If we do not closely cling,
Snapped will be the jeweled ring;
We are beads, and God the string—
Brother man, brother man!

We are parts, and God is All—
Brother man, brother man!
Should our body's members brawl
Would it not the brain appal?
We are parts, and God is All—
Brother man, brother man!

We are limbs, and God the Head—
Brother man, brother man!
Were the arms to contest led,
Bruises o'er the frame would spread;
We are limbs, and God the head—
Brother man, brother man!

We are children—God our Sire—
Brother man, brother man!
Let to him each heart aspire,
As to heaven flameth fire;
We are children—God our Sire—
Brother man, brother man!

God has spoke it; we shall see—
Brother man, brother man!
All mankind shall brethren be,
Like the stars in unity—
God has spoke it; we shall see—
Brother man, brother man!

FAREWELL, OLD YEAR!

[MASONIC REFLECTIONS.]

Farewell, Old Year?—When other friends depart,
Fond hope still lingers in the sad adieu,
And e'en in absence tells the sorrowing heart,
That after fare-thee-well comes how-d'-ye-do!

But thou, Old Year, art passing from my sight!
Thy cheerful days, thy happy hours are o'er;
To memory's dim domain they take their flight,
And from her shades they shall return no more.

The summer birds that with their truant wings
Cleave the far ether of a southern sky,
Anon return, by bowers and gushing springs,
To glad the wild woods with their melody.

But they return not—hours of bliss—swift stealing
Away, away, on pinions bright and pure,
E'en in their flight, their matchless joys revealing,
Too fair to last—too lovely to endure!

In vain with beating hearts and arms extended,
We court their stay, and pray that they may last;
They glide away, too soon with memories blended,
That crowd the precincts of th' insatiate past.

Thus years roll by, and each and every one,
Snatches some treasured happiness away;
Ah, graceless heart! reflect—and are there none
That bear griefs with them, on their backward way?

Neither shall these return to mar thy rest,
If joys depart, so care's dark hours go by;
And time hath power to heal the bleeding breast,
To dry the falling tear, and hush the sigh.

Or if a sting remain, the honey dew
Of sweet remembrance shall allay the smart,
And soothe regrets, and kindle hope anew;
Blest antidote to care!—oh! thankless heart!

Yes! years roll on; yet wherefore send them forth
With records dark and sad to bear on high?
Oh! give them noble thoughts, and deeds of worth,
To swell the annals of eternity.

CHARITY.

When you meet with one suspected
Of some secret deed of shame,
And for this by all rejected
As a thing of evil fame,
Guard thine every look and action,
Speak no word of heartless blame,
For the slanderer's vile detraction
Yet may soil thy goodly name.

When you meet with one pursuing
Ways the lost have entered in,
Working out his own undoing
With his recklessness and sin;
Think, if placed in his condition,
Would a kind word be in vain,
Or a look of cold suspicion
Win thee back to truth again?

There are spots that bear no flowers,
Not becaase the soil is bad,
But the summer's genial showers
Never made their bosoms glad.
Better have an act that's kindly
Treated sometimes with disdain,
Than, in judging others blindly,
Doom the innocent to pain.

Masonic Punctuality.

It is said of Washington, that when his secretary, being repeatedly late in his attendance, laid the blame on his watch, he said, "You must either get another *watch*, or I another *secretary*."

THE FREEMASON'S DAUGHTER.

"ITS PRECEPTS ARE ETERNAL."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRAY LEAVES FROM A FREEMASON'S NOTE-BOOK."

It was the close of a busy day. The ever-recurring appeal to the memory,—the continuous and wearing strain upon the judgment,—the rapid and exhausting effort inseparable from mental calculation, were each and alike suspended. The foreign letters had been signed and posted. Large remittances had been dispatched. Orders to a considerable amount had been received. To all outward seeming, the house of Heathfield, Magens, and Craster was holding on a prosperous course—the same course which had enabled previous members of the firm to retire from the uncertainties of commerce with solid and substantial recompense.

And yet, in that dark, wainscotted room in Austin Friars, where sat the acting members of the firm—the master spirits who controlled that vast machinery—there was slight evidence of exultation or success. Anxiety which could not be disguised, disappointment which defied concealment, marked the features of the senior partner and his son, as they paused in their conversation, and steadfastly eyed each other.

The elder, after no slight mental struggle, seemed to recur to some unwelcome theme. There was a hesitation in his manner, and a faltering in his tones which indicated distress.

"It cannot be Maurice; it cannot be. I must negative this indiscreet arrangement—negative it peremptorily, finally."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed the young man, "could you but see Helen, beautiful, and intelligent, and estimable as she is———"

"But portionless," interposed the other, firmly—"portionless!" and he laid strong emphasis on the word.

"True!" said Maurice, sorrowfully. "I admit it; and yet, sir, that is the very last objection I should have expected to have fallen from your lips."

"Why?"

"For countless reasons! How often have I heard you reprobate interested marriages! With what scorn have I heard you dwell on the servile homage paid by abject minds to mere wealth! How repeatedly have I heard you advert to the fact that gold has, again and again, been heaped by the Great Supreme upon the meanest and basest of his creatures, and draw from it as unassailable inference the estimate which He places on wealth! How often have I listened to your emphatic declaration that an intellectual and immortal being should be measured by mind, not means!"

"Admitted all!" was Mr. Heathfield's prompt rejoinder.

"And now, father," continued Maurice, with kindling eye and quivering lip, "that from you should come the unexpected and inconsistent objection that Helen Tyrawley's poverty is to bar our union, grieves me to the very soul!"

The party so addressed seemed stung by this appeal. He rose wildly from his seat and advanced rapidly towards his son, as if with the intention of addressing him,—checked himself, moaned piteously, and then buried his face in his hands. But no common emotion stirred that usually resolute and self-possessed man. His features were hidden from observation; but his massive chest heaved irregularly and spasmodically; and his whole frame seemed under the influence of palsy.

At length, as if he had taken his resolution, he looked up abruptly, and speaking with a degree of calmness frightful to witness, because it was evidently forced, proceeded.

"Maurice! Suppose I were to say that I am not rich; that all about me is a mockery and a sham; that I have no right to any one of the many luxuries that surround me; that it is questionable whether the firm is solvent; that the slightest breath of suspicion may destroy it; and that it hangs together by the merest peradventure—how then? Should I be right in allowing you to marry a portionless girl under the idea that ultimately wealth must to a certainty be your lot; or Helen Tyrawley to unite her fate to yours under the impression that whatever trials might assail her wedded life, poverty would not be one of them? Let me have your answer."

"You are jesting, sir," said Maurice, faintly.

"Never more in earnest than now," was the rejoinder.

"But your speculations are carried out as boldly, firmly, and widely as ever?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the elder gentleman, with a laugh, in which there was nothing of merriment, but much of scorn—"yes! our credit is untainted. We stand high in the commercial world; are believed—ha! ha! ha!—are believed to have ample resources. Wondrous the power of manner! marvelous the gulls a man may gather round him who gives out that secret and substantial means are his, and spurns his fellow-worm accordingly!—ha! ha! ha!"

The agony endured by the younger man during his father's recital was painfully apparent: but no syllable escaped him.

"You are silent, Maurice: if I construe your look aright, you discredit my statement?"

"Were you not my father," gasped the young man, with tremulous articulation, and a countenance pallid as that of a corpse, "I could not—I would not believe it."

"Hush! not another word!" cried the other, "we are observed—*no scene*—we are men of business, not actors, remember."

The door opened; a mining-broker made his appearance; Heathfield talked of "The Great Devon Consols;" "Polgooth;" "Great Sheba;" "Herodsfoot;" the "adventurers who without a shilling of capital infested the mining market;" the "exposure such parties merited;" discussed the offer made to him; declined it; and bore throughout his part in the negotiation as bravely and decidedly as though there was not a single care on his mind, or a passing cloud on his prospects.

Ah! who shall limit his triumphs,—who shall say how potent he may become for good or evil who can chain down all the softer passions of his nature, and can subject every feeling and every sympathy, and every emotion to the mastery of his own iron and inexorable will!

CHAPTER II.

THOSE were three wretched days—the longest, the dreariest, the most trying that Maurice had ever known—which intervened between his father's partial disclosure of the perils of the firm, and his reluctant recurrence to the subject.

"Foolish boy!" he commenced abruptly,—"I see by your abstracted air and wearied eye, that you are feverishly awaiting further insight into matters which can but grieve you, which can but confirm my view of the inveterate folly of that engagement into which you have so rashly entered."

"Never!" was the son's instant response. "Never; I abide by it now and always."

"But, if its fulfillment be impracticable, how then? Now listen. Years ago, before I had any voice in the transactions of the firm—when it could meet all its engagements at any moment—when its assets far outbalanced its liabilities,—Sir Simon Magens controlled its operations. Magens—one of those prodigiously far-sighted men who are never content with moderate profits, and the evil genius of all with whom they are connected—entered into a speculation with a German house, the results of which were to place our firm first on the roll of British merchants. On *paper* Sir Simon's scheme looked magnificent. His array of figures was most imposing. Credit *them*, and you would have no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that Rothschild's star was on the wane and ours in the ascendant. My father, cool, cautious, penetrating, distrusted the judgment of this specious knight, and contested, day by day, his conclusions. In vain. Sir Simon's figures triumphed. One advance of fifteen thousand pounds was followed by another and another and another, till, at length, two thirds of the entire capital of the firm was in the custody of a German financier. Of this sum, not one shilling, either by way of principal or interest, has to this hour been repaid us. It is true we hold securities, of most questionable value in my judgment, and it is no less certain, that assurances have been given us that part of our money has gone to meet royal exigencies, and will be forthcoming on the faith of the royal word; but all this I doubt, and have done from the first. Meanwhile, our operations are crippled, we are existing upon credit—are carrying on our business on the faith of assets which we no longer possess. The failure of any one of our correspondents, an unlooked for stoppage or disaster would prostrate us. The slightest blow would be sufficient. Let pressure come from any point, and the house of Heathfield, Magens, and Craster goes into the Gazette. Now, madman, marry, if you will."

Maurice sighed deeply; then, with brightening features, exclaimed, "I will not give up Helen."

"You will not?"

"No: but with life."

"Your obstinacy is very edifying," said Mr. Heathfield, sarcastically: "would that your judgment was as apparent."

"Test it, father, test it," said the young man, earnestly; "let me go to Vienna, and on the spot institute inquiries, and ascertain the value of the securities we hold. The experiment shall be made at my own risk and cost exclusively."

"That proposal is worth considering," said the older gentleman, seemingly.

Define the terms I am to accept, and the terms I am to reject: entrust me with certain powers, and rely upon it I will not exceed them."

"Your project shall be submitted to the combined opinion of the house," was Mr. Heathfield's deliberate conclusion; "but hark ye, Maurice, you are about to sojourn in a land where all secret societies are held in abomination—that of the Freemasons among the rest; heed what you say and do, and do not be taken up as one of the *Carbonari*. Masons, forsooth! You know how I dread that brotherhood. I wish you would abandon it altogether."

"I will the moment I am persuaded its aims are evil."

"Aims!" exclaimed the father, testily, "it has no aims; it is a phantom, a mockery, a shadowless nonentity!"

"It is a reality," cried the young man, warmly; "the day will come when you will acknowledge its beneficial tendency; meanwhile, credit me its aims are noble and its principals are eternal."

"Oh!" cried the old gentleman, and with an impatient gesture, strode away.

CHAPTER III.

Vienna is the Paris of Germany—the gay city of perpetual pleasure. Its inhabitants apparently view life as one continuous holiday. Eating, drinking, smoking, dancing, and music make up their round of enjoyments. The semi-barbarism of Asia they have passed. Of the over-refinement of Europe they have stopped short. And their city itself, how striking! with the houses of the nobility occupying, in some instances, half the length of a street; its noble Glacis; the gardens that intersperse it; the unrivalled Prater spreading far and wide, and as it were encircling it; the picturesque groups of foreigners seated at the doors of various coffee-houses and hotels; the throng in the streets variegated with the costumes of Turks, Albanians, Tyrolese, Wallachians, Armenians, and Italians; the fronts of the shops painted with bright figures in fresco or oil as signs, by which they are to be known, indicative of the trade carried on within; the dash, the stir, the bustle that greet you in every direction; and last, though not least, the strains of delicious music heard of an evening in every quarter, warrant the Viennese proverb, "Ah, there is but one WIEN!"

Into this intoxicating capital Maurice plunged—not to partake of its gaieties, or to gaze on its gems of art, but to ascertain, once for all, whether the firm he represented was solvent or beggared. His mission, to be successful, must be secretly carried out. Needless publicity and needless expense must be avoided. Shunning all hotels, he took up his abode at the house of an elderly German lady, Frau Pfeffer, who with her son resided in the suburbs. Frau Pfeffer was a character. She had lived four years in Paris, and could speak French. Part of her life had been passed in Bristol: she could speak English. Neither Spanish or Portuguese puzzled her. But to what country she belonged by birth was matter of guess-work. For a being who wore caps and aprons her creed was marvelous. She had a great talent for silence, and held this opinion firmly—"Many words, much sin." Oh rare and wonderful Frau Pfeffer!

Maurice listened to her curt replies to his many and ardent questions—sometimes she would vouchsafe no answer at all—and then gave her up in despair.

Herr Grut, advanced in years, was said to be a very close but warm and thriving man; likely enough, thought Maurice, with fifty-five thousand pounds of our money in his coffers, and paying not one shilling of interest. Herr Grut was a banker—was understood to be in the confidence of the Emperor Francis, and to dabble not unfrequently in money matters in which that royal speculator and sharp calculator would deign to take—a profit.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding such high and dignified associations, chattering people did say that Herr Grut might—be better.

CHAPTER IV.

Ascertaining the hour when the banker was accessible, Maurice, without divulging his purpose, obtained an interview. To do the old gentleman justice, he exhibited no symptoms of rapturous joy when his visitor announced his name and object in repairing to Vienna. Herr Grut's features that morning wore at no moment the aspect of a delighted listener.

"The securities," pursued Maurice, after having fairly opened his case, "are so much waste paper: that I have ascertained."

"The fault is not mine," observed the German capitalist; "political changes have brought with them unexpected commercial embarrassments."

"Of that I am sensible," continued the visitor; "but the securities being worthless, we must now look to repayment of our advances from you."

"From me? why—on what grounds?"

"Your name appears prominently in every stage of the negotiation; and we conceive your credit pledged to the reimbursement of the moneys we have remitted."

"No tribunal in Germany will bear out such a conclusion. Monstrous! Is it possible, worthy Mr. Heathfield, that a gentleman of your undoubted commercial experience should have traveled from London to Wien for the purpose of indulging in such an absurd menace!"

And the old gentleman got up, very successfully, a contemptuous chuckle.

"Bravo, sir! bravo!" rejoined Maurice, returning to the charge with unruffled mien; "it is well when merry mirth tempers the dry details of business; but in your merriment, remember that another name besides your own is mixed up in this business."

"Whose? I remember none. Come, out with it! Another surprise! Perhaps another joke in store for me?"

"That must depend," returned Maurice dryly, "on the amount of reverence and loyalty with which in your bosom the mention of that name is associated. In Germany, in former times, the name of the Emperor Francis called forth only one feeling, that of affectionate respect."

Herr Grut drew a long breath before he proceeded to reply.

"The emperor's name!—the emperor's! That cannot appear in this transaction?"

"Pardon me; it does again and again; and in one portion of the correspondence with emphatic meaning. Failing of redress from you, Herr Grut, we shall appeal to his Majesty. We have no doubt of the issue."

The banker was visibly disturbed. Whatever was the nature of his monetary relations with his sovereign, the idea of an appeal to that high personage was evidently distasteful. The German paused for some moments evidently annoyed. At length, in his blandest tones, he resumed—

"These transactions are of a magnitude that cannot be lightly discussed, and names have been introduced that should not be idly mentioned; I wish for time to deliberate. The correspondence you refer to is, I presume, in your possession?"

"All of it."

"And is now in Vienna?"

Maurice assented.

"I infer, moreover, that you have regarded your mission as of a strictly private character?"

Maurice bowed.

"And that no one is privy to it,—not even your own embassador?"

"Your conclusion is correct," returned the Englishman firmly. "I have letters of introduction to his lordship, but have not delivered them."

CHAPTER V.

A look of peculiar satisfaction, a gleam of innate cunning lighted up the withered, time-worn features of the scheming foreigner. In after days Maurice often recalled this expression, and could accurately explain it.

"Give me," cried Herr Grut, in his most deferential tones, "give me—no unusual request—eight and forty hours for consideration: I ask no more. Those expired, you shall have my decision; the interval may possibly suggest terms of accommodation."

Maurice sincerely hoped so, and withdrew.

On returning to his temporary home, Frau Pfeffer presented herself with a letter, which her inmate well recollected having carefully closed and secured with a seal bearing a Masonic emblem. The letter was not opened. That extremity appeared to have been avoided. But nearly every particle of wax had by cautious fingers been picked off. Maurice eyed the letter in silence. He was somewhat astonished, and "very considerably ryled."

The lady commenced, every feature the while perfectly impassive—

"It is usual for parties to seal a letter."

"*I have* sealed it. I did so this morning, with one of three seals which I use at random; who has tampered with the impression?"

"Letters go best when sealed," was the impurturbable German's rejoinder.

"Madam, I thus guarded mine."

"With us," persisted the Frau, the features of her face as firm as marble, "it is the practice to send letters closed."

"I tell you I did so, but some meddler has picked off the wax."

"It is the safest course to seal letters," persisted the lady.

"I'll end this colloquy at once," murmured Maurice, "by resealing my letter."

"But, lo! the means were wanting; his seals had disappeared.

Now these missing seals bore each and all of them Masonic emblems; were tokens of personal regard from brothers in the craft; and on them Maurice placed high value. No inquiry, no search threw light on their sudden disappearance; sudden, because their wondering owner distinctly remembered having left them on his dressing-table previous to sallying forth on his visit to Grut.

The Frau Pfeffer looked on, immoveably stolid, and delivered her sentiments with her accustomed brevity.

Maurice's suggestion that the seals might possibly have been stolen, she met by replying—

"Oh, no! that cannot be. No one has access to your apartment but myself."

"Then they are *lost?*"

"Nothing is lost in *this* house. *Nothing!* Everything is always forthcoming in God's good time."

"But my seals"—

"'Many words, much sin,'" struck in the lady; "shorten discussion by using a seal of mine; *the wisest course*, as in forty minutes from this the post leaves Wien."

Maurice mechanically adopted his hostess's suggestion; sealed and posted his letter. But the perplexities of his position haunted him. "All this," said he, by way of soliloquy, as he wended his way homewards, "is vastly disagreeable, and inconceivably odd. My letters are tampered with; my seals are stolen. And if the idea were not absurdly extravagant, I should say that my movements are dogged. This is the third time this morning that I have found that villainously ugly fellow with the scarred face lingering in my wake. He is a government spy, I am thoroughly persuaded. What may all this mean?"

The following day passed off without any marked event; but at noon on the next, when he presented himself at the banker's house of business, he was civilly told by Herr Grut's head clerk that his master was "extremely sorry to break his appointment with the English gentleman, but that he had been compelled to go into the country, and that his return was uncertain."

"Ho! ho!" thought the visitor, "this is tantamount to a declaration of hostilities, or, at all events, is a broad hint that compromise is at an end. What may be the next move?"

That he was not long in ascertaining. In the entrance hall of her dwelling stood Frau Pfeffer, her features impassive and apathetic as usual. The tidings she announced were startling enough; but to do that worthy lady justice, she detailed them with the same frigid indifference as she would have said "Your dinner is waiting," or, "Your coffee will be cold."

Addressing Maurice specially, she said slowly, deliberately, and distinctly, "The emissaries of government have visited your apartment. The strictest search has been made. Your papers are seized."

"Why?"

The Frau shook her head, but spoke not.

"On what grounds? For what object?"

Another shake of the head, accompanied by the same silence, and the same hard, passionless expression of countenance.

"What have I done? Of what am I accused?

"I have no idea."

"You never have on *any* point," said Maurice, peevishly. His heart smote him as he spoke, and still more severely on gaining the door of his apartment, at which the Frau interrupted him, and accosting him in faultless English, and with an earnestness and vivacity of which he had believed her incapable, exclaimed—

"See your embassador without delay. Place yourself at once under his protection. You are a suspected person. Here, wrap yourself in this disguise which I have provided. My son will conduct you to his excellency's hotel. Stay not to parley, but away. Let the peasant's hat slouch more over your brow. So—better. And now away. Delay not, or you are lost."

And the Frau Pfeffer, with a low whistle, summoned her son Fritz to her side, and with many an earnest and anxious caution, addressed to him in German, bade him "not lose sight or grasp of the English gentleman till he had seen him fairly *within* the English embassador's mansion.

CHAPTER VI.

His Britannic Majesty's representative at that period at the Austrian court was a nobleman who abhorred trouble, and loathed *a scene*. A veteran diplomatist was Lord Sarston; deep in the mysteries of courts and cabinets. He could speak for three hours on a knotty point of foreign policy, and leave his hearers as well informed when he closed as when he commenced. A plain topic he could mystify, embarrass, and perplex with a web of subtlety that defied all unravelment. But then he had a most courtly bow; a ready smile; could clothe a refusal in the most complimentary language, and had an irreproachable *cuisine*. His dinners were faultless, and his balls perfection. Rows, and everything that led to such atrocities, he held in utter detestation. Mr. Cobden himself could not be a more ardent lover of peace. His lordship's aim was simple: to discharge his duties easily; to pocket his embassadorial allowances quietly; to escape all House of Commons comment on dispatches; and to be bored by "*no nonsense.*"

Who could have the heart to quarrel with a being who had no angles in his course of conduct—such an irreproachable envoy?

But on the memorable evening when Maurice Heathfield sought refuge at his hotel his lordship's digestion sustained marvelous derangement. He listened with averted eye and reluctant ear; and his dismay at young Heathfield's recapitulation of injuries—at his appeal to him as a British subject for protection—at the apparent absence of all provocation, deepened by a growing conviction that he must act, and at once—was most amusing.

"Of course, I credit your statements," exclaimed his lordship, at the close of Heathfield's narrative. "I have no reason to distrust them—none—none; but provocation *must* have been given, though perhaps unwittingly, on your part. The Austrian government, sir, is—is—is—somewhat stringent in its enactments."

"To my knowledge," returned the young man, firmly, "I have not violated them, even in thought."

"Your papers seized! seized by government emissaries, and at mid-day! Strange! Pray, among your papers was there any political document?"

"None whatever."

"Do you belong to any political society?"

"I do not."

"Are you mixed up with any reform association."

"I am not."

"What brought you to Vienna?"

"Business connected with our firm."

"But your main—your direct—your special object?" pursued Lord Sarston, somewhat sharply.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Odinic Freemasonry.

BY AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, LL.D.

About fifty years before the Christian Era, an event transpired on the western limit of Asia, which was destined many centuries after to change the whole aspect of Europe, and affect the destinies of the whole civilized world. The Roman commonwealth had arrived at the height of its power, and beheld all the then known world subject to its laws.[*] Its last formidable enemy, Mithridates, had fled before the victorious arms of Pompey, and sought refuge and new means of resistance in the forests of Scythia. He hoped to arm against the ambition of Rome all the barbarous nations, his neighbors, whose liberties she threatened. He succeeded at first; but all those peoples—ill united as allies, ill-armed as soldiers, and still worse disciplined—were forced to yield to the genius of Pompey, and some of them were compelled to serve in the victorious army. Of this number was ODIN, the great Mystagogue of the North. His true name was Sigge. The degrading position he was obliged to occupy, stung him to the depths of his soul. He could ill disguise his resentment, which broke forth beyond all restraint on receiving a blow from the Roman general. The insult burned in his heart like a coal of living fire. He fled into the wilderness, the idea of revenge being his supreme thought. He ran from nation to nation, exciting the people by his wondrous eloquence, and the indefatigable zeal with which he propagated the religion, of which he now claimed to be the minister. He assumed the name of Odin, who was the Supreme God of the Teutonic nations, either because he believed himself inspired by the gods, or because, as chief priest, he presided over the worship which was paid to that Deity. It was usual with many ancient nations to give their pontiffs the name of the god they worshiped.

Sigge or Odin was the chief of the Æsir, whose country must have been situated between the Pontus and Euxinus and the Caspian sea. Their principal city was Asgard. The worship they paid to their supreme god was famous throughout the surrounding countries. Odin having united under his banners the youth of the neighboring nations, marched toward the north and west of Europe, subduing, we are told, all the people he found in his passage, and giving them to one or other of his sons for subjects.

After having disposed of so many countries, and confirmed and settled his new governments, Odin directed his course toward Scandinavia, passing through Cimbria, now Holstein and Jutland. These provinces made him no resistance; and shortly after he passed into Funen, which submitted as soon as he appeared. He stayed a long time in this agreeable island, where he built the city of Odensee, which still preserves in its name the memory of its founder. Hence he extended his power over all the north. He subdued the rest of Denmark, and made his son, Skiold, king. Odin, who was apparently better pleased to give crowns to his children than to wear them himself, afterward passed into Sweden, where, at that time, reigned a prince named Gylfi, who, persuaded that the author of a new worship, consecrated by conquests so brilliant, could not be of the ordinary race of mortals, paid him great honors, and even worshipped him as a divinity. By favor of this opinion, Odin soon acquired in Sweden the authority he had obtained in Denmark. He enacted new laws, introduced the customs of his own country, and established at Sigtuna (a city now destroyed, situated near the present city of Stockholm) a supreme council, composed of twelve judges or pontiffs. Their business was to watch over the public weal, to distribute justice to the people, to preside over the new worship, and instruct the people therein, and to preserve faithfully the religious secrets which Odin had deposited among them. He established there the *Sacred Mysteries*, by the influence of which Scandinavia began to live a new life—emerged from obscurity, and gained a name and a place in history.

Gylfi himself, a reputed magician, and thousands of Swedes flocked to Sigtuna, to be made acquainted with the new instructions. The Prose Edda contains a full account of the initiation of Gylfi, an analysis of which we shall give hereafter.

After he had finished these glorious achievements, and feeling his end drawing near, he would not wait till the consequences of a lingering disease should put a period to that life which he had so bravely hazarded in the field; but assembling the friends and companions of his fortunes, he gave himself nine wounds in the form of a circle, with the point of a lance, and many other cuts in his skin with his sword. As he was dying, he declared he was going back to Asgard to take his seat among the other gods at an eternal banquet, where he would receive with great honor all who should expose themselves intrepidly in battle, and die bravely with their swords in their hands. As soon as he had breathed his last, they carried his body to Sigtuna, where, conformably to a custom introduced by him into the north, his body was burnt, with much pomp and magnificence.

Such was the end of this extraordinary man, whose death was as wonderful as his life. Whoever and whatever he was, it is certainly evident that he was one of those heroic geniuses which are sometimes sent into this world to stimulate the human race to sublime activities, and communicate to it a new element of progress. His influence on the life of the world cannot be measured. His shadow reaches down through centuries even to the present time. The whole of Europe felt and still feels to-day the power of his mighty life. With all his limitations, he read the future with the clear vision of a prophet, and in preparing his vengeance on Rome, which had insulted him, he laid plans which required centuries to put in execution. The ideal which he gave to the northern people continued to inspire them after his death; the seed which he planted germinated with fearful productiveness—and it was not long before the Scandinavian nations, overflowing with an immense vitality and moved by an uncontrollable instinct, began that career of conquest which changed all the aspects of Europe. One day his worshippers found themselves before the walls of the Eternal city, and hammering at its gates, which fell beneath their sturdy blows. The Odinic vengeance was executed. The imperial grandeur withered beneath the breath of the terrible Spirit of the North, and the might of Rome vanished before the storm of his wrath. And thus Odin became, by the inscrutable decree of Providence, the Nemesis of the empire.

According to the old chronicles, Odin resembled in many particulars Orpheus, the Thracian. Like him, Odin is described as the most persuasive of men. Nothing could resist, they tell us, the force of his words—that he sometimes enlivened his harangues with verses, which he composed extempore, and that he was not only a great poet, but that it was he who first taught the art of poesy to the Scandinavians. He was also the inventor of the Runic characters, which so long prevailed among that people. He was also the prince of magicians. His followers believed that he could run over the world in the twinkling of an eye—that he had the direction of the air and tempests—that he could transform himself into all sorts of shapes—could raise the dead—foretell things to come—deprive his enemies of health and vigor by enchantments—and discover all the treasures concealed in the earth. The chroniclers add, that he also knew how to sing airs so tender and melodious that the very plains and mountains would open and expand with delight; and that the ghosts, attracted by the sweetness of his songs, would leave their infernal caverns and stand motionless before him.[*]

Such was the character of this great Mystagogue, who first established secret societies in the north of Europe. The rites of initiation were at first celebrated in one place; but after the death of Odin, and in the course of many years, various fraternities were formed, all of which had their special rites and places for their performance.

The initiation of Gylfi, referred to above, presents some curious features, and deserves an extended notice. Arrived at Asgard—*i. e.*, the city of God—he saw a very lofty mansion, whose roof, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with golden shields. Approaching the entrance, he found it guarded by a man who was amusing himself by tossing seven small swords in the air, and catching them as they fell, one after the other.

Guard.—Whence comest thou, stranger, and what dost thou desire?

Gylfi.—My name is Pilgrim; I have wandered long, and am weary, and desire rest. To whom belongs this fair mansion?

Guard.—To the king; and to him will I lead thee.

Pilgrim was then led into the hall, and, with a thunder-crash, the great iron door closed behind him. Following his guide, he traversed many stately rooms crowded with people; some playing, some drinking, and others fighting with various weapons. Seeing many things he could not comprehend, he softly pronounced the following verse:—

"Scan every gate
Ere thou go on,
With greatest caution;
For hard to say 'tis
Where foes are lurking,
In this fair mansion."[*]

Advancing through the mystical journey, he at length stood in a suppliant posture before three thrones, raised one above another.

Guide.—Pilgrim, behold the THREE! He who sitteth on the lowest throne is called the High, or Lofty One; the second is named Equal to the High; and he who sitteth on the highest throne is called the Highest, or the Third. Listen to what they shall say to thee; question them, and they will answer.

The High.—Stranger, thou art welcome here, and mayest eat and drink without cost, in the hall of the Sublime. What is thy errand? and what dost thou desire?

Initiate.—Knowledge of the Supreme. Tell me, O Lofty One! who is the first of the gods. Where does he dwell? What is his power? and what has he done to display his glory?

The High.—He liveth from all ages; he governeth all realms, and swayeth all things great and small.

Equally High.—He hath formed heaven and earth, and the air, and all things thereunto belonging.

The Highest.—And what is more, he hath made man, and given him a soul which will live and never perish, though the body shall have mouldered away or shall have been burned into ashes.

Initiate—What was the beginning of things?

The High.—

"'Twas Time's first dawn,
When naught yet was.
Nor sand, nor sea,
Nor cooling wave;
Earth was not there.
Nor heaven above,
Naught save a void
And yawning gulf;
But verdure none."[†]

The THREE then proceed to instruct the Pilgrim in the science of the universe, and in those instructions we have a full description of the cosmogony of the ancient Scandinavians. They describe the creation of the heavens and the earth, and of the first man and woman; they discourse to him of the mysteries of the world—of night and day—of the sun and moon—of the golden age—of the World-Tree, Yggdrasill, and the Destinies—of the winds and seasons—of the gods and goddesses—of the way that leads to heaven—of the twilight of the gods—of the conflagration of the universe, and destruction of the world. The ceremony of initiation ended with a glowing and sublime description of the *palingenesia* of the universe; the ultimate restoration of all things to purity, and harmony, and peace; and with the statement of some moral precepts for the regulation of human conduct.

Initiate.—What is the end?

The High.—There will be a new heaven; and there will arise out of the sea a new earth, most lovely and verdant, with pleasant fields, where grain shall grow unsown. A dwelling shall be there more radiant than the sun. There the sons of men shall dwell together again in peace and concord; evil shall disappear from the empire of Odin, and happiness and virtue shall be universal and perpetual.

The Highest.—Wanderer, thou hast heard the THREE; profit by the instructions thou hast received.

To the guest who enters your dwelling with frozen knees, give the warmth of thy fire; he who hath traveled over the mountains hath need of food and garments well dried.

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[*] Vide Mallet. L'Introduc a l'Histoire de Den.

[*] Vide Snorri: Heimskringla.

[*] Hava mal. St. I.

[†] Vide Voluspa, in Rhus Edda.

He who traveleth hath need of wisdom. One may do at home whatsoever one will; but he who is ignorant of good manners, will only draw contempt upon himself when he comes to sit down with men well instructed.

He who goes to a feast where he is not expected, either speaks with a lowly voice, or is silent; he listens with his ears, and is attentive with his eyes; by this he acquires knowledge and wisdom.

A man can carry with him no better provisions for his journey than the strength of understanding. In a foreign country this will be of more use to him than treasures, and will introduce him to the table of strangers. A man cannot carry a worse custom with him to a banquet than that of drinking too much; the more the drunkard swallows, the less is his wisdom, till he loses his reason. The bird of oblivion sings before those who inebriate themselves, and steals away their souls.

While we live, let us live well; for be a man ever so rich when he lights his fire, death may perhaps enter his door before it be burned out. Riches pass away like the twinkle of an eye; of all friends they are the most inconstant. Flocks perish, relatives die, friends are not immortal; thou wilt die thyself, but one thing done is out of the reach of fate; and that is the judgment which is passed upon the dead.

Trust not to the words of the girl; neither to those a woman utters; for their hearts are made like unto a wheel that turns round and round; levity was put into their bosoms.*

The heart alone knows what passes within the heart; and that which betrays the soul is the soul itself. There is no malady or sickness more severe than not to be content with one's lot. Do not accustom thyself to mocking; neither laugh at thy guest nor a stranger; they that remain at home often know not who the stranger is that cometh to their gate.

Where is there to be found a virtuous man without some failing? or one so wicked as to have no good quality? Laugh not at the gray-headed declaimer, nor at thy aged grandsire, for there often come forth from the wrinkles of the skin, words full of wisdom.

The High—Now have sublime strains been sung in halls sublime! Useful are they to the sons of men. Hail to him who hath sung them! Hail to him who hath understood them! May they profit him who hath retained them! Hail to those who have lent an ear to them?

Now, O wanderer! thou hast heard. Make the best use of what has been imparted to thee. Go!

In the twinkling of an eye, a cloud blacker than midnight enveloped the magnificent palace, with its roof of golden shields. The earth trembled, horrid phantoms glared through the gloom; the most terrible noises moaned through the air, the red-winged thunder rolled through the shuddering skies, and the storm raved along the pine forest.

When Gylfi opened his eyes, which terror had closed, the entire scene had vanished. City and palace, thrones and warriors, had all disappeared. He stood in an open plain where nothing could be seen but the huge dark rocks, whose brows had been blackened by the tempests of countless years, and the frowning, dismal forest, which was yet writhing in the embrace of the storm.

Although the secret principle and the initiation were established in Scandinavia by Odin himself, it was not until a subsequent age that particular societies, or brotherhoods, for mutual support, came into being.

We now desire to call the attention of our readers to those particular secret societies, or fraternities, which prevailed among the ancient Scandinavians, for the purpose of explaining their structure, and the influence they exerted on the life of the people.

In the Icelandic Sagas, we find frequent mention made of these *confreriés*. Men banded together for mutual protection; and the sentiment of honor as well as interest made them faithful to each other in an association so necessary to their welfare in that rude age. There was scarcely a man of any worth who was not a member of one of these societies; the chief attraction and tie of which were the secret of initiation, and the solemn obligation to support and defend their brethren or companions at the hazard of their own lives. They were governed by constitutions and by-laws.† Each member was required to pay regularly a certain sum of money, to defray the common expenses of the brotherhood, and hence the societies were called Guilds—a word derived from the old Norse verb gjalda—to pay, to contribute to.* Beneficient as these societies were, they were not free, of course, from the vices of the times. Conviviality seems at times to have been carried to excess. Some of their statutes, found in a manuscript of the thirteenth century, remind us strongly of the by-laws of the ancient Lodges of the M. U. I. O. O. F., and some Masonic Lodges. We have before us a copy of the by-laws of an English Lodge, printed thirty years ago, in which we find the following:—

"If any member so far forgets his dignity as a gentleman, as to become intoxicated in the lodge, he shall pay a fine of one shilling and sixpence."

Not unlike this is the rule that follows, taken from the old Latin manuscript of the Scandinavian Order—

"*Si quis pro ebrietate ceciderit in ipsa domo convivii, vel antiquam proporiam curiam intraverit Oram*—[a small piece of money]—*persolvat.*"—*Qucumque ebrietatis causa in domo convivii vomitum fecerit, Dimidium Marcum persolvat,*"† &c.

After the introduction of Christianity into the north, these vices were very much restrained, if not wholly removed: the brethren pledging themselves to check intemperance, and labor for the advancement of virtue.

In the latter part of the twelfth century, we find these associations had become powerful and influential corporate bodies, and that the brethren were bound by solemn oaths to afford each other mutual aid and protection, and to succor the distressed, wherever found. They performed a most important work in achieving the municipal franchises of the Middle Ages. And although conviviality frequently outstepped the bounds of reason and good order, the statutes of these protective brotherhoods show that the members devoted their attention to the amelioration of the laws for the security of person and property, and the general advancement of the public good.

The chief religious and moral teachings of their ritual were of the divine powers, and their relations with men; of immortality, and the means of securing future happiness. Valor was considered the chief of all virtues, and a life of toil and combat the necessary condition of eternal felicity.

But the most remarkable Fraternity of ancient Scandinavia was the celebrated military Order, founded by a Danish chief named Palnatoki, and known by the name of the Society of Jomsburg. The society was founded A. D. 942, and built a stronghold, called Jomsburg, on the south shore of the Baltic, near the mouth of the river Oder. It possessed the entire island of Wollin. The city of Jomsburg, or Julin, as it sometimes was called, grew so rapidly that in the eleventh century, according to Adam of Bremen, it was the most flourishing commercial city in Europe.

The Order had its secret rites and signs of recognition, and the members were distinguished by badges indicative of their degree or rank. So powerful did this association become, that men of the highest rank —princes and even kings—were proud to wear the mystic cincture of the brotherhood. None were admitted to membership under the age of fifteen, nor over that of fifty. No one who had not shown that he did not fear to face two men equally as strong and well armed, or who had not proved himself by some distinguished act of heroism, could be received. The associates were to regard and address each other as brethren. They were bound together in a friendship which was cemented by solemn oaths, and consecrated by the rites of religion. The rules which governed them were most strict. They were devoted to a life of celibacy. No females were allowed to step on the island or to enter the city. Afraid of the softening influence of female charms, the chief of the Fraternity might have exclaimed, like St. Senanus, to any stray dame who attempted to allure the brethren:—

> "Oh haste and leave this pirate isle,
> Unwelcome bark, ere morning smile,
> For on thy deck, though dark it be,
> A female form I see;
> And I have sworn, this Spartan sod
> Shall ne'er by woman's foot be trod."

But the brothers of Jomsburg were obliged at last to yield to the might of love, and so far modified their rules as to allow those to marry who desired to do so.

Many distinguished persons were members of this Order. Sweno, a prince of Sweden; Sigvald, and Thorkell the Tall, and Bjarni, a celebrated navigator, whose voyages led to the discovery of America, A. D. 984, were among them. While they were bound to protect each other, they were obliged by their oath to assist and aid all the weak and unfortunate. They were buccaneers, or sea-rovers, it is true; but then it must be remembered that in those rude and early times, that was considered an honorable calling, and was the only career of activity which was open to them.

The Jomsburg brothers had no fear of death. Their discipline—the whole teaching of their ritual—was admirably calculated to create feelings of contempt of all danger. Their faith in immortality was intense and earnest. When death came to them, although in the most terrible and painful form, they met it with composure, and even with joy.* Several of them were at one time taken prisoners, and doomed to death by beheading. A Norwegian chief, named Thorkell Leire, was the executioner. The prisoners being seated on a log of wood, with legs bonnd together by a rope, osier twigs were twisted in them. A slave was then placed behind each to keep his head steady, by holding fast the twigs twisted into a band for that purpose. The executioner began his sanguinary task by striking off the head of him who sat outmost on the log. After he had beheaded the next two, he asked the prisoners what they thought of death. "What happened to my father," said one, "must happen to me. He died, so must I."

Another said: "I remember too well the laws of Jomsberg to fear dying."

A third declared: "A glorious death is ever welcome to me, and such a death as the present is far more preferable than an infamous life, like that of Thorkell's."

"I only beg of thee," said a fourth, "to be quick over thy work; for thou must know that it is a question often discussed at Jomsburg, whether or not a man feels any pain after losing his head. I will therefore grasp this knife in my hand; if, after my head is cut off, I throw it at thee, it will show that I retain some feeling; if I let it fall, it will prove the contrary. Strike, therefore, and decide the question, without further delay."

"Strike the blow in my face," said the next; "I will sit still without flinching; and take notice whether I even wink my eyes; for we Jomsburg people know how to meet the stroke of death without betraying emotion.

"I fear not death," said another, a beautiful youth, "since I have fulfilled the greatest duty of my life."

We do not present this association, and the others noticed in this article, as by any means perfect specimens of ancient Freemasonry. On the contrary, they had great and numerous imperfections. But then they were rude attempts in a rude age to realize that Ideal of Brotherhood which is more perfectly accomplished in the modern Order of Free and Accepted Masons. Nevertheless, these early associations will be studied with interest by all earnest members of our Order, who find pleasure in tracing the history of that principle of fraternal love, which is destined at last to control the life and action of this world.

Masonic Privateersman.

The following occurrence took place in the year 1813, during the French and English war, and was related by Brother Bushell, Deputy Provincial Grand Master for Bristol, on the occasion of an installation in that city.

"It happened," says Brother Bushell, "that an English vessel, in sailing from the Mediterranean to Bristol, was seized by a French privateer. The captains of both vessels were Masons. The result was most satisfactory. The captain of the privateer released the vessel, the cargo of which was valued at £8,000, and bade his brother go his way, and reach, if he could, his native shore in safety. That brother arrived safely at Bristol, and, at the first opportunity, he repaired to the Grand Lodge, and there, in the presence of the brethren assembled, he stated these facts. And moreover, he produced a written agreement, into which he had entered with the captain of the privateer. And these were the conditions: He gave up the vessel and cargo on condition that the master of the prize, on his return to Bristol, should endeavor to communicate with the Grand Lodge of England, and obtain the release of three Frenchmen. The Grand Lodge took a course suggested to them by his late Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex. The Frenchmen were discovered, and they, with two others, left the British shores free men."

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*The ungallant old Mystagogue! he could have had no heart to speak thus of the ladies! That part of his doctrine we certainly do not endorse.

† Vide Mallet: L'Introduction a l'histoire de Dannemarc.

* These societies were undoubtedly the parent of the modern Guilds or Clubs.

† Bartholin: Caus. contempt. mort, &c., p. 183.

* Vide Jomsvikinga, Saga. The Heimskringla, vi., 38, 47; and Muller's Sagabib, iii., p. 39.

THE POET BURNS.

[Burns, the Scotch masonic bard, was born Jan. 25, 1759. This is the month in which Burns is remembered in masonic homes and lodges. The following was composed by Bro. Christie, of C. W., for the centennial celebration of the birth of the poet.]

To-night, one hundred years ago,
In peasant's cottage, poor and low,
A babe first breathed the air.
Ah! little she, who fondly prest
Her child to her maternal breast,
Conceived how glorious was the guest
She fondled, foster'd there.

As little did the father wot,
When in the Holy Book he wrote
The name he gave his boy.
How large, how bright, that deathless name
Should blaze upon the scroll of fame,
A beauty and a joy.

As the young lark is rear'd unseen,
In lowly nest mid rushes green,
Till feathered for the flight,
From the dull clod it upward springs,
And to Heaven's azure portal sings
Of gladness and of light!
So BURNS—that peerless Bird of Song—
That sky-lark of the minstrel throng,
Was rear'd at humble hearth;
So *he* on Poesy's pinions sprang,
And, circling ever upward, sang
Of passion and of mirth

As mountain echoes will retain,
And swell and multiply the strain—
After the pipe's laid by,
So myriad voices echo still,
And myriad hearts resound and thrill
With Burn's melody.
But mountain echoes sleep at last,
However long and loud the blast,
As seas when storms are o'er;
But Burn's songs shall chanted be
While women love and men are free,
Forever, evermore.

The Two Pillars.

We cheerfully publish the following sent us by Bro. Gwynne, of Baltimore:

There is perhaps no subject that has more engnged the ingenuity of masonic writers, than has a vain attempt to reconcile the conflicting scriptural descriptions of the two celebrated pillars which King Solomon caused to be set up in front of the porch of the temple at Jerusalem. * * * * *

The first and most minute description of those remarkable objects, furnished us in Holy Writ, is that of 1 Kings, chap. vii, ver. 15 to 22 inclusive; the second, that of 2d Kings, chap. xxv, ver. 16 and 17; the third that of 2d Chronicles, chap. iii. ver. 15 to 17 inclusive; and the fourth and last that of Jeremiah, chap. iii, verse 21 to 23 inclusive, no two of which agree in every particular, the greatest discrepancy being in regard to the height of the pillars; and this difference is found to exist only in the description given in 2d Chronicles, where the height of the shaft is set down at thirty-five cubits, while in each of the other descriptions cited above, the height is set down at eighteen cubits only. Bro. Mackey has very *unmechanically* attempted to reconcile this discrepancy, by supposing those immense columns to have been cast in one piece, and then cut apart to make the two; and this *herculean* folly not being sufficient for his purpose, he brings to his rescue the no less untenable idea of Dr. Lightfoot, that "half a cubit of each shaft was concealed in the *hole* of the chapiter. Verily, Bro. Mackey was no mechanic, or at least knew but little of the founder's art, and the *hole* discovered by the learned doctor, existed nowhere except in the hollow of his own brain.

All the descriptions cited above agree that there was upon the top of the pillars, chapiters, or capitals, that those chapiters were five cubits in height, that they were adorned with net work, lilly work, and pomegranates, and that the shafts of the columns were twelve cubits in circumferance. This is about all we learn from the Scripture of those remarkable and to us important and interesting objects, and thus far there is no discrepancy in the several accounts. Now, had we been content to have rested here, this might have been sufficient, but as our learned brothers, Oliver, Mackey, and others, have endeavored to reconcile the errors of compilers and translators, by sinking the only *inspired architect* of which we have any record, into a mere imitator of the worst features of semi-barbarous Egyptian architecture, your correspondent believes it is time to vindicate his memory from such aspersion, especially when a very slight knowledge of architectural rules will furnish ample proof for the purpose.

I claim, therefore, that in those celebrated pillars we have the origin of the most sublime, chaste, and beautiful order the earth has yet seen; an order that has never been equaled and never will be surpassed, and this of course can be no other than the Corinthian. Now, to prove this position let us inquire a little into the proportions of this order, and see how nearly they agree with those furnished in the Scripture of the columns which are the subject under discussion.

The height of the Corinthian column, according to the best authority, should be ten diameters, and these ten diameters include the shaft, base, and capital.

Now, the Scriptures inform us that the circumference of the temple columns was twelve cubits, and the diameter of a circle, whose circumference is twelve, will be in round numbers four, so that we have four cubits as the major-diameter of the shaft of the temple column, and ten times four is forty, so that we have forty cubits as the entire height of those columns, chapiter included, but the chapiter was of itself five cubits, or in other words, was just one diameter and a quarter high, which is exactly the height of the best examples of the Corinthian; this five cubits deducted from forty cubits, the whole height, leaves thirty-five cubits for the height of the shaft, which is precisely the height as given in Chronicles.

Again, the capital of the Corinthian is composed of a core, or basket of wicker, or net work, surrounded by graceful foliage of Acanthus, Olive, Lotus, or Lilly, and such was the composition of the chapiters of the temple column. Again, there was pomegranates around the heads of the pillars—"over against the belly which was by the net work," that is, immediately under the basket of the capital, or around the head of the shaft of the column, and these pomegranates take the place of the astragal of the Corinthian—the proof of which we will now proceed to give. It will be remembered that the diminish of the Corinthian column is, in the best examples, one sixth of the major diameter, that is, the shaft of the column is one sixth of its diameter less at the upper end than at the lower. Now, the diameter of the temple column we have already shown to be at the bottom 4 cubits, one sixth of which is 14 inches, for the cubit is recorded by the best authorities to be 21 inches; four times 21 is 84, and one sixth of 84 is 14, deduct this one sixth, or 14 inches from 84, the whole major diameter, and we have 70 inches as the diameter of the shaft at the astragal or top moulding of the shaft—the pomegranates were one hundred in a row, and the diameter of a full grown pomegranate is by the best authority 2¼ inches, which added to the 70, the minor diameter, gives 72¼ inches as the diameter of a circle passing through the center of the row of pomegranates. Now, a circle whose diameter is 72¼ inches will have a circumference of about 225 inches, and one hundred times 2¼ is just 225, proving conclusively that the columns were not only in dimensions, as here set down, but also proving that 21 inches is really the true measure of the Jewish cubit; but in conclusion, the astragal of the Corinthian should be in vertical height one twelfth of a diameter, which would be 7 inches, and the pomegranate has been shown to be only 2¼ inches in diameter. Here we must remember that there were two rows of pomegranates composing the astragal, and that the pomegranate is not a perfectly round fruit, but measures in the direction of its stem exactly three inches, which would give six inches for the two rows, and one inch for the graceful curvature of the stem, and in addition to all this the form of the pomegranate is precisely that of the astragal or upper torus of the Corinthian column. Much more might be said or written upon this interesting theme, but I trust this will suffice to convince all who will be convinced, that the height given to those remarkable objects in Coronicles, is the true height, and that the others given are errors not now to be accounted for; that those columns were the origin of the Corinthian order; that their author, inspired as he was, was more likely to produce so wonderful a specimen of beauty, elegance, and grace as the Corinthian, than the pagan Calamachus, however fanciful a story might have been concocted to substantiate his claim to the honor of being its inventor. And in conclusion, Josephus unequivocally states that the order known as Corinthian was in use at the buildng of the Temple of Solomon.

See Antiquities of the Jews, Book VIII, Chapter 5, paragraph 2. You will perceive that I have not carried out the fractions in the above calculation, but I have repeatedly done so and they do not materially alter the result.

HARD LINES.

FAREWELL TO AN ENGLISH PRISON CELL.

(IN VERY ORIGINAL SCOTCH.)

BY THOS. PAUL NISBETT, L. C. M., (PAUL BETHNEYS,) OR "C. I. TWENTY."
(THE INITIAL AND NUMBER ON THE PRISONER'S JACKET-SLEEVE.)

[The individual whose farewell to his cell, &c., is given in the following, was a highly educated and intellectual man, a gifted and eloquent speaker, and was for a long time editor of a Scotch political journal, and very popular in London. His great sin was intemperance. He was charged with committing crime while intoxicated, was tried at the Old Bailey, convicted, and sentenced to two years' solitary confinement in the City Prison. His daily occupation was picking oakum. He was an excitable man, and predisposed to lunacy. The chaplain, Rev. M. Cohen, was exceedingly kind to him, and to divert his attention from his miserable condition, supplied him with the best books in the prison, pens, ink, slate and pencil, &c., &c."]

Fareweel, my cell, sae neat and tidy;
May a waur tenant ne'er betide ye—
(For let me say at tha beginning,
I am mair sinned against than sinning.)
Fareweel, my guid and trusty hammock;
Fareweel, an ever-hungry stomach;
Fareweel, my mattress, blanket, rug,
Which in the winter kept me snug;
Fareweel, my cupboard, nice and roomy;
Fareweel, my shovel and my broomie;
Fareweel, my, tub; fareweel, my basin;
(I scoured ye weel to keep ye dacent);
Fareweel, my stool (nor saft or pleasing);
Fareweel, tae labor, dull and *tearing;*
(May the devil seize and choke him
Who first invented picking oakum!)
Fareweel tae yarns, fareweel tae ropes.
Fareweel tae blichted, withered hopes;
Fareweel, my gas-pipe, clear and shiny,
Fareweel, my table, clean and tiny,
(I scrubbed ye weel by morning licht,
And carefu' a' times did ye dicht.)
Fareweel, my spoon, my pint-pot, platter,
My combs, my brush, and rags and tatter,
Wi' which I scoured my tap and brasses;
Fareweel, ye dainty dames and lasses,
Who, by discretion, wise and keen,
Are hid frae gaze o'wicked e'en;
Fareweel, my drawer, sae nice and handy,
(For which accept the thanks of Sandy.)
Fareweel, my bricht brass number plate,
Fareweel, my pencil and my slate—
(Ye were a great relief tae me,
And were the gift, sae frank and free,
O' the gentle, guid schuilmaster.
He ablins, tae, a poetaster.
I wish him weel, wi' a my heart,
He plays a kind and Christian part,
And doesna bluster, big and vain,
Like ithers that my pen could name.)
Fareweel, my suit o' sober gray;
Waesuck, waesuck! alack aday!
Was it for this my mither dear,
Sae kind and gently did me rear,
That I should thus be marked and lottered?
Be still, my heart, I canna better't—
When Christ the Lord was crucified,
A wretch like me's weel satisfied.
Fareweel, my books, my Bible precious,
The word o' mercy, sure and gracious;
My hymn-book, prayer-book, but this last
Is much ower formal for my cast
O' mind and thocht—old Scotia's plan
Best suits the earnest, fervent man,
Wha prays to God just as he feels,
And needs nae clerk to trip his heels
Wi' loud "Amen," in tone sae formal,
And stiff and lifeless as a door nail.
Fareweel to movements "revolutionary"—
(Ditto tae efforts elocutionary.)
Fareweel, thou wheel sae oft revolving,
On which I've had much guid resolving;
But oh! thou everlasting tread-wheel,
Ye are, indeed, a bitter bread-pill
Beyond conception and conjecture,
Tae gabbie chiels, who spout and lecture,
Wha's clishmaclaver 'gins and ends
Wi "Mr. Chairman and dear friends."
There's but ae step (Fortune so fickle is)
'Tween the sublime and the ridiculous,
Sae frae the rostrum tae the dock,
Is e'en a bitter kind o' joke,
Instead of plaudits and applause,
Tae get within the fangs and claws
O' vampire corbies of the law,
Wha'll let ye tent at length your tether,
And pluck ye bare e'en ta a feather,
Syne leave ye tae a judge's whim,
As best ye may tae sink or swim.
And ye, puir soul, wha may succeed
Tae this wee house, lift up your head
And heart to Christ—He will sustain
Ye under every trial and pain.
He'll no despise your humble state,
But dwell wi' ye baith air an' late,
And grant ye every kindly solace,
And make your humble cell a palace.
Fareweel, my neebors, richt and left;
(I wonder if ye're in for theft;
If sae, your hearts will get relief
Tae think upon the dying thief
Our blessed Saviour pardoned when
He had been cast away by men.)
But, oh! delay not till the hour
When death will ha'e ye in his power,
Tae avert the last and dreadful sentence,
But instant seek a true repentance,
And sae, like me, ne'er rue the day
Ye wore a suit of claithing gray.
I'm fain tae leave this kind memento
O' the love o' C. I. TWENTY.

P. S —Tae a' it may concern,
(And they wha rin may read and learn):
I've paid my rent, my bed and board,
And ilka think was lent restored;

I leave nae debts, nor nae ill wishes;
I leave nae foul or dirty dishes;
I leave nae crumbs, nae broken meat—
The same, I trow would been a treat
At *ony* hour to my puir stomach,
Sae often empty as a drummock;
Still I wasna to the doctor fashious—
Troth, drugs at best, but dirt and trash is;
The best a' physic is abstaining
Frae poisonous drinks, vile and inflaming,
Wi' lave o' water in and out,
Then one's eye caller as a trout,
And needs nae pill or bitter potion,
Nae blisters, boluses or lotion.
Hail, Temperance! let thy banner wave!
May thy pure folds adorn my grave!

◆

Winslow Lewis.

[The *Freemason's Magazine* furnishes a biography of Dr. Lewis. We met the Doctor at New York city at the last meeting of the Grand Encampment of the United States. We learned to esteem him as the delicate gentleman, the finished scholar, and the accomplished, upright Mason.]

"Dr. Winslow Lewis was descended more immediately from the Rev. Isaiah Lewis and his wife Abigail, daughter of Kenelm Winslow, a lineal descendant from Edward Winslow, of England, in the fifth generation. Governor Hutchinson, in his remarks on the death of Dr. Edward Winslow, says:

"He was a gentleman of the best family of any of the Plymouth planters, his father, Edward Winslow, Esq., being a person of some figure at Droughtwich, in Worcestershire."

"Captain Winslow Lewis was born in Wellfleet, Cape Cod, May 11, 1770, son of Winslow Lewis, of that place, sea captain. He was married to Elizabeth Greenough, daughter of Thomas Greenough (mathematical instrument maker) and Ann Hobby. He had great practical knowledge and skill in hydraulic engineering. After he quit going to sea he was constantly employed in building new light-houses on our coasts, rivers, and lakes, or in altering or repairing old ones. He furnished plans and specifications for beacons, buoys, and monuments for the shoals and harbors along our shores, and was very successful in the construction of the beacon on the Romer shoal, in New York bay, the beacon on Bowditch't ledge, in Salem harbor, and other permanent ones, which to this day stand as monuments of his skill and long and faithful services to his country. He was contractor and builder in his lifetime of two hundred lighthouses for the Government; he invented the binnacle illuminator, for which he got a patent, and which is now in such general use; he introduced the cotton duck into his factory at Watertown, and it became a substitute for the more expensive Russian duck; was the owner of a ropewalk at the foot of the common; for several years port warden of Boston; and in 1829 and 1836 was one of the aldermen of the city.

"But the reputation and talents of Captain Lewis will be long held in remembrance for his public services, and 'when the history of the light-house establishment in this country is written,' as a gentleman well acquainted with him stated to me in a letter, 'it will appear that Mr. Winslow Lewis was the first to introduce the present mode of illumination, and to lay the foundation for the modern improvement in the structures as well as lantern lamps and reflectors.'

"Dr. Winslow Lewis was born in Boston, July 8, 1799, in the same house in which his mother was born. He was fitted for college under the tuition of Mr. Daniel Staniford, who kept a private school of high repute in Boston; graduated at Harvard University in 1819, studied medicine under the late eminent Dr. John C. Warren, and took his degree of M. D. in 1822. His favorite pursuit was anatomy, for which he had a peculiar tact, as he had a firm nerve and quick, decisive judgment, qualities so essential in delicate and critical operations of surgery. To perfect his studies he went immediately to Europe, attended the lectures of Depuytren in Paris and Abernethy in London, both eminent surgeons of great celebrity. This was not, however, his first visit, for he crossed the Atlantic when only seventeen years of age, and saw many places and persons; and if the old adage would apply, *Nocister e sociss*, he stood high, for he kept good company, coming home with such distinguished men as Dr. Edward Reynolds, the late Hon. Abbott Lawrence, and Franklin Dexter, Esq., who died not long since.

"On his return he commenced practice in Boston. In February 22, 1828, he was married by the Rev. Bethel Judd to Miss Emeline Richards, daughter of Captain Benjamin Richards, New London, Connecticut. He has been two years physician of the municipal institutions, three of the house of correction, and since Dr. Warren's decease he has been consulting physician in the Massachusetts general hospital.

In 1849 he again visited the continent, leaving his family at home. He was gone only seven months, and visited several places of note. He was in Rome when it was attacked by the French, and quitted that city only the day before the siege commenced, of which he wrote home a glowing description, which was published in the *Transcript*. He journeyed on to Geneva, and was admiring the sublime scenery which surrounds that city—the overhanging Alps and the mirror of the blue lake beneath them—when, not dreaming of evil, he took up a newspaper from Boston, and read the death of his only surviving son, Winslow. This young and promising lad of only ten years had followed the fate of his two infant brothers, cut off by that ravaging disease, the scarletina. The blow was sudden and heavy to the afflicted father, and he hurried home.

"The next year, 1850, he again embarked for Europe with his family, consisting of Mrs. Lewis and his three daughters. The Doctor is an observing voyager, and took notes of his travels, extracts from which would be a rich treat to the reader of dry pedigrees, but they are as yet a sealed book. The writer of this has never had a glimpse of them, and could only here and there get a word or hint of his travel's history in a hurried conversation, but he has followed him from place to place in imagination when he spoke of classic grounds he had visited.

"Dr. Lewis and his family spent six months in Paris, where he was introduced to Louis Napoleon, then President of the Republic, now the illustrious Emperor of France. The Duke of Tuscany and his lady became his intimate friends, and their portraits now adorn his library. They also spent some time in England and Scotland, visiting all the remarkable spots and places sought by strangers traveling as far north among the Highlands and lakes as Iverness. They also set out on a journey to Italy, the classic land, the land of beauty and poesy, of fallen greatness, and august recollections; Rome, with its ruins of past grandeur, lying, as it were, beneath the magnificent dome and structure of St. Peter's; Milan, with its palaces and splendid cathedral; Venice, with its numerous islands, canals, and Bridge of Sighs; and Naples, with its enchanting bay and picturesque scenery, successively became the objects of their admiration. Three times the Doctor said he had visited Mount Vesuvius, more fortunate than the elder Pliny, of whose death from a sudden eruption of the volcano his nephew, the younger Pliny, has given in his letters a melancholy but graphic description; and although written eighteen centuries ago, the reader feels as though he was present at the scene.

"But the principal inducement of his journey to Italy, and where he wished to make a transient home, was Florence, that beautiful city, with the vale of Arno on one side and the Appenines on the other. Florence lies encircled by these mountains, from whose summit, it is said, the Adriatic and Mediterranean seas are visible. Through the city flows the river Arno, on its way some fifty or sixty miles from the coast, and watering Pisa, famous for its leaning tower and university. Florence is the central city of Italy, remote from the Alpine snows in the north and the sultry Calabrian heat on the south—truly delicious climate. It has been called the city of churches, palaces, and bridges, for every house is a palace, from the richness and elegance of its structures.

"Dr. Lewis and his family returned home in 1853. He resumed his profession as a matter of choice, for his fortune placed him above dependence on the severe labors and arduous duties of a physician; yet such was his skill and knowledge of surgery that he could not avoid the frequent calls of suffering from disease or injury who came to him far and near, more especially since the death of Dr. John C. Warren. But he was much relieved in practice by the growing and well-deserved reputation of his son-in-law, Dr. George H. Gay, to whom November 21, 1855, his eldest daughter, Elizabeth Greenough, was married. One fact in his practice, so well known to his friends, ought not to be suppressed. Often, very often, his charges to the poor and unfortunate have been light or none at all. To feel for the distressed, to administer to the victims of pain and sickness, is the delight of the good physician and the glory of a great one.

"Dr. Lewis's favorite study has been surgery and anatomy, in which he is acknowledged to have few superiors, if any, in the country. To these he united a love of antiquarian researches, and has retained his fondness for the Latin classics, the beauties of which seem to cling to his memory as the perfume lingers in the sandal wood in every change of condition. Such are the sweet influences of the cultivation of taste and knowledge in early life; they give a tone to character and a charm to conversation which neither age nor misfortune can take away. But his great object was his profession, and during the last thirty-five years the number of his private pupils have exceeded four hundred. He translated from the French 'Gall on the Structure and Functions of the Brain,' which was published in such volumes, edited 'Paxon's Anatomy,' and also a work on Practical Astronomy.

"He was a representative from Boston to the General Court in 1835, '53; one of the Common Council of the city in 1839; on the School Committee, 1839, '40, '41, '44, '45, '57 and '58; visitor of the U. S. Marine Hospital 1856 to 1862; one of the Overseers of Harvard University from 1856 to 1862, and lately re-elected for six years more; Consulting Physician of the city, 1861; Counselor of the Massachusetts Medical Society; a member of the American Medical Society of Paris; for three years he was Grand Master of Masons in Massachusetts, viz: in 1855, '56 and '60, and has been at the head of several Orders in Masonry, a recapitulation of which would sound strange and forthputting to the uninitiated, and give no information to those who are. He has for many years been a fervent and active friend to that noble Institution. The reason of his becoming a Mason was singular. In the days when the Fraternity were abused without mercy and prosecuted to the utmost, he saw an advertisement in a paper of one of the furious antimasons, Avery Allyn—a name now almost forgotten—that on a certain day, in 1829, he would deliver a lecture, showing up the weakness and hypocrisy of Freemasonry, and its dangerous tendency. The Doctor was led by curiosity to go and hear him; and the very sophisms this arch-enemy of the brotherhood used, and the abuse he heaped upon many of them, who were men without fear and without reproach, made him a convert on the other side, and he became a Mason in Columbia Lodge, then under the government of Joshua B. Flint, M. D., since G. M. of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

"The last honor he received was an unanimous choice as President of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society in 1861; an office he still retains; and long may he be spared to preside over us. It would be ungrateful in ourselves and injustice to him not to mention the liberal and valuable donation he has made to the Society—several hundred volumes and some of them very rare and costly. He has also made to the library of Harvard University several donations of ancient works, many of them the result of his purchase abroad.

"Bro. Winslow Lewis was initiated in Columbia Lodge, Nov. 3, 1830; passed Jan. 6, 1831, and raised Feb. 3, 1831. He is a member of St. John's Lodge, St. Paul's Chapter, Council of Royal and Select Masters, Boston Encampment, Grand Chapter, Grand Encampment, affiliated member of the "Loge Clement-Amitie," at Paris, and honorary member of Pythagoras Lodge, No. 86, at New York. He has been Senior Warden of St. John's Lodge, High Priest of St. Paul's Chapter, Commander of the Boston Encampment, Grand King of the Grand Chapter, Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, Grand Generalissimo of the Grand Encampment of the United States, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, a Trustee of the Grand Charity Fund and a Trustee of the Masonic Temple. This enumeration does not evidence the extent of his official services, as he has also held many subordinate stations.

"His unremitting and arduous efforts to advance the welfare of the brotherhood, have endeared him to them in bonds which cannot be sundered; and the elevated position which he now so ably fills, he justly merits. In speaking recently of his regard for the Masonic institution, he remarked, that 'truth and my feelings prompt the declaration, that in Masonry I have found the best friends, the best social ties and comforts; and that the 'whitest' hours of my life (apart from my family) have been when surrounded by 'brothers,' and around that altar, where heart beats responsive to heart, and all 'mingle into bliss.'"

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A Mason's (Franklin's) Opinion.

When Paine was writing his infamous Age of Reason, he sent part of it to Franklin for his opinion respecting it. In the reply of the latter, he tells the sceptic, "That probably he (Paine) is indebted to his religious education for the very habits of virtue on which he prides himself;" and he closes by advising him to employ his talents on some other subject: "For," he adds, "among us, it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of *men*, should prove his manhood *by beating* his mother;" concluding with the remark, "*If men are so wicked, even* WITH *religion, what would they be* WITHOUT IT?"

The National Freemason.

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Letters of business, and containing money, and correspondence, should be addressed Dr. McMurdy, Box 982. Printed matter should be directed National Freemason, Lock Box 18, Washington City.

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Agents.—Bro. Charles H. Anderson, 458 Seventh street, opposite Post Office; Bro. Tacey, Clerk of Court, for Alexandria; Bro. Geo. H. Raymond, G.·. L.·., 48 John street, for New York city; Bros. James Sterratt and Dr. Crane, 74 Lexington street, between Charles and Liberty streets, for Baltimore city; Bro. Huntington, Adams, N. Y.; Bro. Enos, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Every change of P. O. box, or residence of subscribers, should be carefully reported. The past address of the paper should always be stated.

Under the present postal law, no matter can be delivered until postage (three cents per quarter) is paid.

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OFFICIAL.

To the Brethren, Companions, and Sir Knights of the several jurisdictions; We, as Grand Master of Knights Templar in the United States of America, Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, send greeting:

We not only regard with favor the enterprise so generally approved by the Craft, to establish a National Masonic Journal at the metropolis of the nation, but we are impelled by a deep sense of its importance to urge upon you the most vigorous exertions to give to this much-needed instrument for good a healthy and vigorous life.

Let each Masonic body, in corporate capacity, subscribe for as many copies of the National Freemason, as may be expedient, for circulation among the widows and orphans of Masons, and among the sick and indigent Masons in hospitals, thereby exercising a high charity. Let each Mason take as many copies personally as he can afford, and induce his neighbor to do the same.

We are satisfied, from the well-known high educational, literary, and Masonic character of the Rev. R. McMurdy, D. D., LL. D., Grand Prelate of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, that the National Freemason will be conducted in a liberal, faithful, national, and catholic spirit, and will tend to increase and diffuse light within and without our sacred precincts, and promote harmony and good will among the brotherhood.

The moderate terms of its publication, ($1.50 per annum,) make it accessible to the Masonic masses.

We urge you all, brethren, to prompt action in sending names of subscribers, paying in advance, to Rev. Dr. McMurdy, Washington City.

B. B. FRENCH,
Grand Master Knights Templar, U. S. of A.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand High Priest of Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and District of Columbia.
Y. P. PAGE,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Maryland.

◆

The Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, Dec. 27, 1862, adopted the following resolution concerning the "National Freemason," offered by Past Grand Master B. B. French:

"*Resolved*, That the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge be hereby directed to take for the Grand Lodge a sufficient number of copies, not exceeding thirty, of the National Freemason, to preserve three copies for the archives of the Grand Lodge, and to send one copy to each Grand Lodge in the United States, and such foreign Grand Lodges as are in communication with the Grand Lodge."

◆

Federal Lodge, No. 1, and Union Lodge, U. D., Alexandria, subscribed in lodge capacity for 30 copies each of the National Freemason; B. B. French Lodge for 40 copies; Washington Naval Lodge, 10 copies; and Washington Commandery, No. 1, 20 copies. Alexandria Lodge voted to stereotype the first three numbers of the Freemason. St. John's Lodge, of this city, voted a sum sufficient to stereotype the October number.

◆

Agents Wanted.—We desire industrious, sober, honest agents, of good repute, in every State and city of the Union, and in all parts of the globe where there are Masons reading the English language.

◆

The American Masonic Almanac for 1864 is sold for delivery for fifteen cents a copy, without any expense to us for delivery. If sent by mail or express, 20 cents. Ten copies for one dollar.

Booksellers and others, taking not less than 100 copies, at 20 per cent. discount; nor less than 500 copies, 33⅓ per cent. Money must accompany orders.

◆

Back Numbers can be obtained by subscribers, *at subscription rates*, at Anderson's. Where our negligence has caused a failure in the transmission of papers, by communicating it, the missing numbers will be cheerfully supplied. Non-subscribers pay 15 cents per copy.

◆

"Why do you, Doctor, publish poems of Goëthe, Burns, Bulwer, George P. Morris, and others, and notices and anecdotes of Washington, Jackson, Wellington, Nelson, Franklin, Dr. Tyng, Milnor and others, and neglect some writers and public characters equally worthy?"

Answer. This is a masonic periodical, and as such devoted to the literature, history, biography, defense and interests of the Craft. When we shall have exhausted the resources of the masonic world, we will travel beyond it.

◆

Acknowledgments—For vol. 1 of Casket; proceedings of Grand Council and Grand Commandery of Maine; proceedings of Grand Lodges of Connecticut. Wisconsin, Kentucky, and Rhode Island; and proceedings of G.·. C.·. Knts. Templar of Illinois, Ohio; proceedings of Grand Council of Vermont.

Proceedings of Grand Council of Vermont, and Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Minnesota.

◆

What exhibition of masonic life and culture should be given by those who have been students of masonic mysteries? Ans. Humility of demeanor; tenderness of conscience; control of temper; elevated purpose and pursuit; compassionate kindness to all of every grade or character needing sympathy or assistance; purity of heart and life; charity of sentiment and of effort; and firmness in defending and suffering for the truth.

◆

The Dove is a monthly octavo of 30 pages, published by William C. Earl, at Toledo, Ohio, for the society of Odd Fellows, at $1 50 per annum.

It is ably edited, its selected matter judicious, and just the publication for Odd Fellows.

◆

The San Francisco *Mercury* of Nov. 23d, says: "The National Freemason is a monthly, edited with excellent taste, and is filled to repletion with matter peculiarly interesting to the Masonic Fraternity."

◆

The Northwestern Church, at Chicago, Ill., two dollars per year. Our friends wishing an Episcopal paper of great merit, and personal, family and church usefulness, cannot find its superior.

A Church Congress is proposed in certain quarters. If this will promote Public schools, free Churches, Architecture, Music, the educing of the devotional powers of the laity, the promotion of brotherhood, systematic charity, and the love of truth—why not? Such a Congress has been held at Birmingham, and during this year one will be held at Bristol, England.

◆

Rev. Dr. Schetky, Kn't. of Mt. Holly, N. J., with musical ability and taste, has arranged the Christmas Anthem, "Awake the Sweet Anthem" arranged to music.

◆

The Right Direction.—The Church's Mission to working men, or the Power of Christian Fellowship and Sympathy: Report of Board of Missions of the Episcopal Church. This is by a committee of the Board "to consider the means through which the more neglected portions of the community may be reached by Christian instruction."

◆

Christmas and New Year Gifts.—With cordial greeting we wish our subscribers a merry holiday season. We heartily commend not only the religious but also the social aspects of the manifestations of joy at the birth of our blessed Saviour. Let each child have some token of the *fact* of a Saviour born. Let the houses and the churches be dressed in evergreen, and loud anthems resound, and joyous greetings of friends and holy gladness of children's hearts abound.

Let the gifts be expressive of the event. Why should not lodges, and especially commanderies make especial donations to the poor. If there be a poor widow of the Order in any lodge, who plies the slow needle of toil for a livelihood, how grateful and full of relief would be a sewing machine to expedite her labors.

◆

For Knights Templar.–We have just passed through the first part of the Templar year called Advent, (from two latin words *ad* and *venire, to come hither,*) embracing the four Sundays before Christmas, designed to fit us for the coming of our Lord at Christmas time, a season of preparation for the judgment, which may come at any moment. Our ceremonies remind us of the last trumpet, and may we keep our minds on the great fact (believed in by the Hindoo and the disciple of Confucius) that we must render an account of our deeds done here, that as Templars, our faithfulness to our vows, alas, too lightly taken by many, will be considered, and our neglect of the Christian religion, our lack of charity and our greed of gain.

Let such passages as St. Matthew xxiv and xxv; and St. Mark xii, be for daily perusal, and dwell on that grand old Templar hymn, "*Dies Irae,*" and may our Great Commander have found us ready for His occupancy at Christmas.

◆

Contents of the American Masonic Almanac:—Twenty cents per copy prepaid, or one dollar and ten cents prepaid for ten copies:

Age; Moral Sayings of Confucius; Historical; Secret of Masonry; Ancient Lectures of the Craft; Chronological List of Grand Masters from the time of the Anglo Saxons; Speculative and Operative Masonry at the Building of the Temple; Fac Simile copy of Beginning of an Old Manuscript; Resolved; York Rite; Grand Lodges of England and Scotland; Universality of Masonry; So Mote it Be; Kings and Princes; Charters; Ternary Freemasonry; The Masonic Burial; How shall I secure admission into a Lodge; Masonic History—a rare old work; The Master's Song; The Statuary of the Capitol; Calendar for the Months; Eclipses for the year 1864; Fixed and Movable Festivals; Chronological Cycles: Morning and Evening Stars; Equinoxes and Solstices; Duration of the Seasons; The year 1864; Equilateral Triangle; Blue, Green, and Red; Capitular Masonry; The Acacia; The Masonic Altar; Annuities; Grand Assemblies; The Anchor; Masonic Ladder; Masonic Abbreviations; Religion and Theology; Old Masonic Poem; Solomon's Temple; Hiram Abif's Example; Symbolism of Colors.

◆

Congress is now in session. We shall have room for none of its acts except such as are of masonic bearing. We shall not hesitate to notice men and measures as they may promote the brotherhood of man, the relief of suffering, and the love of the truth. We may also give brief memoirs of leading public Representatives and Senators who are not ashamed here of their masonic associations, and do not ignore them at home.

Public men who do not acknowledge their masonic obligations, and live masonic lives, who forget or neglect their masonic duties, deserve to perish from masonic memory.

Lectures of the Dramatic and Literary Association of Washington.

These are under the patronage and originated and sustained by the enterprise and liberality of our Israelite brethren chiefly. The managers and members are, with scarcely an exception, masonic brethren.

Brother Park Benjamin read a poem at the opening lecture on the War. It was elevated and patriotic, natural and minute, without coarseness, full of criticism, and yet generous and replete with humanity, brotherhood, and progress. The audience was delighted, and most rapturously applauded the sentiment of humanity and relief.

Hon. Horace Greely delivered the second of the course to a large audience. This was the first time we had heard Mr. Greely. He makes no effort to conceal his views, or ornament the dress of words in which he clothes them. He evidently aims at perspicuity, at being fully understood. He is a close thinker, an earnest, honest man, and, without consenting to some of his religious and political views, we regard him as a man of large benevolence, and fully intent on doing good.

The third lecture was by the Rev. Bro. Isaac M. Wise, Editor of the Israelite at Cincinnati. It was replete with information and evidence of the position and usefulness of the Modern Israelites. It must dissipate prejudice and promote justice and love towards our Jewish friends and brothers. The lecturer showed himself to be a cultivated speaker, a logical thinker and of great research. We print it as a *supplement* to this number.

Lux—Light.

Mosheim says that in chemical language the cross † was an emblem of light, because it contains within its figure the forms of the three letters LVX, or light. With the Rosicrucians light was the knowledge of the philosopher's stone. Freemasonry in olden time was sometimes called "Lux," because it is the doctrine of truth, an emanation from the Divine intelligence, and in this sense coeval with creation.

◆

A young gentleman of seventeen years of age sends us three subscribers, writing: "I find such good advice, noble principles, and liberal sentiments in the National Freemason that I am a subscriber for life, or so long as it maintains its present character."

◆

We render our thanks to such brothers, members of Congress, who are interesting themselves in the circulation of the Freemason. One brother subscribes for seven copies to send to his masonic constituents. The Freemason can be ordered through the Clerks of the House and Senate, and paid out of the fund appropriated for newspapers for members.

◆

Bro. N. N. Barrett.—Thank you for your photograph in the regalia of Senior Grand Warden of Conn., and also for the photograph of Burns, so delicately presented in this the Burn's nativity month. Present thanks also to your lodge for invitation to Festival. Send us historical sketch. Your active pen is ever welcome.

◆

Our M.·. W.·. Bro. J. Saqui, of Kansas, was the recipient last month of a handsome cane, the present of Washington Lodge, No. 5, an acknowledgment of his services as Grand Master. We are pleased especially with toast No. 3:

"May we be ever more ready to correct our own faults than to publish the errors of a brother."

◆

Templars—When simple notes of the trumpet were heard the great (congregational) council assembled; when long protracted notes were sounded the council of princes only convened.

How Solemn is "Yesterday."

The little golden sands that fell through its successive moments so gently, but so intensely fast, each glittering in its soft motion with starry brilliancy: while falling, under our control—when fallen, each is fixed like firmest granite. Heaven and earth cannot alter one of these grains. Each remains eternally as it falls. They are past; only the future remains.

How solemn—*the future!* Like a field of white untrodden snow, it spreads out before you, white and spotless, ready to receive whatever mark you will. Yours, wholly yours. You may drag your train of defilement and corruption over it, or you may record white letters of nobleness there, or mould the fragile substance into forms of beauty.

Progress of Masonic Principles.

The Archbishop of York has recently consecrated three churches in which all the seats are free. He remarked on the occasion:

> "While there were social distinctions which no one wished to remove, and which were quite right in ordinary life, these ought to be left behind at the door of the church, folded up like umbrellas, and all should appear before their Lord and God as perfectly equal, as sinners seeking his mercy."

Toleration of Religious and Political Opinions.—Brotherhood.—Humanity.

Carlsbad, in Bohemia, the most celebrated watering place in the world, formerly excluded the Jews. It now relaxes, and there are 60 families there.

Vienna to-day admits the first Jew to practice in the courts of justice, and him, too, charged 10 years ago with high treason, and sentenced by court martial to three years' imprisonment, and lately rehabilitated by the emperor himself.

Rev. Mr. Manheimer, the preacher of the temple at Vienna, who first brought regular sermons into the synagogue, who published the Hebrew prayers of the temple in 1838 and 1840, of Vienna, Pesth, and Prague, with his German translation, and known in the political world as of the Austrian *Reichstag* of 1848, and for his speeches against capital punishment in that body, and for the prayer at the grave of those who fell in Vienna at the first outbreak of the revolution of 1848, when Jew and Christian were buried in one grave, was knighted by the emperor with the cross of the Francis Joseph order to the class and received the distinction of honorary citizen of Vienna.

At Amsterdam, Mr. Heilbron, a Jew, has received from the government of France a very precious Japanese breakfast service, for acknowledgment of meritorious aid to the government.

In Austria, the Emperor has conferred the power on Herr Popper, of Hungary, to sell stamps, a State monopoly, and from which the Jews, by rule, have hitherto been excluded.

> "The Counsellor of the district, delegated to perform the act of decoration, in his address delivered on the occasion, after enumerating the merits of Herr Popper, remarked: In mediæval days all these merits would have been unable to obtain a mark of recognition; the prejudice arising from the difference of religion formed a wall of partition which no human power could have broken down." At the same time the Emperor remitted to the congregation of the same city, arrears to the amount of 2,960 florins, arising from the ignominious protection tax, which the Jews of Hungary had to pay to the State before 1848."

The Universal.

The tendency of the soul, under masonic culture, is from a part to the whole, from a unit to the universe, to a complete absorption of the self of the individual in the universal self of the race, an emancipation from the control of local surroundings, party prejudices, and the lower instincts, to a universal brotherhood. The true Mason forgets self in love of God and his kind, and thus becomes the true gentleman.

General Banks, in his order welcoming the return of our brave soldiers from their Texan captivity of two years, utters the following masonic and knightly sentiment (it is known to our readers that the General is a Knight Templar): "They refused to substitute the misguided ambition of a vulgar, low-bred provincialism, for the hallowed hope of a national patriotism."

Only they, who like the devoted Masons, Washington, William Tell, Kossuth, and Garibaldi, who subordinate the part to the whole, and self to mankind, can be the great representative minds of all ages.

Visit to the Russian Fleet.

The second Sunday in December we accepted the invitation of the Admiral and Priest-in-charge to visit the Flag-Frigate of the Russian Fleet, and assist in divine service. We advert only to such incidents of the visit as may be interesting to Masons.

1. The *Symbolism* of the Greek worship is beautiful and impressive. The knife used at the communion is in the form of a spear, to remind us of the spear of the Roman soldier, which pierced the side of the Blessed Saviour. Water is mixed with the wine to commemorate the water and blood that flowed from the Saviour's side. The bread was commingled with the water and wine to symbolize more perfectly the body of Christ. [In symbolism everywhere Masons take a deep interest, and they ought to be capable of judging of its beauty and accuracy.]

2. All are taught humanity and brotherhood in the worship. There is no distinction. Officers and men were one blended mass; no officer absent or inattentive. No one had a seat; not even the Admiral: all stood and participated in the service. It was popular worship; not that of the priest alone, nor of the cultivated few. The whole mass of sailors participated with intense devotion. The singing was indescribably harmonious and rich. The responsive chanting of the service is seldom equaled in English or American cathedrals.

3. We were struck with the commemoration in the service of learning and charity—learned men and doctors, who give themselves to the good of their race without compensation—thus inculcating and encouraging the highest charity. It is for the whole people—their improvement and edification. Masonry inculcates not only the use of the Book of the Law, but its universal use—that it is for the people. Hence the Bible is always open in the Lodge, and she rejoices to find so large and ancient a church as the Greek holding the same view. What a glorious work it was to emancipate 44,000,000 of serfs, and bestow on them the dignity and rights of manhood! Such charity (love) will cover many national sins! And what a labor of love to put the open Bible in the hands of such a multitude? Russia will do her last gracious act—she will not long postpone her duty to Poland. It must come. The life of earnest love for her whole people will lead to justice and charity to Poland.

4. The worship is in the vernacular. The priest had translated the Sclavonic service into French and placed us by his side. By the aid of the French translation we were carried along so as to obtain a clear idea of the worship.

We must here record the courteous conduct of officers and priest, and the fraternal exhibitions of Father Kneister, who has spoken to us many times of the relations of the Episcopal Church in America and the Greek Church in Russia, and has wished God speed to the efforts of Brother Young in creating cordial relations between the two bodies. The more perfect, kind, and sympathetic the intercourse between the churches and nations of earth, the less probability of war; and we seek to promote "peace on earth and good will to man."

We look with favor on the preservation of the unity of the communities, and the gathering into one those who have been separated, and permeating all bodies with love and truth. From our masonic position we have been delighted with the friendly manifestations between the United States and Russia, and more recently beween England and France and this country. We would preserve peace and avoid war by all possible honorable means. We also look with favor on the union of churches; and their assistance in preserving peace, by the increase of their power.

The General Convention of the Episcopal Church of the United States, and the Convocation of Canterbury of the English Church are in correspondence on intercommunion with the Russian Church. Such an ecclesiastical union of Russia, England, and the United States, would be a noble and grand result, second only to the Reformation.

We are satisfied that naught is necessary save knowledge on both sides.

With the consciousnsss that the churches are really one, we did not hesitate to accept the invitation of the priest of the Flag-ship, and, as he said, "to assist him" in the services. He could not have been more cordial, and could by no means then at hand have more fully indorsed my clerical position. Then there was the presence of the chaplain of the Russian Embassy at Paris at the laying of the corner-stone of Trinity church there, and the attendance of the clergy of the Russian fleet at Trinity church, New-York, —and various articles written and words spoken by several prominent Russian clergy—all contributing to cordial and harmonious intercourse between the Greek and American and Anglican churches.

The Apron

Is the badge of a Mason, and he who understands the origin of the order, its antiquity, its service to mankind, its honorable devotees, and its great and noble principles, knows that it is more ancient than the golden fleece or Roman eagle, and more honorable than the star or garter.

The apron, like other masonic symbols, has two meanings, an esoteric and an exoteric, one superficial and outward, the other inner and hidden; the one delighting the frivolous, the other, the reflecting. The latter is decipherable only by those possessing its power and spirit. As the slaughtered lamb, by many an Israelite, fulfilling all the obligations of the law, was regarded only for its immediate beneficial efficacy, so there are Masons living up to the requirements of the Order, fulfilling their duty to God and their neighbors, yet ignorant of the treasures of knowledge inclosed by our symbols. There are Israelites also, who not only looked upon the ceremonial law, as having power to purge from sin and to secure the favor of God, but also as shadowing forth a coming Messiah. So there are Masons who are initiated into the mystery of mysteries, who have become sons of light and disciples of truth.

The apron is the emblem of innocence, and continually reminds us of our duty to have an imagination undefiled, and a conscience void of offense; but it is also a constant memento of God. Its border of blue, reminds us that we must not forget the commandments of the Lord, to obey them. Reverence and obedience, as well as purity, are taught by the apron.

Thus spake Jehovah to Moses: "Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes on the borders of their garments, throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringes of the borders a *riband of blue*. And it shall be with you for a fringe, that you may look upon it, and remember all the commandments of the Lord and do them. That you may remember and do all my commandments and be holy unto your God."

A Brother Vouched For.

The brother vouching for another should know that he is what he claims to be, not from the mere statement of the visitor, or general report, or casual conversation, or loose and careless inquiry, but "from strict trial, due examination, or lawful information." These are the three requisites of the landmarks to authorize a brother to vouch for another.

The constitutions of 1738 provide "that you are cautiously to examine him as prudence shall direct."

By strict trial is meant that no question must be omitted, nor answer excused, that may be necessary to convince you that he is a craftsman. The errors or inadvertencies of the visitor are not to be corrected, for you are not instructing but examining. While there should be strictness in examination, it must be on the essentials of Masonry, and not for the purpose of annoying a visitor, or exhibiting on the part of the committee their own masonic proficiency. The minor details are not to be considered as essential. The object is not to ascertain how bright the visitor is, but is he a Mason? With an aged brother, or one long debarred the privileges of the Craft by journey or sickness, patience is commended; and there are some who, familiar with the material, are deficient in the verbal. Such are often better Masons than the more fluent, who are mere parrots; and impostors, if there be any, will be likely to be very perfect in the mere routine, following the slighter association, that of mere words. If the examination be upon the severer association, imposture will be certainly detected. There is little need of caution here, except to young Craftsmen, who in examining, draw no distinction between the essential and the minor details, and who are not familiar with the laws of evidence and mental philosophy. Our rough Craftsmen are sometimes not very courteous to visitors.

Lawful Information.—What is it? Not that Brother "Smith" tells Brother "Homes" that Bro. "Johns" assured him that Brother "Peters" was a Mason. Personal avouchment from *one* brother to *another* may be accepted, but no further, and then only when the brother vouched for is in the presence of the one giving the information and the one receiving it, and then given with the intent of masonic use, and must be explicit and positive, based on actual knowledge of a lawful masonic character. Written vouchers are of no positive value. They are simply masonic introductions.

The Tyler's voucher is an uncertain guide. He may be deceived by great similarity of personal appearances, or from a certain conviction of having seen the person somewhere and hastening to the conclusion of it being in a lodge, or the Tyler may have known him as a lawful member of the lodge, but not that he had since been put under discipline. The examination of an inexperienced or unskillful brother affords no ground for avouchment, because he cannot have the ability of detecting error, or the judgment necessary to avoid conveying information which should be withheld. A brother vouching for another should be able to state positively that he sat with him in a Master's Lodge, duly constituted, and not a Fellow-Craft or Entered Apprentices' Lodge.

No brother can vouch for another without having set with him in a Master's Lodge, or a brother whom he *knows* as a Master Mason declares that he has set with him, and introduces him face to face, or he examines him by authority of the W.·. M.·. or a Warden.

Templars.—If the Latin term "Frater" be used for "brother," its plural must be formed according to the laws of the language from which it is derived. Hence "*Fratres*," and not "*Fraters*," is the plural of "Frater."

The Wounded Mason.

Capt. D——n, of the 12th New Hampshire, a brother of the mystic tie, was wounded on the 3d of May, 1863, at Chancellorsville. The enemy divested him of everything, haversack, blankets, overcoat, and canteen, and attempted to march him off as a prisoner. He had proceeded a mile, escorted by a confederate soldier on either side, when, fainting, he was left alone in the woods, on the hot and memorable Sunday of May, almost perishing from exhaustion and a feverish longing for water. Unable to turn over, from the nature of the wound, he called lustily for water as the Confederates at various times, and in various parties, hurried by; but there was no relief and no response, save occasionally a curt and rough reply. At 3 o'clock, p. m., a Confederate officer rode along, and being entreated for water, replied that he had so much to do for his own suffering men he could not help him. He turned to depart, when the wounded Mason gave the masonic cry of distress. The Confederate officer turned about saying, "Is it so; are you a brother?" and giving him sundry tokens he said: "I'll get you water; where is your canteen?" The wounded man replied, "Your men have taken all." "Is it so, the rascals," was the response of the Confederate brother. He further said, "My command may move in ten minutes, the water is nearly a mile off; but I'll get you water, you are a suffering brother. I'll do more if I can." Looking up, and seeing his command in motion, he continued: "Command or no command, I'll get you the water." He brought it from some distance, and, after composing the person, and giving the soldier an easy position, with a fraternal embrace, he departed, thus saving the life of a brother. The wounded Mason remained thus till the third day, when, a colored boy passing along, he wrote on a piece of paper his name and took it to a Federal camp hospital a mile and a quarter distant, and the Mason was conveyed thither, and thence to a Washington hospital, where he received every attention from the brethren until he was able to start for his home and lodge in New Hampshire.

The Past Grand Masters of Illinois,

who were present at the late meeting of the Grand Lodge, have been nearly all members of some religious body. This is the best practical reply to those who state that Freemasonry is antagonistical to the church, and so occupies the minds of the Craft as to exclude the claims of religion.

Abraham Jones, the first Grand Master, is an Israelite. Levi Lusk, the fourth Grand Master, is a member of the Christian church. William Lavely, the seventh Grand Master, is also a member of the Christian church. James L. Anderson, the thirteenth, is a member of the Presbyterian church. James H. Hibbard, the fifteenth, is a member of the Baptist church; Harrison Dills, the sixteenth, is of the Methodist Episcopal church; Ira A. W. Buck, the seventeenth, is of the Methodist church; F. M. Blair, the eighteenth, of the Presbyterian church; Thomas J. Turner, the present Grand Master, is of the Presbyterian church.

Entered Apprentices are not required to pay dues, can speak only by express permission, cannot vote or hold office. They can sit in an Entered Apprentice's Lodge, and have the rights of applying for advancement, and of protection. The "Constitutions" say: "Initiation makes a man a Mason;" of course an "Entered Apprentice Mason." In the last century the great mass of Masons were only "Entered Apprentice Masons;" few were passed, and very few were raised. It was difficult to become a Master Mason, and only in the Grand Lodge or by the dispensation of the Grand Master.

National virtue is the only safeguard to national prosperity.

Masonry of the Leaven.

Its movement is of the *leaven*, and our lodges should be lodges of the leaven—a profound penetrating spirit which is to go forth into all bodies, which in a thousand ways awakens thought and forces conviction into the minds of men.

It is no pale spectre, moving about in worlds not realized, no spirit of cloister or desert; but a social and humane spirit, an indifferent spectator of no individual struggle, of no nation's agony, and of no search after freedom and truth.

Masonry knows the value of religion also, and carefully encourages the Church, defends the Bible and the Sabbath, and teaches the value of prayer.

Masonry teaches her youth humanity, also that to find the truth they must find *man* as well as God; that they must love their fellow beings, or their prayers find no access to God. How delightful the thought, that as brethren we are remembered everywhere by our brethren throughout this land and the whole world. And that it is our charge and mission to be *faithful* evermore in love and charity, faithful to man in all his varying needs, and faithful to God in the reception of truth.

◆

Masonry must be seen in the Life.

A man's Masonry is of but little value if all his relations of life are not improved thereby, if it does not regulate all his conduct toward his fellow men, making him careful to fulfill every obligation to his neighbor, especially to pay his debts, the small ones first, because generally due to a class who especially need.

Masonry will make a man cautious about contracting debts. It will restrain him from indorsing a note he cannot pay without embarrasing himself, and distressing others. It would make every body of persons careful about going in debt beyond their willingness and ability to pay. Its principles would change the basis of what is called "the credit system," substituting confidence in a man's integrity and capacity, in the place of mere report of his supposed commercial ability.

◆

PALMONI, or the Numerals of Scripture, a proof of inspiration, by Dr. Mahan.

The numerals of Scripture are *letters* in the original tongues, and hence each *name* is also a number. The Jewish Cabbalists have devoted great attention to the mysteries and mystic powers of sacred numbers.

Ishmael, Dr. Mahan styles the symbol of a *religious* man. It has the 10 of infinity, the 300 of churchly life, the 40 of probation, the 70 of rest, all crowned by the 31, the sacred number of Deity.

Will our friends of the Scottish rite carefully read the following on Abraham?

"The sum of all is, in the case of Abraham, that his name may be compared to the scientific description of the 'Topaz,' which is 'the ninth precious stone' in the 'foundation of the wall' of the sacred city. For it is said of this stone that its specific gravity is *three*, its hardness *eight*, 'its hue *yellow* or *colorless*, but sometimes *green*, *blue*, or *red*,' and that 'it crystalizes in the *trimetric* or rhombic system.' So with the name Abraham; it has the '3' of the Trinity, the '8' of the Resurrection, the 'green' of the baptismal sea, the 'blue' of the baptismal spirit, the 'yellow' of the baptismal flame, the 'red' of the baptismal blood, the colorless depth of the baptismal doctrine, while the whole crystalizes in the trimetric fashion, *three* times *three* by *three* times *three* times *three*—the thrice blessed, glorious and adorable Triune God."

◆

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.—Can lodges go into "committee of the whole as other bodies?" asks a brother.

Certainly not, for lodges can only do business with the *Master* in the chair. Whoever presides is *Master* while occupying the chair and governs "the lodge." A committee presupposes a "chairman," and a chairman in Freemasonry, never! But nothing is gained by it. In other bodies there is reason and propriety in it.

History of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.

(Continued from page 110 of No. 7.)

[The printer should not have published all on the first and second columns of page 110, after the word "Washington." All the matter after the sentence reading "The Grand Master laid before the Grand Lodge a communication in the words, &c.," should have been omitted. It is out of place, and has previously been printed.]

The following should have been printed:

A Master Mason's Lodge was opened in ample form.

The Grand Master having stated the object of the present meeting, read a letter addressed to him from Brother Samuel Burch, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements appointed for the building of a new Masonic edifice in the city of Washington, inviting the attendance and co-operation of this Grand Lodge to lay the corner-stone of the said edifice, on Tuesday, the 19th of the present month:

Whereupon,

"*Resolved*, That the Grand Lodge do accept the proposition made by the committee of Arrangements, and will adopt proper measures to carry the same into effect."

On motion of Brother Samuel Burch,

"*Resolved*, That Brother Mauro be requested to use his best exertions to have anthems, odes, or hymns, sung upon the occasion of laying the corner-stone of Freemason's Hall."

"*Ordered*, That the M. W. Grand Master, and the Rev. William Hawley, Grand Chaplain, be appointed a committee on the part of this Grand Lodge, to unite with the committee of arrangements in the reception and accommodation of such deputation from the Grand Lodge of Maryland as may be present at the ceremonies contemplated to be performed on Tuesday next.

And then the Grand Lodge adjourned until Tuesday, the 19th of the present month, at nine o'clock, a. m., then to meet at St. John's church, in the city of Washington.

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The following is from the Israelite of Cincinnati:

A Masonic Plea for Israelites.

The prejudices under which we labored so many centuries are so numerous and deeply rooted that we are frequently called upon to combat them also in this land of the free and this age of progressive enlightenment. This is certainly not mortifying only to us but every philanthropist; because the eruption of prejudices is always a demonstration of the imperfection of man's education, a state of society deeply regretted by every charitable man.

It is, therefore, certainly pleasant to read sometimes the impartial and benevolent voice of unprejudiced men. It enlivens the hopes of noble hearts, that the day will come when every man will honor, in every image of God, the good qualities he possesses independent of the views he holds on religion, politics, and other questions concerning deeply every man. Such a voice resounds from THE NATIONAL FREEMASON, edited by Rev. Dr. M'Murdy, of Washington, D. C., a voice precisely as we would wish to hear universally. We republish the whole article as another proof of our assertion, that there are plenty of good men among us who are free of the vulgar prejudices of men, who, as generals, senators and other authors, should have a much better education.

The Rev. Dr. M., we hope, will not understand amiss the few explanatory notes we have added.

Certainly not. We transfer your notes to our columns.

The first note is on the words "We should be eclectic, receiving truth from all sources, and obeying it," and is as follows:

The much decried and little read Talmud has the same maxim in the words: "Receive the truth of whomsoever might say it." Moses received instruction of his heathen father-in-law Jethro, and King Solomon made use of the science of the Phœnician Pagans.

Also this maxim is expressed in the Talmud: "Truth is the seal of God," in reference to the seal of truth impressed on every work and word of God.

On our notice of the trading disposition of the Israelites, the editor of the *Israelite* remarks:

Here is the great or rather small fundamental error which vulgar men embrace to base thereon their unjust and absurd prejudices against the Hebrew race, which gave them a religion, and the teachings of Masonry. Where is the proof of the Hebrews' disposition to dishonesty or sharpness, more so than of any other race of people? With a dishonest disposition men cannot possibly rise to the distinction, in commerce and politics, as Hebrews did and do. In point of honesty, it is a simple justice to admit the equality of Jews and Yankees. The Jews were forced upon the field of commerce by unjust men, who robbed them of their houses and fields, and left them nothing except their natural resources which they brought as an immense and inexhaustible capital into the commercial province. The Jews never were a nomadic or wandering people since they left the wilderness, and are not now. Unjust and violent rulers, priests, and mobs, drove them frequently from their homes, to steal their houses and fields; but then they did not roam over the land; they went forth in search of another home, and settled down as soon as they found one.

On the charitable system of the Jews the *Israelite* says:

The doctor would be astonished probably to learn that our benevolent societies in this city and elsewhere get as much as $200 per annum from one individual, and these are by no means isolated cases. Four drovers but lately sent me $150 to distribute among the poor. Cases of this nature are too numerous to be mentioned. Suffice it to say that none of us come to beg at the doors of a Gentile.

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LITTLE LUCY.

[An esteemed sister sends us the following soliloquies of a little girl of three years of age, which she vouches for as literally true. The poetry is about the same Boston child.]

Little Lucy's grandfather had lately died, when she accidentally finding his worn-out hat, was overheard soliloquizing thus: "Well now, if grandpa haint gone to heaven and forgot his hat," then as the torn edge met her view, "I guests taint much matter though for it's so ragged, if God had seen it he'd just laughed and said, '*oh*,' what a hat."

QUEEN LUCY—A LITTLE SOVEREIGN THREE SUMMERS OLD.

BY JOEL BENTON.

Sweet little Lucy with curls of jet
Is just the cunningest household pet!
Look at her face so soft and fair,
Her life with its sweet disdain of care,
The roguish smile as she climbs your knee,
Her graceful motions light and free,
As backward and forward she loves to run,
With her eyes lit up and a-blaze with fun.

Yet our little Queen is unaware
Of this beauty which makes the gods despair;
She knows not the spell in her artless kiss,
Nor how broad and ample her kingdom is,
What a circle of loving hearts is prone
To watch each glance from her wishful throne:
Though her wonderful scepter she hath not seen,
We are her subjects, and she is Queen.

As she sits in my lap I think of the day
When a handsome youth shall come this way,
Noble in form, of manly brow,
(Some boy that is rocked in his cradle now,)
And, with heart on fire and blushing cheek,
His burning ardor will try to speak
While twirling as I do one silken tress:
Will she take, or refuse him? Who can guess?

O, sweet little Lucy, that day be wise,
And veil with a tenderer beam those eyes,—
Let a gentler radiance send the dart
That shall thrill or sadden a beating heart;
Think of thy life and its measureless scope,
Of the one you must give to Despair or Hope,
And whatever answer those lips may mean,
Be it well with him and our little Queen.

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TRESTLE BOARD.—Trestle board is from the French *trestau*, a board placed on a wooden frame of three legs; Masonically the board of designs of the master-workman; speculatively symbolical of the books of nature and revelation; the board of designs of T.·. G.·. A.·. O.·. T.·. U.·. for the labor of the lives of his creatures.

Silence—Beautiful Symbolism.

At Amadan was a celebrated academy, the first statute of which ran thus:—

"The Academicians are to think much, write little, and, if possible, speak less."

This was called the Silent Academy, nor was there a Sage in Persia who was not ambitions of being admitted a member. Zeb, a famous Sage, and author of an excellent little book, entitled "The Gag," heard, in the distant province where he lived, there was a vacancy in the Silent Academy. Immediately he departed for Amadan, and arriving presented himself at the door of the hall where the Academicians were assembled, and sent in the following billet to the President:

"Zeb, a lover of silence, humbly asks the vacant place."

The billet arrived too late, the vacancy was already supplied. The Academicians were almost in despair; they had received, somewhat against their inclinations, a courtier who had some wit, and whose light and trifling eloquence had become the admiration of all his court-acquaintances, and this learned body was now reduced to the necessity of refusing the sage Zeb, the scourge of babblers, the perfection of wisdom.

The president whose duty it was to announce this disagreeable news to the Sage, scarcely could resolve, nor knew in which manner best, to perform his office. After a moment's reflection he ordered a flagon to be filled with water, and so full that another drop would have made the water run over. He then desired them to introduce the candidate. The Sage appeared, with that simple and modest air which generally accompanies true merit. The President rose, and, without speaking a word, pointed, with affliction in his looks, to the emblematical flagon so exactly full.

The Sage understood from thence that the vacancy was supplied, but without relinquishing hope, he endeavoured to make them comprehend that a supernumerary member might, perhaps, be no detriment to their society. He saw on the floor a rose leaf, picked it up, and with care and delicacy placed it on the surface of the water, so as not to make it overflow.

All the Academicians immediately clapped their hands, betokening applause, when they beheld this ingenious reply. They did more, they broke through their rules in favour of the Sage Zeb. The register of the academy was presented him and he inscribed his name. Nothing remained but for him to pronounce according to custom, a single phrase of thanks. But this new and truly silent Academician returned thanks without speaking a word.

In the margin of the register he wrote the number one hundred (that of his brethren) then but a cipher before the figures, under which he wrote thus:

"0100
Their value is neither more nor less."

The President with equal politeness and presence of mind, answered the modest Sage, by placing the figure 1 before the number 100, and by writing under them thus:

"1100
Their value is ten-fold."

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Resolution and Motion.—"What is the difference between a resolution and a motion?" asks a secretary.

The term "resolutions" usually applies to votes on important subjects, and "motions" on comparatively unimportant subjects. Resolutions generally express opinions. Motions apply to resolutions as "motions to amend, postpone, &c.;" but resolutions do not apply to motions. *Orders* are only used when the body commands.

The proper use of the terms "resolved," "voted," "moved," and "ordered," will be inferred from the foregoing.

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"Eye for an Eye."—The following item we find going the rounds of the press:

"*The Actual Cause of the War Ascertained.*"—Brigham Young, in a late address to the Mormons, says that the present war is a visitation from Heaven upon the people, because they killed the prophet of God, Joseph Smith, jr.

Is not Brigham Young's argument as good as that of Christians who excuse their cruelty toward Jews by accusing them of having crucified Jesus? We think it is.—*Israelite.*

Charities—Jews, Christians, and System.

A reform of the pecuniary liberality of the order is demanded. The actual standard of masonic beneficence is defective in *principle* whenever it lacks the sentiment of duty. It is sometimes deficient in *manner*, lacking method—settled habits.

We need the life of charity, not only fruitfulness of good works, but, in abundance and method, as the pulsations of our life.

Our orders in the Middle Ages excelled us altogether in this respect; property was then universally consecrated to charity. They were right in principle, although sometimes misguided, and thus sometimes becoming a public evil. The old masonic dispensations were distinguished in a remarkable manner, not more by their symbolism than by their charities. They who were Jews abounded in charity. One tenth was contributed formally to religion in general. Then they paid for the ransom of the first-born son. They paid for the first fruits of the flock and the first gatherings of the harvest, estimated at a sixtieth. Another sixtieth was left in the corners of the fields for the destitute. Whatever dropped from the hand in reaping was left for the poor; and once in every seven years the lands were allowed to produce spontaneously for them. Then there were the sacrificed animals, the trespass, the sin-offerings, the pilgrimages to the temple thrice in the life of every male, the half-shekels for the sanctuary, and the remission of all debts every seventh year. Then there were numerous expenses for hospitality and relief to the poor, and then the tithes for the Levites, and then another tenth of assessment for the worship of the temple and the poor. The devout Jew and Mason gave away one third in systematic worship and charities. Then there was special liberality. *Three thousand millions of dollars* were expended for the temple at Jerusalem alone, a greater sum than all the missionary societies of our land would expend, at their present receipts, in two thousand years.

With all this beneficence there was little of the great plague of the present civilization—pauperism. Masonry obtained its ideas, sentiment, and method of charity from the ancient people of God necessarily, as the lodges were under Jewish patronage. Now that they are under Christian patronage chiefly, while borrowing much from the Christian sentiment, we urge that the past which wrought so well shall not be entirely ignored. The primitive Christians did not understand that the abolition of Judaism repealed its essential beneficence. Their Diaconate was established chiefly for charity. They had all things common when circumstances justified. Its weekly sacrament was followed with distributions to the absent sick and poor.

When Paul and Barnabas went forth "unto the heathen" the injunction was "to remember the poor." Journeys and plans for "collections" for the churches are of frequent record in the Epistles and the Acts. One of the apostles asks, "Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" Another declares charity to the widow and fatherless to be a part of the definition of religion, "pure and undefiled;" another urges beneficence upon the church as an exemplification of the principle of the atonement itself—the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," who "though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye, through his poverty, might be rich;" and Christ himself dignified it as the test-virtue of the final judgment.

Our modern religions must have a higher sense of duty on this subject, and more system in giving. Masonry must do something more than discourse a charity and vote a moiety to the itinerant mendicant from the funds of the lodge, or occasional relief to the widows and orphans. We must enter upon a career of systematic beneficence, and provide homes for the aged indigent of both sexes, and for the unfortunate and orphans of our order. We must not wait until some plan can be devised that every one will approve of, or that will meet the views of the small but troublesome minority of our order who are perpetually in the way by their shallow criticisms of every good work. We must put these men to one side and advance to the fulness of our duty. With greater resources, we are behind the masonry of Europe in these regards. We must let our wealthy masons know that if they would enjoy the esteem of the Craft they must use a portion of their wealth according to the principles they profess.

Such a mason as Stephen Girard, if the order had been faithful to him and their own principles, would have placed his charities wholly under masonic control, when they would have accomplished more good. He would have indeed commenced his work while alive and brought it to greater perfection. We must enable our affluent brothers to scatter their benedictions all along through the pilgrimage of life, bringing the blessings of those who are ready to perish upon the dying hour, and welcomed at the gate of heaven.

Why should not one of our wealthy masons commence, say a hospital, for aged and indigent masons, another mason for orphans of masons, &c., at first simply purchasing the ground, afterwards laying the foundation, and advancing as God gives the means, and those less favored of the Craft come in to assist. A revered masonic brother and merchant writes:

> In consecrating my life anew to God, aware of the insnaring influence of riches and the necessity of deciding on a plan of charity before wealth should bias my judgment, I adopted the following system: 'I decided to balance my accounts, as nearly as I could, every month; and reserving such portion of profits as might appear adequate to cover probable losses, to lay aside, by entry on a benevolent account, one tenth of the remaining profits, great or small, as a fund for benevolent expenditure, supporting myself and family on the remaining nine tenths. I further determined, that if at any time my net profits, that is, profits from which clerkhire and store-expenses had been deducted, should exceed $500 in a month, I would give twelve and a half per cent.; if over $700, fifteen per cent.; if over $900, seventeen and a half per cent.; if over $1,100, twenty per cent.; if over $1,300 twenty-two and a half per cent.; thus increasing the proportion of the whole, as God should prosper, until, at $1,500, I should give twenty-five per cent, or $375 a month. As capital was of the utmost importance to my success in business, I decided not to increase the foregoing scale until I had acquired a certain capital, after which I would give one quarter of all net profits, great or small; and on the acquisition of another certain amount of capital, I decided to give half; and on acquiring what I determined would be a full sufficiency of capital, then to give the whole of my net profits. It is now several years since I adopted this plan, and under it I have acquired a handsome capital, and have been prospered beyond my most sanguine expectations. Although constantly giving, I have never yet touched the bottom of my fund, and have repeatedly been surprised to find what large drafts it would bear. True, during some months I have encountered a salutary trial of faith, when this rule has led me to lay by the tenth while the remainder proved inadequate to my support; but the tide has soon turned, and with gratitude I have recognized a heavenly hand more than making good all my past deficiencies. This system has been of great advantage to me, enabling me to feel that my life is directly employed for God. It has afforded me happiness in enabling me to portion out the Lord's money. Happy privilege, which the humblest may enjoy, of thus associating the common labors of life with the grateful service of our Maker, and of making that which naturally leads the heart from God, subserve the highest spiritual good. This system has saved me from commercial dangers, by leading me to simplify business and avoid extensive credits. It has made me a better merchant; for the monthly pecuniary observations which I have been wont to take, though often quite laborious, have brought me to a better knowledge of the state of my affairs, and led me to be more cautious and prudent than I otherwise should have been. I believe this system tends to enlarge the Christian's views, increase his disinterestedness, and lead him to shun the tricks of trade.

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Randolph's Reproof of an Atheist.

Shortly after his recovery from sickness, in 1816, he was dining at the house of a distinguished politician, with a large and mixed company. "Among them," to use his own words, "was a hoary-headed debauchee, whose vices had completely shattered his constitution, whose days seemed to be numbered; and yet, sir, he had the audacity to call in question the existence of the Deity, presuming, I suppose, that there were many kindred spirits there. I happened to sit directly opposite to him, and felt so disgusted at his impiety, I could not avoid saying, 'I think, sir, that you might better have been silent on that subject; for, judging from *appearances*, *you* will have, in a short time, *ocular proof* of the *power* of that God whose *existence* you now so boldly question. You can afford to wait, sir, the remaining days of your life; and in common courtesy should not shock the feelings of others by the exhibition of your blasphemy." He turned pale with anger, and even trembled, but made no rejoinder, and the company soon after separated. We met more than once subsequently, but never after renewed our acquaintance. Whether his courage to 'brave death' continued, I cannot inform you."

Elections.

The importance of righteous, intelligent, and courteous rulers to our nation cannot be overestimated. Good men should not absent themselves from the polls under frivolous pleas, or, in obedience to a sentiment which desires to have the politics of the country under the control of the selfish, mercenary, and the unscrupulous. Good men should make no apology for doing their political duty, a part of which is to vote for honest and capable rulers.

So in our masonic elections, while we should sustain the uninformed, morose, or haughty officer, while no results of an election should drive us from our post, or cause us to demit, we should take pains to vote for good, wise, and qualified officers.

We indorse nearly every sentiment of Brother Reynolds in the last *Trowel*. He says:

There is more importance in the election of lodge officers than can be seen at a glance. There are diversities of character and dispositions among brethren in a lodge, as well as in churches or other societies.

Some are prompt and cheerful in paying their dues, and performing other masonic duties, while others are easy, neglectful, and slow; and still others are restive, peevish, fretful, and seemingly pay their dues, or perform their duties, with a snarl—as if under protest. This last class constitute the exception to the general rule; they exist, however, in nearly all lodges.

These diversities in character and disposition, demonstrate the urgent necessity for the election of the wisest, purest, and best balanced man in the lodge for Master, while similar qualities should distinguish all the officers.

In the administration of the affairs of the lodge in its work and government, the Master is the most important officer; in the matter of correspondence, records, collections, and finance, the Secretary is second only to the Master; while in work and lectures, the Senior Deacon occupies the second most responsible position. Both of these officers are the adjuncts of the Master, and are indispensable to his success. The success of the Master, is the success of the lodge. Good penmanship is not all that is necessary to constitute a good Secretary, no more than mere parrotisms make a good Senior Deacon.

We would not be understood as undervaluing any position in the lodge, as we will hereafter show.

We propose to speak of the officers in the order of their rank.

THE MASTER.

He is to rule and govern. He should rule with the same regularity that the sun rules the day; that is, when the lodge is in a prosperous condition, he should imitate the cheerful and inspiring influence of the sun at its rising, its vigor and power at noon-day, and its charming, beautiful repose as it sinks away to rest, by combining mildness and love with a high-toned courage and will, and a quiet, peaceful, and contented disposition. A Master who so rules is a patriarch indeed, and very few would refuse him obedience.

When the lodge is in distress—when sickness or trouble disturb the brethren, he should govern in these sad hours of night, weariness, and despondency, with the regularity of the moon, by combining the qualities above mentioned with a kind and sympathetic disposition, attention, and comforting words in distress; by affording relief in case of want or sickness, by good offices among brethren, and by requiring them to be true and faithful in the hours of need to each other.

The first great requisite in a Master is the power and disposition to govern himself. The highest order of talent, the best education, and the finest masonic acquirements, avail but little in the hands of a waspish, irritable, jealous tyrant, or in those of a boorish, undignified clown.

Evvenness and serenity of temper, great self-command, a noble and dignified manner, respect for all alike, deference to others' opinions, combined with a merciful, just, and compassionate disposition, the will to rule and power to govern, will insure success, even though the Master be a man of moderate talents, and slender education. Secure these qualities first, if possible, or as nearly as possible. These secured, then combine with them all the talents that can be had, all the advantages of education attainable, all the masonic acquirements possible. Let our brethren bear in mind that their Master is not only their ruler and governor at home, but he is their chief representative in the Grand Lodge.

A Master should not only be competent to rule and govern, but he should be a man of such character as to reflect honor upon his lodge everywhere. Personal and general character should enter largely into the calculations in electing a Master. Let it be always remembered that the lodge claims and selects the best and most competent brethren to fill the several stations for her own benefit and the good of masonry. Although faithful service and meritorious conduct are by no means to be disregarded, yet they should be set aside without hesitation if a greater good to the Craft is to be obtained thereby.

THE SENIOR WARDEN

Is second in rank. He is to assist the Worshipful Master in opening, governing, and closing his lodge. While the Master is supposed to possess and to represent the wisdom of the lodge, the Senior Warden, as his supporter, is made to represent the attribute of strength. In a general way he is the mouthpiece of the Master. Usually the Senior Warden is selected with reference to the Mastership. But very often there are brethren who have the qualifications peculiar to the position of Senior Warden, who would utterly fail in the Master's chair. Some brethren, wise in the choice of words, should always be selected to confer with such a Warden, and when a lodge has such a brother, they should keep him a long time in the West, and let him retire with the thanks of the lodge.

The Senior Warden stands between the Master and the lodge. He should set the example of obedience, respect, industry, and order. And as he ought to be a brother of influence, so let him be a brother in whose integrity and character all have confidence. Such brethren give strength to the Master and reflect honor upon their lodge. And, in selecting a Senior Warden, never let it be forgotten that he, and he alone, is the Master in case of the absence or disability of his superior. This consideration should have great weight in selecting a Senior Warden.

THE JUNIOR WARDEN.

A Junior Warden, though third in rank, is not less important in fact, than the Senior Warden. All the remarks which we have made in regard to the Senior Warden, apply mostly to the Junior Warden. Where a lodge has resolved to keep a Senior Warden in his position for some time a Junior Warden is often selected and put on trial for the Mastership. A first-class Deacon will make a good Warden; but a suitable, or even first-class Warden or Deacon, and a first class Master are different affairs altogether.

THE SECRETARY.

The prosperity of a lodge depends largely upon the Secretary. He should be *able* and *prompt* to keep a faithful, clear, and accurate record. But this is only a small portion of his duties.

He conducts the correspondence of the lodge, and of the Master when required. He should therefore be able to reflect credit upon the lodge by the skill, talent, courtesy, and ease of his composition. He makes out the bills and collects the dues of the lodge. He may bring a lodge into confusion by his carelessness, inaccuracies, dishonesty, roughness, and ill manners; or he may quietly promote its harmony by his care in keeping accounts, his honesty in rendering to every one his just due, and by his good breeding, patience, forbearance, and readiness to explain and to satisfy every brother. He has to deal with all, and let him so deal as to give no just offense to any, and, if possible, so as to please all. Our brethren cannot be too careful in selecting this officer. In our large lodges such a compensation should be paid us would command the very best talent in the lodge for the place. We do seriously assure our brethren that it is the very safest and best investment they can make. We can name several lodges whose whole prosperity and success is attributable to competent and pains-taking-secretaries, who have been paid for their labor.

THE TREASURER.

The qualifications necessary for a Treasurer are honesty, accuracy, and promptness. It is well to select a good financier, and one in good circumstances. It is important that the Treasurer should be a constant attendant upon the lodge, and a brother in whom all have confidence. The position is one of honor and trust, and a good Treasurer should be kept in as long as he will serve.

THE SENIOR DEACON.

He is the active officer of the Master upon the floor. He should be master of the work and of the ritual; know exactly what is to be done, how to do it, and when to do it; and withal he should be a courteous, obliging, gentlemanly brother.

THE JUNIOR DEACON.

This officer should be attentive, and always at his post. He prepares the candidates for the ceremonies through which they are to pass; and, inasmuch as first impressions are the strongest, so every Junior Deacon should be an obliging, considerate, and gentlemanly brother.

THE TYLER.

By no means an unimportant office. He should be attentive and patient, courteous to his brethren, polite and entertaining to visitors, and in all things obedient and faithful to his Master and lodge.

LASTLY.

Let no officer be wise in his own conceit. There are none so wise as to be above others in all things; none so competent that they have nothing further to learn.

And especially should the Master be a pattern to his fellow officers in this respect.

And let no man be selected for Master simply because he is a workman or ritualist. These qualifications are important, and should have due weight, but it often happens that brethren possessing these qualifications possess but few others. The Master has the power to command any one to perform any portion of his work.

Let no lodge hesitate to secure its honor and harmony be electing its very best man for Master, even though his work has to be done, and his lectures given by proxy.

Robert Burns.

As General Washington is the exemplar of American military, political, and civil Masonry, so is Robert Burns the examplar of Scottish poetical Masonry and humanity. Burns is emphatically the child of Masonry. By it encouraged, disciplined, educated, and sustained. We shall, from time to time, give exact copies of his songs and letters, taken from the Cunningham, London, edition, by George Virtue.

Here is his famous dedication, breathing in every line Masonic teachings:

To the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt.

My Lords and Gentlemen:

A Scottish bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his country's service, where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native land—those who bear the honors and inherit the virtues of their ancestors? The poetic genius of my country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha, at the plow, and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural pleasures, of my native soil, in my native tongue. I tuned my wild artless notes as she inspired. She whispered me to come to this ancient metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my songs under your honored protection—I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my lords and gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favors; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this address with the usual venal soul of a servile author, looking for a continuation of those favors. I was bred to the plow, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious countrymen, and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my country that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated, and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty.

In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the great fountain of honor, the Monarch of the universe, for your welfare and happiness. When you go forth to waken the echogs in the ancient and favorite amusements of your forefathers, may pleasure ever be of your party, and may social joy await your return. When harassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured worth attend your an occasion to present the subject to the emperor and procure his sanction for the establishment of Masonry again in his vast empire.

In other parts of Europe there is not much opposition to Masonry, and I have some faith that even the Pope could be induced to favor the institution if properly explained to him. I have discussed the subject with some of the Cardinals of Rome, and I find their ideas of the character of the Order to be very erroneous, and I never failed to satisfy them that there was good in the Masonry and really no harm, and besides, that the mysteries are not of such a character as to require revelations on confession.

I indulge the hope, however, that there will be some plan ultimately adopted, that will be calculated to bring about a uniformity of the system and a general adoption of the institution in all countries inhabited by civilized man.

Yours fraternally,

TAL. P. SHAFFNER.

Letter from France.

PARIS, *December 10th*, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: Since I wrote to you from Syksborg, the King, and Grand Master of Masons of Denmark has died, and is no more! He was a good man, a just king and a faithful Mason. His death has been a severe loss to me, and perhaps more so than to any other individual outside of his realm. Although a foreigner, he accorded to me many favors and distinguished honors, and my heart feels sad over the event. I was with him when his illness commenced, and was the last foreigner that partook with him at his table. He has beyond doubt exchanged for a place of less cares, and is in the enjoyment of the pleasures to be found nowhere else except in heaven.

Some few years since, I observed the great variety of masonic systems or rituals practiced in different parts of the world. In America there is a variety of "works," such as the "Webb-Preston," "Baltimore," &c., but all of them are practically as rituals or systems, the same. One is a modification or an alteration of the other, with respect to the lectures or some immaterial matters. It would be better to have one uniform code and lectures, but in our country where there are so many who are ambitious to serve the cause, and of different views with respect to the ceremonies, that I doubt if so desired an object will ever be attained. In Europe there is a variety of "systems;" but in each and all ancient Masonry. On the continent the French, German, and Swedish are also different. I have spoken to many eminent Masons upon the propriety of having one uniform system for the whole world, and in answer, I have been told, it would be very desirable if it could be attained.

In order to secure in the course of time a uniform system, I promised to use my efforts towards organizing an International Congress of Freemasons, to be composed of delegates from all parts of the world, namely Europe and America, (including South America,) to meet at some convenient place and at some time sufficiently far ahead, to allow an efficient and well qualified representation. My private affairs very often take me to different parts of Europe, and I intended to avail myself of every possible occasion to bring about the desired end. With these views, I wrote to several friends in America to have me appointed some kind of an agent to get up the Congress, so that my acts would assume an official character, and entitle me to be considered by the Grand Lodge of Europe; but my requests failed to be approved or to be acted upon, and then immediately followed the desolating war that has so unhappily waged in our once united and great country. Since then I have not made any further effort, nor do I suppose the plan will ever be concurred in by our Grand Lodges.

If a grand International Congress could be assembled, I think a uniform system might be fixed upon, and a great good would be accomplished. Each of our Grand Lodges, Chapters, and Encampments, and in fact all branches of the institution, might send delegates, who are well versed in the rituals; and all this can be done without incurring very great expenses. I do not expect to take any part in the great assembly, as others, better versed in the science of Masonry, should compose it. I have been a Master Mason nearly a quarter of a century, a Royal Arch Mason nearly twenty-four years, and a Knight Templar about eighteen years. I have visited lodges in nearly every State of our Union, and have been an ardent student of the laws, history, and ceremonies of the institution. I have written considerably on Masonry, and made it the subject of observation during my visits to the different nations of Europe. I have been, for over twenty consecutive years, a member of Mt. Moriah Lodge, No. 106, Louisville, Ky., have navigated the Arctic seas with a masonic flag floating at the mast-head of my ships; and on one of the highest mountains of Greenland I engraved the masonic jewels. These and hundreds of other evidences I give you that you may have reason to appreciate my devotion to the cause,

Yours fraternally,

TAL. P. SHAFFNER.

◆

History of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.

(Continued from page 128.)

A special meeting of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia was held at St. John's Church, in the City of Washington, Tuesday, September 19, 5826, at nine o'clock, a. m., pursuant to adjournment:

Whereupon,

The Lodge was opened in ample form by the Grand Master, in the first degree of Masonry.

A procession was then formed by the Grand Marshal, consisting of the Grand Officers, the officers and members of the subordinate lodges under this jurisdiction, of attendant sojourning brethren, and of civil, military, and naval officers of the United States, citizens and strangers, which proceeded to the site chosen for the erection of a new masonic edifice in the said city, in the following order of arrangement, namely:

Tylers of Lodges No. 1, 3, 7, and 9, with drawn swords; two Stewards with white rods; entered apprentice Masons; Fellows of the Craft; Master Masons; Junior Deacons of Lodges; Senior Deacons; Secretaries; Treasurers; Past Junior Wardens; Past Senior Wardens; Past Masters; Masters of Lodges; Members and Officers of Washington Royal Arch Chapter; the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia; Music; Grand Tyler and Grand Steward; two Stewards with white rods; Reverend Clergy of the District of Columbia; Architect of the Public Buildings; Commissioner of the Public Buildings; Assistant Postmasters General; Commissioner of the General Land Office; Register of the Treasury of the United States; Auditors of the Treasury; Treasurer of the United States; Comptrollers of the Treasury; Commissioners of the Navy, with their Secretary; Senior Naval Officer at the seat of Government; Topographical Engineer; Chief Engineer of the United States; Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, with the general staff of the Army at the city of Washington; Librarian of Congress; Members and Officers of Congress; Functionaries of Foreign Governments; Heads of Departments, including the Postmaster General; Members of the Board of Common Council; President and Secretary of that Board; Members of the Board of Alderman; President and Secretary of said Board; Mayors of Alexandria and Georgetown; Mayor and Register of the city of Washington; Grand Pursuivant, with drawn sword; Master Builders of the Edifice, with trowels, planes, &c., (each with his appropriate tool;) Architect of the work; the golden plumb, level, square, compasses, and mallet, each borne by a Master Mason; a Master Mason, with the Cornucopia; two Master Masons with cups, one with wine, the other oil; the Corinthian, Ionic and Doric Lights, borne by three Master Masons; two Stewards with white rods; Deacons of the Grand Lodge; Past Grand Secretaries and Treasurers; Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer; BIBLE, borne by a Past Master with a Steward on each side; Grand Chaplain and Orator; the book of Constitutions, borne by a Master Mason; General Committee to superintend the building, and Committee of Arrangements; Past Grand Wardens; Grand Wardens bearing the Ionic and Doric orders; Past Deputy Grand Masters; Deputy Grand Master, bearing the Corinthian order; the Globe, borne by a Master Mason; Past Grand Masters; a Herald with a golden rod; the Grand Master, attended by a Herald on each side, with a golden rod; Grand Sword Bearer; two Stewards, with rods; Judges of the several Courts of the District of Columbia; Marshal of the District, and his Deputies; Clerks of Courts of the District, with their Assistants; Officers and members of literary and other societies; Professors and students of Seminaries of learning, Military and naval officers, not before enumerated, Citizens and Strangers.

In this order, the procession moved from St. John's Church, down 16th street, to the street leading around the Public Square on which the President's House is situated, to the Pennsylvania Avenue; thence along that Avenue to 4½ street, and up 4½ street to the site of the Edifice on the south front of the City Hall, where it halted, and the ranks were opened to the right and left. The Grand Master, with the other Grand Officers, and the invited guests then passed through the line, and ascended, under a decorated arch, the platform erected for the occasion, and took their seats: the masonic fraternity also passed through the arch, over the platform, and formed themselves in the area of the building, under the direction of the Grand Marshal.

Silence having been proclaimed by the Marshal-in-chief, and repeated by the heralds attendant on the Grand Master, and by each of the Grand Marshal's assistants, the Rev. William Hawley, Grand Chaplain, arose and addressed the Throne of Grace, in a fervent and eloquent prayer, after which, solemn music was played by the band.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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SUPPLEMENT
TO
The National Freemason.

JANUARY, 1864.

ADDRESS BY HON. BROTHER H. GRIDER, M. C., OF KENTUCKY, AT BOWLING GREEN, AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE INITIATION OF WASHINGTON INTO THE MYSTERIES OF FREEMASONRY.

(BY SPECIAL REQUEST.)

ADDRESS.

Fellow-citizens, Most Worshipful Master,
Wardens, and Brethren :

In compliance with the kind invitation of my brethren of the Fraternity I have arisen to address them, and to address this enlightened assembly who have favored us with their attention. The occasion is suggestive of so many kindred themes of high interest, involves so much of fact and principle, I shall not attempt to remark in order, or at length, upon any one of them; but presuming upon your knowledge of the history and facts to which I shall allude, hope to call up to your memories and your hearts something happily associated with the object of our meeting; proposing merely to glance at some prominent considerations; and if what I say is true and applicable, I care not if it be ever so desultory.

This occasion and this day presents to our thoughts and our sensibilities as Masons, the name of the illustrious Washington—his public and private virtues, his feelings and his principles, demonstrated in so much purity and renown in all the relations he sustained during a long life; a life pre-eminently useful in the most eventful period of the world.

These, my brethren and fellow-citizens, call upon us as patriots and Masons to embalm in our hearts his memory and his virtues. And especially does the masonic Fraternity come this day to record in our lodge and in our hearts this centennial and fresh memorial of our affection for Washington. He was the mystic brother of every worthy Mason, for he was a good man and true. He was initiated into the mysteries of your ancient and honorable institution in Lodge No. 4, at Fredericksburg, Virginia, on the 4th of November, 1752; passed to a Fellow Craft on the 3d of March, 1753; and raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason on the 4th of August, 1753. We mark this day. Since the initiation of the Father of his Country, one century has run its round; another has begun its course, and the rapid whirl of the spheres cease not to move. We are on its circle. In wisdom then let us make a note of time, and turn it to some good account, for

> " 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
> And ask them what account they bore to Heaven."

But Washington was not only initiated, but a *Mason*, not nominally, adopting in early manhood, not from vain curiosity, but from principle, the badge of your Order. He entered your sacred retreat of Masonry—of friendship and virtue—like all others, freely avowing his desire for useful knowledge, and a sincere wish to be useful to his fellow creatures. He found in Masonry principles that he approved, adopted, and carried out in his life; an order of men opposed, from time immemorial, to oppression, to intolerance, and to bigotry—elevated in their moral feelings, moderate and unpretending in their claims, he could but love them, especially when he found their principles, their comprehensive benevolence and aim to do good, but responsive to the feelings and opinions of his own noble mind and generous heart.

Taught by your forcible emblems to rightly divide his time between refreshment and labor, giving a due portion to the service of God, and the relief of a brother, he never permitted the unnecessary cares of life to keep him from mingling in your consecrated retreat. He was a consistent Mason, and faithful to the end. Thus we see his character and his principles so involved in all that is good, all that is great, so blending themselves with the lessons and principles of your Order, nobly, purely, and fully set forth in all his conduct, that I am at a loss to determine whether to commend to your consideration the brilliant and impressive example of the man, or those great masonic and religious principles which we are fully persuaded won not only the confidence of his countrymen, but the approbation of his God, and constituted the foundation and elements of all his greatness and success.

Washington, as the members of the whole Fraternity should be from their lessons, was modest and unassuming—never courting public favor, or accepting office but with diffidence and distrust—taught to decline office unless competent to fulfill its duties, and desiring to be useful. Although bland and courteous, he never was insincere. He never indulged in party spirit. He never inflamed party prejudice, or bowed to party power; but in the masterly capacity, and great intellect with which God had so peculiarly endowed him, consulted the purity and force of his own mind, weighed every question, whether its tendency was for the happiness of man and his country—for good or for evil—learned his duty, and, looking to God for help, ventured to perform it, leaving results to the awards of Providence. And yet he held office, even the most distinguished and responsible positions ever known to men; but these positions added nothing to his character. They borrowed their dignity and influence from his purity and greatness.

The principles and example of Washington should therefore lure and impress us, whether invested with the interest of Masonry, the responsibilities of a public station, or the relation of a private gentlemen. In public life he was faithful, honest, persevering and successful, beyond comparison. He had borne in triumph, in great peril, and almost against hope, the standard of his country over many a battle-field. He had seen our own American eagle, in the boldness and justness of that spirit that guided the American revolution, hold up our stars and stripes in many a victory. He had seen man, with all his high endowments, unfettered and his mind set free. He felt that in our Constitution all the elements of human advancement, personal rights, national prosperity, and a righteous government had been announced and secured. He had himself taken the helm of our Ship of State, just launched upon an untried ocean. He found she could ride the billow and war with the elements; could keep to her moorings and find good anchorage; and the country and the world were *cheered* with this great abiding truth, so far, for the first time illustrated, that man is free, created with moral and intellectual capacity to define, enjoy, and maintain civil and religious liberty. And thus with his honors thick upon him, when he had done all, towering in the majesty of his own dignity and strength, as if unconscious of it, he retires from office and the service of his country, and with a disinterestedness of heart akin to Heaven, forgets himself, and in the loveliness of his model life, dwells not upon his own character—his mighty deeds—his matchless renown—but upon the political and religious blessings that in their living reality are the heritage of every citizen, and the exaltation and defense of our nation.

This great man was social, kind, just, and philanthropic; always prompt in all his relations to observe in private what Masonry had taught him—his duty to God, his duty to his neighbor, and his duty to himself; and withal the high lesson of patriotism, to be true to his Government and just to his country. These are familiar lessons to the fraternity. And such were the lessons in early life with which this incomparable man and brother went forth to do the miracles of his life, and seal forever upon the hearts of his people and the world the truth of our experiment, and in letters of light record them before an admiring world, upon the brightest and most enduring page of history.

Personal, political and religious freedom defined by constitutional law! This was the great problem to be demonstrated, and Washington, the master spirit of the age, who, in the rapturous consolations of a good heart, felt that he had won it by his valor.

He was a man whose moral worth and noble deeds find no parallel in the history of our race. The pencil may delineate upon the canvas the portraiture, or the chisel may touch the monumental marble into the likeness of the physical man; and upon these we may dwell with delight and admiration; but where is the language, what fiction of poetry, what boldness of imagery can fitly sketch the portraiture of the moral and mental endowments, the grandeur of that man who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen ?"

That painting shall fade, and that marble may perish; but the name of Washington survives forever.

And yet, my brethren, we are permitted to contemplate this best exemplification of a man and patriot in the relations of a brother; and I would impress you, therefore, with the most profound and touching sense of gratitude to God in his providence, for the rights and benefits of your Order, your political and religious liberty; and without boasting invoke you to remember how the truly masonic heart gave itself to these ends, and your principles from time immemorial were conducive to these results. The consciousness of your own hearts and the response of history warrant this suggestion.

But if we would appreciate the beauties and endearing excellencies we enjoy in their brilliancy and glory, we must contrast them with the darkness and destitution of other times and other countries.

If we would realize the beauties of a calm summer's day, smiling in all its loveliness, we must remember in the contrast the long dark night of winter, fitful with desolating storm. If you would see the symmetry of order, manifesting and producing its design, as if laid down on the tressel-board by a master's hand, and feel its pre-eminence, look at the wildness of anarchy without aim or end. And if, by the lessons of Masonry, your contemplation is invited abroad to look gladly with devout and thankful hearts upon the world in all its magnificence and beauty—this great temple, built for our habitation—its seasons, its seed time and harvest, the rolling year in such pleasing beneficent vicissitudes, you will not perceive their beauty, their fitness, their end, their grandeur, until you think of their inexistence, and look back upon the sluggish mass of chaotic elements, "without form and void," and hear the creative voice from on high say, "let there be light," and the sun—

> "Looks in boundless majesty abroad;
> And sheds the shining day; that burnished plays
> On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
> High gleaming from afar"—

Now the fiat of Omnipotence is displaying His mighty works as by columns, marshaling them in order and sending them forth to perform His will and proclaim His glory. So, when we come to think of the bles-

Kitty Seymour was a timid creature. The journey had looked formidable to the strong and resolute eye of her mother; to her it appeared little less than terrible. But there was a cloud of sorrow over the dear household at home. It was no time to shrink back from imaginary phantoms—no time to stand still, when the voice of duty and affection called her onward. She went directly to the room of the Principal and laid the matter before her. Leave of absence was easily obtained. Her trunks were soon in readiness, and in a short time she was sitting solitary and sad in one corner of a densely crowded car. Not a face was familiar to her. The day was dark and the rain descended in torrents. Some of the passengers slept in their seats, others stared idly about, some tried to make their voices heard above the rattling of the cars, while they conversed with a neighbor. Nobody seemed, to the shrinking spirit of the girl, so lonely and desolate as herself.

Removed two seats in front of her sat a middle-aged, respectable looking man, whose appearance betokened him to be a gentleman. As he turned to look at her, on her entrance, there was something in his physiognomy which reminded her of her father—that kind, dear father, who was now an inmate of the tomb. There must have been something, too, in her face, or on her person, that arrested his attention, for he turned twice to look at her after she was seated. But he soon dropped his head, and perhaps slept. He was nothing but a stranger, like the rest. She had no claim upon his protection and care.

Mile after mile was passed, and at length the busy city of L——— was reached. Here they were to change cars.

"Your checks, miss," said the conductor. "I will see your baggage transferred. Take a seat in the saloon until I return."

Kitty sat down amid a motley crowd. Several ruffian-looking fellows were smoking around the stove, which was heated to an unendurable degree, and on a settee in one corner sat an abandoned, dowdyish-looking woman, in scant, dirty garments, homespun sunbonnet, coarse shoes, with black, withered, repulsive features, and a long pipe in her mouth.

One by one the respectable part of the crowd went out, apparently for the purpose of taking seats in the cars, which were soon to leave.

Still Kitty remained quietly in her seat, awaiting the return of the conductor.

"I think," said one of the ruffians by the stove, peeping saucily under her bonnet. "if that 'oman don't leave pretty considerable quick, she'll be left."

"Yas," said another, with a sort of indescribable grin, "she will as sure as preachin'."

Kitty now felt that all of their hateful eyes were upon her. The blood mounted to her temples, her heart beat quick. She was nearly ready to cry with vexation. She drew her bonnet further over her face and sat very quietly.

"Is you travelin' far?" asked one, kneeling down by the stove, seemingly to light his pipe at the grate, but really for the purpose of getting a better view of her face. "Is you going up the road, or down?"

Still Kitty did not reply.

"She's deaf," said one.

"And dumb," said another.

"I'll tell you, miss, the cars are on the point of starting," said the kneeling man. "I see your carpet-bag is marked Allstreet. Do you live in Allstreet?" continued he, with the same saucy leer in her face. "If you do, I'm going there to look after you."

Had Kitty been older in years or bolder in spirit she would have turned and scorched this living viper in human shape with the fire of indignation which burned in her eye. As it was, she sprung hastily to her feet and sought the door of the saloon.

"Can I be of any service to you?" said a mild, respectful voice at her elbow.

Kitty looked up and met the eye of the man who was so like her father. In a moment she felt herself to be safe. There was that in his air and manner which instantly reassured her.

"Thank you," she said, I am under the care of the conductor, and he told me to stay here and await his return. But, indeed, I cannot stay in such a place as this. I will be much obliged to you, sir, if you will conduct me to the cars."

"You took the cars at L———," said the stranger. "I noticed the medal in your belt, and made inquiries about you, hoping to have it in my power to render you some trifling service. I shall be happy to protect you to the end of your journey."

Never had such a glow of gratitude before pervaded Kitty's heart. The stranger conducted her to the pleasantest car, and selected for her the best seat.

"If you will be kind enough to give me your name," he said, "I will go now and look after your baggage."

"My name is Seymour," replied the girl, "and my trunk is marked K. Seymour, Allstreet, Seymour Place."

"K. Seymour," said the stranger, in surprise," "Seymour Place, Allstreet! Surely you must be the daughter of my late brother, William. I am now on my way to visit his family. You have heard of your Uncle Nathan, who went some ten years ago to California?"

Kitty had heard of him from earliest childhood. Never was meeting between uncle and neice so glad and opportune.

"Ay," mused Kitty, when she was again left for a few moments to herself, "how my mother erred when she affirmed that the only daughter of Colonel Seymour could never be benefitted by Freemasonry."

—*Casket.*

The Composition of a Masonic Ode.

Ferdinand Loefler was initiated into the Masonic Brotherhood shortly after the National Convention of Masons, at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1856. An individual of vivid temperament, he was naturally delighted with the social features that stand forth so prominently in the Masonic theory and captivate all who view them rightly. For Masonry *is* peculiarly a social system. To make men better acquainted with each other, to bring near the things that are afar, to increase confidence between man and man, are great aims in the old and widespread society of which we write.

Loefler found in the lodge of his nativity, men whose social status was high above his own, and he saw that they unbent beneath the influences of the Order and came down to his level. He saw also men whose position in life was as much beneath his own, and that they drew themselves up by the golden chain to his level. Under these feelings, he wrote the first stanza of a poem:

"Where hearts are warm with kindred fire,
And love beams free from answering eyes,
Bright spirits hover always there,
And *that's* the home the Masons prize!
The Masons' Home! Ah, peaceful home,
The home of love and light and joy—
How gladly does the Mason come
To share this tender, sweet employ!"

A year passed by, and the enthusiastic brother had begun to see the secret springs of action that make the Masonic system in its theory so perfect a thing. He saw that a well-developed body, controlled by a well-balanced mind, and actuated in its moral impulse by a well-governed heart and conscience, is the noblest gift of God, and that a combination of such men united in a divinely-ordered system like Freemasonry, must needs be the nearest resemblance to heaven that is vouchsafed to the eyes of man upon this lower earth. He saw this, and wondered how, separated from lodge privileges, a Mason can exist, he took up his pen again and wrote a second stanza:

"All round the world, by land, by sea,
Where summers burn or winters chill,
The exiled Mason turns to thee,
And *yearns* to share the joys we feel.
The Masons' Home! Ah, happy home,
The home of light and love and joy:—
There's *not one hour but I would come*
And share this tender, sweet employ."

Bro. Loefler was a man who had "borne the yoke in his youth." A native of Germany, he had taken part in the bloody but brief struggle of 1848, where his talent, military ardor and skill had gained the respect of even his enemies. In that ill-fated revolution, whose effects were only to rivet the fetters of a downtrodden and generous people more firmly than before, he had staked all and lost all. A fugitive and exile, he fled first to England, thence to this country, where there is a home and a work for all who will labor either with head or hand. He labored with both, taking hold of the spade and hoe with the humblest, then, as his great learning and skill became manifest, giving himself to the care of the sick with a spirit that soon secured him friends, fame, and fortune. Having thus tested both points of fortune's wheel, he could with propriety claim the character of a finished Mason and write:

"A weary task, a dreary round,
Is all benighted man can know;
But here a brighter scene is found,
The brightest scene that's found below.
The Masons' Home! Ah, blissful home,
Glad centre of unmingled joy:—
Long as I live I'll gladly come
And share this tender, sweet employ.

Such men as Bro. Loefler are usually short-lived. The shadow of the grave is upon them from their youth. Their very look is abstracted and directed toward the distance as though the "Beautiful Hills" and "the City of the Golden streets," which Bunyan so longed after were ever in view. The threescore years and ten of David is denied them, and it is not theirs to test "the grasshopper a burden," "the almond tree," or "the failure of man's desire." When the mourners go about the streets for them it is to mourn for man stricken in his prime. The memorial column of such a Mason as Bro. Loefler is the "Broken Column," emblematic of sudden and premature decease.

This was the experience of our friend. He lived swiftly, but lived well. He died young, but his work was not incomplete. His record was made up by his own hand and the fragrance of his memory sweet. Ere the Destroyer had benumbed his brain and palsied his hand, he closed the poem with this stanza:

"And when the hour of death shall come,
And darkness seal my closing eye,
May hands fraternally bear me home,
The home were weary Masons lie.
The Masons' Home! Ah, heavenly home,
To faithful hearts eternal joy:—
How blest to find beyond the tomb
The end of all our sweet employ!"

—*Voice of Masonry.*

A Practical Synopsis of Masonry.

(Preface to By-Laws of a New York Lodge.)

It is a common error of the times to class Freemasonry among secret societies. In the general acceptation of that term, nothing could be more unjust to us. It is true that our internal affairs are managed in our own way, that the public at large are not admitted to our assemblies; that in the practice of charity we do not suffer our left hand to know what the right doeth; but our principles, our aims, the designs drawn on our trestle-board, are an open page whereon he who wills may read; our temples are on the highway, and to the worthy our doors are open; our times and places of meeting are never concealed; in a word, our general business and purposes are as public as need be required and are conducted with no greater degree of secresy than those of any well-governed institution, family, or individual. On the other hand, we especially desire that our system should be scrutinized, that our inculcations should be tried by the test of fair public opinion, in the full confidence that in the estimation of good men, it will now, as heretofore, prove "like gold seven times tried in the fire."

Masonry is a universal system of morality, to which all men must subscribe. While she discriminates between the stupid atheist, the libertine, the outlaw, and he who, believing in an eternal and all powerful Creator, sees Him in all the works of his hands, she makes no inquiry into a man's peculiar religious or political opinions, but strives to unite all in a generous brotherhood.

As Masons, we open our temples to all men, that may be incited by precept and example to overcome the prejudices of their country, the errors they may have inherited from their fathers, to love and assist each other, to efface the conventional distinctions of birth, rank, opinion, or nationality, to annihilate fanaticism and superstition, to extirpate national hatreds and the scourge of war; in short, to arrive, by free and peaceful progress, at that condition of humanity, when each one, enfranchised from the darkness and errors of the past, shall be free to develop the faculties God has given him, and unite the whole family of man in the bonds of love, science and unity.

It will not be argued, we apprehend, that the human race has arrived at that state of moral and physical beatitude, when no further effort for its melioration is required; and it seems clear to us that a system presenting to the novitiate a series of indisputable truths, impressing them on his mind by solemn ceremonies, enstamping them on his memory by a beautiful symbology, teaching him to love and practice virtue and abhor vice, must be worthy of a place among the best efforts of humanity.

We claim these things for Masonry, and for the truth of that claim we appeal to the history of the past—we call on the great and good of all ages of the world for their testimony. On that we are willing to rest; in it we find a reason, if a reason were needed, for our devotion to the system of Freemasonry.

You have expressed a wish to become a part of the Fraternity of Freemasons. The realization of this desire will depend, under our organization, upon the judgment of the brethren as to whether you may be suitable material for the Order, and whether the Order is suitable for you. It will therefore be the duty of every member—in case you see fit to present your name—to institute diligent inquiries about you; after which a vote by ballot will be taken, wherein one single negative will preclude your admission. Examine yourself again, therefore; see whether you can answer the expectations of the Order. Above all, endeavor to become conscious of what you seek among us, and what motives have led you to seek our society. In order to facilitate this self-examination, to guard you against a misstep, and to secure ourselves against the danger of being hereafter reproached for any disappointment on your part, we deem it a duty, previous to your proposal, to meet you with candor, and ask you to reflect on the following points:

1st. Do you expect, by initiation into the Masonic Fraternity, to obtain any outward advantages relative to your position as a citizen and as an individual? If so, pause while it is yet time; for in this instance you would be disappointed.

2d. Would your present convictions prevent you from forgetting the differences made in society between individuals, as to their station, wealth, capacities, religious opinion, politics, &c.? If so, relinquish the idea of becoming a Freemason, as you would probably find no pleasure in our meetings, where no notice is taken of these differences.

3d. Should you, however, believe that we work at a chimerical annihilation of the necessary civil relations; that we aim at a liberty and equality that are neither good nor practicable; or that we even teach a chilling indifference—then you will do well to consider your resolution to come among us; because, with such views you would not suit our Order.

4th. Should your request for initiation arise only from curiosity, or, what is equally fallacious, the desire to enlarge the circle of your social acquaintance, we beg you, for your own sake, to renounce it—you would not attain your expectations. Neither your curiosity nor your desire to obtain secrets would be gratified. Your vanity might also be sensibly touched, when you found yourself beneath those whom you had, perhaps, heretofore considered your inferiors; and the mere social purpose you may accomplish in many other societies, with greater ease and less restraint than with us.

5th. Every Freemason, at his initiation, has to make a vow of the most inviolable secresy. Disappointed expectations, aggrieved selfishness, excited passions, might induce some to break their word; yet how singular it is, that, notwithstanding the possibility of such treason, our union continues to exist, and includes so many respectable men, identified with us with all their strength. He who has finished this internal consecration, and to whom the dead word has become a vital flame, cannot become a traitor to the Order. He, however, who breaks his vow, commits treason against himself only, and thus proclaims that he has nothing of ours to reveal. From you such a vow will be demanded, and you should therefore seriously consider the motives by which you are governed. If you are not quite clear within yourself, you may be in danger of forgetting your vow, and becoming a traitor, which we nevertheless do not fear on our account, but on yours.

6th. The obligations which, as a Freemason, you will be required to assume, in nowise conflict with the duties you owe to God or the rulers of your country, neither with your honor, good manners, or domestic relations.

7th. Our membership is also attended with some expense, which we require to be promptly and punctually paid, that our good works may not cease for want thereof. The amount you can readily ascertain, (by reference to our by-laws,) and you will give this consideration due attention.

8th. As the Masonic Society, as has been already said, consists of men of all classes and circumstances, you might perhaps find some one among us with whom you have been or are at variance. It therefore requires serious deliberation on your part, as to whether you will be strong enough to acknowledge such a man as your brother.

9th. It may also be possible that you should meet some one in the Order who, for good reasons, you may deem unworthy of your esteem. A moment's reflection must, however, convince you that the Fraternity cannot guard against all mistakes in regard to initiation, and it is probably no dishonor to it, when it is only in an extreme case, and then with great reluctance, renounces a man on whom it had once conferred the name of brother. But now, while you can still choose, consider seriously whether you will have the courage to bear with such a one, to lead the erring, to raise the fallen, to love one who almost seems past redemption. This is unquestionably one of the most difficult virtues, but it does not thereby cease to be such, and unless you be familiar with it, you will never be a Freemason in the true sense of the word.

The true Mason does not consider the duties of his profession as a substitute for the requirements of religion, but regards his Lodge as a Temple of the Most High, who is ever present when two or three are gathered together in His name. He does not rashly attempt to draw the Deity down to himself, but in humble consciousness of his own imperfection he looks upward, and endeavors to make the image of God, after whom he is created, visible in himself.

We ask you to ponder these remarks and allusions, assuring you that if you find a place in your heart for the principles contained in them, you may hope for a generous welcome to the society in which you ask to be initiated.

A Masonic Funeral.

We are indebted to Bro. Russell for the following:

The first masonic funeral that ever took place in California, occurred in the year 1849, and was performed over the body of a brother found drowned in the bay of San Francisco. An account of the ceremonies states that upon the body of the deceased was found a silver mark of a Mark Master, upon which were engraved the initials of his name. A little further investigation revealed to the beholders the most *outre* exhibition of masonic emblems that were ever drawn by the ingenuity of man on human skin. There is nothing in the history or traditions of Freemasonry equal to it. Beautifully dotted on his left arm, in red or blue ink, which time could not efface, appeared all the emblems of the Entered Apprentice. There were the Holy Bible, the Square and Compass, the twenty-four inch Guage, and the common Gavel. There were also the Mosaic pavement representing the ground floor of King Solomon's Temple, the indented Tessel which surrounds it, and the Blazing Star in the center. On his right arm, and artistically executed in the same indelible liquids, were the emblems appertaining to the Fellow Craft degree, viz., the Plumb, the Square and the Level. There were also five columns, representing the five Orders of Architecture—the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian and Composite.

In removing the garments from his body, the Trowel presented itself, with all the other working tools of operative Masonry, besides all the emblems peculiar to the degree of Master Mason. Conspicuously on his breast were the Great Lights of Masonry. Over his heart was the Pot of Incense. On other parts of his person were the Bee Hive, the Book of Constitutions, guarded by the Tyler's Sword; the Sword pointing to a naked Heart, the All-Seeing Eye; the Anchor and Ark, the Hour Glass, the Scythe, the forty-seventh problem of Euclid; the Sun, Moon, Stars and a Comet; the three steps, emblematical of youth, manhood and age. Admirably executed was the weeping Virgin, reclining on a broken column, upon which lay the book of constitutions. In her left hand she held the Pot of Incense, the masonic emblem of a pure heart, and in her uplifted right hand a sprig of acacia, the beautiful emblem of immortality of the soul. Immediately beneath her, stood winged time with his scythe by his side, "which cuts the brittle thread of life," and the hour glass at his feet, which is ever reminding us that "our lives are drawing to a close." The withered and attention fingers of the destroyer were delicately placed amid the long and gracefully flowing ringlets of the disconsolate mourner. Thus were the striking emblems of mortality and immortality beautifully blended in one pictorial representation. It was a spectacle such as Masons never saw before, and in all probability, such as the fraternity may never witness again. The brother's name was never known.

Gen. Butler orders Lodge property to be Collected and Restored.

We clip the following from the Newbern (N. C.) *Times*:

Orr Lodge, No. 104, F. and A. M., was reorganized in Washington, N C., on the 8th inst., under authority of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina.

A petition has also been sent to the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, for the re-organization of St. John's Lodge No. 3, of this city. It was numerously signed by members of the lodge, and has been forwarded. This lodge was one of the oldest lodges in the State, having been originally organized in 1772, and receiving its charter from England.

Soon after the departure of Gen. Burnside from this department, the building owned by St. John's Lodge of F. and A. M., in this city was taken from the fraternity and used for a hospital, and its furniture scattered. This act has been viewed with regret by the Order, and for some time it has been in contemplation to endeavor to recover the property, restore it to its original condition, and hold it in trust for the owners, whenever they should reorganize and claim it. We are happy to inform our masonic brethren, that through the active exertions of Hon. Peter Lawson a request has been issued by Gen. Butler to Gen. Peck to have the property collected and restored to its original condition, and placed in the hands of a committee in trust. Gen. Peck, like a soldier and true-hearted gentleman, is entering into this movement with a hearty good will, and is furnishing the committee with every order and facility to carry this noble purpose into execution. We can assure the fraternity across the line, who still cherish an affection for this lodge, and who have been connected with it, that this beautiful building and its surroundings will soon be in as good condition as they ever were, and the "inner chamber" as richly furnished. The committee further are to restore all this to the lodge, whenever they are empowered to resume their work by the Grand Lodge of the State.

Urim and Thummim—Mason's Marks.

The pyramids and other stupendous structures on the Nile, bear Mason's marks, as fresh as though chiseled yesterday. Similar traces have lately been discovered on the monuments of Nineveh and Babylon, that undoubtedly have reference to the masonic mystëries, and, among them, to the Great and Occult Name. In regard to the "Book of the Dead," which, in whole or part, is contained in a papyrus roll laid up with the Egyptian mummy in the Sarcophagus, there are many symbols and names, probably masonic, and more especially the name of Deity among the Egyptian writings, which may have an important bearing upon masonic history. The explanation of the *Urim* and *Thummim*, the lights and perfections, and of the breastplate of Aaron, is remarkable. The initial letters of the Hebrew names of the twelve stones in that breastplate, and also of the twelve tribes, (by the application of a key discovered by Lanci,) conveyed a meaning which the *exegesis* of a learned linguist would never have reached. The explanation of the *Urim* is, 'I will cause the oracular spirit to rise at my will;" of the *Thummim*, "And of the Seers it will manifest the secret:" and by putting the first two letters in Hebrew together, the ineffable name is made out.

The Diploma.

BY BRO. CLARK, OF MICHIGAN.

During the war of 1812, Brother Porter, of Easton, Maine, had taken passage on a sailing packet for Boston. The following day the packet was captured by His Majesty's ship "Le Hoge," carrying seventy four guns. The passengers and crew of the packet were ordered on board of the ship. During the transfer of baggage, and through the carelessness of the crew, Bro. Porter's trunk was thrown upon the deck with such force as to cause it to open. His diploma, lying in the upper part was thus observed by the lieutenant, who had the trunk placed by the cabin door. Upon the order being given for the prisoners to claim their baggage, Bro. Porter pointed to his at the cabin door. Whereupon the lieutenant said to him, "You will take a room with me," and to which they soon retired, where they were joined by the commodore, who was also a Mason. On the following day they captured a schooner loaded with wood. When the captain came on board of the ship, and after a few preliminary questions, the commodore said, "I have an American gentleman on board who is exceedingly anxious to be landed at Portland; on condition of your landing him there as soon as the wind will carry you, I release you and your vessel." The offer was accepted with grateful acknowedgment; and Bro. Porter was soon landed at Portland, and on the day following his landing he arrived in Boston.

The above facts were given me by Bro. Porter himself. This illustrates the value of always having a diploma with you.

THE CROSS.

[For Knight Templars.]

Raised on high, above the city,
Oft I see the sacred cross,
Telling of the Saviour's sufferings,
Making all things else but dross.

When amidst its streets I wander,
And its tempting pleasures seek,
From the cross a strength there cometh,
And no longer I am weak.

When I covet others' honors,
Wish their wealth or homes were mine,
Then the cross uplifts my spirit,
And no longer I repine.

When I murmur, faint and weary,
Grow impatient at my lot,
Then I look upon the symbol,
And my sufferings are forgot.

When for good of men I labor,
Yet for this I suffer wrong,
Then the cross its lesson teaches,
Then, though weak, I yet am strong.

Then the outward cross doth vanish
From my eye, and from my thought,
And all-glorified the Savior
To my mind again is brought.

And another life I enter,
With its peace before unknown;
And, with countless tribes and nations,
Stand confessed before the throne.

Lodges of Sorrow.

The general idea of Sorrow Lodges is to express *in the lodge room* those sympathies and regrets that death naturally excites in the heart of a Freemason. It must be remembered that Freemasons are *educated up to the point of death.* Their rites constitute a pilgrimage, not long, but burdensome and wearisome, from the cradle to the grave. Their symbolisms begin with the (masonic) birth, and end with the (masonic) death of the candidate. The whole ceremony, rightfully considered, is but a funeral march from the moment the candidate enters at the northwest corner of the lodge, to the moment he is borne, amidst tears and regrets, to the grave. The whole ceremony is an expression of the brevity of life, and the uncertainty of death; nor is there anywhere, in all the ceremonies of the blue lodge, a place where a jest or a smile can properly be introduced, or anything else but what would be equally appropriate at a funeral.

These facts being premised, and without a due appreciation of them it is impossible to understand the theory or purpose of a "Sorrow Lodge," let us go on to examine the manner of conducting one.

It is best *made* private, and to Master Masons alone. There are reasons for this which I cannot state upon paper. The lodge that incumbers itself, under such circumstances, with lady visitors, and the presence of Apprentices, and Fellow Crafts, will fail to make as impressive a ceremony as the circumstances of the case, especially of the *present* case, justify us to expect.

The Master should prepare himself, or appoint some accomplished brother who *will* prepare himself, to deliver a funeral address. Time is required for this, therefore the lodge should decide at least a week in advance of the day of meeting. In regard to this address it would seem unnecessary to say that it should be both *personal* and *masonic*. *Personal* in regard to the dead and to the living, who have met to lament for the dead; full of incident relating to his connection with Masonry and the particular lodge, and eulogistic of his good deeds. *Masonic*, in regard to its symbolisms. Christian allusions are not particularly out of place, yet drawing its images and hopes more from the Old Testament than the New, and more from the masonic Trestle Board than either.

The funeral address should not exceed twenty minutes in length.

The programme should embrace:

1. A procession.
2. A funeral march.
3. Two, three, or four funeral odes.
4. Funeral address.
5. Ceremonies of the dead.

The extinguishing and relighting tapers, borrowed from the Scotch rite, gives much impressiveness to the ceremony, and if there is thought to be no impropriety in this blending of rites it may be used.

A pall, sprigs of evergreen, and various emblems of mortality, are essential adjuncts to the ceremony.

The room, with all its furniture and paraphernalia, must be dressed in deep mourning.

The programme should be printed in advance of the occasion, with the responses, odes, etc., that all the participants may be favored as much as possible.

General Gillespie.

Major General Sir Robert Rollo Gillespie, lately a distinguished officer in the British Army, was, in the early part of his life, but after he had been initiated into Masonry, engaged in the service of his country, in the West Indies, where he greatly distinguished himself. At the island of St. Domingo, he had been selected by his commander-in-chief to be the bearer of a dispatch to Gen. Santhonax, the governor of the island, summoning him to surrender. In attempting to reach the shore, from the English squadron, his boat was upset, his flag of truce and papers lost, and he himself compelled to swim to the shore, with his sword in his mouth, having narrowly escaped several shots which were fired at him. On being brought before the governor, he was charged with being a spy and threatened with instant execution. But espying masonic devices on the governor's buttons, he made himself known as a brother of the mystic tie, and was recognized as such. He was immediately released, and after being sumptuously entertained, was, by order of Santhonax, sent back to the squadron, with his companions, under the protection of a guard.

General Gillespie, subsequently, in 1813, became a member of the Moira Lodge, which was established at Calcutta, by the Marquis of Hastings, on his arrival in India as Governor General.

ANECDOTE.—A certain Lodge had been complained of to the Grand Master for working in an exposed and insecure place. Upon inquiry it was discovered that the charge was not without foundation, the Lodge holding its meetings in a second story, without glass in the sash, or curtains in the windows, the floor loose and open, and the room below occupied by a very popular and acceptable liquor dealer. The Grand Master reported the case to the Grand Lodge, who demanded of the delegate an explanation.

The latter pleasantly responded that the room *was* slightly open, but not too much so for purposes of ventilation, and that the floor was left loose for convenience of spitting.

As for any danger of exposing the secrets of Masonry, he laughed at the idea of that, for, said he, "I have been a member of that Lodge for nearly four years, and I have never learned any of them yet!"

Grand Master's Duties.

We have frequently observed the difference entertained among the many Grand Masters who favor the old Craft with their countenance from year to year, as to the duties they owe to those who have honored them with promotion. Some deem it labor enough to write their names occasionally in juxtaposition with the inevitable "M. W.," and leave to their Grand Secretaries the rest of the cares of office. Others attend carefully to all correspondence, but find no time for official visits. A third class attend calls of every sort, while the fourth and most diligent seek for opportunities of usefulness.

Amongst the fourth class we feel disposed to rank the Grand Master of Indiana, Bro. Wm. Hacker, who whenever anything comes up that needs attention, instead of sending another person to do it, *goes himself.* Such is our idea of a Grand Master's business, and if a person has not time, knowledge, or ability for that, he should refuse to be installed as Grand Master.

Masonic Jurisprudence.

NEW JERSEY.—The Committee on Jurisprudence to whom certain questions were referred, report "that it is necessary, in all cases, for a Master elect of a Subordinate Lodge to receive the Past Master's degree in Symbolic Masonry before he assumes the East of his lodge; and that none but Past Masters who have thus received the degree can be present at the conferring of the Past Master's degree, at the installation of a Master elect." This report was adopted.

ITEM.—"The Star Spangled Banner is nothing more nor less than a masonic combination."

The Great Secret of Masonry Discovered.

An anecdote is related of a brother who is noted for his acts of charity, and who is withal a man of good presence and a great favorite among the ladies, so much so as to cause some degree of jealousy on the part of his worthy spouse. One evening a bundle came to the house for him, and labeled "Private." Of course this was sufficient for female curiosity, and therefore she indulged in an inspection. Horror of horrors! Blankets, baby linen, &c., greeted her astonished vision, and dreams of "two families" floated through her brain. The husband soon came in, and, after tea, when his wife had discovered in his eye the treachery of his conduct, as she supposed, he took the bundle and went out, but not alone, for the jealous wife was on his track. The faithless husband little imagined that she, who supposed herself so foully wronged, was hovering after him. He halted before a small tenement, which he entered. Here she paused to hold a council of war. What tactics to follow she was in doubt, but determining to storm the citadel, she knocked, and hastily brushing past the little child who answered the summons, she stood in an instant before her astonished husband, the embodiment of injured innocence. Her feelings were about to find expression, when the scene before her caused her to pause. A pale and careworn man, shivering over the expiring embers of a scanty fire, a poor woman on a sick bed, a babe not old enough for christening, and two little girls snugly stowed away on some straw in a corner, met her ferocious gaze. She read the story at a glance, and returned home with her husband, a better and a wiser woman, satisfied that she had discovered the *Great Secret of Masonry.*

Masonic Love and Disunionism.

Since the war commenced, we have heard of many instances of kindness exhibited on the part of masonic brethren. These acts have occurred on the fields of battle, in the hospitals, and in the dungeons of the southern confederacy, as well as in the prisons of the loyal North. Men who have fought against each other on bloody fields have allowed their revengeful passions to vanish at a word or sign, uttered or made by a masonic brother, after the strife was over, or while it continued; and many a delicacy has the Union man received at the hands of the confederate while languishing in a southern prison, simply because brothers do not always forget their obligations; and it is one of the charms of Masonry that such should be the case.

A few evenings since we heard an officer, now in high command in the armies of the West, relate some of his experiences when thrown in contact with southern masonic brethren, and we may as well state, in this connection, that the gentleman from whom we received our information declared that he never was deceived or betrayed by a masonic brother. But we will let him tell his own story, which was as follows:

"I had command of a station on the Mississippi, not far from Vicksburg, but before that place was taken. Two of my regiments were colored troops, and made good soldiers after they had received the necessary amount of drill and discipline. Of course, having negro troops at the station was sufficient to render it a marked place in the minds of the rebels, and one morning they came down upon us, two or three to our one; but we beat them back, and after they had retired a negro brought me word that a secessionist was scouting on the banks of the river, and desired to speak with the commanding officer. I sent out and had the fellow brought in. He was the worst looking man that I had ever seen, ill clad, hungry, and dirty; yet that man was a Mason, a companion, and a templar, and at the commencement of the rebellion was an eminent lawyer in Arkansas. He was a Union man, but had been driven into the rebel ranks, and had taken the first opportunity to desert.

"Well, I questioned that brother on subjects which I was well acquainted with, and the answers I received were perfectly correct; and then I touched on other matters and learned that throughout Arkansas there were secret societies formed for the purpose of restoring the Union, and only hoping for an opportunity to do so, for certain death awaited them if their organization was discovered. The intelligence which he brought was so important that I took the brother to General Grant, and every word which he uttered was credited and acted upon, and the results were sufficient to justify us in the course which we had taken.

"But I will give you another instance of the benefits of Masonry," continued the officer. "One of my surgeons was captured by a gang of Texan Rangers. They put a rope around his neck, and were about to hang him to the limb of a tree, when the surgeon made the grand hailing sign, little thinking that it would avail him, or be recognized; but to his surprise the leader of the gang answered the sign, removed the rope from his neck, saved his life, treated him like a brother, and sent him into camp unharmed"

These are but two of the incidents which Masonry has produced during the war. No doubt thousands of others could be cited. It is pleasant to know that men, although enemies on the field, still remember their obligations when the strife is over. May such always be the case.

THY WILL BE DONE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

We see not, know not; all our way
Is night—with Thee alone is day:
From out the torrent's troubled drift
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead, in times like these,
The weakness of our love of ease!
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, or ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve or wait for Thee.
Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
Its dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press,
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars,
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done!

If for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And blest by Thee, our present pain
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy Keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of Thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall beat the old refrain,
Thy will be done!

Angry Alms.

While Gotthold was one day occupied with important business, and deeply absorbed in thought, his daughter unexpectedly entered the room, and presented to him a paper stating the case of a poor widow, with the causes of her penury, and soliciting an alms in her behalf. Losing temper, he spoke harshly to the girl, and, in an ill humor, flung to her the sum she asked. Ere long, however, he recollected himself, and cried out: "Wretched man that I am! how fair a show I make with my Christianity, in my own eyes at least, and how boldly I venture to say: 'Lord Jesus, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee;' and yet now that the Savior has come and craved a mite for this poor widow, as a practical evidence of my affection, I take offense at him for disturbing my poor thoughts, though for so short a time and so good a cause. Go, now, and plume thyself on thy faith and piety!"

"My God! thou invitest me to come to thee whenever my pleasure leads, or my necessities compel me; and come when I may, never is my coming unseasonable or inopportune. Thou hast the whole world to govern, and yet I trouble thee not though I break in at morning, noon, or night, and claim an alms from thy mercy. How conceited I must be, to reckon my concerns and cogitations of greater amount than the prayers and sighs of my suffering fellow Christian! I now see that sin is rashness, and have good cause henceforth to give a more gracious reception to the Lord Jesus in his members, lest in my hour of need he turn his back upon me. 'God loveth a cheerful giver.' (2 Cor. 9: 7.) A benefaction to the poor should be like oil, which, when poured from one vessel into another, flows in silence, and with a soft and gentle fall. An alms reluctantly bestowed is like a rose spoiled and discolored with the fumes of sulphur, like sanded flour or over-salted meat. He who exercises charity with a reluctant heart and angry words, resembles the cow which yields her milk, but puts her foot into and overturns the pail."—*Gotthold's Emblems.*

The Prize Released.

On the 27th November, 1812, during the war between England and France, a large and valuable fleet of English merchantmen set sail from Spithead for the West Indies, under the convoy of the Queen, man of-war. Soon after their departure, the convoy was dispersed by a violent gale of wind, and many of them captured by the French frigate Gloire, which was then cruising between the Western Islands and Fer l. Among the captures, was the ship Princess Royal, of 400 tons, laden with supplies, and commanded by Capt. Alexander Foster. On being taken on board of his captor, Capt. Foster made himself known as a Mason, to the commander of the frigate, by whom he was invited into the cabin. He was then told, that his appeal had been recognized; that the first duty which the Frenchman owed, was, to his country, and his Emperor,—but that his next was, as a man and a Mason, "to serve a brother in the hour of need."

The commander of the frigate, finding himself embarrassed with the number of his prisoners, but wishing to continue his cruise, thought this circumstance would afford a favorable opportunity of serving his English brother, without any dereliction of duty to his sovereign. He therefore restored his ship to Capt. Foster, to be used as a cartel, for the purpose of receiving all the prisoners, with which the French found themselves encumbered. The Princess Royal, thus liberated, proceeded, with the released prisoners, to Barbadoes, where they were landed; and pursuing her voyage to its ultimate destination at Jamaica, delivered her cargo, and returned in safety to London.

Capt. Foster, under these peculiar circumstances, was advised to make an application to the Admiralty for salvage, and was actually awarded £500; but his story being subsequently deemed doubtful and romantic. his vessel was seized, on the presumption that she had been ransomed, and had consequently forfeited her privileges as a British ship; but after a searching investigation, the facts where proved, and she was liberated. The narrator of the incident, which was published in a London periodical, and authenticated by the Royal Somerset House and Inverness Lodge No. 4, was engaged in obtaining the release of the vessel of Capt. Foster. from her unjust seizure and was so deeply impressed with this exhibition of brotherly love, that he immediately united himself with the masonic fraternity.

Masonic Rules.

We extract from the excellent masonic column of the *New York Era*, the following:

Never solicit a man to be a Mason.

Never recommend an applicant unless you know him to be a good man, and who will conform to the precepts of the society.

Never cast your ballot in favor of a candidate unless you know him to be worthy, and his moral character free from reproach.

Never fail to exercise your rights as a member of your lodge, and vote upon every application.

Never let it be known, either directly or indirectly, how you vote upon an application for the mysteries of Masonry.

Never be afraid to do your duty if you believe a candidate is not worthy to be received into membership with us.

Never speak of masonic matters in unseemly or improper places.

Never indulge in practices that may bring reproach upon the institution.

Never forget that you are a Freemason, a link in the chain of universal brotherhood.

Never be absent from the meetings of your lodge, if you can help it.

Never forget that a true Freemason is your brother, and treat him accordingly.

Never fail to kindly admonish a brother if you see him err.

Never repel the approach of a brother because he is poor.

Never cease to be a "peaceable subject" to the civil powers, wherever you may reside or work.

Never be concerned in plots and conspiracies against the peace and welfare of the nation.

Never be incautious in your works and carriage.

Destruction of the Freemasons' Hall, Boston.

Fire was discovered in a closet under the second flight of stairs in the Masonic Fraternity's building on the corner of Tremont and Boylston streets.

The building was a mammoth brick structure, composed of six stories, three of which were occupied as the Winthrop House, and the upper three as Freemason's Hall.

Between the hours of one and two o'clock, the appearance of the burning structure, thoroughly on fire from roof to cellar—with the glowing flames shooting from the windows and streaming into the heavens—was a spectacle of terrific grandeur.

Such was the rapid progress of the flames that the nearly two hundred inmates of the Winthrop House had barely time to escape with their lives, most of them losing all their personal effects.

The Winthrop House was leased by Col. I. H. Silsby, whose furniture was elegant and nearly new, and was almost wholly destroyed. It was valued at about $50,000, and insured for about one half that amount.

The masonic fraternity have experienced an almost irreparable loss by this fire. The estate was purchased by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts in 1859, and since that time the following named organizations have held their regular meetings in the halls which were fitted up at great expense expressly for their use, viz: the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, St. John's Lodge, St. Andrews, Massachusetts, Columbian, Mount Lebanon, Germania, Winslow Lewis, Revere, Joseph Warren, Aberdour, Grand Consistory, Grand Royal Arch Chapter, St. Andrew's Chapter, St. Paul's Chapter, Grand Encampment of Knights Templar, De Molay Encampment, St. Bernard Encampment.

It is impossible to give any very correct estimate of the value of the property in Freemason's Hall, some of which cannot be replaced. All of the various lodges were losers to a large extent. The De Molay, Boston, and St. Bernard Encampments, the Consistory, Lodge of Perfection, and Chapter of Rosecroix lost their beautiful and costly regalias.

A large number of valuable pictures were also destroyed, including a fine original portrait of General Joseph Warren, which belonged to the Massachusetts Lodge. There were likewise highly-prized portraits of General Washington Price, the first Grand Master of this Commonwealth, and also of all the Grand Masters from 1780 to the present time. Among other property belonging to the Masons were two organs, one costing $2,000 and the other about $400, and both were consumed.

It is estimated that $100,000 will not cover the losses to the Masonic Order in furniture and paintings alone. The building, for which they originally paid $106,000, had been so improved as to make its value, $156,000, a large portion of which is insured.

The Winthrop House was first opened as a hotel by Colonel Silsby, in November, 1850, and comprised two large dwelling houses, to which a third was subsequently added. It was then owned by the Winthrop House Company, who sold it to the Freemasons in 1859, as we have previously stated. In the spring of 1859 the hotel was closed up and the furniture sold at auction, but in the fall of the same year it was again reopened by Colonel Silsby, who has ever conducted it as a first class public house, the destruction of which must be regarded as a great loss to the community.

The proprietor of the hotel thinks the fire must have been set by an incendiary, as the house was heated by steam, and no fire whatever was used in that part of the building where the conflagration originated. It was first discovered by Mr. George H. Pike, Assistant Superintendent of Masonic Hall, who had just closed the rooms under his charge, in which a meeting of the Revere Lodge had been held, and was coming down stairs, when he perceived smoke issuing from a closet, as before stated.

Some of the masonic jewels have been found in the ruins of the Winthrop House fire at Boston. Workmen are removing the ruins preparatory to the erection of a new building, which is to include accommodations for the Freemasons on an extended scale, and a first class hotel.

◆

UNREQUITED LOVE.—Why have I been born with all these warm affections, these ardent longings after what is good, if they lead only to sorrow and disappointment? I would love some one, love him once and forever, devote myself to him alone, live for him, die for him, exist alone in him. But alas! in all this wide world there is none to love me as I would be loved, none whom I may love as I am capable of loving. How empty, how desolate seems the world about me. Why has Heaven given me these affections only to fade and fall?—*Longfellow.*

◆

"I had rather serve Queen *Truth*, than King Charles.—*Milton.*

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

BY G. W. MOON.

Not forever on thy knees, man,
Would Jehovah have thee found ;.
There are griefs Jehovah sees, man,
There are burdens thou canst ease, man ;
Look around.

Work is prayer if done for God, man,
Prayer which God delighted hears.
See beside yon upturned sod, man,
One bowed 'neath affliction's rod, man,
Dry her tears.

Not long prayers, but earnest zeal, man,
This is what is wanted more ;
Put thy shoulder to the wheel, man,
Bread unto the famished deal, man,
From thy store.

Not high-sounding words of praise, man,
Does God want 'neath some grand dome ;
But that thou the fallen raise, man,
Bring the poor from life's highways, man,
To thy home.

Worship God by doing good, man ;
Works, not words ; kind acts, not creeds ;
He who loves God as he should, man,
Makes his heart's love understood, man,
By kind deeds.

Deeds are powerful, mere words weak, man,
Batt'ring at high Heaven's door.
Let thy love by actions speak, man,
Wipe the tear from sorrow's cheek, man,
Clothe the poor.

Be it thine life's cares to smother,
And to brighten eyes now dim ;
Kind deeds done to one another
God accepts as done, my brother,
Unto him.

Truth and Love—Finite and Infinite Love.

FROM THE PAPERS OF A STRANGER.

(In the following there is an inner life of deep masonic mysticism.)

The sun was already shining over the mountains and into my window, when I awaked. Was it the same sun which looked on us the evening before with a long, lingering glow, like that of a departing friend, as if it would bless the bound of our souls, and which had passed away like a lost hope? And now it shone upon me as a child, who rushes into our room with beaming eyes, to wish us joy on some gay feast-day! And was I the same man who, only a few hours ago, broken in spirit and body, threw myself on the bed? —and now I felt in myself again the old life-courage, and a confidence in God and man that refreshed and enlivened my spirit like the fresh morning air? What, indeed, would become of man without sleep? We know not where this mighty messenger conducts us, and, when he closes our eyes in the evening, who assures us that he will open them in the morning—that he will bring us to ourselves again? It required courage and faith when the first man threw himself into the arms of this unknown friend; and if there were not in our nature something helpless, which, in regard to everything that we ought to believe, forces us to faith and resignation, I doubt whether any man, in spite of all his weariness, would have shut his eyes of free will, and entered into this unknown dreamland. This consciousness of our weakness, of our weariness, gives us confidence in a higher power, and courage for a free abandonment of ourselves to the beautiful order of the whole, and we feel ourselves strengthened and refreshed, when, even for a short time, whether waking or asleep, the fetters are unloosed which bind our immortal to our earthly selves.

What yesterday passed through my mind darkly, only as the fleeting evening mists, became now quite clear to me. We belong to each other; that I felt. Whether as brother and sister, as father and child, as bridegroom and bride, we must now and forever remain together. It was only requisite to find the right name for that which in our stammering speech we call love:—

"Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father—anything to thee!"

It was this *anything* for which a name must be found, for the world recognizes nothing which is nameless. She had herself told me, indeed, that she loved me with that pure, all-embracing love out of which all other springs forth. Her alarm, her consternation, when I acknowledged to her the fullness of my love, remained inexplicable to me, but it could not shake my confidence in our mutual love. Why, indeed, should we wish to understand what passes in the souls of other men, while yet in ourselves everything is inconceivable? It is indeed everywhere the unintelligible which enchains us the most, whether in nature, in man, or in our own breasts. Men, whom we understand, whose moving powers we see before us like an anatomical preparation, leave us cold, like the characters in most of our romances, and nothing more destroys for us the pleasure in life and in mankind than that ethical rationalism which undertakes to explain everything and denies all the miracles of our souls. There lies in every person something inexplicable, whether we call it fate, inspiration, or character, and he neither knows himself nor human nature who believes that he can lay open, without having this ever-returning mystery, the action and the motives of men. I consoled myself now in regard to everything about which I had been in despair in the evening, and at last there seemed no longer any cloudlet to obscure the sky of the future.

In this mood I stepped out from the confined house into the free air, as a messenger was bringing me a letter. It was from the Countess, as I saw by the beautiful, even handwriting. I opened it breathlessly—I hoped for the most beautiful thing which man can hope for. But I was thrown back at once. The note contained nothing but a request that I would not visit her to-day, as she was expecting visitors from the Residenz. No affectionate word, no account of how she was! Only at the end a P.S.: "to-morrow comes the Hofrath; therefore not till day after to-morrow."

Here were two days torn at once from the book of life. And if they were only wholly torn away—but no, they hung over me like the leaden roof of a prison. They must be lived through; I could not give them away like an alms to a king or a beggar, who would gladly sit two days longer on his throne, or on his stone by the church door! I stood as if petrified for some time; but then I remembered my morning prayer, and, as I had said to myself, that there was no greater infidelity than despair, that the smallest and the greatest things in life were parts of a great plan, to which we must conform ourselves, however difficult it might be. As a rider, who sees a precipice before him, I drew back the bridle. "Let it be because it must be," I exclaimed to myself; "but God's earth is not the place for sighs and complaints." Was it not blessedness to hold in my hands these lines which she had written? and the hope of seeing her again in a few days, was it not greater felicity than I had ever deserved? Only the head always above water!—so say all good life-swimmers; when this cannot be, it is better to go under at once, than to let the water run in before at the eyes and mouth. And if it is difficult for us to think constantly of the Divine Providence in all the little misfortunes of life, and if we are afraid, and perhaps with reason, to step out of the common goings-on of life into the Divine Presence on occasion of every contest, yet life should appear to us, if not as a duty, yet always as an art;—and what is more disagreeable than a child who becomes unruly, and grumbles crossly at every loss, at every uneasiness? Nothing is more beautiful than a child in whose tearful eyes the sunshine of joy and innocence is shining again,—like a flower which trembles and shakes in a spring shower, and is already again blooming and giving out its perfume while the sun is still drying the tears on its cheeks.

Soon a bright thought came to me, how, in spite of fate, I might yet live over these two days with her. I had been wishing for some time to write down the precious words she had said to me, and the many beautiful thoughts she had confided to me; and so my days passed in the remembrance of the beautiful hours we had passed together, and in the hope of a still fairer future, and I was by her and with her, and lived in her, and felt the nearness of her spirit and of her love more than I had ever yet felt it, when I held her hand in mine.

How dear are these pages to me now!—how often have I read and re-read them! Not as if I could ever forget a word that she had said to me; but these pages were witnesses of my happiness, and something looks at me from them like the glance of a friend, whose silence says more than any words. Memory of past happiness, memory of past suffering, silent sinking into a far past, where everything disappears which surrounds and constrains us, when the soul prostrates itself as a mother on the green grave of her child, who has already slept there for long years, where no hope, no wish disturbs the stillness of perfect resignation,—this we may indeed call sadness; but there is a blessedness in this sorrow, which those only know who have loved and suffered much. Ask a mother what she feels when she binds around her daughter's head the veil which she once wore as a bride, and thinks of the husband who is no longer with her. Ask a man what he feels, when a maiden whom he loves, and from whom the world has separated him, sends to him after her death the dried rose which he gave her when a boy. They may both weep, but their tears are neither tears of sorrow nor joy,—they are tears of self-sacrifice, with which man consecrated himself to God, and sees tranquilly go from him the dearest of his possessions, trusting in God's love and wisdom.

But back into remembrance, back into the living presence of the past!—The two days passed so quickly, that I trembled as the joy of reunion always pressed nearer and nearer. I saw how on the first day the carriages and riders arrived from the town, how the Castle was animated with gay-looking guests. The flags were waving from the roof, music resounded through the courts. In the evening the lake was alive with pleasure gondolas, songs were heard over the waves, and I must listen, for I thought that she too was hearing these songs from her window. On the second day all was motion, and not till noon did the guests begin to depart; and late in the evening I saw the Councillor's carriage also going back alone to the town. Then I restrained myself no longer. I knew she was alone,—I knew she thought of me; she wished me at her side. And yet I must pass another night without at least pressing her hand, without telling that the separation was past, and that the next morning would awaken us anew to happiness! I still saw the light in her window. And why should she be alone? why should I not, at least for a moment, feel her sweet presence? I was already standing at the Castle,—was just about to pull the bell. Then I stood suddenly still, and said: No! no weakness! Thou wouldst stand before her ashamed, like a thief in the night. Early to-morrow thou mayst approach her, as a hero returning from battle, and for whom the garland of love is being wove, which we shall bind to-morrow around his brow.

And the morning came, and I was by her—actually with her. O, speak not of the spirit, as if it could be without the body! Full existence, consciousness of joy, is only where mind and body are one, an embodied spirit, a spiritualized body. There is no spirit without body, unless it be a ghost; no body without the spirit, except it be a corpse. Is the flower of the field without a spirit? Does there not look out from it a divine intention, a creative thought, which sustains it, which gives it light and being? That is its spirit, only that it is dumb in the flower, whilst in man it reveals itself in words. Real life is everywhere corporeal and spiritual life; true enjoyment is always material and spiritual union, and the whole world of memory, in which I had lived so happily for two days, vanished like a shadow, like a mere nothing, when I stood before her, and was actually in her presence. I wanted to place my hands on her brow, on her eyelids, on her cheeks, in order to know, to know certainly, that she was really true,—that it was not merely the image which hovered before me day and night, but a real being, who was not mine, and yet should and would be mine,—a being in whom I could believe as in myself, a being far from me, and yet nearer to me than I was to myself, without whom my life was no life, even my death no death,—without whom my wretched existence would be breathed away like a sigh into infinite space. I felt it as my thoughts and my looks overshadowed her, that now in this moment the blessedness of my being was complete; and a shuddering passed through me, and I thought of death, and it seemed to have no terror for me, for death could not destroy *this* love—only purify, ennoble, and render it immortal.

It was so beautiful to be silent with her. On her countenance was impressed the whole depth of her soul, and as I looked at her, I saw and heard all that lived and was treasured there.

"Thou troublest me," she seemed to say, and yet would not say it. "Are we again together? Be tranquil! Complain not! Question not! Be welcome to me! Be not vexed with me!" All this looked out of her eyes, and still we did not venture by a word to disturb the power of our reunion.

"Hast thou received a letter from the Councillor?" was her first question, and her voice trembled at each word.

"No," answered I.

She was silent a little while, then she said: "Perhaps it is better so, and that I should tell thee everything myself. My friend, we see each other to-day for the last time. Let us part in peace, without complaint, without displeasure. I have been much to blame, of that I am conscious. I have gone into thy life without reflecting how light a breath will often scatter the petals of a flower. I knew the world so little,—I did not think that a poor, suffering being like me could inspire anything more than compassion. I came to meet thee affectionately and openly, because I had known thee so long, because I felt myself so well in thy presence,—why should I not speak it out?—because I loved thee. But the world does not understand this love, and does not allow it. The Councillor has opened my eyes. The whole town talks of us; my brother, the Regent, has written to the Prince, and he desires me never to see thee again. I mourn deeply that I must cause thee this pain. Tell me that thou forgivest me,—and then let us part as friends."

Her eyes had become filled with tears, and she closed them that her tears need not be seen. "Maria," said I, "for me there is but one life, it is with thee,—yet also but one will, and that is thine. Yes, I confess it to thee, I love thee with all the ardor of love, but I feel that I am not worthy of thee. Thou standest high above me in nobility, in elevation, in purity, and I can hardly seize the thought of calling thee my wife. Maria, thou art wholly free; I require no sacrifice. The world is large, and if it is thy will, we will never meet again. But if thou lovest me, if thou feelest that thou art mine, O, then let us forget the world and its cold judgment! On my arms will I bear thee to the altar, and kneeling will I swear to thee to be thine in life and in death."

"My friend," said she, "we must never will the impossible. Had it been God's will that such a bond should unite us in life, would He then have sent me the sufferings which makes me incapable of being more than a helpless child? Do not forget, that what we call fate, circumstance, condition in life, are in truth only the appointments of Providence. To oppose ourselves to them is to oppose ourselves to God, and were it not childish, it might be called criminal. Men wander here on the earth, as the stars in the sky. God has pointed out their path on which they meet each other, and when they should go apart from each other they must separate,—their opposition would be in view, or it would destroy the whole order of the world. We cannot comprehend it, but we can trust. I myself do not understand why my inclination for you was wrong. No, I cannot, I will not call it wrong. But it *cannot* be, it *must* not be. My friend, this is enough, me must submit ourselves in humility and in faith."

In spite of the tranquillity with which she spoke, I saw how deeply she suffered, and therefore I felt it would be wrong to give up so readily the struggle with life. I controlled myself as much as I could, that no passionate word might increase her sufferings, and said:

"If this is the last time we shall meet in this world, let us see clearly to whom we make this sacrifice. If our love is opposed to any higher law, I would bow myself, as you do, in humility before it. It would be to forget God, to act against a higher will. It may seem sometimes as if man could deceive God, as if his small cunning could gain something from Divine Wisdom. This is folly,—and the man who begins this Titan struggle will be shattered and annihilated. But what is opposed to our love? Nothing but the tattle of the world. I respect the laws of human society,—I respect them even when, as in our time, they are artificial and confused. A sick body requires artificial medicine, and without the limitations, and considerations, and prejudices of society, which we laugh at, it would be impossible for us to hold together the human family as it now is, and to attain the object of our earthly life together. We must sacrifice much to these Deities; and like the Athenians we send each year a heavily-laden ship of youths and maidens as a tribute to that monster who rules over the labyrinth of our society. There is no heart that is not broken, there is no man of real feeling who is not forced to clip the wings of his love before he can find rest in the cage of social life. This must be so, there is no other way. Thou art not acquainted with life, but if I look round among my friends, I could tell thee many tragic volumes. One of them loved a young maiden and was beloved by her. But he was poor, she was rich. The parents and cousins quarrelled and despised each other, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because society regards it as a misfortune that a woman should wear a dress made from the wool of an American plant, and not from the web of a Chinese worm.

"Another loved, and his love was returned. But he was a Protestant, she was a Catholic. The mothers and the priests made a difficulty, and two hearts were broken. Why? On account of the political drama which Charles V, Francis I, and Henry VIII performed together three centuries ago.

"A third loved, and his love was reciprocated. But he was noble, she was plebeian. The sisters quarrelled and were jealous, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because a few hundred years ago, one soldier killed another who threatened the life of the king in battle. This gave him a title and honors, and his great-grandson must atone, with the failure of his life, the blood which was then shed.

"The statisticians say, that at every hour a heart is broken, and I believe it.

"Thou closest thy eyes, and I feel that I have said too much. The world has made the holiest thing in life the most commonplace. But, Maria, enough! Let us talk the language of the world when we must talk and act in it and with it. But let us preserve a sanctuary, where two hearts can speak the true language of the heart, undisturbed by the confusion of the world without. Society respects this reserve, this courageous opposition which noble hearts, conscious of their rights, make against the common course of things. The reserves, the proprieties, the prejudices of the world are like parasitic plants. It is beautiful, when a green ivy, with its thousand roots and tendrils, adorns a firm granite wall; but it must not thrive too well, or it will force itself into all the joints of our building, and destroy the cement which holds it together inwardly.

"Be mine, Maria—follow the voice of thy heart. The word which now trembles on thy lips decides forever thy life and mine, my happiness and thine."

I stopped. Her hand, which I held in mine, corresponded with its warm pressure to the feelings of our hearts. Within her all was commotion, and the blue heaven which lay before me never seemed so beautiful as now when the storm clouds were quickly passing over it.

"And why dost thou love me?" she said, gently, as if she wished still to delay the moment of decision.

"Why? Maria! Ask the child why it is born—ask the flower why it blossoms—ask the sun why it shines. I love thee because I must love thee. Yet if I must say still more to thee, let this book, which is at thy side and of which thou art so fond, speak for me. 'The best should be the dearest, and in this love, neither use nor unuse, neither good nor harm, gain nor loss, honor nor dishonor, praise nor blame, nor anything of this kind, should be considered; but what is in truth the noblest and the best, that should be the best loved, and only for that alone, that it is the noblest and the best. Towards this should a man direct his life inwardly and outwardly. From without: when among creatures one is better than the other, there then does the eternal good strive and work more in one than in the other. Now in whom the eternal good most shines, lightens, works, and is known and loved, that is also the best among the creatures; and in whom it is least, that is also the least good. Now just as a man handles and goes with the creature, and perceives this difference, so shall the best creature be the dearest to him, and he should diligently adhere [illegible] it, and unite himself with it.' Maria, since thou art the best creature whom I know, therefore do I seek thee—therefore thou art dear to me—therefore we love each other. Say the word that is living within thee, say that thou art mine; deny not thy inmost feeling. God has given thee a suffering life—he sends me to thee, in order to suffer with thee. Thy sufferings shall be my sufferings, and we will bear them together, as the ships bear the heavy sails which convey it at last through the storms of life into the secure haven."

She became more and more tranquil. The light blush played on her cheeks like a silent evening sky. Then she opened her eyes wide—the sun shone out again with wondrous splendor.

"I am thine," said she: "God wills it. Take me as I am—as long as I live I am thine, and may God lead us together into a fairer life, and reward thee for thy love."

We embraced each other; my lips pressed with a light kiss the lips on which the blessedness of my life had just hovered. Time stood still for us—the world around us had vanished. Then a light sigh escaped from her breast. "Now leave me alone,—I can bear no more. Till we meet again, my friend, my beloved, my preserver!"

These were the last words which I heard from her lips. But no. I had gone home and was lying on my bed in disturbed dreams. Midnight had passed, when the Hofrath came into my room. "Our angel is in heaven," said he; "here is the last greeting which she sends thee." With these words he gave me a note. It contained the ring which she had once given to me, and which I had given back to her, with the words: "As God wills." It was folded in an old piece of paper, on which she had before written the words which I had said to her when a child: "What is thine, is mine. Thy Maria."

We sat together an hour without saying a word. It was an intellectual powerlessness which Heaven sends us when the burden of grief is too great for us to bear. At last the old man got up, took my hand, and said: "We see each other to-day for the last time, for thou must go from here, and my days are numbered. There is but one thing which I must say to thee,—a secret which I have borne about with me my whole life, and acknowledged to no one. I long for some one to confess it to. Listen to me. The soul which has gone from us was a beautiful soul, a pure, glorious mind—a deep, true heart. I knew a spirit beautiful as hers,—even more beautiful! That was her mother. I loved her mother, her mother loved me. We were both poor, and I struggled with life, in order to procure for her and for myself an honorable position in the world. The young Prince saw my betrothed, and loved her. He was my Prince, he loved her truly, he was ready to lay everything at her feet, and to raise her, the poor orphan, to the rank of Princess. I loved her so much that I sacrificed to her my love and my happiness. I abandoned my home, and wrote to her to release her from her obligation. I never saw her afterwards till she was on her deathbed. She died at the birth of her first daughter. Now you know why I loved your Maria, and have redeemed her life from day to day. She was the only being who still bound my heart to life. Bear life as I have borne it. Do not lose a day in vain regrets. Help mankind wherever you can, love them, and thank God a human heart like hers has been given you on the earth, to know, to see, to love, and to lose."

"As God wills," said I, and we separated for life.

And days, and weeks, and months, and years have passed away; my home has become a strange land, and the strange land a home to me. But her love has remained to me, and as a tear falls into the ocean, so has love to her fallen into the living ocean of humanity, penetrating and embracing millions—millions of "strangers," whom I have loved from childhood.

Only on still summer days, like to-day, when one lies alone in the green wood on the heart of nature, and knows not whether men exist without, or whether one lives alone, wholly alone on the earth, then memory springs up from the grave, the buried thoughts rise again, the whole power of love returns to the heart, and streams back to that beautiful being, who looks at me again with those deep impenetrable eyes; and then it is as if the love to millions vanished in the love to one—to my good angel—and my thoughts are dumb before the inexplicable riddle of finite and of infinite love.

The Poor Indian.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Masonic Review* relates an interesting instance of the benevolent tendency of Freemasonry, which occurred in one of the Western States.

One bright but bitter winter evening in November, after the ordinary business of ——— Lodge had been dispatched in peace and harmony, a brother rose, and presented the case of a stranger in distress—an Indian and a Mason, who, with his family, had recently arrived in the city. He had received a letter from him, detailing his destitute condition, and informing him, that "he had eaten his last morsel of bread" with his wife and children, and knew not where to look for a further supply.

The letter closed with an appeal, which would have reached any benevolent heart, but in an especial manner, was calculated to thrill the heart of every brother of the "mystic tie." An appropriation was promptly made, and a true and trusty brother selected, to hasten to the relief of the poor Indian. He was found in a rude quarter, maciated by sickness, surrounded by his tattered children, and in utter destitution. His wife, the faithful partner of his bosom, was absent, seeking, if possible, from the cold hand of public charity, a pittance, to supply their immediate pressing wants. A sprightly looking little girl, about ten years of age, was standing by a younger brother, who clung to her as the stranger entered, and communicated to his afflicted brother the the subject of his mission.

The scene was one of intense feeling, and the worthy brother, who had been the agent of the Lodge, in dispensing its aid to the destitute stranger, expressed its effect upon himself, by saying, shortly after the visit: "Had I never before known any thing of the Masonic fraternity, or its benevolent actions, this one act would have been sufficient to convince me of its value, and wed my heart more strongly to an institution so benevolent in its nature."

The National Freemason.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY, 1864.

Letters of business, and containing money, and correspondence, should be addressed Dr. McMurdy, Box 982. Printed matter should be directed National Freemason, Lock Box 18, Washington city.

The editor can be seen before 8, a. m., or at 5, p. m., at Mrs. Parrish's, 54 Missouri avenue.

Agents.—Bro. Charles H. Anderson, 458 Seventh street, opposite Post Office; Bro. Tacey, Clerk of Court, for Alexandria; Bro. Geo. H. Raymond, G.·. L.·., 48 John street, for New York city; Bro. James Sterratt, Baltimore city; Bro. Huntington, Adams, N. Y.; Bro. Enos, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Bro. B. B. McConl, Pottsvile, Pa. Bro. Geo. A. Jefts, Traveling Agent, Box 43, Brookline, N. H. J. H. Quintard, No. 8 Pine street, New York city, General Agent.

Every change of P. O box, or residence of subscribers, should be carefully reported. The past address of the paper should always be stated.

Under the present postal law, no matter can be delivered until postage (three cents per quarter) is paid.

OFFICIAL.

To the Brethren, Companions, and Sir Knights of the several jurisdictions; We, as Grand Master of Knights Templar in the United States of America, Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, send greeting:

We not only regard with favor the enterprise so generally approved by the Craft, to establish a National Masonic Journal at the metropolis of the nation, but we are impelled by a deep sense of its importance to urge upon you the most vigorous exertions to give to this much-needed instrument for good a healthy and vigorous life.

Let each masonic body, in corporate capacity, subscribe for as many copies of the National Freemason as may be expedient for circulation among the widows and orphans of Masons, and among the sick and indigent Masons in hospitals, thereby exercising a high charity. Let each Mason take as many copies personally as he can afford, and induce his neighbor to do the same.

We are satisfied, from the well-known high educational, literary, and masonic character of the Rev R. McMurdy, D. D., LL. D., Grand Prelate of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, that the National Freemason will he conducted in a liberal, faithful, national, and catholic spirit, and will tend to increase and diffuse light within and without our sacred precincts, and promote harmony and good will among the brotherhood.

The moderate terms of its publication, $1 50 per annum, make it accessible to the masonic masses.

We urge you all, brethren, to prompt action in sending names of subscribers, paying in advance, to Rev. Dr. McMurdy, Washington, city.

B. B. FRENCH,
Grand Master Knights Templar, U. S. of A.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand High Priest of Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and District of Columbia.
Y. P. PAGE,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Maryland.

The National Freemason.

This number closes the first volume of the National Freemason. We have given our leisure time freely and without compensation to the interests of the paper. The moneys received from subscription and advertisements have been devoted to its circulation.

The Freemason has met with wide and peculiar favor. Not only has it been well received in this and other lands among the Craft, but ladies have eagerly sought for its perusal. We have introduced into its columns very little that is of local interest. We have avoided all controversy with our brethren. We have promoted peace and good will.

Is the National Freemason a blessing to the Order? Is its usefulness to be augmented? Does its reader wish it? How better can he exhibit his disposition than by first paying for the present volume and in advance for the second volume? and then inducing every brother and friend of his acquaintance to subscribe? Will each reader make a special effort during the current month at least? Let each subscriber act as agent and inclosing subscriptions in an envelope, send it to Dr. McMurdy, Box 982, Washington city.

Personal Masonry.

Mrs. Lucretia Clay, widow of our brother, Henry Clay, died Wednesday, April 6, at Lexington, Ky., aged 83 years.

Senator Hicks, Knt. T., has so far recovered from the amputation of his ancle as to be taken to his home at Cambridge, Maryland. This brother was attended by masonic physicians, nurses, and friends during his protracted sufferings.

Bro. Hahn, of Nebraska, has been elected Governor of Louisiana.

Gen. Isaac Eastman, just deceased, of Concord, N. H., was the oldest Freemason in the State, having been a member over half a century.

Our brother, Brigadier General Kenly, of Maryland, has been appointed to the Department of the Delaware, with his headquarters at Wilmington.

The table and chair used by Washington at the time of resigning his commission, are exhibited among the curiosities at the Maryland State Fair. Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Master Mason, spoke at the opening of the fair.

Garibaldi—A Freemason—Hissing Him.

"There was a faint attempt by some of the Maltese to get up a bad feeling against him by hissing and calling him a Freemason, but this was completely overwhelmed by a burst of cheers, in which the Maltese vied with the English."

Thus writes the Malta correspondent of the *Daily News* of March 24. Garibaldi reached Malta from Marseilles on the 22d of March, en route to England, which he is visiting for change of air. England gives him a hearty reception worthy of his long devotion to the cause of popular liberty.

Garibaldi is a Freemason, active and faithful. He is a living examplar of masonic teachings. He devotes himself to humanity. He abhors tyranny, and exclusiveism. The minions of ecclesiastical and civil tyrants fully understand that Garibaldi, Masonry, liberty, and humanity are one. They rightly guess the cause of Garibaldi's career. They hiss Garibaldi as a Freemason. Let anti-Masons of America learn in this where they belong. Let true hearted Masons be hopeful of the masonic future, when tyranny and superstition thus deride. Let the Craft work on in their silent, secret labors, for their reward is with the people of the future.

Garibaldi, true to masonic teachings, when asked what day of the week he would prefer for his reception, replied, "I shall arrive in London on the afternoon of Saturday, in order that the *working men* availing themselves of the prevailing Saturday half-holiday, may be in attendance to receive me."

The Highest Commendation.

A captain in the army writes: "The National Freemason is doing a great work. Masons are becoming better men who read it. The contrast is great between those who read it and those who do not."

"By their fruits shall ye know them." True of Masonry and religion. We need add no other word to induce the lovers of truth and good works to give labor to the extending the influence of our journal.

Subscribers wishing the numbers of the first volume can be accommodated. New subscribers wishing the first volume will send three dollars; one dollar and fifty cents for the first volume, and one dollar and fifty cents in advance for the second volume.

We find the following admirable lines in the late address of Brother Turner, the Grand Master of Illinois:

"Masonry deals not with the weapons of other societies, of governments, or of men. Her mission is one of harmony. To attain harmony there must be no evil speaking, no return of unkindness, or disposition to deal severely, but a cordial sympathy for a brother Mason."

Knights of Malta.

Last month was held at Malta a general exhibition of the arts and industry of Malta and Gozo. The nobles and gentry, the Knights of Malta and their friends guarantied the expenses, and the government granted the use of a magnificent public hall for the purpose.

A young lady of our acquaintance, of great respectability and proficiency, wishes a situation as a copyist or an amanuensis. Address the Editor.

The Home School.

Our Rev. Bro. Dr. Shears, has great facilities for taking the best care of boys (from seven to fourteen years) placed at his school. There are military drills, sea bathing, fine country air, and good food for the body; careful tuition for the mind, and parental supervision for morals and manners. The next term begins May 3. Address Rev. Dr. Shears, New Haven, Conn.

Letters of King Hiram and King Solomon.

"Whence our authority for the letter of Solomon to King Hiram, and Hiram to King Solomon, on page 108, of No. 7?" asks a brother.

Our reply is Josephus. He gives the following account of the building, by Solomon, of the Temple which King David so long desired to erect, and for which he collected countless sums in gold and silver: "When Hiram, King of Tyre, had heard that Solomon succeeded to his father's kingdom, he was very glad of it, for he was a friend of David's. So he sent embassadors to him, and saluted him, and congratulated him on the present happy state of his affairs. Upon which Solomon sent him an epistle," as recorded on page 108, of No. 7, of the National Freemason.

Dr. Alvord next month.

Literary and Dramatic Association.

We render our acknowledgments for a complimentary ticket to the ter-centenary celebration of the birth of Shakespeare, by the Washington Literary and Dramatic Association.

The exercises were very creditable to all parties concerned. Our old friend Sir Knt. Hosmer, read a superior essay. Lord Lyons and suite, and Secretary Seward were present.

This Association is very enterprising and earnest in the work of mental culture. We advise our young masonic friends to visit these rooms on Pennsylvania avenue, opposite Brown's, 3d story, adjoining the (old) Christian Commission rooms. Membership with the Association would promote improvement.

Lord Lyons was so much delighted with the effort of the Association that he addressed a note to Hon. Fred. Stanton, presenting "his compliments to the members of the Literary and Dramatic Association, and begs to offer them his thanks for the gratification thus afforded him by the interesting performances with which they celebrated on Saturday last the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Shakspeare."

Lord Lyons inclosed a check for twenty-five dollars. A masonic act. We are pleased to note that nearly every member of the Literary and Dramatic Association is a Freemason.

Freemason's Hall, Boston.—We deeply sympathize with our Boston brethren in the loss of their noble Hall and its contents by the late conflagration. The loss is not local. It is felt to be serious for the whole fraternity of America. An interesting account of this disaster will be found in another column.

Acknowledgment.—Historical Sketches of Holland Lodge by Bro. Balesteer, the author, through Dr. T. Rush Spencer, M.·. M.·. of said lodge; Advanced sheets of Grand Lodge of New Jersey; Proceedings of Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter of Minnesota; Grand Commandery of Wisconsin; Report of Com. For. Cor. of G.·. L.·. of Maine; Proceedings of Grand Lodge of New Jersey; History of Grand Encampment of Mass. and R. I.; Family Prayers by Comp. Phelps, of Ohio.

Consistency.

It is right and proper to require proficiency in one degree before advancment to another. Is it not more important that the qualifications for even candidacy of the W.·. Master's position in the lodge should be well ascertained? Once a Master, always a Master, in legislative position at least. Ought there not to be a well defined standard, and that carefully ascertained by thorough examination, for candidates for the W.·. Master's position? In entering the clerical order it is not sufficient that the candidate may be able to secure a certain number of votes, he must have been examined most carefully in regard to study and fitness. Why not something similar in our fraternity? In regard to W.·. M.·. and G.·. M.·. let there be required, 1. A definite age. 2. Affiliation with a lodge for a certain number of consecutive years. 3. A knowledge of the Symbolism, Ritualism, History, Ethics, Jurisprudence, and the philosophy of the Art. The candidates for the Master's position should have studied the Bible, or the book of the law of the lodge, the ancient charges of a Freemason, the constitution, by-laws, rules and regulations of their own lodge, and of the Grand Lodge, rules of order, masonic biography, and other similar studies. There ought to be a list of studies upon which they should be examined by experts in the several departments. Then there are moral qualifications. They should be good men and true and well tried.

We would have the offices open to all, and would rejoice at the very humblest in birth and fortune occupying the chief seat. But we would stimulate all to be well and thoroughly qualified, and not merely to secure a majority of votes after the manner of political parties.

Praying Puritans.

Be not unjust to the truth of history, my friend. Cromwell's regiment of horse fought well and those of them the better undoubtedly for praying well. Earnestness is an element of enthusiasm, and I doubt not a praying Puritan was a dangerous man to meet. But you forget that the cavaliers also had something to fight for and to pray for, and that there were men of prayer among them. Many a devoted subject of the king died with the *nunc dimittis* on his lips. T[illegible] reverent and gallant gentleman and cavalier, Sir Jacob Astley, quaintly prayed: "O Lord, thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget thee, do not thou forget me. March on, boys!" Admit the errors of Charles I, and the crimes of Charles II, but the cavaliers of the civil wars have been strangely misconceived and misrepresented in history. Knights Templar ought not to mistake the truth about the cavaliers.

Masonic Humanity.

A man, rich or poor, is a better man and a better citizen for his Masonry and his devotion to the arts, whether he is going to be perfect for it by and by or not. Our Institution, next to Christianity, more than any or all others together, will cause this land to become yet the glory of the earth—not a mere mass and multitude of persons, but an accordant, sympathetic, vital community—flowering into all beauty, and ripening into all faithfulness.

Nothing need exceed the grandeur of our fraternity, if it but fully realize its mission and be true to its spirit—disowning and abolishing all distinctions that destroy and oppress, and conserving all tendencies in government and country to promote good will to all men. A scholar in the oldest English university has lately said that universal history has enriched our language with a word that never passed the lips of Plato, Socrates, or Aristotle—the word *mankind*;—that where the Greek saw barbarians, we see brethren; where he saw heroes and demigods, we see parents and ancestors; where he saw nations, we see mankind, many ways severed, but moving to one destiny, and bearing one image of God; as where the ancient material observer saw separate spheres in the sky, we see one system.

We do not hesitate to declare that Masonry has secured these results. She has been perpetually teaching and the lessons have been learned. There has been a general progress of humanity in the world. There have been pauses and local refluxes of the tide of truth and goodness, showing we must make closer application of masonic truth by every right instrumentality.

By nothing have rich and poor, wise and ignorant, cultivated and unlettered, fortunate and disappointed, been so brought into unison among us as by Masonry.

Ten thousand facts, remote or recent, might be quoted to show the necessity of such a work.

When in the civil wars of our mother country, quarter had been refused to Prince Rupert's Irishmen, the Parliament, for apology, said he should know there was a difference between an Irishman and an Englishman. That precisely is the difference Masonry would reduce. All must be brought upon the level of universal humanity.

Hints for Processions.

Reply to a Brother.—You are mistaken. You will find scattered through our columns various hints about processions. We are not responsible for any procession in Washington. We gave no opinion. The lodge of Edenburg, Mary's Chapel, No. 7, being the most ancient lodge of Scotland, has the privilege of preceding the Grand Lodge, in public demonstrations. When the line halts and forms open order, the Grand Lodge, preceded by the music, passes up through the ranks, and the lodges of Edinburg, according to seniority following. Arriving at the church, the Grand Lodge proceeds to the gallery, the other lodges following into the body of the church. While the chief orator and chaplain are performing services in the main building, the assistant chaplain performs service at another point, thus affording accommodation for a large number. When cheers are given they should always be in triplets.

We have mentioned in former numbers several pieces of music for masonic gatherings. We also commend for bands: "Hey the Merry Masons," and the "Masons' Anthem." "Old Hundred" is not out of place by any means.

Masonic Hall for the District of Columbia.

The bill for a charter of the Masonic Hall Association, prepared by the committee of the Senate, has passed both houses and has become an act and being approved by the President, is a law.

Section first provides that the parties named shall be the corporators. Section second provides for the holding of real estate and the building of a suitable hall. Section third provides that the capital stock shall not exceed $300,000 and that the shares shall be $20 each. Section fourth provides for the mode of subscription of stock. Section five provides for a directory of the corporators. Section six provides for by-laws. Section seven provides for succession and perpetuation. Section eight provides for additional corporators, and section nine for alteration and amendments.

The immediate work is organization and the opening of subscription books for stock. We need only say in the present number that the stock will be sought for and eagerly taken up.

Our friend and brother J. B. Flint, Professor of Surgery in the Louisville Medical College, Kentucky, and Past Grand Master of Massachusetts, finished his earthly work in March, aged 60.

Power's statue of Washington, executed in Italy, and the property of the Fredericksburg Lodge, No. 4, in which Washington was initiated, was saved from injury, in a late fire at Richmond, Virginia. It had been removed to Richmond when Fredericksburg was evacuated. It was preserved from injury, says a Richmond paper, "from the fortunate circumstance that it had been boxed around with stone and wood. The statue was in the rear of the buildings destroyed, and was on rollers ready to be run out, but was not removed. The ground upon which stood the buildings swept away by the flames is the property of the Grand Lodge of Masons. The war interrupted a project at one time on foot to erect a Masonic Hall of imposing dimensions upon the site recently occupied by the late rickety buildings that ever stood a combustible invitation to incendiaries, especially since important government property stood in dangerous proximity."

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LADIES ARE NOT ALL ANTI-MASONS.—Park Lodge, New York City, at the close of its annual meeting, as the brethren were retiring, found themselves confronted by an army of fifty or sixty of Eve's fairest daughters, headed by a committee of matrons, the wives of the brethren, who demanded a capitulation. Of course their resource was to call it a surprise party; that language, however, would be tame. The ladies kept their secret so well that the brethren were completely caught napping.

After briefly stating the object of their visit, and receiving a brief reply on behalf of the lodge by W. M. Brinkworth, the fair visitants took charge of the brethren and escorted them to a room beneath the lodge room, where there was a good band of music, to the delight of the votaries of Terpsichore. After indulging for a brief time on the light fantastic toe, all adjourned to partake of a splendid and sumptuous repast in shape of a supper. After supper dancing was resumed, and kept up to the wee, small hours of the morning.

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Golden Rule Lodge, No. 12, at Stanstead, Canada East, celebrated its semi-centennial on the 16th of February last. What made the scene one of more than ordinary interest, even for such rare occasions, was that the venerable orator of the day, Father Elisha Gustin, was himself made in that lodge just fifty years before.

At the same meeting two others of the original members were present.

God and Man.

"If any man would love God, he must *first* love his brother also." The lonely masonic student who in his solitary meditations has discovered truth, has found it necessary for him to find man, as well as God; that he must love his fellow beings, or his prayers find no access to the throne of the Supreme. In former ages man deserted society for the mountain, the desert, and the cloister, yet now society seems to be learning the truth, that to lift up our hearts to God we must take hold of the hands of our friends and brothers.

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The word *Hesed*, used in Cryptic Masonry, is translated Grace, Favor, Mercy. It may be found in S. Munk's "Description of Palestine," page 524: Paris, 1845.

Bishop Otey.

Right Rev. Dr. Odenheimer, Bishop of New Jersey, and a true-hearted Mason, does not ignore masonic facts in writing, for the *Church Review*, a biography of Rev. Dr. Otey, the first Bishop of Tennessee, one of the most devoted Masons of the land, until the very day of his death. There was much of the developments of our Order in Brother Otey. It is seen, even in his Will, how he loved to do good quietly. This is a clause of the Will: "I strictly forbid any publication of my MSS., sermons, and private papers."

Brother Otey was born in Bedford, Virginia, January 27, 1800, at the foot of the celebrated peaks of Otter, in which the Blue Ridge towers to its greatest height. Here nature grandly ministered to the highest development of this noble Bishop. He received the rudiments of education at an "old field school," at fourteen was at New London Academy and graduated at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, at twenty, immediately thereafter becoming tutor in this college. After having charge of several academies, Bishop Otey was admitted to the Diaconate, by Bishop Ravenscraft, October 16, 1825. Bishop Otey, in his ministerial career, showed the tuition of our Order. While distinguished for profound, intelligent, and hearty submission to the teaching of the church as embodied in creed, sacraments, and formularies, he was equally distinguished for freedom and independence of thought and action, with a mind too large and comprehensive to be bound by the rigid technicalities of a system and not to take in the broad truth before him. As a Templar, he lived amid the Templar's symbols of the Creed, Lord's Prayer, and the Commandments; as a Templar, he battled against error; and as a Templar, contended for the truth; and as a Prelate, presented to the people this same truth in its majestic simplicity. Who that knew Bishop Otey as we did, as a churchman, and a Knight Templar, could fail to perceive how the one relation affected the other.

Brother Otey selected Tennessee as the field of his clerical labor and Franklin as its center, holding his service in the Masonic Hall in which during the week he had met his brethren. By hard work through the week, and earnest preaching and praying in public services on Sundays and holidays, and by a pure life, with the assistance of God, his good wife and the brethren of the mystic tie, he began the Diocese of Tennessee.

In 1833, Brother Otey was elected Bishop by the convention of the Diocese of Tennessee, and was consecrated 1834, and performed Episcopal functions, not only in Tennessee, but also in Mississippi, Florida, Arkansas, Louisiana, and the Indian territories, meeting with favor everywhere from his masonic brethren.

Bishop Otey, as a Mason, neglected no opportunity for the intellectual improvement and progress of the people. He encouraged schools, labored to promote popular education, and founded one of the most flourishing institutions of the South and West.

Bishop Otey acknowledged his connection with universal humanity. The poor, the unfortunate, the afflicted, the forsaken, and the erring, found in him a friend and brother.

Bishop Otey endeavored to promote brotherly love and Christian union. In 1853 he was appointed Chairman of the commission on the memorial of Dr. Muhlenberg, and gave to it his whole heart and mind. The memorial movement was designed to open up correspondence and intercourse with all Christian people, ascertain the cause of separation and remove them, thus producing one fold under one shepherd, as in Apostolic days.

Our good brother and noble Bishop died at Memphis, April 23, 1863. His last words were: "Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

Our Order as well as the Church, will cherish the memory of this noble man, earnest brother and faithful Bishop.

Masonry and the People.

How grand the spectacle of a great multitude of people! Bodies fearfully and wonderfully made, minds filled with immortal thoughts, and souls heaving with mighty desires and emotions!

The political economist estimates the value of a multitude, as relating to the various interests of productive industry.

The statesman counts humanity as one element of national power; the demagogue, as the pay for imposition and fraud. Our blessed Saviour regarded the multitude with compassion. The aristocratic, selfish Pharisee considered the common people accursed. The Lord of all loved the people, wrought miracles for them, healed their diseases, and taught them patiently.

What are the relations of Freemasonry to the people? "Privilege" has in her a great and strong enemy. She values men not for their external circumstances, but for their intrinsic worth. She helps the poor and needy, raises up the fallen, gives liberty to the captives, and opens the prison door of ignorance, superstition, and tyranny. Masonry loves man, however fallen, and breaks down barriers of exclusiveness that she may reach and benefit all classes and conditions. The enemies of mankind have understood this. That ecclesiastical establishment which is the accumulated tyranny of ages, underderstands this. She has been our chief persecutor. She has denied knowledge, the Bible, and liberty to the people, to gain or retain oppressive power over them.

Masonry has always worked upward. It has secured its largest successes first among the humbler classes. Its spirit is essentially democratic as opposed to class distinctions.

Philosophy, science, and wealth are exclusive. Masonry is not.

How great the mission of Freemasonry. See the vice, pauperism, and crime abounding. The statutes show that one eighth of the population are inmates of poor houses, penitentaries, and asylums. Then what an amount of suffering has but little mitigation. Our Order can and must diminish the tendencies among the young men of the land to vice and improvidence. It must prevent pauperism, and thus best cure suffering. It must reach, help, and save the multitudes as a sheep without a shepherd. Art thou doing thy whole duty my masonic brother? Is thy lodge fruitful in every good word and work?

General Butler again Preserving Masonic Property.

FORT MCHENRY, Md., *November* 25, 1861.

HON. JOHN S. BERRY, *M. W. G. Ma*[illegible]*of the Grand Lodge of F. & A. M. of the State of Maryland.*

M. W. SIR AND BROTHER: The 3d Regiment New York Volunteers, to which I am attached, encamped in June last at Camp Hamilton, Va., some two miles from Fortress Monroe, and about one mile from the village of Hampton.

This village had been deserted by its inhabitants, a short time previous to our arrival, and in such haste as to leave libraries, furniture, &c., exposed to the pillage and plunder of the hordes of negroes who congregated there immediately on the departure of the citizens. Much valuable property had been taken and destroyed by them.

Learning that there was a masonic hall in the place, and fearing its safety, I reported the fact to Major General Butler, and obtained from him an order to take 'a sufficient force, proceed to Hampton, and take possession of such property belonging to the masonic Order as was thought proper, and report to him.'

In accordance with this order, Col. S. M. Alford, commanding the 3rd Regiment, provided a detachment commanding by John E. Mulford, W. M. of Mystic Lodge, No. 131, New York; and Lieutenant William E. Blake, S. W. Excelsior Lodge, No. 195, New York, accompanied the detachment.

We proceeded to Hampton, and with the officers referred to, visited the hall of St. Tammany Lodge, No. 5. Nearly all the lodge furniture was found, including the records and warrants, one warrant bears date 1787. The jewels had been removed, probably by some member of the lodge.

The property thus found I have retained in my possession, hoping that a favorable opportunity might present itself to forward it directly to Richmond. But not having had such an opportunity, I take great pleasure in transferring the effects to you for safe keeping, subject to the order of the Grand Lodge of Virginia. Since taking this property, the hall, together with the entire village, was destroyed by fire; and my associates with myself congratulate ourselves that we were the humble instruments in rescuing the records and warrants from that conflagration. When this property shall be returned to our brethren in Virginia, please to convey to them our fraternal regards, and say that although we come in defense of our just rights, as we honestly believe, still we come not to wage war upon an Order, expressly founded to inculcate the exercise of *Brotherly Love*, *Relief*, and *Truth*.

With great respect, I remain fraternally,

J. H. CHASE,

Lt. and R. Quartermaster, 3d *N. Y. Vols., and P. M. Temvle Lodge*, *No.* 14, *Albany*, *N. Y.*

GOETHE ON MASONRY.

[The great German poet was a Mason. The following is a translation of one of his mystic psalms, by Thomas Carlyle.]

THE LODGE.

The Mason's ways are
A type of existence,
And his persistence,
Is, as the days are,
Of men in this world.

The future hides in it,
Good hap or sorrow;
We press still through it,
Naught that abides in us
Daunting us, onward.

And silent before us,
Veiled the dark portal,
Goal of all mortal;
Stars silent rest over us,
Graves, under us, silent.

But heard are the voices,
Voice of the sages,
Of the Worlds and the Ages,
"Choose well, your choice is
Brief, but endless.

Here eyes do regard you,
In eternity's stillness,
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you,
Work and despair not.

ERL-KING.

From the German of Goethe.

Who rides by night in the tempest wild?
It is the fond father with his child;
He holdeth the boy safe in his arm,
He clasps him firmly, he keeps him warm.

"Why hidest thou, child, thy face with fear?"
"Seest thou not, father, the Erl-King near?
The Erl-King, with his crown and train?"
"My son, the fog hangs o'er the plain."

"Thou sweet, dear child, come go with me!
Such pretty games will I play with thee;
The banks in sweet flowers are gaily drest,
My mother has many a golden vest."

"My father, my father, and dost thou not hear
What the Erl-King is whispering in my ear?"
"Fear nothing, fear nothing, my darling boy;
The winds with the withering branches toy."

"O wilt thou, fair boy, go along with me?
My daughters shall prettily wait upon thee;
In the maze of the midnight dance they sweep,
They'll rock thee, and dance thee, and sing thee to sleep."

"Dear father, dear father, and seest thou not
The Erl-King's daughters in yon dark spot?"
"My son, my son, as were it by day,
I see the old willow trees glimmer so gray."

"I love thee, with rapture thy form I survey;
And if thou'rt not willing, I'll tear thee away."
"O father, O father, he's seizing my arm,
O save me! the Erl-King has wrought me harm."

The father rides swiftly in fear and alarm,
He holds the sobbing child in his arm,
He reaches the court with trouble and dread;
Alas! in his arms the child was dead.

The Spirit of Anti-Masonry.

The spirit of Anti-Masonry is not dead, as many, very many, who think themselves close observers, are too free to admit, it exists not only without the pale of our fraternity, with those who know us not except through their own imaginings, but also within and among the fraternity, who are not conscious of its presence, or that their acts and thoughts are in spirit and essence anti-masonic. These manifestations within our ranks are more frequently developed in a negative rather than a positive character, and are thus more subtle to evade detection and exposure, even to the minds of those who become, unknowingly, the passive vehicle through which they work the momentous evils with which they are fraught.

Among the varied forms in which this *Poly-poled* monster presents itself, we may notice the numerous imitative societies which are constantly springing up to feed the curiosity or the selfishness of poor humanity. In this category stand a variety of societies formed upon principles decidedly anti-masonic, yet moulded and fashioned after the great original in their exterior forms and ceremonies. Nearly every principle in Masonry has been imitated, perverted, or caricatured. For the proofs look around you. Does not *that* association call itself a lodge? What constitutes it a lodge? Nothing beyond the caprice or a desire for imitation on the part of the projectors. They borrow a name and a portion of our emblems, give them a different interpretation, and work out results totally at variance with the sublime teachings of our symbolism. It is not necessary to designate which society is alluded to in this place, or which one in any other; any society that works out results which are contrary to the sound teachings of Masonry, must in itself be unmasonic; this it is deemed so self-evident that it requires no further elucidation. But all are not so clearly seen by the superficial observer as to be recognized in their true character, hence they escape detection until familiarity renders them inoffensive and their influence develops itself in some tangible form, causing much confusion, and often working results that all deplore, and none more readily than the dupes who have been nourishing and protecting the monster.

It may be profitable for us to inquire into the manner in which evil is blended and diffused in our institution, rather than seek the channels through which it flows—the particular societies through which it is perpetuated—for they are various, and operate so as to produce evils, not easily checked or eradicated.

I think most all the innovations which have from time to time crept into our ritual, have had their origin in some one or other of these *fungi*—these presumptuous and imitative *orders*.

Our fundamental laws also are falsely interpreted or perverted from the same baneful influence, and unless resisted, will work most disastrous results which will endanger the whole superstructure of our fraternity as it originally existed and has come down to us through a long posterity.

Many practices have gradually crept into our ceremonies, which can be clearly traced to some imitative order, and which are gradually displacing the legitimate ceremonials of Freemasonry.

The great desire for office, is another dangerous evil existing among us, which is traceable to the same source, and demands the reprobation of every true Mason who loves the institution for the good that is in it, and who desires to transmit it unimpaired to a future if not a wiser generation.

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National Academy of Letters.

Let the movement toward its establishment be vigorously sustained. Congress will at once give a charter of incorporation, and ought to give aid to carry into effect a design so important to the national prosperity in education and learing.

The advantages of such an academy will bethe maintenance of the purity of the English language, and the extending of its use and influence in America; the stimulating and encouraging a high standard of popular and professional scholarship in all parts of our country; the representing of the common interests of all scholars and men of letters in the nation, and the maintaining of relations of mutual benefit with the scholars and learned societies of foreign countries.

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The Black Ball in the Ballot Box.

The "black ball" found in the ballot box after a vote has been taken on the application of a candidate for the degrees or for membership, indicates, in the opinion of the brother who may have deposited it, that the prayer of the petition should not be favorably answered, and it therefore operates as a rejection of such application. When this discovery is made, and when by his silence, the brother who has placed the black ball there, evinces that his vote of rejection was intentional, and not cast through mistake, no brother has a right to question the propriety of the act, but is bound by all the teachings of Masonry to acquiesce in the result. Each and every brother is responsible to himself, and to no other authority in the Order, for the character of his vote on all occasions. The privilege which belongs to each Master Mason of deciding in his lodge on the propriety of admitting or rejecting candidates for degrees or membership, is the highest and most important privilege he enjoys. But as every privilege has its related duty, so with the privilege here alluded to, a most solemn and imperative duty rests upon each member, to vote, on such occasions, in full view of his obligations, guided by a determination that the interests of the Order shall not suffer, but rather be served by his action.

The ballot box in the lodge room is no mere toy—it is the sacred instrument whereby we decide whether we shall permit the Order to deteriorate, and fall into base or unworthy hands, or whether we shall maintain its high standard of character, and deliver over unimpaired to the generation which shall succeed us, the Ark of our holy Covenant. It is therefore not an instrument to be trifled with, but always to be employed understandingly and seriously.

The ballot box locks the door of the lodge against the world and each member possesses a key, and can turn it to open or to close it against all who may seek to enter. In using this key each brother should be actuated by a sense of the most rigid impartiality and justice. If his nearest friend should apply for entrance, and he be aware of reason why the key should not be turned to admit him—that there exists in him any incompatibility with the spirit of genuine Masonry, he violates his solemn obligations if he fails to deposit the rejecting ballot.

The black ball thrown does not necessarily denote any condemnation of the moral character of the applicant for degree or membership. It *may* be all that, but it must not be so understood as of course. It may, and most frequently does mean, that there is in the candidate an unfitness for use as a stone in the rearing of our mystic temple; it may signify the impression that he has sought admission without due consideration of the nature of the undertaking on which he would enter; it may denote the belief or knowledge of the brother depositing the black ball that the candidate entertains wrong ideas of the nature of Free masonry, and therefore blindly, and perhaps from mere idle curiosity, desires to cross our threshold. It is of infinitely more consequence to our institution whether it accept or reject a candidate for admission, that it can be to the candidate whether his application be successful or otherwise.

Each brother for himself, and in his own mind and conscience must decide as to the particular fitness or unfitness of applicants. No person outside of the fraternity has any right to admission, or as concerns the Order, any rights at all which we are bound to respect, except the right to have his application, which has been submitted in good faith, considered and acted upon in like manner. He cannot have any ground for complaint as to the result, if unfavorable. He has submitted his name to the lodge for its action, and such submission carries with it an implication of his willingness to accept the consequences, whatever they may be. If therefore the candidate can have no legitimate base of complaint, neither can the brother who may have introduced his petition, nor his other friends in the lodge, should there be any, be justified in expressing themselves as dissatisfied with the result of the ballot. True, the rejection may be the act of one brother only, but the voice of the Order in all ages has conceded such privilege and power, and, we think, wisely, to *one*, and when such a one exercises his privilege, it should be construed as being through him, the voice of the order. It is unmasonic to question the propriety of a ballot, or to seek its overthrow. The least attempt to interfere with the secrecy of the ballot should be frowned down, and instantly condemned. If permitted in one instance, it will give birth to others, and will ultimately destroy the peace of a lodge.

Every brother on consideration, will readily admit the soundness of our position—and if he should be so situated at any time as to feel aggrieved at the result of a vote upon the application of any candidate whose name he may have introduced, or whom he would have been pleased to see admitted, a second thought should convince him that such was one of the chances to which he himself was liable, and that in the case in question, the brother casting the black ball, only exercised a privilege, which he might on some future occasion, feel it his own painful duty to claim and to exercise.

The ballot box is not an instrument to be treated with levity. If a brother concludes that duty requires he should throw a black ball. let him do so unflinchingly, and without fear. Should he omit to reject, and by such omission have opened the door of the lodge to an unworthy individual, he will have worked positive injury to our institution. Far better would it be for him to reject a hundred worthy men than to permit, by omission, the entrance of one improper person. But while there should be no hesitation to black-ball when needful—let no brother allow any petty feelings to influence him in his decisions. This fault is as unmasonic as the other, and should be always carefully avoided.

◆

THOMAS STARR KING.

We cannot refrain from adding to the notice of the last number, of the great loss to the fraternity in the death of this prominent Mason. We are indebted to that paper, unrivaled in literary enterprise and merit by any paper in the East, the San Francisco *Sunday Mercury*, for the following:

Brother King was a member of Oriental Lodge, No. 144, of San Francisco, Cal., and Grand Orator of the Grand Lodge.

His body lay in state, in his own chamber, for nearly two days, and was visited by thousands. The coffin was beautifully draped in the folds of the American flag, and upon it lay the spotless badge of a Mason. Wreaths of rarest flowers shed their fragrance through the church, and upon the coffin, among other floral tokens of love, lay a modest bunch of violets, placed there at the request of Mrs. Fremont, who, by telegraph, sent this simple yet touching message of affection: "Put violets for me on our dear friend who rests."

The Grand Lodge of California was convened in King Solomon's Hall. The immense Lodge Room was crowded to its utmost capacity, and a large number of Masons were unable to obtain admittance. The preliminary ceremonies having been concluded, the procession was formed under the direction of the Grand Marshal and proceeded to the church, in front of which, and for more than a block on either side, an immense crowd had gathered.

The seats reserved for the Order accommodated but a tithe of those who desired to be present, the remainder of the pews being filled by the members of the congregation who usually attend public worship in that church. The appointed hour having arrived, the doors were thrown open to allow those to enter who could find room to bestow themselves, and almost in an instant every available space in the aisles and vestibule of the edifice was occupied. The services commenced by a voluntary on the organ, which, under the magic fingers of Trenkle, seemed to utter the wailings of a thousand broken hearts. The choir then chanted the Thirty-ninth Psalm, after which, Rev. Mr. Kittredge, of the Howard Street Presbyterian Church, read the Twenty-third Psalm—

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want,"

which was repeated by Brother King a few minutes before his death. As the first words fell from the lips of the officiating cleryman, the booming cannon from Alcatraz sent forth their deep-toned lament, which was re-echoed by the sharper reverberations of the guns of the California Guard on Union Square, adding an increased solemnity to the mournfully interesting ceremonies.

At the conclusion of the reading from the Holy Writing, the Grand Chaplain arose, and, in a clear and impressive tone, read the beautiful burial services of our Order, the choir chanting the responses. At the proper time, the platform in front of the pulpit was raised, and all that was mortal of this great and good man was lowered into the silent chamber prepared for its reception. The Grand Honors were given, and the choir sang that most beautiful chant, "Thy will be done." The music on this occaiosn was rendered with an effect peculiarly solemn and impressive the clear, silvery tones of Mrs. Shattuck expressing that deep sympathy and sorrow which a widowed heart alone can feel. The solo, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was beautifully rendered by Mrs. Grotgand and the choral pieces were sung with a power an, effect which made a deep impression upon the hearts of all.

The brethren then marched in solemn procession round the grave, each dropping, as he passed, the evergreen—emblem of immortality—upon the coffin. The ceremony was ended; the last sad rites of sepulture performed; the last tribute of love and respect paid to the memory of him who, though dead, still lives in the hearts of thousands; and we left him in his narrow home, and with saddened hearts and moistened eyes returned to the Lodge Room, feeling that a link had been broken in our Mystic Chain which would be difficult, indeed, to replace.

The Death-Gun of Alcatraz.

March 6th, 1864.

BY ISABEL A. SAXON.

Reverently Dedicated to the Memory of the Reverend T. Starr King.

"Immortality, not Death."

Roll on! Roll on! Thou dismal sounding gun!
Yet, 'ere thy grief we share,
Tell us, why load'st thou thus earth's ambient air
As for a realm undone?
What blood-stained conqueror hath passed away
From this bright word to-day?
What have they there,
Coffined and shrouded close from groaning earth to bear?

He dead! Who dead? One of Earth's satrap crew
Gone to his final doom,
With all the measure of his lasting shame
To crush his soul anew
In that dread world where hope hath never room,
Whence horror takes its gloom?
What despot fame
Lurked in his history—trembled in his name?

Oh, none! Oh, none! As prince among his peers,
This corpse a world reveres;
Where good was done, or gracious deeds began,
He was the earliest there.
The noble mourn him, and the orphan's prayer
Is with him everywhere.
He lived—as can
The glorious leaders of their race—the friend of man.

They weep! they weep! The champion of the slave
Lies in his lonely grave;
The heart that throbbed for Freedom and the right
Is still and pulseless now;
The cord is loosened, and the nerveless brow
Has lost its mystic light.
In Earth's dark breast,
With aching hearts and slow, they lay him to his rest.

All weep! All weep! For Death's mysterious pall
Looms darkly over all;
Hushed is that clarion voice, whose accents grand
Shook treason to its fall;
The nation in irreparable loss
Bows to its heavy cross;
The Master's hand
With chastisement is rife for sad Columbia's land.

Roll on! thou gun! Thunder o'er earth and sea!
But let no dark despair
Hide in thine echo—let quick sounds prevail
Of triumph—jubilee!
Roll on! a peerless soul hath soared away,
Spurning its earth bound clay.
Wherefore bewail?
Would'st mar the immortals' chorus! "Hail! all hail!"

—*San Francisco Sunday Mercury.*

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The printing press upon which the celebrated Benjamin Franklin worked, in Boston, when he was but fourteen years of age, has been sent back to that city, and will hereafter be retained there as a sacred relic.

Goethe first said that lakes are the eyes of the landscapes.

ITEM.—"The Indians of California have ancient Masonry—I have seen a Master Mason who has proved them."

YOUTH ADMONISHED BY A WISE BROTHER.—"If it should ever fall to the lot of youth," said Sir Walter Scott in his Autobiography, "to peruse these pages, let such a reader remember it is with the deepest regret that I recollect, in my manhood, the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth."

ITEM.—James, Cephas and John are styled Pillars, W., S. and B.

The *Northwestern Church* is changed from a semi-monthly to a weekly issue, and is published at Chicago, by Rev. Thomas Smith, at three dollars per annum. There is no better paper in the Episcopal Church. We recommend it to our Episcopal brethren.

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CHARITY.—The Egyptian emblem of charity is a little child with a heart in his extended hand, giving honey to a bee without wings.—*Moore.*

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The *Palmyra* (Mo.) *Gazette* says of the NATIONAL FREEMASON: "It is ably edited, and devoted to the highest interests of Freemasonry."

ORATION.

BY THE LATE REV. BRO. T. STARR KING,
OF CALIFORNIA.

(CONCLUDED.)

The idea of organization is connected with the idea of order. And here, also, Masonry reflects to us, or rather illustrates in a higher form, the wisdom breathed by the Great Architect through nature. It is said that order is heaven's first law. It is no less true, brethren, that it is earth's first privilege. It is the condition of beauty, of liberty, and of peace.

Think how the principle of order for all the orbs of the solar system is hidden in the sun. The tremendous power of his gravitation reaches thousands of millions of miles, and hampers the self-will—the centrifugal force—of mighty Jupiter, of Uranus with his staff of moons, of cold, and distant, and invisible Neptune. There's a Grand Lodge for you, in which these separate Masters are held in check by the Most Worshipful Grand Master's power! Nay, they tell us now of a central sun, around which all other suns, those fixed stars of the firmament, bend and sweep. If this suggests an argument by analogy in favor of a world congress of Masons, with a Grand Lodge of Nations, and a Supreme Master, whose power runs over seas and across continents, girdling the earth like a magnetic s ream, I leave it to be discussed by the committee on correspondence, in the next volume of our Grand Secretary's admirable reports. But, in the case of our planetary system, is it any hardship that the separate globes are so strictly under rule, and pay obeisance to the sun? Is it not their chief blessing, their sovereign privilege? What if the order were less strict and punctual; what if the force in these globes, that chafes under the central rein, and champs its curb, should be triumphant for a day? What if the earth should gain liberty against the pull of the sun? Beauty from that moment would begin to wither; fertility would begin to shrivel. The hour of seeming freedom would be the dawn of anarchy; for the sun's rule and apparent despotism is only the stern and beneficient condition of perpetual harmony, bounty, and joy.

Everywhere, order is the great interest. What humanity needs is the fulfillment of these indications of nature, freedom with order, a proper consciousness of worth in every breast, a recognition by each man of the worth and claims of every other, and an acknowledgement by all of a common and controlling law. This idea of order, fulfilled in the architecture of nature, is committed as a trust to our Fraternity, and the proper reverence for it is poured out continually through the influence of our hallowed bonds.

For every country that influence is silently wholesome. In lands where the spirit of society does not recognize sufficiently the worth of man, but pays too much homage to rank and name, our Order quietly fosters the principle of the equality of privilege and responsibility under the laws of everlasting justice; and, without being revolutionary, it upholds the honor of human nature, and patiently rebukes despotic arrogance and aristocratic scorn. In our own country its service is of a different kind. We need more respect for authority, less self-will, a deeper sense of the sacredness of the law, and education in the habits, manners, and feeling of deference and loyalty. The rupture of our national unity, for a time, with its tremendous costs in treasure, blood, and agony, is in part the revelation, in part the penalty, and part, perhaps, through the severe beneficence of God, the cure of our chronic insubordination of character to the authority and sanctity of high principles, which has unfitted us, all over the land, to handle the sacred responsibilities and delicate trusts of imperial statesmanship and continental government. Whatever will teach our people reverence, decorum, respect for others in the utterance and defense of opinion, submission to constituted authority with dignity and grace, will be medicine for our trouble, and will prepare for us a better future. I believe that the Order of Masonry, the quiet efficiency of its organism, the regard for forms it fosters, the love of order it induces and deepens, the graceful habits of submission it educates, and the sacredness it pours around organic law and the seats of authority, are a prominent portion of the bonds of civilization in our country, and an immense blessing when we consider our natural perils.

Brethren, let us cherish the duties and trusts of our Fraternity for this good influence that it so naturally expends. Let us resolve, as part of our duty to the Creator, the source of order and law, to drink more deeply of the springs within our enclosure, whose issue is healing and reviving. In the maintenance of the bond and customs of order is the pledge of our prosperity, as well as the assurance of our service. *Order has limits.* Let us continue to guard sacredly our limits, to suffer no transgression of them. What a power is represented in the men who have gathered within this temple, during the present week, to superintend our general interests and interpret and apply our law! What harmony has prevailed here, what decorum of speech, what promptness in duty, what efficiency in protecting and guarding the common good! A visitor from outside our fellowship, suddenly brought in here to look, for a moment at the representative men thus gathered from all sections of our State domain, and to observe by one glance, the quiet power embodied in the assembly, might imagine, if suddenly taken out again, that there could be something perilous to the public welfare in the association, by secret ties, of so many men of such varied ability, working in seclusion from public criticism and without passion. He would feel secure again by knowing that it is only by keeping rigidly to the work of fostering the interests of the Order, that the dignity, the calm, the freedom from passion, the efficiency, are manifest or possible. Let any other question be intruded here, and there could be no detriment to public interests; for our harmony would break. Volcanic flame and blackness would burst through the lofty and snowy peace. By keeping within our limits alone we are prosperous and orderly; and within our limits our prosperity is the welfare of the community, the good of the State, the strengthening of civilization. Rejoice brethren, in your privilege; wall off from intrusion the garden of order you have received; and guard the book of your Constitution with the Tyler's sword.

Organization and Order. In preserving these we are in harmony with the will and work of the Sovereign Architect, published in the harmony, dignity, and peace of nature. And one other word must be spoken, so familiar, so precious, to the masonic ear and heart. You anticipate what it is—*Charity.* In nature, which speaks the wisdom and character of the Invisible Spirit, organization is not for the sake of wisdom and skill chiefly—order is not for the sake of law and obedience chiefly—but all for the sake of *Charity.* There is harmony and stability that there may be breadth of bounty, constancy in giving whatever there is need. Within every district of nature there is beneficence to all the need within that district, and then a pouring out of alms into a general fund of bounty and cheer.

Every mountain upholds and supports the herbage on its slopes, and sends off rills to carry down soil to the vales and planes, while they feed herbage there. You cannot find a tree, or plant, or flower, that lives for itself. The animal world breathes out gasses for the vegetable kingdom, and then the vegetable world exhales or stores up some elements essential to animal health and vigor. The carbonic acid we breathe out here and which is poison to us, blown eastward by our west winds, may be greedily taken up, a few days hence, by vineyards on the slopes of the Sierra, and returned to us in the sweetness of the grape. The equator "sends greeting" to the Arctic zone by the warm gulf-stream that flows near the polar coasts to soften their winds. The poles return a colder stream and add an embassy of icebergs, too, to temper the fierce tropic heats. Selfishness is condemned by the still harmonies of the creation. Perfect order issues out of interwoven service.

Do we ever get tired of the toils and tax of charity? Suppose the sun did. What does it receive in homage or obedience from the orbs that swing around him, in comparison with what he gives—all his light, all his heat, all his vitality for the blessing of four score worlds! Shall we complain of the demand upon our treasuries, or our private purses, for the sacred funds of the Masonic Board of Relief? What if the sea grumbled at the assessment which the mighty sun—the Most Worshipful Grand Master of the system—levies on his substance? Every day the sun touches its stores with its want of light, and says *give, give.* And it obeys. Evaporation is its tax constantly demanded, constantly given. Remember, brethren, that every cloud you see, whether stretched in a beautiful bar across the east at sunrise, or hanging in pomp over the gorgeous pavilion of the retiring day, is part of the contribution for the general relief of nature assessed by the lordly sun. The water which the ocean keeps is salt. Pour a bucket of it on a hill of corn, or a garden bed, and it kills it. The water which the ocean gives is fresh, and decends in blessing, after it rides in beauty or majesty on the viewless couriers of the air. Nature tells us that "to give is to live."

Society is struggling up to reach the order which nature thus indicates. Civilization is yet in its infancy. There is no town, no village, of Christendom yet where the bounty of nature to all the needy is fulfilled. Let us be grateful, brethren, that, within our fellowship, charity is organized, as well as law and peace. Our treasury has no avarice in it. The oil poured upon our head flows to the end of the beard and the garment's hem.

How good and how precious it is for brethren to dwell in such unity! May it continue, brothers, and widen through our fidelity and service and beneficence! God preserve our organization, guard our Order, inspire our beneficence, and grant that, a century hence, our successors may meet here to enjoy in a larger fellowship the result of our faithfulness, and with a nation not sundered, but presided over by one Grand Master, heir of the virtues, the hope, and the blessing of WASHINGTON!

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Decisions by the Grand Master of Illinois.

Our Secretary elect refuses to be installed, and will not accept the office. Can we elect another?

Decision: You can appoint a Secretary *pro tem.* who can serve until your next annual election, or you can apply for a dispensation to elect a Secretary to fill the vacancy.

On a ballot where one black ball appeared, I ordered the ballot to be again spread. A brother moved that it be postponed. I decided that the ballot must proceed then. Was I right?

Decision: Your decision was right. The sole object of spreading the ballot the second time, *is to correct mistakes* if any have been made. The ballot cannot be postponed, but must be taken at once.

Where an entered apprentice has been balloted for to receive the second degree, and rejected, can he be balloted for at the next regular communication?

Decision: Under the by-laws of our Grand Lodge a candidate for any of the degrees, *rejected*, must wait one year, before being again balloted for, and then he must petition again.

What physical disability disqualifies a man from becoming a Freemason?

Decision: 1st—that which disqualifies or seriously impairs a man's ability to earn his support.

2d—All physical defects which disable him to take the steps and give the signs of the several degrees correctly.

Applications was made to me to restore an expelled Mason to the rights and privileges of Masonry.

Decision: I have not the power to restore an expelled member. By referring to the 25th section of the Grand Lodge By-Laws, we find the following: "No expelled Mason shall be restored to the privileges of Masonry except by a vote of the Grand Lodge." Whatever may have been the practice of Grand Masters under the ancient constitutions, the Grand Lodge of Illinois has limited the power of restoration to its own body. I do not recognize the doctrine that the Grand Master is "the Grand Lodge" when that body is not in session.

Decision: Replying to the first interrogatory in your letter, it is my opinion that after a candidate has been balloted for and *elected*, his initiation may be arrested by any brother who can show to the lodge a good reason why he should not be made a Mason, but while you cannot try a *candidate* upon charges, yet the lodge should satisfy itself that there are good grounds for opposing the initiation of the candidate. In other words, any brother may, without giving his reasons therefor, cast a black ball; but after the ballot has been spread and the result is "clear," there should be substantial reason *shown* to the Lodge, or the candidate should be initiated.

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HAM—The Hebrew definite article, signifying "the."

THE PRODIGAL SOLDIER BOY.

BY BRO. P. FRANKLIN JONES, M. M., CHAPLAIN TO THE 21st N. Y. VOLUNTEER CAVALRY.

[The following shows not only that chaplains are useful in the army, but also this masonic chaplain does his duty.]

'Twas a cold stormy night
In the month of December,
When, with lantern in hand,
I strolled through the camps.
I was looking to see
If my boys were all right,
If their tents were all good
If the roofs were all tight.
If with blankets supplied,
To protect from the cold;
For I felt that each one
Was a sheep of my fold.
As I wandered along,
Calling out, now and then,
How are you my boys?
Can you stand this cold rain?
Are you comfortable here?
Are you warm and dry there?
Have you wood for your fire?
And how is your fare?
The answers came back
With a hearty good will,
"O, thank you, dear Chaplain,
We suffer no ill."
At length, on my way,
I came to a tent
Where the canvas hung loose
And sideward it bent.
It shook in the wind,
As if shivering with cold,
And outwardly spoke;
But a sad tale it told.
I called at the door,
In my usual good way;
But an answer came back
While I could not gainsay.
'Twas a deep, heavy groan
That spoke to my heart,
And instantly led me,
The curtain to part.
'Twas as dark and as cheerless
As a vault in the night;
For the fire was gone
And extinguished the light;
But I crawled in apace,
And stood by his bed,
And lifted my lantern
Just over his head.
I saw, at a glance,
'Twas a lad of few years,
And found him completely
Suffused in tears.
I sat on his bed
And quietly asked,
Who are you my lad?
And what of your past?
"O Sir," said the youth,
"I'm a Prodigal son
I've strayed from my Father
And feel I'm undone."
Are you sick, I inquired,
With tenderest care,
As I gently smoothed down
His soft silken hair.
"O yes, sir," he said,
With a deep, heavy sigh,
"I'm sick this ten days
And feel I must die."
Whose's your father? I asked,
And where does he live?
"I'm an orphan," he said,
"And have nowhere to live."
You've no brother or sister,
I asked with intent;
"I've a sister," he answered,
"None knew where I went."
How then are you Prodigal?
I asked with surprise,
If no father you have
But the one in the skies.
'Tis from Him I have strayed,
He said with a sigh,
And raised his pale hand
To wipe tears from his eye.
He'll receive you, my lad,
If you'll only return;
For He pities the wanderers
And their wants can discern.
'Twas a Prodigal son
Who His blessing received,
When he came sore repenting,
And firmly believed.
"O pray sir, I may,
With repentance sincere,
Turn back to my Father
With dutiful fear."
So I knelt by his side,
While the tempest without
Was howling its wildest
And soaring about.
I lifted my heart,
In a short earnest prayer,
For the Prodigal son
Who was then laying there.
"I know I'm forgiven!"
He said, with a smile,
"O Chaplain tis Heaven!
Stay with me awhile."
So I sat on his bed
And sang a few lines
Of promise God made
To His children by times.
"Fear not, I am with thee,
O be not discouraged,
For I am thy God
And will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee,
And cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous
Omnipotent hand.
The soul that on Jesus
Hath leaned for repose,
I will rot, I will not,
Desert to his foes.
That soul, though all hell
Should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never
No never forsake."
The tempest howled on
Terrific and loud;
But calm was the Soldier Boy—
To God had he bowed.
This heart was at ease,
And his pains had all fled
And I left him at midnight
Asleep on his bed.
O wanderer look back
To thy dear blessed home;
Bow down to thy Father
And no londer roam.
He'll forgive thee, and bless thee,
And kindly embrace,
And paternally plant
His sweet kiss on thy face,
He'll lead thee within
The bright home of his love,
And forever caress thee
In the Mansion above.
Come soldier boy, come,
And return to the fold;
In the Mansion of glory
Are streets paved with gold.
Come soldier boy, come,
For thy warfare is ending;
One conflict awaits thee;
But the conqueror's descending.
No more shall you suffer
No more shall you fight;
He'll take thee, and bear thee,
To Mansions of light.

CAMP STONEMAN, *December* 14, 1863.

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TIDINGS FROM THE CRAFT.

MINNESOTA—Grand Lodge.—Not a company ha gone from this State but that some of our Lodges wer represented in it; not a regiment but that at least on half of its officers were members of our Order; not lodge in the State but that some of its officers answere to their country's call. In some of our lodges, on year since, all the officers had gone; in others a portion of the officers and members, and in one lodge bu three members were left. So crippled were ou lodges, that in September, 1862, I sent a circular lette to the lodges, requesting their views as to the polic of postponing the meeting of the Grand Lodge. Of th answers received, all of the lodges, with but one exception, recommended a postponement of the meeting I accordingly issued my circular of October last.

During the summer I received an appeal against th action of Blue Earth Valley Lodge, No. 27, allegin injustice in the appellants suspension from the privileges of Masonry. This matter derives its importanc from the questions involved; the duties of attorneys who are Masons, when engaged in the trial of cause where either or both parties are Masons. Question of advisement have frequently been asked of me unde such circumstances, and I have known many instance of hard feelings being engendered in such cases Even otherwise well-informed Masons entertain wron views of this question. I desire that this Grand Lodg should authoritatively set the brethren of this jurisdiction right on this subject.

The attorney or advocate who fairly and honestl presents his case, no matter whether he be engage for or against a brother Mason, to help the tribuna on towards the right conclusion, with a feeling tha God's justice reigns there, is acting a masonic part—leading that day a masonic life; or else right an justice are no part of Masonry. Whether, during al that day, he has once appealed, in form or in terms to his conscience, or not; if there has been the inwar purpose—the conscious intent and desire that sacre justice should triumph, he has that day led a good an masonic life, and made a most successful contributio to that Masonry of life and of society—the cause o equity between man and man, and of truth and righ action in the world.

One of the great and imperative duties of Masonr is obedience to law. But obedience to law does no mean submission to tyranny; nor that by a profligat sacrifice of every noble feeling we should offer to despotism the homage of adulation. But that law whic is the fair expression of the will and judgment of th people, is the enactment of the whole and of every individual. It is obligatory upon all, because it is th work of all, the will of all, the solemn judgment o all, from which there is no appeal. No man can disobey it without flying, as it were, from his own bosom and repudiating his own nature; and in this very ac he will inflict on himself the severest of retributions even though he escaped what is regarded as punishment.

To obey the laws, divine, civil, and masonic, is a solemn injunction given to every Mason; and to be careful that prejudice or passion, fancy or affection, error and illusion be not mistaken for conscience is a Mason's bounden duty. Nothing is more usual than to pretend conscience in all the actions of man which are public and cannot be concealed. The disobedient refuse to submit to the laws and they also in many cases pretend conscience, and so disobedience and rebellion are become conscience, in which there is neither knowledge nor revelation, nor truth, nor charity, nor reason nor religion. Conscience is tied to laws, whether divine, civil, or masonic.

Right or sure conscience is right reason reduced to practice, and conducting moral actions; while perverse conscience is seated in the fancy or affections. It is not enough that the conscience be taught by nature, but it must be taught by God, conducted by reason, made operative by discourse, assisted by choice, instructed by laws and sober principles; and then it is right and may be sure. All the general measures of justice are the laws of God, and therefore they constitute the general rules of government for the conscience; but necessity also hath a large voice in the arrangement of human affairs and the disposal of human relations, and the disposition of human laws; and these general measures, like a great river into little streams, are deduced into little rivulets and particularities, by the laws and customs, by the sentences and agreements of men, and by the absolute despotism of necessity, that will not allow perfect and abstract justice and equity to be the sole rule of government in an imperfect world; and that must needs be law which is for "the greatest good of the greatest number."

Such is the lesson of Freemasonry. A Freemason, therefore, should be a man of honor and of conscience, preferring his duty to everything besides, even to his life; independent in his opinions, and of good morals, submissive to the laws, devoted to humanity, to his country, to his family; kind and indulgent to his brethren, a friend of all virtuous men, and ready to assist his fellows by all the means in his power.

History tells us that at the first battle of Bull Run very many of the Union soldiers were taken prisoners, and after many removals were finally confined in New Orleans. But history does not tell us of another fact, one, too, of which we, as Masons, may be justly proud, that M.·. W.·. Bro. J. Q. A. Fellows, the G.·. M.·. of Louisiana, visited the prisoners in their cells, administered to their wants, furnished food, medicines, and attendance to the sick, undeterred by the mob, who threatened his life. And when the prisoners were exchanged and about to return home, each brother was by him presented with a suit of clothes.

I have recently learned of the death of another of my early masonic friends. M.·. W.·. Y. P. Page, G.·. M.·. of the District of Columbia, died September 25, 1863. He had been long sick, and fell a victim to his masonic principles. On the evening of October 3, 1862, a regiment of soldiers arrived in Washington from the North. The night was stormy and cold, quarters had not been provided for them, and they camped on the sidewalk in front of Bro. Page's residence. They were hungry and cold. Impelled by that masonic sympathy for distress which was ever the distinguishing characteristic of Bro. Yelverton P. Page, he opened his doors to them and spent the entire night ministering to their wants. The result was that he took a very severe cold, and went to his bed two days after, and on the 29th of September his brethren returned him to his mother earth.

I will be excused in mentioning something of his history, obtained years since, partially from himself and partially from others. His father, who had been W.·. M.·. of Washington Naval Lodge, No. 4 died, leaving a family of young children comparatively unprovided for. The members of the lodge, mostly composed of mechanics employed in the navy-yard adopted Bro. Page, and as soon as of proper age sent him to school; after a time obtained for him employment in the Senate Chamber, first at a dollar per day. His sprightliness and activity were noticed, and he was promoted, step by step, and was for many years a clerk in the United States Senate.

The brethren of his lodge almost venerated him. As soon as old enough he was initiated into the lodge whose protege he was, and was soon after selected for W.·. M.·. Distinguished for his noble character and his diligent attention to every duty, his death has created a void that cannot soon be filled. Very many of the brethren of this jurisdiction will long remember the kindnesses extended to them in Washington. To the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia and his brethren we offer our sincere condolence. Alas! we can do no more.—*Address of G.·. M.·.*

History of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.

(Continued from page 174.)

Music sounded a flourish, and the Grand Master said.

"We have now laid the foundation stone. May the Grand Architect of the Universe, in his kind providence, enable us to carry on, and finish the work, protect the workmen against accident, and assist in its completion. May he afford to it, and to this City in general, his guardianship and protection; and may he keep it from misfortune, decay, and ruin, until time shall be no more."

Music again sounded a flourish.

In delivering the working tools to the Master builders, the Grand Master addressed them as follows:

"Brethren,

"These tools which I now present to you, unite in themselves the operative implements of your trade, and some of the emblems of Free and Accepted Masons. It is my province to place them in your hands, symbolical of a trust from the whole fraternity. May you use them rightfully, preserving in mind, that they represent some of the moral duties of life, which call upon all men to plumb their actions, keep their passions within the compass, and level their ambition to the standard of laudable emulation; that when the course of life is run, they may seem like fair tabernacles, built up by the best hands, in the purest style; and when the integuments of mortality shall be crumbled into dust, the soul may, like the corner-stone of this intended Edifice, remain firm set and level, having within it the true arcana of Masonry, truth, brotherly love and peace, good will and fellowship to all men."

Music sounded a flourish, and three cheers were given by the brethren.

All parties then resumed their places on the platform, and an ode, "*Almighty Father, God of Love,*" tune, "Denmark," was sung and played as before.

Brother William W. Seaton, Past Grand Master who had been selected and nominated for the purpose, by the committee of arrangements, then arose and delivered the following address:

It is not fit, my brethren, that the interesting ceremony which you have just performed should be closed in silence. Immemorial custom requires that on this occasion something should be addressed to you touching the prospects of our institution and the duties which it imposes on its votaries. In yielding to the request of your committee to take on myself this distinguished part of our ceremonies, I did not foresee that a protracted absence from home would leave me so brief a space for reflection and preparation. If the imperfections of the few remarks which I shall address to you want other apology, I will only say that my zeal to serve you has outstripped my ability.

You have laid the first stone of a temple to be dedicated to the most noble and the most venerable of all the institutions of human origin. Founded in an early age of the world, by men whose wisdom and sagacity were equalled only by their virtue and benevolence, this institution has survived through successive ages, the various revolutions of mankind. Empires have risen and flourished and crumbled into dust—other institutions have, one after another, sunk into oblivion—while Masonry miraculously kept alive, even during the long night in which civilization itself was extinct, and the world lay for centuries wrapt in the gloom of profound barbarism—as if rendered indestructible by the eternal principal of good which its immortal founders infused into its constitution, yet survives the lapse of thirty centuries, in all its pristine vigor, in all its sublime principles, in all its mysterious rites, and all the loveliness of its first creation. For the uses and advancement of this institution, you are assembled to lay the foundation of a temple more worthy of its exalted character, and of the prosperous condition, and expanded prospects of this rising metropolis. It is an occasion, brethren, that demands our mutual congratulations, and cannot fail to inspire every bosom with a confident hope that Masonry is about to receive an impulse here that will rescue it from all just reproach; exalt its character in the eyes of the public; quicken and invigorate its true principles; extend its influence; and give unexampled diffusion to its benign and only legitimate ends.

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ROBERT McMURDY, D. D., LL. D., GRAND PRELATE OF GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF U. S., EDITOR, BOX 982.

THE MASTER'S SONG.

BY DR. ANDERSON.

We sing of Masons' ancient fame!
Lo, eighty thousand craftsmen rise
Under the masters of great name;
More than three thousand just and wise,
Employed by Solomon, the sire,
And general Master Mason too,
As Hiram was in stately Tyre,
Like Salem built by Masons true.

The royal art was then divine,
The craftsmen counsell'd from above,
The temple was the grand design
The wond'ring world did all approve.
Ingenious men from every place
Came to survey the glorious pile;
And, when returned, began to trace
And imitate its lofty style.

At length the Grecians came to know
Geometry, and learned the art
Pythagoras was raised to show,
And glorious Euclid to impart;
Great Archimedes too appeared,
And Carthagenian masters bright;
Till Roman citizens upreared
The art, with wisdom and delight.

But when proud Asia they had quelled,
And Greece and Egypt overcome,
In architecture they excelled,
And brought the learning all to Rome;
Where wise Vitruvius, warden prime
Of architects, the art improved
In great Augustus' peaceful time,
When arts and artists were beloved.

They brought the knowledge from the East,
And as they made the nations yield.
They spread it through the North and West,
And taught the world the art to build.
Witness their citadels and towers,
To fortify their legions fine,
Their temples, palaces, and bowers,
That spoke the Masons' grand design.

Thus mighty eastern kings, and some
Of Abraham's race, and monarchs good
Of Egypt, Syria, Greece, and Rome,
True architecture understood.
No wonder then if Masons join
To celebrate those Mason kings,
With solemn note and flowing wine,
Whilst every brother jointly sings:

CHORUS.

Who can unfold the royal art,
Or show its secrets in a song?
They're safely kept in Masons' heart,
And to the ancient lodge belong.

◆

ODE TO HIMSELF.

BY BEN JOHNSON.

Where dost thou careless lie
Buried in ease and sloth?
Knowledge that sleeps doth die;
And this security,
It is the common moth,
That eats on wits and arts, and so destroys them both.

Are all the Aonian springs
Dried up? Lies Thespia waste?
Doth Clarius' harp want strings
That not a nymph now sings?
Or droop they as disgraced
To see their seats and bowers by chattering pies defaced?

If hence thy silence be
As 'tis too just a cause,
Let this thought quicken thee:
Minds that are great and free
Should not on fortune pause;
'Tis crown enough to virtue still, her own applause.

What though the greedy fry
Be taken with false baits
Of the worded balladry,
And think it poesy?
They die with their conceits,
And only piteous scorn upon their folly waits.

Then take in hand thy lyre,
Strike in thy proper strain,
With Japhet's line, aspire
Sol's chariot for new fire,
To give the world again;
Who aided him, will thee—the issue of Jove's brain.

And since our dainty age
Cannot endure reproof,
Make not thyself a page
To that strumpet, the stage,
But sing high and aloof,
Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass's hoof.

◆

THE LEGEND OF THE ABBOT WITTIBOLD.

BY H. W. L.

In his cloister's still seclusion,
Sat the Abbot Wittibold,
Poring o'er a quaint old volume,
With a heavy clasp of gold.

While he turned its pictured pages,
He was suddenly aware
Of a shadow standing by him,
With unearthly scowl and glare.

"*Qui est tu?*" the Abbot questioned,
As he told his beads again;
"*Me Sathanas ad Infernum,*"
Was the spirit's sad refrain.

"*Ave Maria,*" sighed the Abbot,
Passed the demon dark and grim:
For the sacred organ sounded,
And rose the vesper hymn.

Mortal, when thy life is darkened,
In the cloisters of the heart,
Say an *Ave* like the Abbot,
And the tempter will depart.

◆

FACTS vs. PREJUDICE.

"Charles, you wrong my father and me when you talk thus. Father's prejudices are strong, but he is honest in his opinions, and you should seek to change his views by the use of reason. My affection for you, you cannot doubt, and it grieves me sorely to hear you speak so harshly of my father, and so unkindly to me."

"Forgive me, Maria; I was much excited. and my remarks were too severe. Believe me, my dear girl, I will not thus again unjustly offend you; but I cannot help getting exasperated at your father's stubborn opposition to our union. If he objected to my moral character, to my family, or to my want of ability, I would not care half so much. His objection might then be removed, as you say, by the aid of reason; but to remove an objection founded upon prejudice of the most stubborn kind—it is a task which I begin to fear is beyond my power, for I every day realize the truth of the saying, 'there are none so blind as those who wont see.'"

"That the task is no light one, I well know; but when it shall be accomplished the victory will be complete, and from a stern opponent, father will be turned into a warm friend."

"That would be all well enough, my dear Maria, if we should not have to wait for your father's conversion; but if our union must be delayed till he gives up his prejudices, I see before us long, dreary years. How long must we wait for a change in your father's views?"

"Charles, I experience as strongly as you can the feelings which you express. To me, this delay, which separates me so often and so long from you, seems most cruel and almost insufferable; but think, my dear Charles, what misery it would cause me to offend my father and encounter his stern will. Such a state of things would break my heart and make us both miserable."

"Well, well, my darling girl, we will drop this subject. Come, let us have no shedding of tears—those will come soon enough. We are young, and have long lives before us. We will do as you advise, and wait, if it be for years."

Such was the conversation which took place between Charles Anderson and Maria Sargent. Charles was a young lawyer, about twenty-three years of age, who was practicing law in a flourishing town in the interior of the State of New York. Maria, whose affections he had won, was the daughter of Mr. William Sargent, a man of ample property and extensively engaged in business. He was one of those cast-iron men, whose wills are firmer than steel, for they can be neither bent nor broken. His wife had died some years before, and he was still a widower. Maria, his only child, was eighteen years of age.

It was three weeks after the conversation related above, some thirty years ago, that Mr. Sargent was sitting in his parlor perusing the daily paper. At the table sat his sister Sarah—or "aunt Sarah," as she was generally known, who took charge of the housekeeping—and his daughter. "Strange how infatuated men will become," said Mr. Sargent, suddenly, "how they will sink their moral nature under the cloak of virtue!"

Neither of the ladies made reply; each applied herself more closely to her work, as if fearful that some unpleasant topic was about to be introduced.

"I declare, continued Mr. S., I can have no patience with such wretches; they would sell their birthright for a mess of pottage and their country for gold. Maria, it is well for you to heed these things, and consider them. Here is another account of a Mason having stolen a horse, and then when arrested being liberated by a brother Mason. What more evidence do you want of the iniquity of that Institution? Every day the papers are filled with facts which show that Freemasons encourage and shield each other in all sorts of diabolical acts; that, like the Jesuits, they are linked together to devour those outside the Order, and to perform all sorts of nefarious deeds. Their corruption extends everywhere—to the national and State Governments, to the courts of justice, the jury box, and the church. They are like midnight assassins—they strike in the dark, and their victim knows not whence comes the blow."

"These accounts, William," timidly remarked his sister, "may not be correct."

"Correct, Sarah! why, you talk like a child. Have we not had evidence in court, given under oath by seceding Masons, who tell us the abominable oaths which bind these lawless men together! and have I not seen enough myself to confirm my opinion! Why was it that that scamp, Mallory, was let out of jail on the bail of three thousand dollars? He was a Mason, and the judge who allowed the bail was a Mason. No, no, these facts are too well authenticated—the evidence is too black and damning. I would fain believe otherwise, but I cannot. And, Maria, I can never give my consent to your marriage with Charles Anderson till he renounces his heresy. I learned yesterday that he holds an office in the Lodge here, and regularly attends its meetings. If this continues, I must put a stop to your intimacy; I have permitted it thus long, hoping to see a change in his views."

Poor Maria's heart sank within her at these words, for she knew that her father meant exactly what he said. She summoned courage, however, to reply.

"Father, is not Charles's character and his past conduct a guarantee that he is not a participator in the wrongs of which you speak? I know he would not be guilty of the sins you charge upon the Masons."

"I do not suppose, my child, that Charles has himself committed any heinous act; he is young in the Order, and his intentions are good. He is, however, in the evil path; he is linked by oaths with murderers and thieves. Do not cry, Maria, I do not mean to hold Charles responsible, directly, for the wrongs which the Masons have done. He should not sustain an institution which is guilty of such bad practices."

It was evident from the tone of Mr. Sargent that he sought to wound his daughter's feelings as little as possible. After a moment's pause he continued:

"The fact that I have permitted Charles to visit the house, and see you, shows that I have not regarded him as one personally implicated in the sins of the society." At this point the door bell rang, and Maria hastened to meet Charles, and conduct him into a room where he would not encounter her father.

"Sarah," said Mr. S., when Maria was gone, "I dislike much to take the step; it grieves me to wound Maria's feelings, but I must soon forbid Charles the house."

"Oh! brother, I hope you will not do it at present; at least take a little time to accustom Maria to the fact, and when it comes, the force of the blow will be somewhat broken."

"I will not act hastily, Sarah, but my mind is made up, and my intentions shall be carried out."

* * * * * * * * *

It was a bright June morning. All nature seemed to smile, and the birds on every branch sang a merry carol, and the insects chirped gaily, as though there were no sorrowing hearts in the world; as though all were as joyful as themselves. But there were two very sad hearts amid those blithesome sounds. Along a green lane, shaded by trees, walked Charles Anderson and Maria Sargent. Both appeared melancholy, and it was evident that their sorrow had drawn tears from their eyes.

"Well," said Charles, "if it must be so, it must; I submit to wait, if it be a thousand years, but do not again suggest the idea of my renouncing my masonic faith; I could not do so without incurring the most unjust accusations—without doing injustice to those noble men who have suffered, and are still suffering, so much for an institution as pure and spotless as the driven snow. You would respect me less if I should do so, and I should despise myself."

"You are right, Charles; you cannot act differently without sacrificing your self-respect. But oh! it is so painful to give up your visits; and then in a few days it must be known that father has prohibited you the house, and if we meet in the street we shall be subjected to so many remarks. Oh! Charles"—the poor girl's sobs gave evidence that she spoke from the depths of her heart.

Charles sought to cheer her up by assuming a cheerful tone, and both sought consolation in the fact that they loved each other beyond all contingency. The walk was a long one and a sad one, and the two lovers parted, having for the thousandth time given each other assurances of their fidelity.

* * * * * * * * *

Mr. Sargent, though a man of prejudice, was kind-hearted and benevolent, and many were the poor and disconsolate who thanked him from the bottom of their hearts for the aid which he administered. It was a blustering rainy day, as he was approaching the house of Mrs. Jameson, a widow woman, whom he had accidentally found in destitute circumstances some weeks before. He perceived, as he approached the house, a physician come out and ride away. This led him to think Mrs. J. or some of her family might be sick, and knowing that she had but few acquaintances, and was a new-comer, his good nature was aroused. He entered the house, and found the widow anxiously watching over the bed of her little son, whose life was in critical danger. Around the room he saw several kinds of provision, placed in positions as though they had been recently brought into the house. On inquiry, he learned that Mrs. J. desired no assistance; that a physician had kindly offered to attend her child, and that meat, bread, and other necessaries of life, were at her command.

"My good woman," said Mr. S., "who is so kind as to give you these things?"

"I do not know," replied the widow, "they were brought here by a drayman, who said they were for me."

"And you do not know to whom you are indebted for them?" rejoined Mr. Sargent.

"No; unless it be to you," said Mrs. J., bursting into tears.

"Not to me, I assure you; although if you need anything, I should like to serve you. I see Dr. Adams attends your child; when did you apply to him?"

"I did not apply to him," said the widow, again sobbing; he came three days ago, and said he was sent here to see my child. I could learn nothing more from him."

"This is singular," remarked Mr. S., musingly, "but I am glad to find you have friends, and you may count me among the number."

* * * * * * * * *

Mr. Sargent was suddenly called to leave home on urgent business. The journey was quite a long one, but he concluded to take his daughter with him, as he thought a change would raise her spirits and benefit her health. Maria and Charles had scarcely met for weeks, and the unhappiness to which she was subjected was wearing on her frame.

Mr. Sargent, on arriving at a hotel in one of the cities of Western New York, discovered that, by the aid of some light-fingered gentleman, he had been relieved of his pocket-book, containing all the money which he had for traveling purposes, and several papers of value. He explored every place where he thought there was a chance to find it, but in vain. At last he gave it up as irretrievably lost. He was now in rather an unpleasant dilemma. He had no acquaintances in the city, and it was necessary for him to proceed on his journey without delay. Telegraphs were not then in operation, and no railroad was built to the place where he was stopping. Revolving the matter over in his mind, with great perplexity he sought his daughter, and was surprised to find her in the ladies' parlor with Charles Anderson. They had met accidentally, and were both a little flurried at the sudden appearance of the father. He was too much engrossed with his loss to talk of anything else. Charles offered to loan Mr. Sargent what little means he had with him, but it was altogether too small to meet the exigency of the case, and was declined. In a few minutes Charles departed, stating that he had business to attend to, and must take the next public conveyance for home.

Mr. Sargent, much against his will, endeavored to procure money of the landlord, making a full statement of his difficulty and the importance of his business, which would not brook delay. It was in vain; the landlord did not know him; his story was plausible, but it would not bring money. Chagrined and mortified, he was contemplating what step to take, when a stranger approached him, saying, "Is this Mr. Sargent?"

"It is," said Mr. S.

"Be kind enough to sign this note," said the stranger, at the same time presenting a piece of paper, "and I will deliver to you this package of money, which contains two hundred dollars."

Mr. S. looked at the speaker in amazement.

"Count the money," continued the stranger, "and see if it is right."

"But, sir," ejaculated Mr. Sargent—

"Be kind enough not to detain me, my dear sir," interrupted the unknown man, "my business is urgent. If you wish this money to proceed on your journey, you can have it. The note is payable in three months, with interest. If you desire to pay it sooner, you can do so."

"To whom am I indebted?"

"To no one," said the strange gentleman, quickly. "You see the money is right; will you sign the note?"

The note was signed, when Mr. S. was about to make further inquiries. Before he had time to do so, the stranger, almost without ceremony, seized the note and disappeared.

"What does all this mean?" thought Mr. S. to himself, "the note was payable to 'Messrs. Judson & Brother'—who are they? I'll find out, if it be a possible thing." He accordingly inquired, and learned that they were a large business firm in the city. To assure himself that there was no mistake or fraud, he called on Messrs. Judson & Brother.

"Is Mr. Judson or his brother in?" he inquired, as he entered the store.

"I am the brother in the firm," said a respectable looking young man.

Mr. Sargent made known his business, and was assured that everything was all right. "But," said he, "how did you know that I wanted money, and how came you to loan me on my individual note?"

"We are willing to run the risk," Mr. Judson replied, "but really, sir, you must excuse me; I have business of importance which needs immediate attention."

Mr. Sargent proceeded on his journey, wondering at the curious incidents which mark the path of life. He arrived at his place of destination just in time to secure a claim of eight thousand dollars, and on his return home he forwarded to the firm of Messrs. Judson & Brother *three hundred dollars*, thanking them for their kindness, and saying he would rather have paid a thousand than have been delayed a day. The next return mail brought back one hundred dollars, with a letter from Messrs. Judson & Brother, saying they could receive only what they were equitably entitled to.

* * * * * * * * *

"I am confident I shall lose the case," said Mr. Sargent, at the dinner table, "their are four Masons on the jury; one of them, Jake Beekman, knows that I am an anti-Mason. The attorney employed against me is a Mason, and the judge is a Mason. I tried to have the trial put off, but I could not do it; and now I must be beaten, not on the merits of the case, but by secret and diabolical combinations. It's all a farce, and I might as well give up the case."

"It seems to me you are unnecessarily alarmed," said his sister, "if only *four* of the *twelve* jurymen are Masons—"

"Alarmed I am," interrupted Mr. S., "but not unnecessarily. They will manage to carry the rest with them; or if they do not, they will not agree, and I shall be put to the expense of another trial. My case is a clear one, and were it not for those rascals I should get it without doubt."

Such was the strain in which Mr. Sargent continued during the whole dinner-time, much to the annoyance of his sister and daughter."

At the opening of court, he was found by the side of his counsel, ready to proceed with his lawsuit. His evidence was put in during the morning, and it remained for the defence to produce their witnesses. The first called was John Black, the blacksmith, or, as he was familiarly known, Jack Black.

"He is one of the vilest Masons in the town," whispered Mr. Sargent to his counsel.

The attorney for the defendant asked the usual preliminary questions as to his name, residence, &c., and proceeded as follows:

"Now, Mr. Black, if you ever heard any conversation between the plaintiff and defendant respecting these horses, or the sale of them, you will state what it was."

Witness. "I heard Mr. Sargent and Mr. Johnson talking about the horses last February. Mr. Johnson said one was lame, and therefore should not pay the price agreed on."

Counsel for Deft. "Well, was anything else said?"

Witness. "Why, yes. Mr. Sargent said if he'd prove the horse was lame he needn't pay anything for them."

Counsel for Deft. "There, wait a moment. Said he needn't pay anything for them. Do you know whether either of the horses was lame?"

Witness. "One was lame at that time, and had been, to my knowledge, for some weeks."

Mr. Sargent's attorney next cross-examined the witness.

"Mr. Black, you say that Mr. Sargent told Mr. Johnson, the defendant, that if either of the horses was lame he needn't pay for them?"

Witness. "Yes, that was the purport of his remarks; he may not have used precisely those words"

Counsel for Plff. "Now, Mr. Black, refresh your memory, and tell me whether Mr. Sargent did not say that Mr. Johnson need not pay for them if the horse *was lame at the time he sold them?*"

Witness, (scratching his head, and thinking.) "It strikes me there was some reference made in his remarks to the time of sale, but whether it was in that connection or not, I cannot tell."

Attorney for Plff. "Then you cannot say he did not use the qualifying words?"

Witness. "I certainly cannot."

Attorney for Plff. "Did not Mr. Sargent say that the horses were sound when he sold them?"

Witness. "He did."

Attorney for Plff. "Who was present during this conversation, beside you, the defendant, and plaintiff?"

Witness. "No one."

It was intended to prove by Black that Mr. Sargent had acknowledged that the agreement was, that if either of the horses turned out to be lame, the defendant need not pay the price stipulated. He, with candor, told the circumstances just as he remembered them, much to the astonishment of Mr. Sargent, who believed his Masonry would cause him to swear the case entirely on Johnson's side. When Black took his seat, Mr. Sargent breathed freer but said not a word. His silence was more ominous than his speech.

The case was given to the jury after elaborate arguments and a long charge from the judge. They were out one hour, and brought in a verdict for the full amount claimed by the plaintiff. That evening Mr. Hazewell, the counsel of Mr. Sargent, took tea with his client, and the conversation naturally turned upon the case.

"It was all clear enough," said Mr. Sargent, "and had it not been for those Masons on the jury, a verdict would have been rendered in five minutes."

"That might have been," said Mr. Hazewell, "but it would have been in favor of the defendant."

"Why so?" inquired Mr. S., somewhat astonished at the cool remark of his counsel.

"Because one Mason and six others on the panel were against you; and it was principally by the influence of those who were Masons that the case was decided in your favor."

"It was a Jesuit's trick, then," said Mr. Sargent, evidently staggered and rendered very uncomfortable. His sister and daughter rejoiced inwardly, although they did not venture to say a word.

* * * * * * * * *

Mr. Sargent was sitting at his desk, busily engaged in writing, when Charles Anderson entered his counting-room.

"Can I see you alone a few minutes?"

"Certainly; walk into this room," said Mr. S., at the same time leading the way into a small apartment.

"I have called to see you," said Anderson, "on business of much importance, and I may as well be frank to say it involves my happiness and your daughter's."

Mr. Sargent received the announcement with dignity, and simply said, "Proceed, sir."

The words were uttered so coldly that Charles's heart sank within him; he knew too well the sternness of the man.

"You have, for a long time, opposed the union of Maria and myself, because—"

"You are a Mason," said Mr. Sargent, very quickly. "It is true, and on that ground I withhold my consent now."

"I have waited patiently," replied Anderson, "hoping you might change your views—"

"Change my views," said Mr. Sargent, with some feeling, "change my views! I—" He hesitated, appeared a little embarrassed, but quickly resumed—"when I change them, I will let you know."

"You have required, as a condition of our union, that I renounce Masonry?"

"I did tell Maria so," was the reply.

"I would, sir, if I could, comply with your request; but every principle of justice and honor forbid. The institution I love and revere; to me it has been a school of the purest morality, beautiful and sublime, hoary with age, and venerable."

This was said with much feeling, and almost unconsciously. There was a pause for a moment, when Charles added, "Your daughter is dear to me, very dear—dear as life itself; but if I cannot win her without sacrificing honor and self-respect, I must submit to my fate. Her consent I had long ago, and I have come, by her advice, to seek yours"

The last words were uttered in a tone which betrayed the feelings of doubt and fear in the mind of the speaker. At this juncture of affairs, they were interrupted by a knock at the door. Mrs. Jameson was admitted. On seeing Charles, she stopped suddenly, and looking intently at him, forgot to salute Mr. Sargent, who was evidently surprised at her manner. Charles was not a little confused, and saying he would retire till the lady had finished her business, he stepped into the other room.

"Pray tell me, sir, who that is?" said Mrs. Jameson.

"That is Mr. Charles Anderson, a young lawyer. Why do you ask?"

"Because I owe him a debt of gratitude which I can never pay."

"That must be very great," said Mr. S. "Explain, my good woman."

"You know," said the widow, "that my family was for a long time provided for by some unknown person. I have discovered that this young man is that person. He it was who sent the physician and the provisions, and has continued to supply me for months."

Mr. Sargent listened to this statement in astonishment, and musing a moment, said aloud, but apparently to himself, "What motive had he in view to act so secretly?" and then, as if a new thought had come suddenly into his mind, he opened the door and requested Charles to enter. He did so, and was introduced to Mrs. Jameson.

"I am glad," said she, her eyes fast filling with tears, "to have this opportunity to acknowledge the favors received at your hands, and to thank you before this gentleman."

"Madam," said Charles, somewhat tartly, "you are not indebted to *me* for favors; I was but the humble instrument to convey to you the aid of another."

"Pardon me, sir, if I offended you; you cannot think it strange that I should desire to know who was my benefactor."

"I, too, feel an interest to know who has so kindly aided this lady," said Mr. Sargent. "It is not right that the name of one so kind-hearted and benevolent should be kept secret. I have long wondered who it was; the manner in which he has dispensed his charity has already placed him high in my estimation."

"I have the right to inform you," said Charles, "who is the benefactor; and I can best describe him by saying that this lady is not the only one whom he has assisted. He is constantly seeking out, and through such humble instruments as I am, aiding the widow and the orphan, cheering the disconsolate, and lessening the burdens of the unhappy. His deeds are done secretly; his left hand knows not what his right hand doeth."

"I am sure it is so. I doubt not one word you say," ejaculated the widow, while Mr. Sargent stood silent and motionless. A slight pause ensued, which Mrs. Jameson broke, by saying, "But do give the name of this kind-hearted person."

"It is no *person*," said Charles, with emphasis, "it is an institution which has lived, doing its work of mercy silently, for hundreds of years; and which is now persecuted, as it has been in the past, by those who, not evilly disposed, are ignorant of its nature and principles. Amity Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, of which I am Master, has aided you, and sought to promote your happiness."

Just as Charles finished this sentence, there was a knock at the door, and Mr. Sargent, as though he found relief in letting out a little breath, cried out loudly, "Come in." The intruder proved to be the younger partner of Messrs. Judson & Brother. Mr. Sargent was about to extend his hand, when the visitor warmly greeted Charles, and said he had been hunting for him more than an hour.

"So you know Mr. Anderson, do you?" said Mr. Sargent, with surprise.

"Yes, very well."

Conversation turned upon various topics, and when the first opportunity offered, Mr. Sargent sought to satisfy his curiosity by inquiring how Messrs. Judson & Brother came to lend him two hundred dollars. "Did you know me, or of me, till that day?" he inquired.

"We did not," replied Mr. Judson.

"Ah! I have it," said Mr. S., suddenly; "it was through the influence of Mr. Anderson—was it not so?"

"It is true I saw Mr. Anderson at that time, but it was the first and last time I saw him till we met here a few minutes since. He was a stranger to me, and introduced himself."

"Well," replied Mr. S., more puzzled than ever, "I give it up. The whole matter is a mystery to me which I should like to have explained."

"With Mr. Anderson's permission," said Mr. J., "I will explain. What say you, sir?"

"As you please," replied Charles.

"What I said was true; I never saw Mr. Anderson till he came to me and informed me of the dilemma in which you were placed. He made himself known to me as a Mason, told me your circumstances, and asked it as a favor for himself that I would loan you the money. On his account I did so, and I was happy to be able to serve you."

Had the lightning struck Mr. William Sargent, he would hardly have been more confounded.

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The lamp had just been lighted, and Maria was sitting in her room, reading, on a dreary, stormy night. The wind howled, and without it seemed as if Old Nick himself was let loose.

A gentleman is in the parlor who wishes to see you," said the servant.

"Pray who is here this stormy night?" said Maria.

"I do not know, Miss; he did not give his name."

"Well, I suppose I must see him," said Maria, soliloquizing.

With a slow step she wended her way down to the parlor, wondering who could be there. She opened the door, and, to her astonishment, there was Charles Anderson waiting to receive her.

"Charles, how came you here?" she ejaculated, as though he were an intruder.

"Fear not," said he, "'all's well that ends well;' I have not taken the citadel yet, but the outposts are in my possession. At least there is victory enough for one day."

An explanation was quickly given. The circumstances which have been related had made a deep impression on her father, and he had so far modified his opinion as to permit Charles again to visit the house. The happy sequel soon followed. Within six months Maria Sargent became Mrs. Charles Anderson, and in less than one year Mr. William Sargent was a member of Amity Lodge.

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"I was depending on you to stay at home to-night," said Mrs. Anderson to her husband, at the tea-table, some two years after her wedding; "I have invited Mr and Mrs. Hall to spend the evening with us. Is your business of such importance that you must go?"

"Excuse me to-night, my dear Maria; my business is very important, for this night I complete the victory which you and I have sought to win. Your father is my successor in office, and this night I install him as Worshipful Master of Amity Lodge."—*Ashlar.*

Legends in the Early Church.

Legends were no less common to the early Christian, than to the Jewish and Pagan Churches. They were popular vehicles of instruction, often sublime, and always fascinating. Lord Bacon, in his quaint way, says of them, in general:—"I receive them, not as the product of the age, or invention of the poets (Homer, Hesiod and others,) but as sacred relics, gentle whispers, and the breath of better times, that from the *traditions* of more ancient nations, came at length into the flutes and trumpets of the Greeks." Bede and Usher both attest to the use of *Christian* legends, on particular occasions, in the early days of the Church. And it is not improbable that many of these Christian legends were preserved and transmitted by the Priests, and that from them have sprung many of what are called the higher degrees of Freemasonry—brought from the East by the Crusaders. They must of course have been thrown into form for ceremonial rehearsal or scenic representation, as in the Catholic Church.

The great object of the ancient pagan Mysteries, was to teach, by the use of symbols and ceremonies, those religious dogmas which it was not thought prudent, and might not have been safe, to expose to the prejudices of the ignorant vulgar. Is it not more than probable that this same consideration influenced the early founders of the Christian Church in the practice of the Christian Mysteries?—*Freemason's Monthly Magazine.*

Is Freemasonry Partial and Selfish?

We do not deny that the chief advantages to be derived from the Order are confined generally to its members. And this is no objection to it. If it be, then all societies that ever existed, sacred or secular, may be condemned by the same rule; for the very idea of a society implies this. It is true that the direct benefits of Freemasonry belong alone to its adepts. But the Order is by no means blind to the woes, nor deaf to the cries of distress seen in the world without. It relieves first, and very justly, the sufferings of its own children, and then does what it can for the general good; and that good is as extensive as its ability. Its work of beneficence is limited only by the circumference of its means. As its resources are increased, and power extended, the sphere of its benevolent operations is enlarged. How, then, can the Order, with any justice, be accused of selfishness?

As we walk by the river-side we see five children struggling for life in the current. Two of them are within our reach, we can save them, but the others we cannot save, even by the sacrifice of our lives. Are we to be condemned as murderers, because we saved two, and saw the other three drown, it being impossible to save them? And this is precisely the reasoning of those who charge Masons with selfishness. According to these objections, if you cannot do everything, you should do nothing to alleviate all distress, you should be indifferent to all,—if, of five drowning persons, you can save only two, it would be better to let the whole five drown! If, therefore, it were literally true that Masonry confined all its charities to its circle of membership, it would not be any serious objection. But this is not the case. The records of our Lodges and private cash-books of numberless individual Masons, show that large sums are, every year, distributed to the needy who have no connection with the Order whatever. In all cases of public or private calamity, there are no societies which have shown themselves more liberal.—*Vineyard Gazette.*

TUBAL CAIN.

BY CHARLES MACAY, OF ENGLAND.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young,
By the fierce red light of his furnace fire,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted his brawny hand
On the iron, glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear,
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
The bright spear and the sword;
Hurrah for the hand that wields them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his desire.
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest tree.
And they sang "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Who has given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, and hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain,
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind—
That the land was fed by the blood they shed,
And their lust for carnage blind;
And he said, "Alas! that I ever had made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and sword for men, whose joy
Is to slay their fellow man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his wo—
And his hand forbode to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low;
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong arm for the work,
While the quick flames mounted high;
And he said, "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the fire sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands;
Hung the sword in the hall, and the spear on the wall,
And ploughed with willing hands;
And sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough,
To him our prize shall be,
And while oppression lifts its hand,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword!"

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Anecdotes.

The Ruling Passion.—A very estimable person, by business a grazier, was to be initiated, the Lodge was kept waiting, and it was proposed to adjourn, when the candidate was announced; on entering the Lodge he was desirous to address it, but the W. M. objected, unless it was for the purpose of declining to proceed. The candidate most willingly desired to undergo the ordeal, but frequently betrayed visible anxiety; at length, when asked what blessing he was desirous to ask of heaven, he, after a short pause, innocently, but with great impression, said—"I must say, that I should be right glad to have those fine bullocks which I bid for at the fair, the primest I ever set eyes on, I have thought of nothing else ever since." The earnestness of his manner, free from any ribaldry, was sufficient to restrain the Brethren from laughter; but at the banquet he himself laughed heartily at his own simplicity, nevertheless he maintained they were the very finest bullocks he ever saw.—*All Souls, Weymouth*, 1839.

Rear-Admiral Walker (when a lieutenant during the peace of 1783,) was a passenger with several others in a diligence. The carriage was attacked by robbers near Aschaffenbourg, the lieutenant rushed into the midst of them, but being unsupported by his fellow-travelers, he was overpowered and left for dead. He was afterwards found, and conveyed to a place of safety at Frankfort, where he was supplied with assistance and money by the Freemasons.—*United Service Journal, Feb.* 1832.

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Did the Saviour know aught of Freemasonry?

(Continued from the Freemason for April.)

De Quincey, in his discussion of Essenean Freemasonry, further says:

"What, then, is to be thought? If this death-like silence of all the evangelists and all the apostles makes it a mere impossibility to suppose the existence of such a sect as the Essenes in the time of Christ, did such a sect arise afterward, viz., in the Epichristian generation? Or, if not, how and by what steps came up the romance we have been considering? Was there any substance in the tale? Or, if positively none, how came the fiction? Was it a conscious lie? Was it a mistake? Was it an exaggeration?

"Now, our idea is as follows: What do we suppose the early Christians to have been called? By what names were they known among themselves and among others? *Christians?* Not at all. When it is said—'The disciples were first called Christians at Antioch,' we are satisfied that the meaning is not—this name, now general, was first used at Antioch; but that whereas, we followers of Christ generally call one another, and *are* called by a particular name X, in Antioch that name was not used; but from the very beginning they were called by another name, viz., Christians. At all events, since this name Christian was confessedly used at Antioch before it was used anywhere else, there must have been another name elsewhere for the same people. What *was* that name? It was '*The Brethren*,' [οι αδελφοι;] and at times, by way of variety, to prevent the awkwardness of too monotonously repeating the same word, perhaps it was '*The Faithful*,' [οι πιστοι] The name *Christians* traveled, we are convinced, not immediately among themselves, but slowly among their enemies. It was a name of reproach, and the meaning was—'We Pagans are all worshippers of gods, such as they are; but this sect worships a man, and that man a malefactor.' For, though Christ should properly have been known by his name, which was Jesus, yet, because his crime, in the opinion of the Jews, lay in the office he had assumed—in having made himself the *Christos*, the anointed of God, therefore it happened that he was published among the Roman world by that name: his offence, his '*titulus*' on the cross, (the king, or the anointed,) was made his Roman name. Accordingly Tacitus, speaking of some insurgents in Judea, says—that 'they mutinied under the excitement of Christ, (not Jesus,) their original ringleader,' (*impulsore Chresto.*) And no doubt it had become a scoffing name, until the Christians disarmed the scoff of its sting by assuming it themselves, as was done in the case of 'The Beggars' in the Netherlands, and 'the Methodists' in England.

"Well: meantime what name did the Christians bear in their very birth-place? Were they called 'The Brethren' there? No. And why not? Simply because it had become too dangerous a name. To be bold, to affront all reasonable danger, was their instinct and their duty, but not to tempt utter extinction or utter reduction to imbecility. We read amiss if we imagine that the fiery persecution which raged against Christ, had burned itself out in the act of the crucifixion. It slept, indeed, for a brief interval, but that was from necessity; for the small flock of scattered sheep easily secreted themselves. No sooner did they multiply a little, no sooner did their meetings again proclaim their 'whereabouts,' than the snake found them out, again raised its spiry crest among them, and again crushed them for a time. The martyrdom of St. Stephen showed that no jesting was intended. It was determined that examples should be made. It was resolved that this revolt against the Temple (the Law and the Prophets) must be put down. The next event quickened this agency seven-fold. A great servant of the persecution, in the very agony of the storm which he was himself guiding and pointing, working the very artillery of Jerusalem upon some scent which his blood-hounds had found in Syria, suddenly in one hour passed over to the enemy. What of that? Did that startle the persecution? Probably it did: failure from within was what they had not looked for. But the fear which it bred was sister to the wrath of hell. The snake turned round, but not for flight: it turned to fasten upon the revolter. St. Paul's authority as a leader in the Jewish councils availed him nothing after this. Orders were undoubtedly expedited from Jerusalem to Damascus, as soon as messengers could be interchanged, for his assassination. And assassinated he would have been, had he been twenty St. Pauls, but for his secret evasion and his flight to Arabia. Idumea, probably a sort of Ireland to Judea, was the country to which he fled, where again he might have been found out, but his capture would have cost a negotiation; and in all likelihood he lay unknown among crowds. Nor did he venture to show his face again in Jerusalem for some years; and then again not till a term of fourteen years, half a generation, during which many of the burning zealots, and of those who could have challenged him personally as the great apostate, must have gone to their last sleep.

"During the whole of this novitiate for Christianity, and in fact throughout the whole Epichristian era, there was a brooding danger over the name and prospects of Christianity. To hold up a hand, to put forth a head in the blinding storm, was to perish. It was to solicit and tempt destruction. That could not be right. Those who were answerable for the great interest confided to them, if in their own persons they might have braved the anger of the times, were not at liberty to do so on this account—that it would have stopped effectually the expansion of the Church. Martyrdom and persecution formed the atmosphere in which it throve; but not the frost of death. What, then, did the fathers of the Church do? You read that, during a part of this Epichristian age, 'the churches had peace.' True, they had so. But do you know how they had it? Do you guess what they did?

"It was this: they said to each other—If we are to stand such consuming fires as we have seen, one year will finish us all. And then what will become of the succession that we are to leave behind us? We must hide ourselves effectually. And this can be done only by symbolizing. Any lesser disguise our persecutors will penetrate. But this, by its very nature, will baffle them, and yet provide fully for the nursing of an infant Church. They proceeded, therefore, thus: 'Let there be darkness'—was the first word of command: 'let us muffle ourselves in thick clouds, which no human eye can penetrate. And toward this purpose let us immediately take a symbolic name. And, because any name that expresses or implies a secret fraternity—a fraternity bound together by any hidden tie or purpose—will instantly be challenged for the Christian brotherhood under a new mask, instantly the bloody Sanhedrim will get to their old practices—torturing our weaker members, (as afterward the cruel Pliny selected for torture the poor frail women-servants of the brethren,) and the wolf will be raging among our folds in three months—therefore two things are requisite; one, that this name which we assume should be such as to disarm suspicion, [in this they acted on the instinct of those birds which artfully construct signs and appearances to draw away the fowler from their young ones;] the other, that in case, after all, some suspicion should arise and the enemy again break in, there must be three or four barriers to storm before he can get to the stronghold in the centre.'

"Upon this principle all was arranged. First, for the name that was to disarm suspicion—what name could do that? Why, what *was* the suspicion? A suspicion that Christian embers were sleeping under the ashes. True: but why was that suspicious? Why had it ever been suspicious? For two reasons: because the Christian faith was supposed to carry a secret hostility to the Temple and its whole ritual economy; secondly, for an earnest political reason, because it was believed to tend, by mere necessity, to such tumults or revolutions as would furnish the Roman, on tiptoe for this excuse, with a plea for taking away the Jewish name and nation; that is, for taking away their Jewish *autonomy*, (or administration by their own Mosaic code), which they still had, though otherwise in a state of dependency. Well, now, for this sort of suspicion, no name could be so admirably fitted as one drawn from the very ritual service of that very Temple which was supposed to be in danger. That Temple *was* in danger: the rocks on which it stood were already quaking beneath it. All was accomplished: its doom had gone forth. Shadows of the coming fate were spreading thick before it: its defenders had a dim misgiving of the storm that was gathering. But they mistook utterly the quarter from which it was to come. And they closed the great gates against an enemy that entered by the postern. However, they could not apprehend a foe in a society that professed a special interest in Israel. The name chosen, therefore, was derived from the very costume of the Jewish High Priest, the pontifical ruler of the Temple. This great officer wore upon his breast a splendid piece of jewelry; twelve precious stones were inserted in the breast-plate, representing the twelve sons of Jacob, or twelve tribes of Israel; *and* *this was called the Essen.* Consequently to announce themselves as *the Society of the Essen*, was to express a peculiar solicitude for the children of Israel. Under this mask nobody could suspect any hostility to Jerusalem or its Temple; nobody, therefore, under the existing misconception of Christian objects and the Christian character, could suspect a Christian society.

"But was not this hypocritical disguise? Not at all. A profession was thus made of paramount regard to Judea and her children. Why not? Christians everywhere turned with love and yearning, and thankfulness the profoundest, to that 'Holy City' (so called by Christ himself), which had kept alive for a thousand years the sole vestiges of pure faith, and which, for a far longer term, mystically represented that people which had known the true God, 'when all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones.' Christians, or they would have been no Christians, everywhere prayed for her peace. And if the downfall of Jerusalem was connected with the rise of Christianity, that was not through enmity borne to Jerusalem by Christians (as the Jews falsely imagine); but because it was not suitable for the majesty of God, as the father of truth, to keep up a separation among the nations when the fullness of time in his counsels required that all separation should be at an end. At his bidding the Temple had been raised. At his bidding the Temple must be destroyed. Nothing could have saved it but becoming Christian. The end was accomplished for which it had existed; a great river had been kept pure, that was now to expand into an ocean.

"But, as to any hypocrisy in the fathers of this indispensable scheme for keeping alive the fire that burned on the altar of Christianity, that was impossible. So far from needing to assume more love for Judaism than they had, we know that their very infirmity was to have, by much, too sectarian and exclusive a regard for those who were represented by the Temple. The Bible, which conceals nothing of any man's errors, does not conceal that. And we know that all the weight of the great intellectual apostle was necessary to overrule the errors in this point of St. Peter. The fervid apostle erred, and St. Paul 'withstood him to his face.' But his very error proves the more certainly his sincerity and singleness of heart in setting up a society that should profess in its name the service of Jerusalem and her children as its primary function. The name *Essen* and *Essenes* was sent before to disarm suspicion, and as a pledge of loyal fidelity.

"Next, however, this society was to be a secret society—an Eleusinian society—a Freemason society. For, if it were not, how was it to provide for the culture of Christianity? Now, if the reader pauses a moment to review the condition of Palestine and the neighboring countries at that time, he will begin to see the opening there was for such a society. The condition of the times was agitated and tumultuous beyond anything witnessed among men, except at the Reformation and the French Revolution. The flame on the Pagan altars was growing pale, the oracles over the earth were muttering their alarm, panic terrors were falling upon nations, murmurs were arising, whispers circulating from nobody knew whence—that out of the East, about this time, should arise some great and mysterious deliverer. This whisper had spread to Rome—was current everywhere. It was one of those awful whispers that have no author. Nobody could ever trace it. Nobody could ever guess by what path it had traveled. But observe, in that generation, at Rome and all parts of the Mediterranean to the west of Palestine, the word 'Oriens' had a technical and limited meaning; it was restricted to Syria, of which Palestine formed a section. This use of the word will explain itself to anybody who looks at a map of the Mediterranean as seen from Italy. But some years after the Epichristian generation, the word began to extend; and very naturally, as the Roman armies began to make permanent conquests nearer to the Euphrates. Under these remarkable circumstances, and agitated beyond measure between the oppression of the Roman armies on the one hand and the consciousness of a peculiar dependence on God on the other, all thoughtful Jews were disturbed in mind. The more conscientious, the more they were agitated. Was it their duty to resist the Romans? God could deliver them, doubtless; but God worked oftentimes by human means. Was it his pleasure that they should resist by arms? Others again replied—If you do, then you prepare an excuse for the Romans to extirpate your nation. Many again turned more to religious hopes: these were they who, in scriptural language, 'waited for the consolation of Israel;' that is, they trusted in that Messiah who had been promised, and they yearned for his manifestation. They mourned over Judea; they felt that she had rebelled; but she had been afflicted, and perhaps her transgressions might now be blotted out, and her glory might now be approaching. Of this class was he who took Christ in his arms when an infant in the Temple. Of this class were the two rich men, Joseph and Nicodemus, who united to bury him. But even of this class many were there who took different views of the functions properly belonging to the Messiah; and many that, either through this difference of original views, or from imperfect acquaintance with the life of Jesus, doubted whether he was indeed the promised Messiah. Even John the Baptist doubted that, and his question upon that point addressed to Christ himself, 'Art thou he who should come, or do we look for another?' has been generally fancied singularly at war with his own earlier testimony, 'Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world!' But it is not. The offices of mysterious change for Israel were prophetically announced as coming through a series and succession of characters—Elias, 'that prophet,' and the Messiah. The succession might even be more divided. And the Baptist, who did not know himself to be Elias, might reasonably be in doubt (and *at a time when his career was only beginning*) whether Jesus were the Messiah.

"Now, out of these mixed elements—men in every stage and gradation of belief or spiritual knowledge, but all musing, pondering, fermenting in their minds—all tempest-shaken, sorrow-haunted, perplexed, hoping, seeking, doubting, trusting—the apostles would see abundant means for peopling the lower or initiatory ranks of their new society. Such a craving for light from above probably never existed. The land was on the brink of convulsions, and all men felt it. Even among the rulers in Jerusalem had been some who saw the truth of Christ's mission, though selfish terrors had kept back their testimony. From every rank and order of men would press in the meditative to a society where they would all receive sympathy, whatever might be their views, and many would receive light.

"This society—how was it constituted? In the innermost class were placed, no doubt, all those, and those only, who were thoroughly Christians. The danger was from Christianity. And this danger was made operative only, by associating with the mature and perfect Christian any false brother, any half-Christian, any hypocritical Christian, any wavering Christian. To meet this danger, there must be a winnowing and a sifting of all candidates. And because the danger was awful, involving not one but many, not a human interest but a heavenly interest, therefore these winnowings and siftings must be many, must be repeated, must be soul-searching. Nay, even that will not suffice. Oaths, pledges to God as well as to man, must be exacted. All this the apostles did: serpents by experience, in the midst of their dove-like faith, they acted as wise stewards for God. They surrounded their own central consistory with lines impassable to treachery. Josephus, the blind Jew—blind in heart, we mean, and understanding, reporting a matter of which he had no comprehension, nor could have—(for we could show to demonstration that, for a specific reason, he could not have belonged to the society)—even this man, in his utter darkness, telegraphs to us by many signals, rockets thrown up by the apostles, which come round and are visible to us, but unseen by him, what it is that the apostles were about. He tells us expressly that a preparatory or trial period of two years was exacted of every candidate before his admission to *any* order; that, after this probationary attendance is finished, 'they are parted into four classes;' and these classes, he tells us, are so severely separated from all intercommunion, that merely to have touched each other was a pollution that required a solemn purification. Finally, as if all this were nothing, though otherwise disallowing of oaths, yet in this, as in a service of God, oaths, which Josephus styles 'tremendous,' are exacted of each member, that he will reveal nothing of what he learns.

"Who can fail to see, in these multiplied precautions for guarding what, according to Josephus, is no secret at all, nor anything approaching to a secret, that here we have a central Christian society, secret from necessity, cautious to excess from the extremity of the danger, and surrounding themselves in their outer rings by merely Jewish disciples, but those whose state of mind promised a hopeful soil for the solemn and affecting discoveries which awaited them in the higher states of their progress? Here is the true solution of this mysterious society, the Essenes, never mentioned in any one record of the Christian generation, and that because it first took its rise in the necessities of the Epichristian generation. And if any man ask how they came to be traced to so fabulous an antiquity, the account now given easily explains that. Three authors only mention them—Pliny, Philo-Judæus, and Josephus. Pliny builds upon these last two, and other Jewish romancers. The last two may be considered as contemporaries. And all that they allege, as to the antiquity of the sect, flows naturally from the condition and circumstances of the outermost circle in the series of the classes. They were occupied exclusively with Judaism. And Judaism had, in fact, as we all know, that real antiquity in its people, and its rites, and its symbols, which these then *uninitiated* authors understand and fancy to have been meant of the *Essenes* as a philosophical sect."

MASONIC CHARITY.

We help the poor in time of need,
The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
It's our foundation stone;
We build upon the noblest plan,
For friendship rivets man to man,
And makes us all as one.

The widow's tear—the orphan's cry—
All wants—our ready hands supply,
As far as power is given.
The naked clothe—the prisoner free—
These are thy works sweet Charity,
Reveal'd to us from Heaven.

St. John the Baptist and Musical Signs.

The following is the first stanza of a Latin hymn, composed in honor of St. John the Baptist: The seven musical signs—*ut, ri, mi, fa, sol, la, sa*, invented by Guido Aretino, the Benedictine Monk, are the first syllables of the lines of the stanza. Thus:

*Ut*queant laxis
*Re*sonare fibris,
*Mi*ra gestorum
*Fa*muli tuorum
*Sol*ve polluti
*La*bii reatum,
*Sa*ncte Ioannes.

Freemasonry and the Game of Chess.

There exists an apparent connection between the ancient art and mystery of Masonry, and the scarcely less ancient and scientific game of chess.

"That the game of chess is of oriental origin, I believe to be universally admitted: and it would seem that the game is, in some measure, founded on the true principles of Masonry, which we are likewise told, '*comed ffyrste fromme the Este.*'

"The form of the board, on which the game is played, is '*quadrilateral*,' and is divided into *sixty-four rectangular chequers* or *squares*, alternately black and white; and so far may be considered emblematical of the floor or ground of a Masonic Lodge. The moves of the several pieces are strictly in accordance with the principles of Masonry, being uniformly that of *right lines and angles*, the peculiar move of the knight being that of the *square*. Furthermore, it would seem that, as regards its antiquity, it is almost coeval with Masonry itself, being mentioned in the oldest law books, and is said to have been invented by the wife of Ravan, king of Lanca, (*i. e.* Ceylon,) in order to amuse him, while his metropolis was closely besieged by Rama, in the second age of the world. Rama, according to Sir William Jones's chronology of the Hindus, appeared on the earth at least three thousand eight hundred years ago. The most irreconcileable part of the matter is, that the game of chess has always, more or less, been considered a military game, or a species of mimic warfare; while, on the contrary, the object of Masonry is 'peace and good-will towards man.' Nevertheless, Hutchinson informs us that the *square* was the figure under which the Israelites formed their encampments in the wilderness, and under which they fortified or defended the holy tabernacle, sanctified with the immediate presence of the Divinity. There is a problem shown by Demoivre, by which all the squares on the board may be covered by the knight in sixty-four moves. This is agreeable to the rules of Geometry, or Masonry, whichever we may please to term it.

"I may observe that there is a game, played on a board with 100 squares, called *arch*-chess.

"I think it not improbable that chess may be played according to the strict rules of Geometry, and that such Problems only as are founded on that science are correct."

* * *

Item.—Jesus was buffeted at three several stations, before Herod, Caiphas and Pilate.

LOVE.

"Loving favor, rather than silver and gold."
King Solomon.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Take back your gold, and give me love—
The earnest smile,
The heart-voice that can conquer pain,
And care beguile.

Take back your silver, whence it came—
It leads to strife;
A woman's nature feeds on love—
Love is its life.

Take back your silver, and your gold—
Their gain is loss;
But bring me love—for love is heaven—
And they are dross.

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The Workingman alone, the True Freemason.

Freemasonry is emphatically a working institution. Work, mental and physical, is practically taught in every lesson of the mystic science. From the time the initiate enters within the portals of the temple, the duty of practical labor is enjoined in the symbolic instructions given him, as well as in the illustrations of the ceremonies of the several degrees of Masonry.

As an entered apprentice, representing youth, he is expected to apply himself to acquiring a knowledge of the duties appertaining to his probationary position, and to prepare himself for more active usefulness in a higher sphere, that of Fellow-Craft, representing Manhood. Having acquired a knowledge of these duties, which voluntarily assumed, he has obligated himself to, and exemplified practically that the lessons taught him were impressed upon his heart and conscience and that he is prepared for further advancement, the veil is uplifted, and he is led onward to assume higher duties and additional obligations as a Fellow Craftsman.

There can be no progress without labor, and advancement in Masonry is, or ought to be, based upon an intelligent application of the teachings imparted to the candidate. The indolent novitiate, who will not apply himself to the proper study of Masonry, as far as he has received the light, or practically exemplify its teachings, in his daily life, ought never to be advanced beyond the portals of the temple. As a hewer of wood or drawer of water, he should be held in a subservient position, as a learner, an apprentice. The diligent student alone has a right to advancement, to further progress in our mystic science. Those alone ought to be promoted to the degree of Fellow-Craft, and in due time to the sublime degree of Master Mason.

The titles of the several degrees indicate that of a learner, a proficient, and a master or teacher. The Master's degree, implying that the novitiate and probationary periods have been passed, although representing the time of life when men ordinarily are expected to cease from their active duties, it is then, that the true Freemason, because of his regular and temperate course of life, having lived in accordance with the teachings of the institution, which are based upon the laws of nature, and of nature's God, is in the possession of both mature age and experience to be a teacher in Israel.

As development and progress, both mental and physical, necessarily result from a strict observance of the laws of nature, and the active increase of our faculties in harmony with the design of the Creator, so the true Freemason, from the period of his entrance into our mystic society, will progress in wisdom and knowledge, will unfold the divine nature of his being; his faculties will expand with age, so long as he is capable of active usefulness, and even as is taught in the legend of the Master's degree—when passed to a higher sphere, when raised from the earthly to the invisible world, the spirit divested of its mortal body, will continue, as in this life, unceasingly to develop and progress onward and upward, from one degree of excellence to a higher.

In God's world progress is impressed upon all His works. In man created in His likeness, ultimate the ideal of His creations, and in and through man the grand design of the Creator will be perfected. Indolence and inactivity are incompatible with progress and consequently, are inconsistent with masonic obligations and duties. The teachings of Masonry are in harmony with God's laws and labor, even when called off at refreshment, does not cease. And neither is the work of Masonry confined to the lodge rooms; it is there are taught those lessons which are to be exemplified in our daily life and practice, and in our intercourse with our fellow men.

The working man alone is the true Mason. The indolent, the ignorant, those who neither acquire a knowledge of the true objects and purposes of Freemasonry, nor practice its teachings, are not alone drones, and useless, but are stumbling-blocks and impediments to the progress of the institution in fulfilling its mission in the elevation and improvement of the family of man.—*Courier.*

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The Secretary of a Lodge.

Next to the Worshipful Master, the Secretary is the most important officer in a lodge of Freemasons. On his qualifications for this office, and on his regularity and punctuality in the performance of his duties, depends very much of the prosperity of the lodge itself, and its reputation among its sister lodges and with the Grand Lodge.

Punctuality in attendance at the meetings of the lodge are an indispensable requisite in the Secretary. He should be the first in his place at every meeting, and the nature of his duties are such, that he can scarcely avoid being the last to leave the lodge room. Indeed, without punctuality on the part of the Secretary, whatever his other qualifications may be, he will not succeed in fulfilling the requirements of his station.

The Secretary is the historian of the lodge. In so defining his duties we comprehend a great deal. As historian he should be truthful in his narration; he should be able to catch the spirit of the business on hand, or being transacted, and stereotype it on his record as it occurs, preserving not only the precise sense of every transaction but also the chronological arrangement; in this manner his record will embalm for the use of future generations of Masons, the experiences and labors of his lodge.

Anciently, lodges were voluntary assemblages of Masons dwelling in the same locality, convened as circumstances suggested or required. Very seldom or ever were the meetings of a lodge the consequence of a previous meeting, or a continuation of its work. All the work was *emergency* work, and when accomplished, there was the end of it. If a Secretary was employed at all. his duties mainly began and terminated with the time for which the meeting lasted. He might or might not be commanded to summon other meetings in the future. His duties then would chiefly be to note down the doings of the lodge, while in session, that the brethren present might ascertain, at any time, how the work proceeded, what had been done already, and what remained to be done. If records were kept at all, it is most likely that the Master would be the custodian of them, as on that officer the keeping together of the fraternity, in the ancient lodge system, depended. It was the Master who gave the brethren their work, and when the work was performed, the brethren traveled elsewhere, either with the Master in search of other work, or without him in search of both work and Master. As a historian, then, the Secretary under the ancient system had not a tythe of the importance which attaches to him as a lodge officer in modern times.

Very frequently, if not generally, the minutes of proceedings, taken down in meetings of lodges in ancient times, were destroyed before the brethren separated. The Craft were exceedingly jealous of their secrets, and fearful of their discovery by those who had no right to know them. In this manner the extreme fidelity of our ancient brethren, as to securing inviolate the proceedings of the Order, has caused the loss to this, and all future generations of Masons, of the rich lessons which might have been gathered from their richer experience in Freemasonry.

Under the modern lodge system, the office of the Secretary has risen in importance, until it has become the second in weight in the gift of the lodge. He not only retains a record of the doings of the lodge, for every meeting during his term of service—but his record, being the property of the lodge, will be as its history conveyed to future generations, and may in after days, when the brethren have left their labor on earth, and the lodge have ceased to be, remain the only monument by which their work will be remembered.

The Secretary of the lodge should not therefore be wanting in literary ability. He should be a ready writer, and skilled in reducing the various matters of record to a fitting shape for preservation. He should have had an experience in lodge-work sufficient to guide him as to what is matter of record, and what is not. He is therefore called upon to exercise considerable judgment in noting down the proceedings of the lodge, in deciding what is proper and what improper to be committed to writing.

It is the Secretary's duty to issue all notifications under the direction of his superior officers—and in the promptness with which he attends to this department of his duty, depends much of his efficiency as a lodge officer. It is also his duty to prepare regular returns for delivery to the Grand Lodge, and upon his punctuality in this depends the reputation of his lodge among its sisters, while on his correctness herein depends the correctness of all Grand Lodge statistics.

Under the direction of the Worshipful Master, or the lodge, he does all its writing and correspondence, unless otherwise provided for; he keeps the accounts between the lodge and its members, which requires that he should be in possession of good business talent; he receives all moneys which may be paid into the lodge, so that there is a trial placed on his integrity; and he is faithfully to hand over to the treasurer all funds which may pass through his hands. In keeping the accounts between the lodge and its members he has to see that the former suffers no loss, nor the latter any wrong.

The duties of the Secretary call for great punctuality in their performance, great ability in their discharge, correctness in their execution, and sterling integrity. To be a good and proficient secretary is a most worthy ambition. The lodge which has secured a brother for this station, thoroughly competent for the office, and interested in his work, will do well to value him highly for his services. An able Secretary is essential to the well being of a lodge.—*Masonic Monthly.*

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Masonic Martyrs.

The last scene in this dreadful tragedy was yet to be enacted. The four most noble victims were reserved for the last. James de Molay, the Grand Master, Guy, the Grand Preceptor, Hugh de Peralt or Peraldes, the Visitor General, and Theodore Bazile de Menoncourt, who had returned from the East (1307) when summoned by the Pope, and who had languished in prison for five years and a half, were (11th of March, 1313,) led out to a scaffold which had been erected in front of Notre Dame, publicly to avow confessions which the Grand Master had declared were forged. The confessions were read—their assent was required. Two were silent, and were condemned to be incarcerated for life. "But the Grand Master, raising his arms bound with chains toward Heaven, and advancing to the edge of the scaffold, declared in a loud voice, that to say that which was untrue was a crime, both in the sight of God and man. 'I do,' said he, 'confess my guilt, which consists in having, to my shame and dishonor, suffered myself, through the pain of torture and the fear of death, to give utterance to falsehoods, imputing scandalous sins and iniquities to an illustrious Order, which hath nobly served the cause of Christianity. I disdain to seek a wretched and disgraceful existence by ingrafting another lie upon the original falsehood.' He was here interrupted by the provost and his officers, and Guy, the Grand Preceptor, having commenced with strong asseverations of his innocence, they were both hurried back to prison."

King Philip, having been informed of what had occurred, ordered their instant execution. At four o'clock of the same day, they were conducted to the Isle de la Cite, where a funeral pile was in process of erection, near the spot where now stands the equestrian statue of Henry IV. While the pile was being completed, the Grand Master, after having again solemnly declared the innocence of his brethren, invoked the benignant Father of the Universe as follows:

"Permit us, O God! to remember the torments which Jesus Christ suffered to ransom us, and to imitate the example which he set us in enduring, without a murmur, the persecutions and tortures which injustice and blindness prepared for him. Pardon, O my God! the false accusations which have caused the total destruction of the Order of which Providence appointed the head. And, if thou wilt deign to hear the supplication which we now offer thee, grant that the deceived world may, at some future day, better know those who have endeavored to live for thee. We hope to receive, from thy goodness and mercy, the reward for the torments and the death which we are about to suffer—to enjoy thy divine presence in the realms of bliss."

The king's myrmidons, fearful of an insurrection among the population, hurried them off to the stake; and bound them fast. Their bodies were slowly consumed by small charcoal fires kindled under their feet. They endured this hellish torture with the utmost fortitude and resignation, without cries or groans, imploring the mercy of God and maintaining the innocence and purity of their beloved Order to the last.

At length, De Molay, when his body was almost consumed, having yet command of his tongue, looking at the crowd before him, exclaimed:

"You who behold us perishing in the flames, shall decide on our innocence! I summon Pope Clement V to appear in *forty days*, and Philip the Fair in *twelve months*, before the just and terrible throne of the ever-living God, to render an account of the blood which they have unjustly and wickedly shed."

The fires burned lower and lower, and in time became extinguished! The mortal parts of James de Molay and Guy had been reduced to ashes—their spirits had returned to their Creator!

The prediction of the martyr was accomplished. The Pope and the king both died within the time prescribed. Moreover, "history attests that all those who were foremost in the persecution of the templars came to an untimely and miserable death."

Thus perished the Grand Master and Grand Preceptor of the Templars. Their enemies thought that they had destroyed the Order forever. But the Eagle of St. John was merely scorched—not killed! From the ashes of the martyrs have arisen other valiant knights, who, clad in the armor of Integrity, and armed with the sword of Knowledge, have waged—and are still waging—and will ever wage eternal war against the three ancient enemies of the human race—*Falsehood*, *Fanaticism*, and *Superstition!* May "the will of God, be accomplished!"—*History of K. T's.*

Masonry a Universal Religion.

That Masonry is an universal religion, known to all nations by the same symbols or language, is a common remark which many of us have seen exemplified. I have seen the Turk or Algerine known, protected, and escorted through our country as *brethren*. I have seen the African captive released from prison and maintained at liberty, on his masonic parole, because he was an entered apprentice only. I know a sea captain who was impressed from his vessel, and compelled to defend a fort expected hourly to be attacked by storm, in which case he was sure of double vengeance for fighting against a people with whom the United States were at peace. Aware of his peril he tried the effect of Masonry, until his language was understood by an officer of the garrison, who framed a pretext for taking him from his post, and led him at the dusk of evening to the shore, and left him to escape to his vessel, where he was successfully concealed from daily search till the danger was over.

I remember, too, the story of two brothers, related by their father. The eldest was a Mason, and master of a vessel. The youngest being about to sail with him, he advised him to be initiated into the arcana of Freemasonry, as useful to him in cases that might occur while abroad and among strangers. The young man, however, declined the matter, as of no consequence. On their passage to the West Indies they were taken by a French privateer, and their vessel sent into Guadaloupe. Being brought on board the privateer, the eldest endeavered to make himself known as a Mason to the captain, who affected to consider his attempts as intended to excite the crew to mutiny, and put him in irons for his pains, and carried him into port in that condition. On arriving at Guadaloupe he was thrust into the common filthy prison, among a crowd of felons of all colors and descriptions. "So much," said the younger, "for being a Freemason. Do you now think I was a fool for not joining your lodge?" The next day, however, the elder, by narrowly watching at a little window of the prison, and inquiring by the silent aid of Masonry of the passers-by and spectators, was perceived by a brother, and in less than an hour taken out of the jail, by order of Victor Hughes, and placed at a hotel on a liberal allowance, while his young companion remained in confinement upon the scanty and damaged rations of common prisoners, until released in a short time at the solicitation of his initiated brother. It is hardly necessary to add that the young man, on his return to Connecticut, took care to be made a Mason before he went to sea again.

I saw two men in a quarrel—reason, religion, and every other motive was urged in vain. One of the parties, a naval officer from the South, who had challenged his eastern adversary and been refused, was perfectly intoxicated with rage, and struck about him like a fury, until a *masonic finger* from the little object of his vengeance, like the talismanic wand of a magician, or a shock of electricity, hushed him to peace and soon restored him to friendship. Not then being one of the fraternity myself, I believed Masonry, from its effects, to be a good thing; and I have since been enabled by experience to say *Probatum est.*

Between the years 1740 and 1750 the Freemasons were subject to great persecutions in Portugal. A jeweler of the name of Monton was seized and confined in the prison of the Inquisition; and a friend of his, John Coustos, a native of Switzerland, was also arrested. The fact was, that these two persons were the leading Freemasons in Lisbon, which constituted their crime. Coustos was confined in a lonely dungeon, whose horrors were heightened by the complaints, the dismal cries, and hollow groans, of several other prisoners in the adjoining cells. He was frequently brought before the inquisitors, who were anxious to extort from him the secrets of Masonry; but refusing to give any information, he was confined in a still deeper and more horrible dungeon. Finding threats, entreaties, and remonstrances in vain, Coustos was condemned to the tortures of the holy office.

He was thereupon conveyed to the torture room, where no light appeared but what two candles gave. First they put round his neck an iron collar, which was fastened to the scaffold; they then fixed a ring to each foot; and this being done, they stretched his limbs with all their might. They next tied two ropes round each arm, and two round each thigh, which ropes passed under the scaffold, through holes made for that purpose. These ropes, which were of the size of one's little finger, pierced through his flesh quite to the bone, making the blood gush out at eight different places that were so bound.

Finding that the tortures above described could not extort any discovery from him, they were so inhuman, six weeks after, as to expose him to another kind of torture, more grievous, if possible, than the former. They made him stretch his arms in such a manner that the palms of his hands were turned outward, when by the help of a rope that fastened them together at the wrist, and which they turned by an engine, they drew them nearer to one another behind in such a manner that the back of each hand touched, and stood exactly parallel one on the other; whereby both his shoulders were dislocated, and a quantity of blood issued from his mouth. This torture was repeated thrice; after which he was again sent to his dungeon, and put into the hands of physicians and surgeons, who in setting his bones put him to exquisite pain.

In the year 1748, Monsieur Preverot, a gentleman in the navy, was shipwrecked on an island, whose viceroy was a Freemason. In his destitute condition he presented himself to the viceroy, and related his misfortunes in a manner which completely proved that he was no imposter. The viceroy made the masonic signs, which being instantly returned by the Frenchman, they recognized and embraced each other as brethren of the same Order. The viceroy loaded him with presents, and gave him as much money as was necessary for carrying him into his native country.

In the battle of Dettingen, in 1743, one of the king's guards having his horse killed under him, was so entangled among its limbs that he was unable to extricate himself. While he was in this situation an English dragoon galloped up to him, and, with his uplifted sabre, was about to deprive him of life. The French soldier having, with much difficulty, made the signs of Masonry, the dragoon recognized him as a brother, and not only saved his life, but freed him from his dangerous situation.

A Scottish gentleman, in the Prussian service, was taken prisoner at the battle of Lutzen, and was conveyed to Prague, along with four hundred of his companions in arms. As soon as it was known that he was a Mason, he was released from confinement; he was invited to the tables of the most distinguished citizens, and requested to consider himself as a Freemason, and not as a prisoner of war.

During the American revolution, a citizen on board a privateer was captured by the British, and the whole crew imprisoned at Edinburgh. The following night after their imprisonment a lodge held its communication near the prison. During the time of refreshment some of the brethren visited the prisoners. This American manifested himself to be a Mason, and was recognized as such. During the same evening he was permitted to visit the lodge, and associate with the Craft. By the friendly aid of the brethren he was liberated from confinement, had the freedom of the city, and shortly after was sent back to his country and family.

A masonic brother, who escaped from Ireland during their last national difficulties, protected the whole crew from a pirate, by his knowledge of Masonry.

An American was on board a British vessel on a passage to Europe. The vessel was captured and taken to Brest. This was at the time when Bonaparte was in possession of Egypt. The crew, therefore, was sent to Alexandria, and put into close confinement. A man was seen to pass the street by the prison, wearing a sash of many colors. The American, believing it to be a masonic badge, wanted nothing but an opportunity to make himself known as a Mason. Soon, however, it happened the same person, wearing the same sash, came to the prison. This person proved to be the principal officer of the city, and recognising the American as a Mason, took him to his own house, paid his passage in the first vessel, gave him sixty crowns, and dismissed him. Who would not wish, for humanity's sake, principles which produce such an effect might be more generally understood?

TEMPLAR SENTIMENT.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

Charles.—He told me once,
The saddest thing that can befall a soul
Is when it loses faith in God and woman,
For he had lost them both. Lost I those gems—
Though the world's throne stood empty in my path,
I would go wandering back into my childhood,
Searching for them with tears.
Edward.—Let him go
Alone upon his waste and dreary road.
He will return to the old faith he learned
Beside his mother's knee. That memory
That haunts him, as the sweet and gracious moon
Haunts the poor outcast earth, will lead him back
To happiness and God.

First Jewish Bill of Exchange.

The circumstances which gave rise to the introduction of bills of exchange in the mercantile world was the banishment from France, in the reigns of Phillip Augustus and Phillip the Long, of the Jews, who, it is well known, took refuge in Lombardy. On their leaving the kingdom, they had committed to the care of some person in whom they could place confidence, such of their property as they could not carry with them. Having fixed their abode in a new country, they furnished various foreign merchants and travelers, whom they had commissioned to bring away their fortunes, with secret letters, which were accepted in France by those who had the care of their effects. From this it is claimed that the merit of the invention of exchange belongs to the Jews exclusively. They discovered the means of substituting impalpable riches for palpable ones, the former being transmitted to all parts, without leaving behind them any traces indicative of the way they have taken.

Secret Societies and Freemasonry.

One of the most remarkable proofs of the profound philosophy of the Masonic idea and form, is the immense multitude of *imitations* that have sprung up in all ages. All secret societies, of whatever kind, are a homage paid to the principles of Freemasonry. The Vehme Gerichte, or Westphalian Brotherhood of Germany, and the Hermandad, or Holy Brotherhood, of Spain, which, in the Middle Ages, accomplished so much good in the protection of the weak—like an invisible Nemesis executing the decrees of Eternal Justice—were quasi Masonic societies. They energetically applied the masonic form to the repression of wrong, the defense of innocence, and the punishment of crime.

The Carboneri of Italy, the Order of Odd Fellows of the United States and England, the Sons of Temperance, the Druids, Foresters, Sons of Malta and hundreds of others, are the children of Freemasonry, and possess strength and vitality, just in proportion to the degree with which they are imbued with its spirit. These however, are ephemeral, while Masonry is everlasting. They rise and shine and flourish for a brief period and then pass away forever, while Freemasonry is a tree which blooms in perpetual glory. It is like the fixed and eternal stars, which shine with a splendor all their own, while those are transient meteors which sometimes shoot athwart the sky, illuminating the night for a moment, and then plunge into the abyss of everlasting blackness.—*Boston Herald.*

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The name of God is spelled in four letters in almost every language, thus: In Latin, Deus; French, Dieu; Greek, Theos; German, Gott; Scandinavian, Odin; Swedish, Codd; Hebrew, Eden; Syrian, Adad; Persian, Syra; Tartarian, Idga; Spanish, Dias; East Indian, Esgi or Zeni; Turkish, Addi; Egyptian, Aumn or Zent; Japannese, Zain; Peruvian, Lian; Wallachian, Zenc; Eturian, Chur; Irish, Dich; Arabian, Alfa, &c.

The National Freemason.

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OFFICIAL.

To the Brethren, Companions, and Sir Knights of the several jurisdictions; We, as Grand Master of Knights Templar in the United States of America, Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, send greeting:

We not only regard with favor the enterprise so generally approved by the Craft, to establish a National Masonic Journal at the metropolis of the nation, but we are impelled by a deep sense of its importance to urge upon you the most vigorous exertions to give to this much-needed instrument for good a healthy and vigorous life.

Let each masonic body, in corporate capacity, subscribe for as many copies of the National Freemason as may be expedient for circulation among the widows and orphans of Masons, and among the sick and indigent Masons in hospitals, thereby exercising a high charity. Let each Mason take as many copies personally as he can afford, and induce his neighbor to do the same.

We are satisfied, from the well-known high educational, literary, and masonic character of the Rev R. McMurdy, D. D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, that the National Freemason will be conducted in a liberal, faithful, national, and catholic-spirit, and will tend to increase and diffuse light within and without our sacred precincts, and promote harmony and good will among the brotherhood.

The moderate terms of its publication, $1 50 per annum, make it accessible to the masonic masses.

We urge you all, brethren, to prompt action in sending names of subscribers, paying in advance, to Rev. Dr. McMurdy, Washington, city.

B. B. FRENCH,
Grand Master Knights Templar, U. S. of A.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand High Priest of Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and District of Columbia.
Y. P. PAGE,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.
J. N. McJILTON,'
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Maryland.

The advance of nearly fifty per cent in the cost of publishing the Freemason, compels us reluctantly to raise *for new subscribers* the price from $1 50 to $2 per annum. Old subscribers and they whose names are in process of being forwarded will receive the paper at the former rate.

All old subscribers who voluntarily pay the $2 per annum, will be remembered as especially aiding our masonic labor.

Clubs of ten to one address at $1 70, and of twenty to one address at $1 50 per annum.

The entire first volume can be had at $1 50 per annum. All the numbers, as they appear, are stereotyped.

We should like a dozen traveling agents, and every brother is authorized to act in his own lodge. If his brethren, who know him, confide in his business honor and honesty, it is the best recommendation.

Guide for the Order of High Priesthood, has been compiled by M.·. E.·. Brother Hacker, President of the Order of High Priesthood, in Indiana. It is published by Brother Covell, of Maine. The arrangement is admirable, and the topography and execution faultless. The High Priests of the several Chapters will appreciate the work.

Fifty-one years has the Duke of Leinster been Grand Master of Ireland.

The Athenians had a statue of brass, made without a tongue, which they adored as the God of Secrecy.

Discontinuance.—Where there is no order for discontinuance we suppose that the brother wishes to remain a subscriber, and will send us the money in advance for the second volume at the earliest moment. All discontinuing must state post office address and, if in the city, the locality where the paper has been received.

To our Readers.

We are willing to continue our work without compensation, and we feel assured that the Craft will not permit us to do more than this—to supply any deficiency out of our limited salary.

Thus far a very few subscribers have requested a discontinuance. No one expresses dissatisfaction with the paper. One writes that he is a subscriber to so many other newspapers that he must discontinue the Freemason. We do not vainly think that the National Freemason can fully meet every mind and taste; but we cannot understand how any Mason can be without some masonic journal, or how such person can be of service to Masonry or mankind through Masonry. If he value (and rightly) his political party so much as to like an organ of the party; if he value (as he should) his Church so much as to patronize the paper of his denomination—how light an estimate he must place on Masonry to be satisfied with the ritual of the lodge room. An uninformed Mason is an indifferent laborer on the great spiritual, moral, and fraternal masonic temple. One of the qualifications of the initiate is that he desires "light," and as he advances he should still more and more desire "light." We are not making too many Masons, if properly instructed, but we are making too many imperfect Masons. We use too little care in the selection of our material. Not only should our applicants be moral and benevolent men, but they should be desirous of "light" and searchers after "truth;" not necessarily learned men, but men desirous of knowledge.

Another brother writes that the carrier has failed to bring him the paper for two months. We take especial pains to have the paper punctually delivered and regularly mailed. We do our duty, and attempt to influence others to their duty. Is this the way to assist masonic literature? Can a masonic journal be purely a business enterprise? Does it not necessarily partake of a quasi-missionary or religious character? Is it not excluded from many profitable advertisements, for post office, contracts for Government, &c.? from remunerative notices and from political subsidies? Does it not demand some more support than the pitiful sum of one dollar and fifty cents, with per cent taken out for carrier, for agents, for collections, and for losses.

Let each brother promptly pay his own subscription, and then act without delay in the securing of new subscribers.

The Rocky Mountain *News*, in Colorado Territory, of April 27, says:

"The National Freemason.—We are in receipt, through the kindness of Hon. H. P. Bennet, of the second number, volume one, of the above publication. It is published at Washington City, and is a real live, and very handsome paper."

The Brussel's *Journal* of course is guilty of ultramontane mendacity in stating that Ernst Renan was made Grand Chancellor of F.·. M.·., and that he wrote his "Life of Jesus" in return for the honor conferred.

De-jih-non-da-weh-hoh.

We had the pleasure of meeting a short time ago our friend and companion, Dr. Peter Wilson, the Grand Sachem of the Six Nations, at the Royal Arch Chapter, at Mason's Hall. The name at the head of this article is that by which our companion is known in his tribes. It means "The Pacificator." The examination of Dr. Wilson (his English name) in the ante-room was very creditable and satisfactory. He acted as Scribe, Companion Steele as High Priest, and ourselves as King, and we three thus made a living arch, and gave an exemplification of the brotherhood of Masonry.

Companion De-jih-non-da-weh-hoh was born 1820, at Farmer's Point, which is now called the city of Buffalo, New York. He was elected Chief of the Cayuga nation 1839, and Grand Sachem of the Six Nations 1848. He was made a Master Mason in 1847, at Forestville Lodge, Chatauqua County, New York, and a Royal Arch Mason in Temple Chapter, Albany. He studied medicine with Dr. T. Rush Spencer, a Mason of Holland Lodge, New York, who is now in charge of the Second Division General Hospital, Alexandria, Virginia. Dr. Wilson graduated at the Geneva Medical College in 1844, and has practised since that time among the Senecas, Onondagas, and Cayugas, and the white inhabitants in this vicinity. He passed his examination before the New York Board, preparatory to receiving an appointment as an army surgeon; and also passed the examination before the board at Washington, and has received his appointment as a surgeon in the United States Army, and has been ordered to Fort Monroe, the department of that sterling and high Mason, Major General Butler.

Knights Templar.—Swords in the middle ages were made with cruciform hilts to answer the purposes of religion and destruction. A knight falling on the field of battle, the hilt of his sword became a cross, as an emblem of faith, cheering and comforting his heart. In the royal armory of Madrid, a number of swords which belonged to the knights of olden time, the earliest heroes of Christian Spain, have the cruciform hilts.

The Sanitary Fairs.—Our brethren must be gratified to find the Masons of the country have been very zealous and earnest in giving success to the Sanitary Fairs. We need not refer to their conduct (not as an order but as individuals) in the fairs here. At the opening of the great Sanitary Fair in New York city its immense procession was headed by Major General Dix, a Master Mason; and received by the mayor, Brother Gunther—so throughout the land. Thus let Masons, as individuals, everywhere be fruitful in good works.

Knights Templar.—When Knights were dubbed they received the Buffet, which was a blow of the hand upon the neck, with the words, "Awake! and sleep not in affairs of chivalry."

Reverence for the Masonic Franklin in France—Victor Hugo—Tragedy of Knights Templar.

Victor Hugo, in sending his present to the Sanitary Commission fair at New York, writes:

"In 1836 I happened to be one day at Passy, at M. Raynoward's, the author of the tragedy of the Knight Templars. He wore his white hair streaming on his shoulders, and I said to him,

"'You wear your hair as Franklin used, and you look like him.'

"He said to me, smiling: 'This may come from the neighborhood;' and he pointed to a house that could be seen from his garden. 'It is there,' said he to me, 'that Franklin lived in 1778.'

"I drew that house, now pulled down. This is the sketch. I believe that this picture of the house of Franklin, at Passy, is the only one in existence. I offer it to the United States Sanitary Commission.

"I am happy that the Sanitary Commission have done me the honor to call upon me, and afford me an opportunity to renew the expression of my heartfelt sympathy for the gallant men who are struggling so gloriously to rid the great American Republic of that sinful system of slavery.

"VICTOR HUGO.

"Hauteville House, March 15, 1864."

Who knows of or can shed any light on the allusion of Hugo to the "tragedy of Knights Templar" or its author?

Tidings.—Young Masons should omit no line under this head.

West Virginia.—The convention to organize a Grand Lodge meets in Fairmont, June 24.

The Heads of Three Masonic Poets.—Walter Scott, Byron, and Burns. Scott's pyramidal head always secured for him the smallest hat in every company. Sir Charles Napier's diary says, "Lord Byron is still here—a very good fellow, very pleasant, always laughing and joking. An American gave a very good account of him in the newspapers, but said that his head was too large in proportion, which is not true. He dined with me the day before the paper arrived, and four or five of us tried to put on his hat, but none could; he had the smallest head of all, and one of the smallest I ever saw. He is very compassionate and kind to every one in distress."

When Burns' mausoleum was opened in 1834, for the interment of his widow, nine gentlemen present tried their hats on the skull, and the hat of Thomas Carlisle alone could cover it.

◆

The following is General Order No. 38, of General Butler's department, and we gladly furnish it for record and the information of a brother:

"Whereas the Government of the United States in its efforts for the preservation of the Union is not warring upon charitable or benevolent organizations, and certain proper, worthy, and responsible persons representing the Masonic Fraternity have requested to be placed in quiet possession, as trustees, of the property of the same in this city, (Newbern,) it is ordered—

"I. That all the buildings and appurtenances of the said fraternity be immediately turned over to the following named persons: A. A. Rice, J. B. Knox, and W. L. Crowell.

"II. The above-named trustees will give a proper receipt for the property to the Provost Marshal of North Carolina."

◆

Our esteemed and courteous brother, the masonic editor of the New York Courier, is informed that the article respecting "substitutes in the R. A. degree," if he will re-examine the paper, is credited to the proceeding of the G.·. R.·. A.·. C.·. of Ohio. We are not to be considered as indorsing all articles appearing in our journal.

◆

Fides.—"The faith of the right hand." Bulwer thinks the cordial clasp shows warmth of impulse, unhesitating truth, and even power of character—a clasp recalling the *classic trust.* He thinks a man's nature is shown by the way he shakes hands.

◆

Masonic Hall for the City.—We write nothing of its necessity, or of the feasibility of its erection, or the ability of the Craft here to put up a worthy structure, or the value of the investment in a business view. We merely announce that books of subscription to stock are opened at the counting room of Brothers McGuire and Fisher, shares $20 each, and ten per cent. cash. Site to be determined by stockholders.

Let the brethren generally subscribe, not waiting for the wealthier members of the Order. They are generally tardy.

◆

Rev. Dr. Sunderland, Knight, has resigned his position as Chaplain to the Senate, and has accepted a call to the American Chapel, Paris, France. Brother S. will sail in August.

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Acknowledgments.—Smithsonian Report, 1862; Hacker's Guide for Order of the High Priesthood, from Brother Covill, of Maine; Grand Lodge Proceedings of District of Columbia; Governor Peirpont's Review of General Butler's administration; Defence of Commodore Charles Wilkes; History of Trenton Lodge, No. 5, from its organization; Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Louisiana for 1864.

Our especial thanks to Brother Alexander, of Norfolk. Such friends are rare.

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☞ **To the Printer.**—Take especial caution to give due credit to our Boston Monthly contemporary, who so courteously visits your sins upon our defenceless head.—*Editor.*

Masonry on the Mississippi.—We call especial attention to the following paragraph of hope for the future, in a letter from Brother Merrick, of Natchez, to Brother Moore, of Boston:

"Masonry still flourishes here in spite of the war, and it has been the means of softening down some of the asperities of the times. The Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter of Mississippi met in January. William S. Patten, of Brandon, is M. W. Grand Master, and S. H. Johnson, of Raymond, M. E. Grand High Priest. The late Secretary of both bodies, Brother and Companion R. W. J. Daniels, died last fall."

◆

The burning of Freemason's Hall of Boston is a great calamity to the Craft universally. We have before adverted to the value of its contents. We extract from the Transcript a notice of eight of the medallions of the ceiling of Corinthian Hall, a name given to the Grand Lodge Hall:

"In the masonic north were the ancient armorial bearings of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, in use until the year 1856, and formerly, as far back as 1477, borne by the Duke of Montacute, and constituted by him to be the arms of the Grand Lodge of England, and these were blended with the Sussex arms; over the west were the original Montacute arms, in honor of the Grand Master of England, who granted the first commission for a Prov. Grand Master in Boston, in 1733; over the south were the arms granted to the Freemasons of London by the Clarencieux-King of Arms in 1477, the oldest known masonic armorial bearings; directly over the canopy in the east were the arms of the Grand Lodge, as adopted in 1856; of the remaining four medallions, one had the Bible, another had the pot of incense, a third had a beehive, and the fourth had the winged hour-glass, the symbolism of which is generally well known. In the center of the ceiling was an allegorical representation of the Genius of Masonry, having in her left hand the square and compasses, and in her right the plumb-line—the square dedicated to the Master, the compasses to the Craft, and the plumb-line as the rule by which both are to be tried in their daily life and conversation."

◆

The Late Marcus A. Moore.—We condole with our brother, the editor of the Freemason's Monthly Magazine, in loss of his son.

Dr. Moore was originally designed for the army, but his illness at West Point rendered him unfit for continued exposure. He became a medical student of great promise, under Brother Winslow Lewis, and subsequently graduate of Harvard Medical College. His masonic cultivation was manifested in the very commencement of his practice. For six years the humble sick mainly and gratuitously occupied his attention.

Dr. Moore entered the volunteer service as a captain, and acquitted himself creditably, until his health gave way at Hilton Head.

Our brother and Sir Knight has gone thus early to his eternal rest. Peace to his remains, and a tear over his abridged career of usefulness. Our sympathy is with father, wife, and friend. May the sorrows of earth prepare us for the joys of heaven!

◆

We have just received notice of the Courier as we go to press. Reply in our next number.

◆

Grand Lodge of Louisiana met at New Orleans, February 8, 1864, and was opened in ample form by Brother Fellows, as G. M. Twenty-five chartered lodges were represented. Brother Todd was re-elected Grand Secretary. The G.·. M.·., in his address, says:

"In these times of manifest corruption and want of faith, it is incumbent on us to observe the first of the Ancient 'Charges of a Free-Mason,' 'To obey the moral Law,' to be governed by 'that Religion in which all men agree, * * * that is to be *good men and true*, or men of honor and honesty, * * * whereby Masonry becomes the *centre of Union*, and the means of conciliating true friendship among persons that must have otherwise remained at a perpetual distance.'

"And need I more than quote from the Second of those Ancient Charges, 'A *Mason* is a peaceable subject to the civil powers wherever he resides and works, and is never to be engaged in plots and conspiracies against the peace and welfare of the nation, nor to behave himself undutifully to inferior magistrates,' to impress upon you all the nature and extent of the obligations you assumed when you became Masons. These charges you should all know, even to the youngest Entered Apprentice, for they are 'to be read,' so it is stated, 'at the making of new brethren, or when the Master shall order it.'

"And again let me call your attention to the sixth and last of the ancient charges, namely that on the subject of behavior. The whole charge, long as it is, deserves at this time the careful attention of every Freemason, and especially of the Masters and officers of the Craft. I can, however, only quote a few passages as peculiarly proper and pertinent to the present occasion: 'No private piques or quarrels must be brought within the door of the lodge, far less any quarrels about *religion*, or *nations*, or *State policy*, we being only as *Masons* of the *Catholic religion* above mentioned; we are also of all *nations*, *tongues*, *kindreds*, and *languages*, and are resolved against ALL POLITICS, as what never yet conducted to the welfare of the *lodge*, nor ever will. This charge has always been strictly enjoined and observed,' and I now strictly re-enjoin its observance upon the whole fraternity.

"And in your conduct towards a strange brother, 'If you discover him to be a true and genuine *brother*, you are to respect him accordingly.'

"Thus our ancient charges, the real and only written landmarks of our Order teach. These with the charge made at our initiation, our advancement, and on the installation of our officers you must observe in their full spirit and import, or our Order will fall into disrepute, and we shall fail in the duty 'we owe to God, our country, our neighbors, and ourselves.' Whoever knocks at our doors as a brother we are carefully to examine. If he comes to us and proves himself truly a brother, we are to receive him and treat him courteously, not regarding his outward apparel or appearance, for true Masons do not regard these but only the inward qualifications. Is he a good man and true, receive him and treat him as a brother, and send him on his way rejoicing.

"It has long been a mooted question how far the right of a brother extends, to visit us in our secret assemblies. The Master must see that peace and harmony is observed in his lodge, nor allow anything to occur which shall mar the same. But this duty consists as much in instructing the brethren in their behavior and action, as in catering to their whims and caprices. It has been said that any brother member of a lodge can object to a strange brother, that is one of another lodge, sitting with him in open lodge, and that on such objection, it is the duty of the Master, in preserving harmony in his lodge, to exclude the visitor. This in theory is true, but yet the brother so objecting, must know something against the personal character of the brother so applying, and not any general objection against a class, or he will by his objection be in open violation of his duties and obligations as a Mason. The Chinese, with his strange garb, is admitted among us, and no one thinks of objecting; why then should we object though one comes clothed in the habiliments of his calling, though these habiliments are not those of the person objecting? There is no reason, and unless, as I have before stated, there be something in the character of the person applying, in his conduct in life, rendering his presence unsafe to the secrets of the Order, the person objecting is doing a wrong to the stranger brother, and is in open violation of his masonic obligations.

"Let us also remember that this order is one of charity and brotherly love; that all who have taken the same obligations upon themselves that we have are our brothers, and that our charity and love is equally due to all as to any one, and indeed is not confined to the brotherhood alone, but extends to the wants of every human creature; even as we have a claim upon his kind beneficence, though we may never have occasion or disposition to ask it. Do good unto *all*, and especially to the household of the faith. In this time of trouble and sorrow, there is a great call upon our kind offices, and though we may be tried as to our fidelity as it were by fire, yet the great opportunity is afforded us of proving by our works, the goodness of our institution, so that when one is said to be a member of it, the world may know that he is one to whom the distressed may prefer his suit, whose hand is guided by justice, and whose heart is expanded by benevolence; and finally, let there be no contention among us, but that noble contention or rather emulation, of who can best work and best agree."

Masonic Jurisprudence.

We are gratified that our article on Balloting in the April number has met with such general favor. We are fully satisfied that our Masonic Jurisprudence must be quadrated by our great principles—Love, Relief, and Truth, for which our Order exists; that while the maxims of civil and ecclesiastical jurisprudence may and should guide and aid us, that our decisions have been frequently promotive of the cold and lifeless forms of the law, without its spirit and without masonic charity. How painful and disgusting to the true masonic heart, not to say *jejune*, are many of our discussions on masonic law and precedent. How noble and incontrovertible the sentiment of Blackstone that any human law contravening the Divine law is null and void! How correct the sentiment that masonic laws and decisions contravening the great masonic law of charity are also null and void! Formalism and pharasaism must be avoided as much in Masonry as in religion, and also the purely technical, the pedantic, and the frigid in our jurisprudence as in the great and noble science of the law as taught and practiced by the learned and elevated gentlemen of the legal profession.

Garibaldi, Grand Master of Italy.

Giuseppe Garibaldi was not permitted for state reasons (perhaps) to finish his mission in England. Certain it is that he did not honor Brooke, in the Isle of Wight, for a summer home with his presence as was intended. He would have made this spot dearer by his sojourn than did Henry VII, when entertained by Dame Joanna Bowerman, as the lady of the Brooke manor was called.

The greeting of our Garibaldi in England has been without precedent in English history. We say "our Garibaldi," for with our Washington he has drawn mainly the holy fire of liberty, fraternity, and equality, from the masonic altar. Garibaldi loves and reverences Masonry and masonic truth. The crowds of the working men of England, who attended his steps and greeted him with waving arms and thundering cheers, were joined bythe officersof government and the representatives of the aristocracy, swelling the enthusiastic welcome, to this masonic hero, who is described by a contemporary as "the truest hero of this later time, brave, incorruptible, magnanimous, with the simplicity of a child, the tenderness of a woman, the truthfulness of an apostle, and the unselfishness of a martyr."

We are reminded that the last dispensation for a new lodge in New York city, by our lamented Bro. D.·. G.·. M.·. Somers, was for the organization of Garibaldi lodge, a lodge for Italians, which forwarded a letter to Garibaldi, the Grand Master of Italy, informing him of the fact. Garibaldi thus replies:

CAPRERA, March 14, 1864.

A. MASSABO, W. M., *and Brothers of Garibaldi Lodge, U. D.:*—For the courtesy that you have extended towards me in giving your lodge my name, I desire to present to you and the brothers of the lodge my sincerest wishes for its prosperity and success, and with it the triple masonic embrace for yourself and all the brothers,

Your Grand Master,

G. GARIBALDI.

Garibaldi has had a varied life: "a sailor in Italy, Barbary, and South America; a soldier in Montevideo; a general in the Italian war of 1848-49; a guerrilla in the campaign of 1859; a deliverer in Sicily in 1860; a kingdom-conquerer in Naples in the same year; a dictator in that same Naples while it was in a transition state from the tyranny of the Bourbon to the free rule of Victor Emmanuel; next, after striking another blow to liberate Venetia, a wounded captive, tried for his life, and liberated by the courtesy of the monarch for whom he had conquered a kingdom. Besides this, he had been a trader in the United States, for a bare subsistence; a general in the war of 1859; a legislator elected by several constituencies; he had refused the patent of a marquis in the kingdom of Italy, as well as various orders of knighthood, and, with the revenues of a conquered realm in his hands for months, retired into private life, with scarcely what an Italian farmer would consider decent competence. Garibaldi, in his grand and simple dignity, as an honest patriot, stands higher than any other European since the fall of the Roman Empire. We do not except Napoleon, whose genius, whether in war or peace, is unchallenged, but who educed order out of chaos, largely for the gratification of his own personal ambition, and even in exile, had vast sums of money to bequeath to his followers; his family now ranking among the wealthy royal houses of Europe. But Garibaldi has always been disinterested, hating pomp, despising titles, not covetous of money—

"Spurning the common lusts of pelf,
He loves his country for itself."

"The Blue Blanket."

A Scottish brother asks: "What is the masonic history of the Blue Blanket, used as a banner in the Scottish masonic processions?"

The history of this famous relic was written in 1722, by Pennicuick, Burgess, and Guild Brother. A number of the Scotch Craft followed Allan, Lord Steward of Scotland, to the holy wars in Palestine, and took with them a banner on which was inscribed the following words from the 51st Psalm, viz.: '*In bona voluntate tua edificentur muri Hierosolymæ.*' Fighting under the banner, these valiant Scotchmen were present at the capture of Jerusalem and other towns in the Holy Land, and on their return to their own country they deposited the banner, which they styled 'The Banner of the Holy Ghost,' at the altar of St. Eloi, the patron saint of the Edinburgh tradesmen, in the church of St. Giles. It was occasionally unfurled, or worn as a mantle, by the representatives of the trades in the courtly and religious pageants that in former times were of frequent occurrence in the Scottish capital. In 1842, James III, in consequence of the assistance which he had received from the craftsmen of Edinburgh, in delivering him from the castle in which he was kept a prisoner, and paying a debt of 6,000 marks, which he had contracted in making preparations for the marriage of his son, the Duke of Rothsay, to Cecil, daughter of Edward IV, of England, conferred on the good town several valuable privileges, and renewed to the craftsmen their favorite banner of 'The Blue Blanket.' James's queen, Margaret of Denmark, to show her gratitude and respect to the crafts, painted on the banner, with her own hands, a St. Andrew's cross, a crown, a thistle, and a hammer, with the following inscription: 'Fear God and honor the king; grant him a long life and a prosperous reign, and we shall ever pray to be faithful for the defense of his sacred majesty's royal person till death.' The king decreed that in all time coming this flag should be the standard of the crafts within burgh, and that it should be unfurled in defense of their own rights, and in protection of their sovereign."

It is guarded in processions by two brethren, armed with ponderous Lochabar axes.

"The Blue Blanket" was long in a very tattered condition; but, some years ago, it was repaired by lining it with blue silk.

Temperance, and Templar's Duty.

[We are gratified to find our views on temperance, in the April number, so well sustained, by the prompt action indicated in the following report. Were all our masonic bodies prompt to save, many a brand would be plucked from the burning. The report explains itself. No inquiries need be made to ascertain the body acting, or the persons affected. Without indorsing the particular mode of action, the whole is creditable to all parties. God bless this good work.]

Your committee, appointed to confer and counsel with —— —— and —— ——, on account of their intoxication, with a view to reclaim those erring brothers, beg leave to report:

That they have had interviews with —— —— and —— ——, of a most satisfactory character. Both of these brothers frankly confessed their fault to your committee, and promised that they would give no further occasion of offense to our Order in this respect. —— —— has signed a written pledge, which accompanies the report, that he will in future abstain entirely from the use of all intoxicating drinks, and —— —— promised our committee that he would in open —— make his acknowledgments as to the past, and pledge himself as to the future. As to —— ——, his frank and manly confession of his error, and written pledge as to his future conduct, is deemed by your committee to be all that can be desired from him, and should —— —— fulfill his promise, and make his confessions and pledges, your committee are of opinion that no further steps should be taken in the premises.

Your committee feel constrained to embrace this opportunity to condemn the habitual use of intoxicating drinks. The inevitable tendency of the use of intoxicating liquors is to demoralize and degrade. A moderate use of them, even with those possessing the strongest minds, too often leads to immoderation and excess. One debauch excites to another, until at last he who, at first, shrinks from the very thought of indulging to intoxication, becomes less and less scrupulous, until he finds his chief delight in the intoxicating bowl, surrounded by companions of like inclinations and tastes, till at last he sinks into a drunkard's grave, degraded, and in memory a disgrace to his own name, to family, kindred, and former associates.

While your committee do not advise total abstinence as a requirement of —— ——, they do, nevertheless, believe that a practice thereof would be for the interest of all, their families, and for society at large. We should certainly hold no fellowship with drunkards. Every principle of our Order revolts against such fellowship, and the brother who will disgrace himself and the Order by such a practice, should at once be cut off as an offending member.

Your committee regret to state that some brothers have been known to visit drinking saloons while clothed in the regalia, or wearing the arms or insignia of our Order. This practice is not only wrong, but it brings a reproach upon our Order, and should not be permitted in future; and if persisted in, the offender should be subjected to severe discipline.

Our Order is founded on the divine teachings of Him whose every precept and example was utterly opposed to not only drunkenness, but also to profanity and all other vices. If we would sustain and exemplify the principles of our beloved Order, and uphold its high standard for morality and religion, we must not only be pure and blameless ourselves, but we must also remove every cause of reproach. Our Order is like a city set on a hill—seen, observed, and scrutinized by all who look upon it. We are surrounded by a censorious world, and every occasion is seized upon by our enemies to impeach our good name and destroy our Order. Hence the necessity of our leading blameless lives, so that our opposers can say nought against us; while others, seeing our good works, our quiet, sober, and orderly lives, may take counsel that we are indeed what we profess to be—the followers of Jesus, the exemplar of our Order and the Saviour of men.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

Mahomet's Decision about the Booty—What Means it?

After the famous battle of Beda, the first victory of the Saracens under the standard of Mahomet, the commencement of the victories which changed the destinies of the world, and before the return of the army to Medina, there was a division of the spoil. A considerable booty of weapons and camels had been taken in the battle, and a large sum of money accrued from the ransom of the prisoners. Mahomet ordered that the whole should be equally divided among all the Moslems engaged in the enterprise; and though it was a long-established custom among the Arabs to give a fourth part of the booty to the chief, yet he contented himself with the same share as the rest.

This equal distribution of the booty caused great murmurs among the troops. *They who had borne the brunt of the fight, and had been most active in taking the spoil, complained that they had to share alike with those who had stood aloof from the affray, and with the old men who had remained to guard the camp.* How like the complaint of the soldiers of David in relation to the spoils taken from the Amalekites; those who had been in the action insisting that they who tarried by the stuff should have no share in the spoil. The decision was the same—that they should share alike. (1 Samuel, xxx, 21-25.) How like the complaint on another occasion recorded in the New Testament, when the wages were alike, a penny to those who had *wrought* the whole day and to those who had entered the vineyard at the eleventh hour. Mahomet, from his knowledge of Bible history, may have been guided by these decisions. Had he this knowledge from another, a masonic source? It is very like certain other laborers who complained of their wages and created confusion among the workmen.

Tea Party Lodge.

A writer in the *Masonic Monthly*, noticing the various Lodges that suffered in the late destruction of Freemason's Hall, Boston, says:

> St. Andrew's Lodge was constituted under a dispensation, granted Nov. 30, 5752, by Sholto Charles Douglass, Lord Aberdour, then Grand Master of Masons in Scotland. This lodge has been well known as the "Tea Party Lodge." The regular evening for meeting fell upon the historical night on which the tea was thrown into Boston Harbor. St. Andrew's Lodge was unable to secure a quorum that evening, and the records quaintly explain the occurrence by adding that it was in consequence of the absence of a majority of the members "at a Tea Party." St. Andrew's Lodge lost by the fire a set of silver jewels, more than one hundred years old, which were made by the celebrated Paul Revere, one of its most active members. Its charter, dated 1756, was saved, as also were its records. Its banner was destroyed.
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> Joseph Warren Lodge lost its charter, and everything it possessed, among which were several curious and interesting relics. The staff of its banner was made from the wood of a tree which grew in the garden of General Joseph Warren at Roxbury, Mass. Its gavel, partly of iron and partly of wood, the iron obtained from a chisel used in the erection of Bunker Hill Monument, and the wood from a piece of timber which composed the Old Charlestown Bridge at the time of the bombardment of that city by the British.
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> St. Andrew's Royal Arch Chapter lost its charter, which was dated 1800, and also its jewels, but is fortunate in having saved its records. The lost charter emanated from the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Massachusetts in the year above named, but St. Andrew's Chapter had then existed over thirty years. Joseph Warren was made a Royal Arch Mason in this Chapter on the 14th May, 1770. Paul Revere's name appears for the first time on the records of St. Andrew's Chapter on the 9th of January of the same year, but the date when he was made a member is not known.
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> Boston Encampment of Knights Templar also suffered severely, losing its charter, dated 1806, records, regalia, &c. The regalia was valued at from $14,090 to $15,000, on which there was insurance amounting to $10,000. Nearly all of its jewels have been recovered from the ruins, cleaned, and were worn by the Encampment at its last communication.
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> De Molay Encampment of Knights Templar lost its charter, dated 1849. Its records and the Commander's jewel have been saved. Among other articles of worth destroyed was a valuable Maltese Cross wrought in flowers. This very beautiful piece of art-work was presented to the De Molay Encampment by the ladies of Richmond, Virginia, on the occasion of the visit of the Knights Templar to that city a few years ago.
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> St. Bernard Encampment of Knights Templar lost its charter, dated 1859, and an old Bible printed in in the year 1580.
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> The regalias of the various bodies which met in Freemason's Hall, and other paraphenalia, has been valued at $40,000.

"Rusty" Masons.

How often we hear the expression, "I was well posted once, but I haven't paid much attention to it lately, and I've got rusty." That is wrong. You have no right to be rusty, since one evening's careful posting each week, would make you and keep you bright. You owe it to yourself and to the brethren to shake off your slothfulness and rub off your rust. If your Master refuses to call Lodges of Instruction, (which he *will not*,) then get the key to the lodge-room, and with two or three more brethren go through the lectures. If you do not do it you are an idler, and deserve none of the benefits arising from the institution. It must have been you that Ebenezer Elliott had in his mind when he wrote:

Idler, why lie down to die,
  Better rub than rust;
Hark! the lark sings in the sky—
  Die when die you must!
Day is waking, leaves are shaking,
  Better rub than rust.

In the grave there's sleep enough—
  Better rub than rust;
Death perhaps is hunger proof,
  Die when die you must;
Men are moving, breezes blowing—
  Better rub than rust.

He who will not *work* shall *want*:
  Nought for nought is just—
Won't do *must* do, when he *can't*:
  Better rub than rust;
Bees are flying, sloth is dying—
  Better rub than rust.

—*Morris.*

Spiritualism and Freemasonry—Dr. Alvord.

In an editorial in the April number, we rebuked the agent of the Davenport Brothers, for invoking, in a public manner, the aid of Masonry, to give countenance to their entertainment. We should have done the same without reference to the object, whether in a court of justice or in any church of the land. There was no attack on Spiritualists here, and we have received the thanks of many for our rebuke of this prostitution of our Order.

We gave our view of Templars' duty respecting the blasphemy uttered by Mrs. H——. There was no attack, in this paragraph, on Spiritualists. It was specific concerning the remarks of Mrs. H——. In the first paragraph there was a notice of symbolism, as essential to the perpetuity of either truth or error, and illustrations drawn from the past, sustaining this masonic position.

In the paragraph to which Brother Alvord takes very kind exception, we were explicit in declaring our liberality in all masonic interpretations; that our Masonry is not partial nor sectarian, but expansive, liberal, and catholic—preserving the landmarks intact, and making all else opinion. We assumed, and now maintain, that where there is no "Book of the Law" there can be no obligation, and hence no Freemasonry. The Jew has his "Book of the Law," the Mahommedan his, and the Christian his. Truth should be sought after, as for hid treasure, in religion, politics, and science; but truth is not a "Book of the Law" in a masonic sense. A true book is not the masonic "Book of the Law." The truth of the book is not the question to Masonry. The question to Masonry is, is the book received as true, considered by the person obligated to be his Book of Faith and practice? Does he regard it as the Christian regards the Old and New Testaments? or as the faithful Jews regard the Old Testament? or the Mahommedans regard the Koran? as the Book of the Law? not a book of truth, or one of the books of truth, but his book of Revelation and sanction? Dr. Mackey, the most liberal writer on masonic jurisprudence, says:

> "It is a landmark that a 'Book of the Law' shall constitute an indispensable part of the furniture of every lodge. I say, advisedly, a *Book of the Law*, because it is not absolutely required that everywhere the Old and New Testaments shall be used. The 'Book of the Law' is that volume which, by the religion of the country, is believed to contain the revealed will of the Grand Architect of the Universe. Hence, in all lodges in Christian countries, the Book of the Law is composed of the Old and New Testaments; in a country where Judaism was the prevailing faith, the Old Testament alone would be sufficient; and in Mohammedan countries, and among Mohammedan Masons, the Koran might be substituted. Masonry does not attempt to interfere with the peculiar religious faith of its disciples, except so far as relates to the belief in the existence of God, and what necessarily results from that belief. The Book of the Law is to the speculative Mason his spiritual Trestle-board; without this he cannot labor; whatever he believes to be the revealed will of the Grand Architect constitutes for him this spiritual Trestle-board, and must ever be before him in his hours of speculative labor, to be the rule and guide of his conduct. The landmark, therefore, requires that a Book of the Law, a religious code of some kind, purporting to be an exemplar of the revealed will of God, shall form an essential part of the furniture of every lodge."

If the speaker referred to misrepresented the theory adverted to, she and not we are at fault, and they are at fault who sustain her, for she certainly was sustained by many reputed Spiritualists of the city. But we cannot be drawn into controversy in our masonic journal about any Church or party of religious belief, on any views of theirs, except so far as these views are inconsistent with or opposed to Masonry. We have nought to say about the views of our Roman Catholic brethren; but when the Pope utters his Bull against Masonry, and any portion of the Church persecutes Freemasonry, it is a proper subject of notice. When one of the Bishops of my own Church, and most highly esteemed too, committed unwittingly anti-masonic action in his diocese, we did not hesitate to express our views in a decided manner. We ask no favors of any body of people for our Order. We shall protect the interests and truth of Masonry to the best of our ability.

Brother Alvord makes a charge against our article that it assumes that Spiritualism is infidelity. We have not expressed such opinion. We spoke of Mrs. H——'s lecture as a Templar, and with a Templar's obligation resting upon us. Brother A. does not deny our statement nor conclusion herein, but says Mrs. H—— is not accredited.

Brother Alvord appears to sustain our own views. He says "Spiritualists hold the Bible to be pre-eminently of spiritual origin." Masonry holds that the book of obligation must not be "pre-eminently," but exclusively, regarded by the obligated as the "Book of the Law;" not one of the many true books, or the books of truth, but (to the candidate) inspired and of heavenly sanction."

The Masonry of Templars is "Christian," fully and only Christian, and not technically symbolic, although there is symbolism in it, just as much symbolism and no more as can be found in the Christian church. The truth, Templars profess, and the religion they are obligated to maintain, have been too long distinctly and traditionally understood by Templars in the past to be at all modified.

We have no controversy with our brother, we repeat, respecting spiritualists. We attack neither their morals nor their views. We do repel, as a Templar, attacks from any quarter upon the Christian religion, and do insist upon preserving the landmarks of Masonry.

That we may not be misunderstood we will repeat our position. 1. *As a Templar* we will defend the Christian religion and Christian truth as we have vowed, and such views of them as Templars have always held, unmodified by anything modern and without any non-natural or accommodating interpretation. 2. *As a Freemason* we do not defend the Christian or any religion. We do not argue for the truth of the Bible. We would receive any "good man and true" into the Order, so that he is not an atheist and has some "book of the law," in which we may be obligated—as a Mohammedan, it is the Koran, as a Jew, it is the Old Testament; as a Christian, it is the Old and New Testament. If the Spiritualist, on his book, whatever he acknowledges as his "book of the law." As a Freemason, all mankind are our brethren, and as a Freemason, we have no prejudice against our Spiritual brethren. They are as dear to us as our Episcopal brethren. As a masonic journalist we know no religions, no political theories nor friends.

Our readers, by referring to p. 171 of the April number, and reading the article referred to, and Bro. Alvord's well written letter below, can make up their minds and believe as they see fit.

[For the National Freemason.]

WASHINGTON, April, 1864.

BROTHER MCMURDY: In your issue for the present month I notice with regret an editorial, under the head of "Spiritualism and Freemasonry," which does great injustice to thousands of our brethren who are firm believers in what you so unsparingly denounce—Spiritualism. A somewhat extensive examination of the subject for the past twelve years leads me to esteem Spiritualism very differently from yourself. I deny that Spiritualism is Infidelity or of Infidel tendency. On the contrary, many Deists and Atheists have been cured of their infidelity through Spiritualism.

It is true that there are some ignorant or dishonest persons who fulminate their own belief and tell us that it is Spiritualism; and it is equally true that there are ignoramuses who pretend to explain the creeds and doctrines of the churches, and were we to receive their teachings as true expositions, the creeds and doctrines would appear like revolting monstrosities or ridiculous nonsense; and yet it would be just as fair and just to judge the doctrines and creeds of the churches from the teachings of these blockheads as it is for you to denounce Spiritualism on account of the insane ravings of Mrs. H., who is not recognized by Spiritualists of intelligence.

Evidently, my brother, you have not informed yourself as to the true doctrines of Spiritualism, or you would not thus harshly assume that Spiritualists cannot be obligated. Do you not know that some of the brightest lights in Freemasonry at the present time are open and avowed Spiritualists? This is a fact, and it is also a fact well known that there are tens of thousands of our most active members who believe in Spiritualism. Now, to assume that all such brethren are not properly obligated, that they are infidels, is unkind and unjust.

"Spiritualism does ignore every book of the law—the old and new testaments." No intelligent and well informed Spiritualist ignores truth, let it be found where it may. Spiritualists hold the Bible to be pre-eminently of spiritual origin, and exactly suited to the condition and wants of mankind at the various periods in which it was written. All of the teachings of Jesus Christ are believed in by intelligent Spiritualists, and in a "symbolic" sense, no Spiritualist need be ashamed of the "cross of Christ."

Are you not aware, my brother, that a very large portion of the members of the churches, including large numbers of the clergy, are Spiritualists. This is true, and to denounce all such as infidels is more than I think you are willing to do.

No, my good brother, let us be more charitable towards our brethren who honestly believe in Spiritualism, "for if this doctrine be of men it cannot stand, but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it; beware, therefore, least haply ye be found fighting against God."

A TEMPLAR.

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Solomon's Throne.

The following magnificent description of the "Throne of King David," which Solomon erected, is copied from an ancient Oriental manuscript:

"The sides of the throne were of pure gold, and the feet of it were of emeralds and pearls. The throne had seven steps. On each side were delineated orchards full of trees, the branches of which were of precious stones, representing ripe and unripe fruit. On the tops of the trees fowls of the most beautiful plumage were represented, and these were hollow within, and made to utter sounds of a thousand melodious tones. On the first step were vine branches with bunches of grapes, composed of precious stones, arranged in such a manner as to give the different colors of purple, violet, green, and red, so as to represent the fruit in its various stages from green to ripe. On the second step were two lions of pure gold, and terrible aspect, as large as life. The properties of the throne were such that when Solomon placed his foot on the first step, all the birds spread their wings and made a fluttering noise in the air; on his touching the second step, the lions extended their paws; on his reaching the third step, the whole assembly repeated the name of the Deity. When he arrived at the fourth step, voices were heard addressing him thus, 'Son of David, be grateful for the blessings the Almighty hath bestowed upon thee!' and the same was repeated on reaching the fifth step! On his touching the sixth step, all the children sang praises! On his arrival at the seventh step, the whole throne became in motion, and ceased not until he had taken his seat, when all the birds, lions, and animals, by secret springs, discharged a shower of the most precious perfume on the king, and two of the birds descended and placed a golden crown upon his head! Before the throne was a column of burnished gold, on the top of which was placed a golden dove, which had in its beak a roll bound in silver; in this roll were written the Psalms of David, and the dove having presented the roll to the king, he read a portion of it to the people of Israel. On the approach of a wicked person to the throne for judgment, the lions would set up a terrible roaring and lash their tails; the birds began to erect their feathers, and the whole assembly set up such loud cries, that for fear of them, no person would dare be guilty of falsehood, but would instantly confess their crimes! Such was the Throne of Solomon."

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TIDINGS FROM THE CRAFT.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

MAINE.—Our Grand Chapter held its Annual Convocation on Monday evening, May 2, and the Grand Lodge opened on Tuesday at 9, a. m., and other bodies subsequently during the week. We transacted a large amount of business, especially in Grand Lodge, which closed Tuesday, p. m. There are one hundred and twenty lodges in the State, seven of which made no returns; number of members returned, 7,247; initiates, 1,995; rejected, 429.

The elective officers in Grand Chapter are A J. Fuller, of Bath, G∴ H∴ P∴; T. J. Murray, D∴ G∴ H∴ P∴, Portland; Wm. P. Preble, G∴ K∴, Portland; Hiram Chase, G∴ S∴, Belfast; Oliver Gerrish, G∴ T∴, Portland; Ira Berry, G∴ S∴, Portland; Freeman Bradford; Moses Dodge, Portland; and Joseph Covell, Jay Bridge, Committee of Finance.

Four charters for new chapters were granted.

Elective officers in Grand Lodge: Wm. P. Preble, Portland, G∴ M∴; Timothy J. Murray, Portland, D∴ G∴ M∴; Francis E. Talbot, East Machias, S∴ G∴ W∴; John H. Lynde, Bangor, J∴ G∴ W∴; Moses Dodge, Portland, G∴ T∴; Ira Berry, Portland, G∴ S∴; Freeman Bradford, Portland; Abner B. Thompson, Brunswick; Oliver Gerrish, Portland, Committee of Finance.

Officers elect in Grand Commandery: T. J. Murray, G∴ C∴; Moses Dodge, D∴ G∴ C∴; David Bugbee, G∴ G∴; James M. Larrabee, G∴ C∴ G∴; Cyril Pearl, G∴ P∴; Chas. Faber, G∴ T∴; Ira Berry, G∴ R∴. A charter was granted for a Commandery at Bath, to be called Dunlap Commandery.

Officers of Grand Council of R∴ and S∴ Masters: T. J. Murray, M∴ P∴ G∴ M∴; Silas Alden, D∴ P∴ G∴ M∴; Orlando Courrer, R∴ P∴ G∴ M∴; E. P. Burnham, P∴ G∴ M∴; Cyril Pearl, G∴ C∴; Charles Fabes, G∴ T∴; Ira Berry, G∴ R∴. There was a large amount of business transacted during the sessions of the several grand bodies. All the members strove to see who could best work and best agree. The G∴ C∴ opened on the 2d instant, and the grand bodies all finished their business and the Grand Lodge closed on the 5th.

J. C.

MINNESOTA.—Continued from our last:

Your committee to whom was referred that portion of the M∴ W∴ Grand Master's Address as relates to the death of M∴ W∴ Y. P. Page, late Grand Master of the District of Columbia, report the following:

Forasmuch as it hath pleased the Grand Warden of Heaven to call from earthly labor to the Grand Lodge above, our worthy and esteemed brother Y. P. Page, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, exalted by a true and virtuous life in Masonry, producing deep emotions in every true heart both in his own and other Grand Jurisdisctions, therefore—

Resolved, That the Grand Lodge of Minnesota sympathizes deeply with our sister Lodge of the District of Columbia, in the loss she has sustained in the death of one of the most efficient of her officers.

Resolved, That we will keep in perpetual remembrance the many virtues of our departed brother, and write on our hearts the evidence of his good character.

A. E. AMES,
R. D. HATHAWAY, } Committee.
T. C. ALDEN,

WISCONSIN—*Grand Commandery of Knight Templars*—Extract report of Committee of Foreign from Correspondence:

"The only matters of *general interst*, which seem to be under *general discussion*, in the Grand Commanderies, are: The action of the Grand Encampment of the United States: [1] in regard to the conferring of the Order of Knights of Malta—[2] upon the wardrobe question—[3] concerning tactics and drill—and the effect that suspension or expulsion from lodge or chapter should have upon the standing of a Sir Knight in his Commandery.

"Here a Grand Commander, and there a Committee on Foreign Correspondence, raise their voice against the decision of the Grand Encampment, and opposed we find equally zealous defenders of the 'parent body.' The tactics and drill and the new costume *may be* 'mere humble and distinct imitation of the gentlemen who hold commissions in the Army and Navy,—and the shoulder-straps *may be* 'a meaning less abomination.' The order of Malta *may be* the 'semblance of a side degree." That one who violates his vows in a Blue Lodge or Royal Arch Chapter, whether it be *in regard of* dues or *some other crime*, *may be* suffered a hardship when he is as a consequence interdicted in his Templar association. The Grand Master who makes the decisions *may be* 'vindictive.' The Grand Body which indorses the decisions *may be* 'loosed from her moorings and adrift upon the wide sea.' But, *if it be* all this, will vituperation and crimination make it any better? Are we in Grand Commanderies and 'Grand Encampments' to unlearn the lessons of our childhood in being taught that a *second wrong* will correct the evil of the *first?* Would it not be more in accordance with the true spirit of masonic charity—that charity which suffereth long and still is kind—would it not be better as a matter of policy even— to argue the question candidly and with reference to the greatest good of the 'brotherhood?'

We find our position in reference to these mooted points, very easily defined. We entered upon our masonic life *from principle*. Fully aware of the personal rights we were to yield, and the aggregated good we were to share, we assumed our *obligations*. Step by step we have ascended, finding our duties and obligations more and more extensive as we advanced—but at each succeeding step we have learned and endeavored to practice obedience to every law, rule, statute, ordinance, regulations and edict of 'the powers that be' over us in our masonic citizenship. If a law, which when promulgated seemed to be right, is afterward. In its practical workings, discovered to be improper or wrong, how easy it is to change the law! If it cannot, from its nature be corrected in time to save from inconvenience or annoyance, then we prefer to submit patiently, as we would to the vicissitudes of the seasons. So, if we do not like the costume (and really we care but little about it)—or if the tactics and drill may be a burden to our flesh—why, let us acknowledge the 'corn' even if it does cause us to make 'rye' faces.

"But there is one question which seems to claim at this time our special attention. How far can a Sir Knight violate the obligation he has taken in what are termed the inferior degrees and still retain his standing in the ranks of Knight? This is really the form in which the question it put, though the words usually employed may seem to imply a different meaning. If, as we were taught *long since* we were constantly endeavoring to see who would best work and best agree, the *contention* would be swallowed in *emulation*. But, for reasons best known to themselves, when *some* of our *brethren* became our *companions*, they lost their interest in lodge matters, and, after a continued absence from the lodge, they fonnd the yoke of their membership too burdensome and would gladly have slipped it off. Some of our Grand Chapters wisely made good standing in some regular lodge not only necessary to *advancement* but even to continued membership in the chapter. And so *in regard to* the Orders of Knighthood. In our eagerness to reach as high a point on the masonic ladder as we could attain, have not some of us overstepped our means? And then we would retrench by cutting off the cost of membership in the lodge—just as if we would undertake to save the expenses of our domestic establishments by cutting off the lower story of the building. Even allowing the non-payment of dues may not be wrong—what rights have we *as Templars* to know anything of the "cause" of the suspension or expulsion—the simple fact unexplained even by a single letter—is all that comes up to us. It is said by one Grand Commander, (as we have already quoted from his address) that 'it would be better if our organization was entirely separate.' Perhaps it would, but at present it is not, and we as Templars occupy the position of 'upper story'—if all goes on well below, it may be 'well with us;' but when decay and ruin come upon the foundation of the masonic temple, who will look for even the existence of Knighthood. Let us then return to our duty in lodge and chapter, and we shall have no cause for reproach as Templars."

Maine Grand Lodge.—The C.·. F.·. C.·. thus begin their report:

Most Worshipful Grand Master: The ceaseless tide of time bears us onward towards its silent shore, and summons us to do with dilligent hand the work that still remains unfinished. The wintry winds have borne us to the verge of spring, and now bids us onco more *to* carry tidings to the brothers, who, in faithful vigils by their watch-fires, are calling to us—*Watchman, what of the night?*

By direction of the Grand Lodge of Maine, we would respond through the Grand Master to all her subordinates,

The morning cometh and also the night.

Although the night lingers and dark shadows still hover, the morning is sending forth its heralds, and the day begins to dawn—a day of light and gladness gives signals of its coming, and appeals to us for larger measures of Faith, Hope and Charity—to renew the labors of masonic life, and, with liberal hands, repair the breach made by vandal hands in our national temple.

The damaging assaults of war and carnage have tested the strength of the masonic tie, and taught us lessons we could not well learn in times of national tranquillity. These lessons may not—must not be lost to us. They summon us to a purer life, to nobler deeds, to a holier consecratton.

The following is on Freemasonry in the national conflict:

It is pleasure to record here our conviction that the silent unobtrusive ministrations of our Order are widely felt in softening the rigors of war and displaying a genuine spirit of fraternity and good will. The world knows well of the bombardment and partial destruction of the ancient city whose treason was nurtured and matured as in its chosen seat. The world has not however traced the fortunes and fate of a loyal youth, wounded and made a prisoner in the storming of the fort where our national flag was first dishonored. Too young to be admitted to our Order, he knew that in that devoted city was a skillful physician and surgeon who had met his father at the masonic altar. When the fortunes of war threw him into that city, a fatally wounded prisoner, he had only to make himself known as the son of a mason whom this Grand Lodge had delighted to honor, to secure the most devoted care while life lingered, and then receive Christian burial with the good physician and his family as mourners, and a flag of truce bears words of sympathy through rebel lines to the mourning ones at home. Let us record another case. A young mason is dying of pneumonia in his regiment of cavalry hundreds of miles from home. His captain is also a Mason and has removed the dying trooper to his own quarters, and a brother soldier was selected for his skill as a nurse. Distant some twelve miles is the nearest lodge, and several members of the regiment go to share its greetings and its labors, which are protracted till the midnight hour. One of them learns at this late hour that in the village is a favorite wine, which the surgeon of the regiment has sought in vain for his sinking patient. It is dark and stormy, and the way is rough and dangerous; but no matter—there is a bare possibility that the remedy may at least afford relief, and it must not be delayed till morning. The sergeant is inflexible in his purpose. Whatever danger there may be in the midnight ride, it must be encountered for the sake of the dying brother. The next morning your chairman was permitted to visit the dying, and hear from his faltering lips the story of kindness and care which had soothed the pains of sickness and made soft the dying pillow. A Christian hope had come with the thankfulness that responded to such care. Parting words for the loved ones at home are freely spoken, and in a few hours the peaceful spirit has fled. Comrades bear him with masonic honors to the railway, and bear the expenses of sending his body neatly coffined to its distant home.

In yonder guard-house is a group of rebel prisoners. Some of them have, with intention, come into our lines. But who is to discover and decide upon each case? Who of them are really deserters? Which is the disguised spy? The chaplain of the Christian Commission, in his rounds of mercy, does not ignore the prisoners. He distributes papers, testaments, song books, writing material; rebel hands, though manacled, are extended to receive them. A masonic sign, slight and uncertain, is given and recognized. A prisoner with a sergeant's rebel uniform gets permission to follow the chaplain where he can whisper in his ear, unheard by rebel comrades. He would gladly enlist in the service of his country under the old flag—he is tired of the rebellion, and his hated service and unsought honors under it. But he desires to enlist in some distant department, so that if taken prisoner he shall not be carried to Richmond and confronted by his old comrades, where his capture will be certain death. He does not want his companions in the prison to know his wishes, his purposes, or his whereabouts. He craves masonic honor and fraternity in this emergency. The next day he is on his way to a desired destination, and the world around him is no wiser for what has happened. Such cases might be grouped to fill volumes; but they are among the unwritten history of this execrated rebellion, which we trust is hastening to its close. When the leaders are disarmed or disabled, the heart of the people can be reached. The pent-up waters of grief and sorrow that has known no sympathy for weary years, will find vent and expression. Masonic charity will flow in worthy, welcome channels.

New Jersey Grand Lodge.—*Report of Committee on Jurisprudence.*—"We deem that the Master of a lodge has the right to refuse admission to his lodge of any visitor he is satisfied would be obnoxious to any member of his lodge, or to require any such to withdraw. The W.·. Master is bound to preserve the harmony of the craft and see that the cause of grievance should be known. In the case where the brother of No. 45 was requested to withdraw, as a trial was about taking place in No. 29, the request made in accordance with an order from the proper Grand officer, and so respectful, there ought to have been no cause for complaint by the brothers of No. 45. At a subsequent time, when the brothers of No. 29 visited No. 45, was present and assisted in the opening of said lodge, the brethren of No. 29 ought to have made their objection at the opening, as they had an opportunity to do so, and said visitors being respectful and masonic during the session, we are of the opinion that the brother making his objection and declaring he would not sit in lodge with any member of Joppa Lodge, No. 29, without any new cause, was in itself rather unmasonic; still the Master could not well help requesting the visitors to withdraw, deeming that the best way to preserve the harmony of his own lodge." Adopted.

Michigan.—*Officers of St. Clair Commandery.*—Sir John Clark, C.·.; Ralph Wadhams, G.·.; Omer D. Conger, C.·. G.·.; John S. Crellin, P.·.; J. H. White, T.·.; Edgar White, R.·.; E. W. Harris, S.·. W.·.; F. L. Wells, J.·. W.·.; J. H. Haslett, S.·. B.·.; W. T. Mitchell, S.·. B.·.; John Miller, W.·.

Oregon Grand Lodge.—The G.·. M.·. says of public parades: "It is a practice with some of our lodges which I must say, brethren, I deem 'a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance,' to participate in the celebration of national and other holidays. Masonry has her own peculiar festivals, and besides these may properly aid in the celebration of any work of art, because it is consistent with its original operative character, but with anything foreign to this we have nothing to do; and although it is highly becoming as citizens to celebrate the natal day of our beloved country, a masonic body is departing from the ancient customs and usages of the Order when it assists by its presence upon any such occasion."

Little Mary, the Orphan.—The following letters from Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Scott, and a ward of this Grand Lodge, were read and referred to a select committee consisting of Bros. Chadwick, Rutledge and Pease:

Milwaukie, 9th May, 1853.

My Dear Capt:—Enclosed I send you a note from our little friend, and your protege. As it will speak for itself, I have only to say that it is her own production, as one word only was altered by her teacher.

Mary is so uniformly kind and attentive to her duties, that we feel well repaid for our part in her education.

Enclosed I likewise send a bill receipted for the present quarter, and for the books and stationery charged to her. A portion of these we have furnished without charge. With kindest regards, yours very truly,

Thomas F. Scott.

Milwaukie, May 9th, 1862.

Capt. Pease, *Dear Sir:*—I expect you will be surprised to get a letter from me, a little girl who never wrote to any one but her mother. But I thought I would write you a few lines, and tell you how thankful I am to you for your kindness in sending me to school. I like all my studies very much, and I will try to improve, so that your kindness will not be lost on me. God will bless you for your kindness to all the poor little orphans, in paying their tuition, so that they can read God's Holy Book.

I wish to thank the rest of the Masons, through you, for their kindness. But I will close my short note.

Yours, truly, Mary Sinclair.

The Committee to whom these letters were referred, presented the following report, which was adopted:—

To the M.·. W.·. Grand Lodge in session:—The committee to whom was referred the letter written by our little ward, Mary Sinclair, to Bro. Pease, Master of Multnomah Lodge, respectfully report that we were most agreeably surprised in reading the neatly written, and for a little girl, well composed letter, which contains ample evidence of attention to, and proficiency in, her studies. We note with pleasure the simplicity and purity of character and nobleness of purpose of our little ward, and commend her for placing as first in importance, the privilege and ability to read "God's Holy Book." It was this great Light of Masonry, this inestimable gift of God to man, which is always open upon the masonic altar, that first taught us to love and provide for the orphan, and which always causes the Mason to be the best friend of the widow and the fatherless. And if our little ward was indebted to this Grand Lodge for any act of kindness or for tuition, this first letter written by her, except to her excellent mother, has not only canceled all former indebtedness, but has rendered us the obliged party. And we assure her that such evidence of attention to her studies, will secure for her all the means necessary for acquiring an education second to none in the State.

District of Columbia.—Grand Lodge.—The Grand Master says in his address:

Here, in this Metropolis, congregate, almost at stated periods, Brethren, Deacons, Wardens, Masters, and Grand Masters, from the various lodges and jurisdictions scattered far and wide within the confines of the Republic. Here is to be had the mutual greeting and reunion of all these our brethren; here the free and full exchange of opinions; here the vast results of the experience which age and long service in the Temple bring; here the determination of the wise; here the counsels of the good of the common brotherhood, in all matters touching masonic history, custom, usage, constitutions, landmarks, and laws. Nowhere can a jurisdiction of Masons claim and boast a superiority—I may say supremacy—like unto our own, if indeed, in times past we have been true to ourselves, our vows, our obligations, and the great masonic trust which has been committed to our care and keeping; in a word, here, if anywhere, the Mystic Temple should meet the eye of the beholder in all its vast and sublime proportions, challenging the admiration, and demanding the homage, of all who have been born into 'masonic life.'" * * *

Again: "But, as Grand Master I shall ever insist upon conformity, strict and unwavering to the teachings of landmarks, constitutions, usages and customs, which have come down to us invested with the skill, wisdom, and majesty of all past ages." * * *

Again: "And next to be insisted on is the *uniformity of work* throughout the jurisdiction. When the Grand Lodge has ordered and has exemplified the work and passed upon it, I shall, to the best of my ability, see that the *work* be made *uniform* in all the lodges." * * * * *

Again: "May charity, the best, the noblest gift, control all our work and words and hearts, that unitedly, and as brothers, we may build in faith and hope a temple whose history shall not blush for the workmen, or the work done." * * *

Indiana—Grand Lodge.—Brother Claiborne thus writes of applicants for relief:

"Among the curiosities of Masonic experience brought to light, we learn from the report, of diplomas exhibited of ancient date, and relief claimed as a right on the strength of the parchment, even when the applicant cannot prove himself. In another case, forty-three years had elapsed since the applicant had visited a lodge or contributed one cent. We look upon such ancient papers, where there is absence of qualification in the bearer to recommend him, in the light the innkeeper of the Croix-de-Colbas regarded the yellow passport of Les Miserable Jean Valjean, not with his uncharitableness, but as evidence against him; they lack the grace of congruity.

"Enough has been said and written of those loose fish who give neither counsel, countenance, or comfort to our Order when engaged in labor, who are unwilling to rank their names on our rolls and assume the responsibility which they owe when the heat makes the burden heavy, but cheerfully appear at the laying of a corner stone, or the celebration of a Saint's day—enough to shame them.

Canada—Grand Lodge.—The G.·. M.·. communicated, at the last communication, the following from the Duke of Newcastle:

DOWNING STREET, Nov. 4, 1862.

"*My Lord:* An address of condolence to the Qneen, on the death of the late His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, has been forwarded to me by Mr. T. Douglass Harrington, from the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of Canada.

"I have the honor to request that you will acquaint the members of the Grand Lodge that Her Majesty has received with much gratification the expression of sympathy and attachment conveyed in their address.

I have, &c.,

"Signed, NEWCASTLE.

"The Viscount Monck, &c., &c."

Impressive.

Bro. Ossian E. Dodge is an earnest Mason and is a favorite among the lovers of good music. At his concerts, one of his songs is "Come this way, my Father!" Learning that Bro. Wildes was the author, he wrote him respecting the incidents of the song and received the following reply:

SHOWHEGAN, ME., Feb. 25, 1863.

OSSIAN E. DODGE—*Dear Sir:*—It affords me much pleasure to comply with your request, so kindly expressed in your note to me. The little song, "Come this way, my Father," was written by me during a season of great affliction—occasioned by the loss of my darling little Frank, (the hero of the story.) The narrative and song were first published in the Waterville *Mail*, in the year 1850. The scene of the occurrence was Boothbay, a little harbor about fifteen miles east of Bath. During a short visit to the sea-shore of our State, some two years since, with a party of friends, it was proposed one bright afternoon, that we should make up a party and go down the harbor on a fishing excursion. We accordingly started, and after sailing about three miles, a young lady of the company declined going further and requested us to land her on one of the small islands in the harbor, where she proposed to stay until our return. My little boy, then about four years old, preferred remaining with her. Accordingly we left them and proceeded some six miles further. We remained out much longer than we intended, and as night approached a thick fog came in from the sea, entirely enshrouding us. Without compass, and not knowing the right direction to steer, we grouped our way along for some hours, until we distinguished the breaking of the surf on the rocks of one of the islands, but were at a loss to know which one of them. I stood up in the stern of the boat, where I had been steering, and shouted with all my strength. I listened a moment, and heard through the thick fog and above the breaking of the surf, the sweet voice of my boy calling, "*Come this way, Father!—steer straight for me—I'm here, waiting for you!* We steered by that sound, and soon my little boy leaped to my arms with joy, saying, "I knew you would hear me, father!"—and nestled to sleep on my bosom. The child and the maiden are both sleeping now. They died in two short weeks after the period I refer to, with hardly an interval of time between their deaths. Now, when tossed on the rough sea of life, without compass or guide, enveloped in fog and surrounded by rocks, I seem to hear the sound of that cherub voice calling from the bright shore, "*Come this way, father!—steer straight for me!*" When oppressed with sadness, I take my way to the quiet cemetery, and there, as I stand by one little mound, the same musical voice echoes from thence, "*Come this way, father!—I'm waiting for thee!*" With this I enclose a correct copy of the song.

Yours, very truly, A. W. WILDES.

COME THIS WAY, MY FATHER!

I remember a voice which once guided my way,
When lost on the sea, fog-enshrouded I lay;
'Twas the voice of a child, as he stood on the shore,
It sounded out clear o'er the dark billow's roar—
"Come this way, my father! steer straight for me,
Here safe on the shore I am waiting for thee."

I remember that voice, as it led our lone way,
'Midst rocks and through breakers and high dashing spray;
How sweet to my heart did it sound from the shore
As it echoed out clear, o'er the dark billow's roar,
"Come this way, my father! steer straight for me,
Here safe on the shore I am waiting for thee."

I remember my joy when I held to my breast
The form of that dear one, and soothed it to rest:
For the tones of my child whispered soft to my ear,
"I called you dear father, and knew you would hear
The voice of your darling far o'er the dark sea,
While safe on the shore I was waiting for thee."

That voice now is hushed which then guided my way,
The form I then pressed is now mingling with clay;
But the tones of my child still sound in my ear,
"I am calling you, father! O, can you not hear
The voice of your darling as you toss on life's sea?
For on a bright shore I am waiting for thee."

I remember that voice in many a lone hour,
It speaks to my heart with fresh beauty and power,
And still echoes far out over life's troubled wave,
And sounds from the loved lips that lie in the grave,
"Come this way, my father! O steer straight for me,
Here safely in heaven I am waiting for thee."

CONGRESSIONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY BRO. B. B. FRENCH.

(Continued from page 158, vol. 1.)

With the opening of December, members of Congress began to pour in, with their usual accompaniment of all sorts of people. Some of the highest respectibility, who came to enjoy themselves among the *elite;* others drawn to the Federal city on business connected with Congress; others to send abroad an account of the doings of the National Legislature; and others—to get money if possible, in some way, no matter how!

On the 5th of December, the two Houses met. Mr. Van Buren presiding over the Senate, and Mr. Polk over the House. On the succeeding day, President Jackson sent in his last annual message; it was a plain, statesmanlike, dignified paper. The President was very much out of health, and many supposed he would not live to the end of his term. He soon recovered, however, but never did any one out of office so long to get in, as the old hero longed for the time to come when he should bid adieu to the White House and to public office forever. "I count the days, and almost the hours," said he to a friend, who repeated it to me, "that must intervene before I am free forever from the cares and responsibilities of public office." What a comment on human greatness and human ambition. There never was a man, with one exception, whom the nation delighted to honor, and did more sincerely honor and respect, than Andrew Jackson. He had been the right arm of his country's defence—the bravest of her brave. He had adorned the ermine of the bench, and the sword of the Commander-in-Chief; he had occupied the high station in the council of the nation of a Senator, and he had then been, for nearly eight years, the supreme head of the nation, old age had come upon him and he was tired of the honors of office and longed for the time to arrive when he could once more settle down in the quiet of the hermitage—*his home*—and live out the little remnant of life allotted to him as a plain, unostentatious citizen! Such is the end of all human greatness.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

But the glory of the good, great man dies not with him. It is a sacred legacy to his country, and lives in the benefits he bestowed in life, long—long—long after his frail mortal tenement has crumbled into dust.

The session from the first Monday of December 1836, to March 4, 1837, was one of almost constant storm and uproar. In the Senate, the admission of Michigan as a State, the specie circular resolution, the expunging resolution, and many other matters marking the turbulent issues of that time, were fully discussed.

On the 11th of January, Mr. Clay addressed the Senate on the specie circular resolution, and I now copy from a note made by myself at the time:

"He cried up the United States bank and cried down the local banks. He said he should prefer the metallic currency to the present paper currency." He said, "Mr. President, my friend from Virginia, (Mr. W. C. Rives,) says we are in difficulty. Sir, I agree with him, we *are* in a difficulty, we are in a wilderness, and who is to be the Moses, (whether upon this or the other side of the House,) who shall lead us safely to the promised land, the future—the dark future only can determine." This was said in Mr. Clay's best and most impressive manner, and the allusion was probably to Benton and Rives, whose seats were on opposite sides of the Senate Chamber. I recollect one other of Mr. Clay's figures, it was this: "When the United States bank was overthrown the rudder of the currency was unshipped."

On Monday, January 16, 1837, Mr. Benton was made a very happy Senator by witnessing the expunging from the journal of the Senate of the resolution of 1834, censuring the President of the United States, (General Jackson.) A hard struggle was made by Messrs Clay, Webster, Ewing, and others, to prevent it, but the resolution was passed by a vote of 24 to 29; the journal was brought in, and the black lines were drawn around the resolution, and the words, "expunged by order of the Sonate" were written across the page.

The resolution of censure, I do not hesitate to say, never should have passed; but it certainly was a matter of very doubtful propriety whether it ought to have been expnnged. It is no less a resolution of the Senate for being marked and defuced, and is certainly a very bad precedent that may "return to plague the inventor." There was some hissing in the gallery while the act was being consummated, and Col. King, president *pro. tem.* ordered the gallery cleared, but Mr. Benton interposed, and at his suggestion the person who hissed was arrested by the sergeant-at-arms. So ended the famous *expunging!*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

History of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.

(Continued from page 199, vol. 1.)

Permit me brethren, before I proceed further, briefly to advert to the history of our order in this city. Like those of all infant settlements, the early inhabitants of Washington were not persons of affluence; but, with the exception of those attached to the government, were chiefly men who came to seek employment in the mechanic arts. Scattered over an immense surface, which for many years was almost an entire wilderness, association was not only inconvenient, but often impracticable. The industrious portion of the settlers, actively engaged in the pursuits that attracted them hither, saw no inducements to join the few who brought with them the lights of Freemasonry; and although lodges were early formed, they had, until within a few years past, advanced but little in numbers, or in ability to provide an edifice suitable for their assemblies, or worthy of their object. In process of time, the enterprise of our brethren in one part of the city, reared an edifice sufficiently commodious for local purposes, and more worthy of the improved condition of our metropolis; but the great body of the fraternity, gradually, but steadily swelling in numbers, have, almost from the period when lodges were first planted here, down to the present hour, been confined to an humble, inconvenient, and inadequate building. The fraternity has long since outgrown the accommodation which that building affords; and the increasing necessity for one more conveniently situated, as well as more suitable to the members, and the improving circumstances of the Craft, finally produced the resolution to rear an edifice more appropriate and more worthy of the nature and respectability of the institution. Your present convention, brethren, is the result of that resolution. The work is begun; much has been done towards it; the brethren have all contributed to it, according to their means; some of them liberally. But the fact must not be concealed, and this is a fit occasion to make it known, that we cannot accomplish our object to the extent that we desire, without aid from our fellow-citizens generally. We cannot doubt that, when they are appealed to, we shall experience the same liberality which they have never failed to dispense to other objects deemed meritorious. With that aid we shall soon rear an edifice worthy of the dignity of our Order, and of the conspicuous position which it will occupy in our growing metropolis.

It is not customary for Masons to hold discourse with the uninitiated, on the nature and merits of their institution; indeed it is well known to you, brethren, that we are forbidden by our laws to do so on ordinary occasions. Our rites are secret; our proceedings seek not the public gaze; and even the good that we are enjoined to dispense, and which all good Masons do dispense to the extent of their ability, is done in private, and solicits neither the observance nor the approbation of the world. But while we shun the praise that might be claimed, we cannot avoid the reproach which the occasional admission of unworthy members, or the irregularities of degenerate ones, too often bring upon us. From these no institution can always escape; and as it is from the open abuse, and not from the intrinsic nature, or the true tendency, or the unobtrusive excellence, of an institution, that the world is most apt to receive its impressions, it is not surprising that the real nature and tendencies of Freemasonry are generally misunderstood, and the institution itself, by many even deprecated. I would then, on this occasion, as we appeal to the public at large for its countenance and assistance, in our present enterprise, depart from our usage, by addressing to this numerous and respectable assemblage, some observations, explanatory and defensive of the real character and proper objects of our Order; of the duties of its professors, and the happy results which it will not fail to produce wherever its precepts are observed, and its obligations obeyed.

I assert, then, that to be a perfect Mason, implies little less than to be a perfect man. The perfection of its character comprises within itself the whole circle of virtues, and the whole duty of man, both to his Creator and to his fellow-man. That these virtues impose an obligation on the conscience independent of any social institution, is admitted. But we sometimes neglect our duty, not because we are disposed to violate it, but because the obligation it imposes is imperfectly felt, or for a time forgotten. The human heart, too, when unimproved by that assuaging influence which results from a frequent interchange of the kind offices that Masonry enjoins, becomes hardened and depraved; the conscience becomes deaf to the voice of humanity, and man is often degraded to the level of the brute. Those institutions therefore, which enjoin and encourage the performance of our moral duty; which cultivate the social temper; which soften the asperities of the human character, and awaken into activity the native philanthropy of man, have a peculiar and happy influence upon society in general. Of this exalted nature, these excellent principles, and this philanthropic tendency, is the masonic institution. Its solemn rites, its visible emblems, its peculiar symbols, its mystic language, were all designed to illustrate and to inculcate our duty to God, to our brethren and ourselves; and while they serve to distinguish, Masons from the rest of the world, and make them known to each other throughout the globe, they are, at the same sime, ever-present monitors that at once command and instruct us in the discharge of those high and sacred duties to which all Masons stand pledged by the most solemn sanctions. Did I say that these monitors are never disobeyed? Alas, we cannot lay that flattering unction to our hearts. In this respect, (I repeat the admission,) Masonry shares the lot of all other institutions. But if it sometimes fails to make a bad man good it never fails to make a good man better.

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ROBERT McMURDY, D. D., LL. D., GRAND PRELATE OF GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF U. S., EDITOR, BOX 982.

MOSES AT THE BURNING BUSH.

BY F. J. OTTERSON.

'Twas summer-time in Midian,
Three thousand years ago,
The sunbeams, falling vertical,
Like molten fire did flow—
On Horeb's angel-trodden hill,
On Arab's arid plain,
In every dell the fire-flood fell,
As falls a summer rain.

Close at the holy mountain's foot
A clustering forest stood,
As if the trees instructive sought
The dwelling-place of God;
With leafy arms intwined, they made
A sun-proof arch of green,
And gently play'd within the shade
A thousand forms unseen.

'Twas sultry noon,—all silently
Beneath the cool trees sleeping,
An Israelitish shepherd lay,
While, round about him creeping
The fleecy herd came carefully,
And, bowing down before him,
Gazed tearfully and prayerfully,
As if they would adore him.

Look! on the mountain-top descended,
A gorgeous cloud of fulgent Glory
Hath with the sun its radiance blended,
And made his beams look pale and hoary;
Look! down the mountain grandly going,
The bright effulgence passes slowly,
And in its viewless brilliance glowing,
Stops near the shepherd slumbering lowly.

The shepherd woke, and wildly gazing,
Half-blinded by the bright illuming,
Saw where the bush was fiercely blazing,
Yet perfect still, and unconsuming;
And while he marvell'd at the wonder,
He heard a voice his own name telling,—
An awful voice, like far-off thunder,
Among the distant mountain swelling.

It was the voice that call'd to being
A universe at its command,
And Darkness, from His presence fleeing,
Disclosed the water and the land;
It was the voice that, in the garden,
Call'd gently for the sinning mortals,
The voice that bade the flaming warden
For ever guard the shining portals.

The voice that broke the great deep's fountains,
And oped the windows of the heavens,
That made the flood o'ertop the mountains,
And whelm a world to ruin given;
That bade the bow, the east adorning,
Tell vengeance fast and mercy reigning—
That sent the dove. with peaceful warning,
To cheer the eight well-nigh complaining

* * * * *

The flaming bush, the quaking ground,
The leprous hand, the hand restored,
The serpent-rod no serpent found,
Proclaim'd the presence of the Lord;
And when the doubting shepherd spoke,
And humly ask'd the Glory's name,
In thunder from the Presence broke—
"Tell them thou comest from I AM!"

Then waned the Glory, wasting slow,
As if exhaling on the air,
Expiring with a gentler flow
Than soul departing while in prayer,
Till nought the vision could reveal,
Save mountain, forest, herd, and ground
Though still the subtler soul could feel
The atmosphere of heaven around;

And viewless angels, thronging near,
Made coolness with their waving wings,
While oft upon the shepherd's ear
The cadence of their music rings—
And oftener still—now near, now far—
A great vibration broke the calm,
As, echoing from star to star,
Went round the awful name, "I AM!"

THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY.

BY WHITTIER.

The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
To-day, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
To-day alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot-box my throne.

Who serves to-day upon the list
Beside the served shall stand;
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
The gloved and dainty hand.
The rich are level with the poor,
The weak are strong to-day,
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
Than homespun frock of gray.

To-day let pomp and false pretense
My stubborn right abide;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
To-day shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
The power in my right hand.

While there's a grief to need redress,
Or balance to adjust,
Where weighs our loving manhood less
Than mammon's vilest dust;
Where there's a right to claim my vote,
Or wrong to sweep away,
Up clouted knees and ragged coat,
A man's a man to-day.

PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

BY MISS PROCTOR.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright;
Tho' strength should falter, and though heart should bleed,
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace Divine
Like quiet night,
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through Peace to Light.

THE OUTCAST RECLAIMED; OR MASONRY DEFENDED.

BY JESSIE RANDOLPH.

One pleasant winter's evening, not many years ago, there were grouped around our fireside a merry party, composed of old, middle-aged, and young—each one contributing freely to the general amusement. We discussed the weather, the crops, the latest fashions, music, et cetera, et cetera, and finally "ran out." Nobody else having anything to say, our eldest "hope of the house" antonished us all by announcing his intention of "joining the Masons" to-morrow night. Our second "hope"—a spoiled one, too—was her brother's especial pet and favorite, and always managed to have things her own way, even if she had to be a little tyrannical to accomplish her purpose. Now, she had no fancy whatever for Masonry, and when I heard Harry say he was going to "join the Masons," I looked at Nelly to see how she would take it. Her face turned pale as ashes.

"Why, Harry," said she in astonishment; "you join the Masons! Surely, you will not?"

"Oh, yes I will, sister," said he, "Why not?"

"Why not!" repeated Nelly. "Why, I had almost as soon see you dead!"

"You are too hasty, sister," said Harry, with a tone of reproach in his voice. "You are condemning something you know nothing about. I trust I shall be none the less your brother, or my mother's son, or a less honorable member of society, that I am now, because I join the masonic fraternity. And you have always seemed satisfied with me heretofore."

"And so I have, brother," sobbed Nelly, "but now you will know a secret you cannot tell me. And we—who have shared each other's every thought—will have to live apart."

"Oh! no, Nelly; not so bad as that," said Harry. "Masonry will not separate you and me. And even if I do know something I may not communicate, that surely will not place a barrier between us. We have never talked of Masonry heretofore—why should we now?"

"We never knew anything of it to talk about," said Nelly.

"And I fancy, as far as you are concerned, it will be that same way still," put in our little urchin of eleven, who ought to have been in bed.

"Mamma, must George talk while grown people are speaking?" asked Miss Nelly with offended dignity, while her reddening cheek proved to us all that Master George had touched the sore subject.

"Be quiet, George," said Harry with a smile he could not conceal, which put the finishing touch to Nelly's impatience.

"Brother Harry," said she, while the tears streamed down her cheek, "if you do join the Masons, I will never speak to you again."

"Nelly, my child, suspend your decision until I tell you a story."

The words came from a guest—a venerable gray-haired man, the elder of our circle—whose stately presence would command respect anywhere, and whose kind heart and simple affectionate manners won for him the love of all who were fortunate enough to know him in his private life and character. Publicly, he was known all over the Union, having been successively, a Judge, a member of Congress, and Governor of the State. He had in all those trying positions, acquitted himself honorably; even his political enemies acknowledged him to be a just and an honorable man. The winter of his life was approaching, and he had laid aside the cares of state and the perplexities of the law, and was quietly gliding down life's stream—its breakers all passed; its storms nearly over; its haven almost won. Old enough to be my father, he had for twenty years or more, been my best friend; and, at his earnest request, both myself and children had dropped the ceremonious appellation of Colonel ———, and called him "uncle Harrold." My eldest son was his namesake and god-son. He was himself, childless and a widower. There was a whisper of an early disappointment, somewhere or somehow, but he never mentioned either that or his wife. So no one knew anything of that period of his life—all was guess work. Such was uncle Harrold. And now, if you please reader, we will listen to the story he told my impetuous Nelly, who dried her eyes and seated herself on the sofa, with a very resolute air, to hear him relate it.

"I will hear your story, uncle Harrold," said she, "with pleasure; but if you mean to defend Masonry, or any other secret society you can spare yourself the trouble, if you expect to make a proselyte of me."

"Just wait, child, until you hear me out, and may be you will change your mind.

"I once knew a young man whose parents managed, by the closest economy, and by denying themselves almost every comfort, to give him a liberal education, and to support him while he studied a profession The old people were poor, yet poverty's iron hand had never rested upon him, for they had stood between him and it, and borne its burden.

"Their ambition was to see him a lawyer, and for that purpose his father toiled and his mother spun; and when, at last, their hopes were realized, and their son admitted to the bar, they wept for very joy in each other's arms, and thought, in their simplicity and blind affection, that earth had not a nobler being than their only son.

"Poor, mistaken, loving hearts, there were not many worse! The son that they so loved and toiled for, had learned to find pleasure in the wine-cup, in the dice-box, and in the midnight revel. He had given just enough of his time to study to enable him to pass his examination, for his pride would not let him acknowledge a failure; but the position once gained, his efforts relaxed, and he yielded entirely to his inclinations. The shock to his parents, when they learned the truth, was like the tearing loose of their heart-strings. They entreated and implored the reckless young man to pause in his career of vice while there was yet time; but their counsel fell unheeded. The fascinations of sin were stronger than their influence. Night after night saw him reeling home in a state of beastly intoxication, and the days found him dull, spiritless, and inactive. No wonder he gained no practice. Who could trust him with their business, when he could not manage his own? His course seemed hopelessly downward, for his parents could no longer support him. All they could do had been done while he was reading law; and now his bark must either breast the current or be dashed to pieces on the breakers. Poor, broken-hearted mother, God pity and help you!

"There was another, too, who in the sunny hours of youth had pledged her faith to him, and who had finally hoped to walk life's rugged path beside him—who expected to shelter herself from the storms of life under his protecting arm—who, in her guileless simplicity, thought earth could afford no brighter destiny than to be his wife. Poor, deluded girl, you are not the first who, in quiet, peaceful happiness, has planned a future, in imagination, tinted with love's rosiest hues, and lived to see your visions all engulphed in the dark and turbid sea of reality. For a time she refused to listen to the rumors of his unworthiness that reached her at every turn. Her woman's heart would not credit his baseness; and when her father gravely suggested the postponement of the contemplated marriage, she vehemently protested against it, and declared if such things were true—which she did not believe—that was a stronger reason why she should be near him with a counteracting influence. Her father listened to her arguments, but was obstinate. He knew the world better than she did, and he plainly told her that unless the object of her affection proved himself worthy of her, by leaving off his dissipated habits, that she must consider their engagement terminated; for never, with his consent, should she wed a drunkard. From that decision she well knew there was no appeal; yet she could not give up hope. Fancy whispered of a day to come when all clouds would be dispelled—all obstacles removed—and she his proud and happy wife. Oh! how tenaciously does woman cling to her heart's affection!

"But an event occurred that opened her eyes and showed her lover in his true light. She had been walking in the woods, and was returning by another way, when a sudden turn in the path disclosed to her startled vision a sight that decided her future life. Right before her, in all his drunken and disgusting helplessness, lay the man whose wife she had one day hoped to be. There was no disbelieving that; her strained eye-balls conveyed the information too truthfully to the aching heart and throbbing brain, to leave a moment's doubt. She stood like one turned suddenly into stone. Then the reports were all true; he was what the world called him, and she had been deceived. She stood a moment, looking down on the wreck of her hopes, with a calm, collected gaze. Then stooping she covered his face with her handkerchief to protect his face from the sun's rays, and looking the farewell she could not speak to the object of so much love, and the cause of so much sorrow, she walked away, without even a backward glance. On reaching home, she immediately sought her father, and calmly informed him that her views with regard to matrimony had changed since their last conversation, and that he must not give himself further uneasiness on the subject. She was very sorry, she said, to have caused him so much pain by her obstinacy, and would try by future obedience to make amends. Needless to say, her father rejoiced in the change, although he forbore to question her concerning the cause, and thus, in her family, the matter ended. Not so, however, with the unworthy man who had been false to every trust reposed in him, by parents and friends. The love he had cherished for her was the one redeeming trait in his character—the one green spot that had escaped contamination, when all else that was good or noble had been swallowed up in the dark and glowing sea of dissipation. But that was there still—brighter from the contrast with the midnight blackness around. And when he awoke from his drunken sleep, and found a handkerchief over his face with her name written on it, a pang of remorse and keen self-reproach, the first he had known for many a day, shot through the heart, awakening him from the lethargic slumber, in which his senses had been locked so long.

"He took the little dainty thing in his hand to examine it—every thread of the fabric interested him—but his heart beat with a choking sensation when his eyes rested on her name, and the tears coursed freely down his cheeks, as he thought of the wealth of love she had given him; and for the first time, in years, he began to see himself as others saw him, and to think seriously of his past life. With these reflections came repentance, for none are wholly lost; and there, under the trees, on that summer's afternoon, he vowed if human strength could avail him that he would from that time forth, endeavor to become worthy of the self-sacrificing girl, who, in spite of all his faults, still loved him so fondly; and he resolved, moreover, to keep the little handkerchief, with the dear name written on it, as a talisman against temptation, and in the years to come, when she should be his wife, should curiosity or interest prompt her to ask him the cause of his reformation, he would show her his treasure as an answer to her question. Absorbed in these reflections, and drawing pictures for the future, with the leaden shades of life all left out, he sat regardless of the gathering darkness or the coming storm, thinking only of how he might make amends to all those who loved him, for their long forbearance—how to make them as happy as he had made them miserable—and planning out his future course. He would resume without delay, his long neglected profession, and one by one, as his strength returned, he would take up the cast-off duties of life. There was a pleasure in the bare contemplation. What would the reality be? But the storm came down and dispelled his dream. With a start, he aroused himself and hurried out of the wood to find a shelter from the pouring rain; happy and hopeful for the future. That night, for the first time in many nights, he went to bed sober; and morning found him refreshed, and his purpose still strong. He was preparing for a visit to his lady-love to tell her of his newly-formed resolution, when a servant brought him a note from her. He opened it with trembling fingers, and shuddered as he read. In a few brief, cold words she informed him that all was at an end between them forever. She admitted that her heart was broken, but her purpose fixed, and begged, as a last request the return of her letters and ring—inclosed in the accompanying package, he would find his own. Not one word of tenderness to soften the blow—not one allusion to the happy days of yore. Stern and unrelenting as fate itself, she pronounced his doom; and although every hope in life was crushed, yet he could not dispute the justice of the sentence. He yielded to the blow; resistance, he said, was useless, for fate was against him, and deeper and deeper did he plunge into the whirlpool of dissipation, until all who knew him deemed him lost beyond recall. Misfortunes never come alone. In a few months the last ties that bound him were severed by the inexorable tyrant—Death. Mother first and father in three weeks afterwards; and he, the last of his race—he might almost be forgiven for seeking oblivion from such overwhelming sorrows.

"Just at this juncture, a company of vagabond circus riders visited the place, and he, in a fit of desperation, joined them and was heard of no more in his native village.

"His rambles brought him to New Orleans, where he was taken sick with the yellow fever, and was abandoned by the company—alone, in a strange city, without a dollar or a friend in the wide world, and ill with an epidemic that was carrying off hundreds daily—what chance had he for life? Yet the brute instinct that we all have was strong within him, and prompted him (instead of sitting down quietly in the streets to die) to try and reach some hospital and entreat to be taken in, if his senses should remain until he found what he sought. With this purpose in view, he staggered on, asking first one, then another whom he met to tell him the way to the place where people went to *die.* Of course none understood him, and the information he wanted did not come; meanwhile the fever was fast gaining the mastery; delirium had set in, and the poor wretch was fast yielding to his fate. Forgetful now of the object of his search, he would stop occasionally to observe something passing in the street, and while leaning against a lamp-post, staring with an idiotic gaze at every one who passed, an object once familiar attracted his attention. It was a gentleman wearing a white masonic apron. He knew the badge well, for his father had lived and died one, and the Masons had worn those white aprons when they came to bury him. He had never joined them, yet amid the chaotic confusion of his mind the memory of his father's burial stood out clear and distinct, though there his reason stopped, for the next idea that passed him was that the Mason had come to bury him; and with that thought, all his terror of death returned, and as the gentleman passed he grasped him by the collar and held him at arm's length, shouting with all his strength for help.

"The gentleman, very much astonished, asked him what was the matter, endeavoring the while to free himself from his grasp. But the poor victim of fever only cried the louder, entreating piteously to be let alone.

"'Don't bury me,' said he. 'Don't bury me yet! my grave is not ready; and if it was, just one of you is not enough. It took a hundred to bury my father. Why has only one come for me?'

"The gentleman's attention was instantly aroused.

"'What is your name?' said he.

"He told it without hesitation.

"'And what was your father's?'

"He told that too.

"'Are you sick?' he asked.

"'Yes, very sick.'

"'Then why do you not go home?'

"'I have no home. Won't you show me where the people go to die?'

"'Yes, if you will come along with me, and not make any noise.'

"'And won't you bury me if I go with you?'

"'No, I will not,' answered the gentleman, for he saw that the poor wretch was delirious, and humored his whims.

"Stopping a passing carriage, he induced him to get in, and speaking a few words to the driver, he got in himself. A few moments of rapid driving brought them to the skirts of the city. The carriage stopped in front of a pleasant looking brick building, that had 'Masonic Hospital' painted over the door. With the driver's assistance the poor, insensible wretch was carried in and given in charge of physicians and nurses, who attended him with the utmost care and kindness, night and day.

"The fever ran its course. The crisis came and passed, and when the physician pronounced him cured, then, for the first time, the gentleman who brought him there returned to inquire concerning his future prospects.

"The poor fellow covered his face and wept on being asked the question.

"'I have no money, no friends, no home,' said he, in a tone of the deepest dejection; 'and but for your kindness I should have died in the streets of your city. I am a wanderer without aim or purpose—the last of my race and a beggar.'

"He had a desire to get into business; but who would employ him?

"The gentleman's brother, who was a lawyer, had lost his clerk by the epidemic and was very anxious to engage another. The gentleman procured him the situation, and the 'outcast' was allowed an opportunity to retrieve his character, and gladly did he enter upon his duties. Late and early did he toil, making his employer's interests his own, and hopefully looking forward to a time he had pictured to himself, a time when with name unstained, the past atoned for and forgotten, he might return to his former home, and once more ask for the heart and hand of her he still loved so well.

"The brothers—his employer and friend—were both members of the Masonic Fraternity, and discussed the business of their lodge freely in his presence. He soon began to take an interest in the subject, and one day hesitatingly ventured a question which was so kindly answered that he continued to ask, until they laughingly told him if he wished any further information he must get it as they did, by joining the Masons. He thought the matter over, and resolved to join them.

"He had no sister to combat his resolution, and no misgivings to an Order to which his father had belonged, and of which the only friends he had were members. So he took the necessary steps, and in due *time* was enrolled among the Masons. Time passed on, higher and higher did he climb up the mystic steps, deeper and deeper did he penetrate into the sacred temple, until heart and soul were filled with admiration for the beautiful, the wondrous structure.

"Oh, Masonry! science beloved, how fair, how faultless are thy proportions, unrivaled by aught that ever dwelt on earth, unfading as the sun, coeval with time, and endless as eternity. Who shall dare say aught against thee? What mortal dare assail thy sacred Order? and yet, why not? dogs bay the moon.

"The days rolled on, and from a clerk he became a partner. Soon he gained an important office. His heart beat quick as he saw himself thus. Old memories came crowding thick and fast. He would soon revisit his home, and see whether or not new ties could be made.

"But one day he received a newspaper, in which he read the knell of all his earthly hopes.

"She had married.

"Now the beauty, as well as the usefulness of Masonry, shone forth in all its brightness. A second time would he have sought oblivion in the wine cup; but strong arms held him back, they would not let him yield. It was a terrible blow, yet he struggled on, saved a second time by the Masons. He turned all his attention to politics, and rose rapidly—for ten long years he labored unceasingly; at the end of that time he heard of the death of her whom he had so long loved—then, and not until then, he married. The lady of his choice was one, who like himself, had buried her heart's best affection in the grave of a former lover. Four sons gathered round their hearthstone. Wife and children all died in one year, victims of an epidemic, and left him once more alone, but not cheerless, for there was one door ever open to receive him, where the smiles of affection ever greeted him. The one whom he had loved so long left a daughter when she died, and that daughter, now herself a mother, ever welcomed him to her fireside; in her happy family circle there was always a chair and a place for——"

"Who?" screamed Nelly, while the color flashed in her cheek like summer lightning.

"Uncle Harrold."

Nelly hid her face in her brother's bosom, and sobbed aloud, while I, to conceal my own fast falling tears, gathered my noisy urchins and carried them off to bed; and after I had seen them comfortably stowed away for the night, I still lingered thinking of Uncle Harrold's story. So, then, my own mother was the lady. I knew she had been unhappy in her married *life, for* my father was one of those stern, gloomy temperaments that make all unhappy around them; and I knew also that between my mother and himself there was but little affection. I was but nine years old when she died; my father survived her only one year, and an uncle on my father's side being childless adopted me. At my wedding, when I was nineteen, I first met the gentleman whom I have since learned to call Uncle Harrold. All was now clear. Poor mother, poor Uncle Harrold, two lives clouded forever.

But I must go back and see how they are getting on. Just as I entered, I heard Nelly say, "Forgive my thoughtless remarks, brother. No institution can be unworthy that has Uncle Harrold for a member, and if they only take half as good care of you as they did of him you will be safe, and I shall be content for you to know a secret you cannot tell even me, provided you will not tell anybody else."

"I will not tell anybody else, not even my wife, when I get one. And now, Nelly, are we friends?"

My children shook hands over their difficulty, and I heard no more complaint about my son being a Mason.

Not long afterwards Nelly asked me for an additional amount of spending money. Next morning I saw queer little bundles. Wishing to see how she had come out with her purchases I went up to her room. On the floor sat Nelly; paper patterns, blue ribbon, and white satin strewn around promiscuously. She was making a masonic regalia for Harry to wear at the celebration.

The regalia was presented in due form. When Nelly saw her brother in the procession next day, in all the splendor of her new outfit, I fancied, from the proud glance of her eye, that she considered herself incorporated in that mystic body, because she had contributed a regalia for its promulgation and advancement. And while her delusions are harmless we will let them remain.

◆

WE KNOW TOO MUCH.

"How pleasant were the wild beliefs
That dwelt in legends old;
Alas! to our posterity
Will no such tales be told.
We know too much; scroll after scroll
Weighs down our weary shelves,
Our only point of ignorance
Is centered in ourselves."

◆

"Oh, there is never sorrow of heart
But shall find a timely end,
If we but go to God and ask
Of Him to be our friend."

◆

Benefits of Masonry.

Sir Archibald Allison, a few years ago at the laying of the corner-stone of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, in a speech, thus remarked:

There is no individual who has so great cause, perhaps, to say that he is grateful to the cause of Freemasonry, for I am sure there is none who now hear me who have a family anecdote so interesting to narrate, or which shows how much the principles of Freemasonry may surmount even the animosities and the anger of war. In the American war there was a young English officer who was wounded, and had a bayonet pointed towards his breast in one of the intrenchments that he was storming in the United States. When the bayonet was at his breast, he got hold of a young American officer, to whom he gave the Freemason's grip—(cheers). The young American officer knocked up the bayonet, and saved the Englishman's life. He brought him to his own home, and treated him as a brother; and for two or three months he lived in his family. That young officer, thus saved by Freemasonry, came back to Scotland afterwards, married a young lady, a relative of the noble family of Erskine, and the issue of that marriage was Lady Allison, my wife, and mother of two who have bled for their country in India—(loud and continued cheers). I think, therefore, no man has more reason to be grateful to Freemasonry than I have. While I regard the grand demonstration which took place to day as a proof that the great cause of Freemasonry which was flourishing when the temple of Jerusalem was built—(cheers)—which has survived the tyranny of the Romans—the conquests of the Goths—and the inroads of the Saracens—is now as rife as it was when Solomon laid the foundation of the temple of Jerusalem—I feel assured that it will be to the end of the world as permanent as the principles of the Gospel, of which it was the prototype, and of which it was the completion—namely, the principles of peace to man and goodwill to mankind.

◆

TOUCHING INCIDENT.—As the 1st company of the Seventh Regiment were drawn up to fire a salute over the remains of the brave Captain Le Fort, in Greenwood Cemetery, Orderly Sergeant Bogert, who knew the deceased to be a Mason, stepped forward from the ranks, and taking from his breast a sprig of evergreen, reverently dropped it upon the coffin, which had been already lowered into the grave. The farewell salute was then fired, and the earth was heaped over the body of as brave an officer as ever yielded life for the cause of his country and for liberty.

◆

THE CROSS.—A wise man sought to explain to his little child the nature of a cross. He took two slips of wood, a long and a short one, "See, my child," he said, "the long peace is the will of God, the short piece is your will; lay your will in a line with the will of God, and you have no cross; lay it athwart, and you make a cross directly."

◆

THE printing press upon which the celebrated Benjamin Franklin worked, in Boston, when he was but fourteen years of age, has been sent back to that city, and will hereafter be retained there as a sacred relic.

LIGHT.

Light!
Brother, are you faint and weary?
Is your pathway dark and dreary?
Doubt, nor fear, nor falter, never;
Let this be your watchword, ever,
Light!

Light!
Better days may soon be dawning;
Darkest hours give birth to morning;
Yield not to the fiend, Despair;
Keep in mind old Ajax's prayer,
Light!

Light!
Ask no garb from Nemean lion,
But with heart and nerves of iron
Fight your fight in fearless manner,
With this motto on your banner,
Light!

Light!
Light to stamp each sin with terror,
Light to hunt and banish error;
Light to kill or weaken sorrow;
Light to gild a better morrow—
Light!

Light!
Light to make oppression falter;
Light from Truth's own burning altar;
Light to shine on hearts benighted;
Light to see each wrong is righted—
Light!

Light!
While one intellect is clouded;
While one soul in sin is shrouded;
While a world for light is dying,
Brother, never cease your crying,
Light!

—*American Odd Fellow.*

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The Converted Clergyman.

Brother J. F. Truslow relates the following anecdote of masonic conversion, in an adddress, delivered by him, in 1847, before the Grand Lodge of Arkansas:

A reverend gentleman, residing in one of the towns of the State of ——, having connected himself with the masonic fraternity, the incident gave great offense to his ministerial brethren, and he was summoned before the ecclesiastical tribunal of the church, of which he was a member, for trial. His judges convened at the appointed time and place, and on his confession of the offense, demanded of him that he should formally renounce Freemasonry. This he peremptorily refused to do. It was consequently determined that he should be excommunicated; and just as they were about to pass the sentence, which was to cut him off from the church, a venerable minister arose, and suggested, that the matter should be dismissed for the present, and one of the brethren be appointed to join the masonic fraternity, so as to be able, at the next meeting, to report the nature of the dark deeds, in which the accused was supposed to have participated. The suggestion was considered a good one, and the venerable proposer himself appointed to make the investigation. Accordingly, he laid his petition before a lodge, and in due time became a Master Mason, the brethren knowing nothing of the circumstances which led to his application for admission among them. At length the day, to which the ecclesiastical court had been adjourned arrived. The official functionaries met, and the committee of one was called upon for his report. It was made, but, to their astonishment, perhaps to their disappointment, the substance of it was:—"You had better dismiss the charge, for there is no evil, but much good, in Freemasonry." The effect was astounding, and the consequence was, an immediate adjournment.

◆

The Aged Lover.

No longer a lover! exclaimed an aged patriarch; ah! you mistake me if you think age has blotted out my heart. Though silvery hair falls over a brow all wrinkled, and a cheek all furrowed, yet I am a lover still. I love the beauty of a maiden's blush, the soft tint of flowers, the singing of birds, and, above all, the silvery laugh of a child. I love the starlike meadows, where the buttercups grow, with almost the same enthusiasm as when, with ringlets flying loose in the wind, years ago, I chased the painted butterfly. I love yon aged dame. Look at her. Her face is careworn, but it has ever held a smile for me. Often have I shared the same bitter cup with her, and so shared, it seemed almost sweet. Years of sickness have stolen the freshness of life; but like the faded rose, the perfume of her love is richer than when in the full bloom of youth and maturity. Together we have wept over the graves. Through sunshine and storm we have clung together; and now she sits with her knitting, her cap quaintly frilled, the old style kerchief crossed, white and prim, above the heart that beat so long and truly for me, the dim blue eyes that shrinkingly front the glad day, the sunlight throwing a parting farewell, kisses her brow and leaves upon its faint tracery of wrinkles angelic radiance. I see, though no one else can, the bright, glad young face that won me first, and the glowing love of forty years thrills through my heart till tears come. Say not again I can no longer be a lover. Though this form be bowed, God imparted eternal life within. Let the ear be deaf, the eye blind, the hands palsied, the limbs withered, the brain clouded, yet the heart, the true heart, may hold such wealth of love that all the powers of death and the victorious grave shall not be able to put out its quenchless flame.

Das Fluchtig und das Wahrend.

The following lines in German, and also the translation of the same, were written by Bro. W. G. Parkhurst, G.·. L.·. of D. C.

Hell blickt die Sonn' am Morgen,
Die Blumen blühn darunter;
Ich ging fort, ausser Sorgen,
So fröhlich und so munter.

Als aber ich kam wieder,
Es klangen Abend-glocken;
Die Blumen sah ich nieder,
Verwelkend und gebrochen.

Jenseit des Flusses steht
Die Landschaft immer grün,
Wo Himmels Lüftchen weht,
Und Blumen immer blühn.

Betrübnisz, Noth und Schmerz
Die Freude nicht verderben;
Erhebe dich, mein Herz,
Denn du wirst nimmer sterben.

TRANSLATION.

The Transient and the Enduring.

The morning sun shone brightly,
And sweetly bloomed the flowers;
I wandered gay and sprightly,
While swiftly passed the hours.

But when at eve returning,
As vesper prayers were said,
Sad was I on discerning
The flowers all withered—dead.

Beyond the river bloom
Fair landscapes, ever green;
Zephyrs waft sweet perfume;
Unfading flowers are seen.

Nor pain nor anguish smart
Can ever pass that portal;
Rejoice then, oh my heart,
For thou shalt be immortal.

Mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople.

"Solomon I have excelled thee."

Forty thousand pounds' weight of silver were expended upon the altar alone. The whole vault or ceiling of the church was gilded and decorated with the richest mosaics. The walls and pavements were of different colored marbles, *arranged in a variety of geometrical forms.* The numerous columns, with their gilded capitals, were all composed of single blocks of the most precious marbles, the pink and white-veined of Phyrgia, the dark red of the Nile, the green of Laconia, or of Thessaly, the saffron of Lybia, the black and white of Italy or the Bosphorus, and the red porphyry of Egypt, but the most of these columns were from the ruins of heathen temples. The whole interior presented one blaze of magnificence, and Justinian, when he first looked upon his finished work, exclaimed, "Solomon, I have excelled thee." Yet the exterior was completely plain—not even decorated with the common symbols of the latter Romanesque, which prevailed throughout the whole ornamentation of the middle ages.

Masonry Reclaims a Wanderer.

BY BROTHER CAMMACK, G.·. T.·.

DEAR DOCTOR: A worthy Master Mason, and Worshipful Master of a lodge some thousand miles hence, had a son about nineteen years of age residing with him at home. Through the fascination of two Italian women, who had relatives in the same place, and their representations of their position in this city, the youth was led to forsake father, mother, and family to come to this city in the hope of improving his condition, and to unite his destinies with those whose blandishments led him away. The father, on finding his son had left, and conjecturing he had gone to Washington, directed a letter to the Worshipful Master of one of the lodges in this city, unfolding the artifices which had been practiced on his runaway boy, beseeching him to use his best endeavors to seek and reclaim the wanderer. Divine Providence led him to direct it to the Worshipful Master, who holds a situation in the City Post Office, who directed the delivery-clerk to notify him when letters to his address should be called for. A short time after, the youth came, and was introduced to him. He told him he knew his father as a Mason and wished to pay him all the courtesies of respect, and to show him all the public buildings and institutions of the city, and to feel an interest in his welfare. Gaining the confidence of the young man, he frankly told him of the pain and anguish of his parents for his rash conduct, and the young man showed him letters from his mother full of the most heart-rending anxiety for his return, and unfolded the vile villainy that had been practiced upon him to induce him to come here. When he found the persons not in the circumstances that had been represented, but of low character, and being out of funds, he sought employment, and found some writing at an office on Seventh street. He was now anxious to return to his parental home, but had not the means to do so. On consulting with me, I advanced sufficient funds to enable him to pay all his debts and get a ticket for him to his father's house. The Worshipful Master attended to him, and got the bills paid and a ticket for railroad, home, and parted with him. He was affected to tears at the kindness the Masons had shown him. A few days after, a letter was received from his father inclosing the exact amount, not knowing that it had been already done and the prodigal was on his way home. The letter is in my possession, and I will show it to you. It is one that only a Mason could indite. It justly ascribes to the great Architect of the Universe the beauties of the Order of Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth. I have hastily written the inclosed. Excuse the imperfect manner it is done, but I know that *your* heart will feel a throb of joy at the return of a prodigal, and that there is joy at the return of a repenting sinner. Letters have since been received of his safe arrival *home.*

Fraternally yours, C

The Most Beautiful Hand—the Hand of Charity.

Two charming women were discussing one day what it is which constitutes beauty in the hand. They differed in opinion as much as the shape of the beautiful member whose merits they were discussing. A gentleman friend presented himself, and by common consent the question was referred to him. It was a delicate matter. He thought of Paris and the three goddesses. Glancing from one to the other of the beautiful white hands presented for his examination, he replied at last, "I give it up—the question is too hard for me; but ask the poor, and they will tell you the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives."

A Masonic Lesson—Pictures.

A room with pictures and a room without pictures differ as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than bleak walls and nothing on them, for pictures are loop-holes of escape for the soul, leading to other scenes and spheres. It is such an expressible relief to a person engaged in writing or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful and perhaps heavenly scenes, when a fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Thus pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are a relief to a jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books, they are histories and sermons, which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.

How an Anti-Masonic Wife was Converted.

Captain ——, an old and respected citizen of Essex, Ct., has, ever since he was a young man, been an ardent supporter of Freemasonry, and an exemplary member of the lodge located in that place. When he became a Mason his wife, a worthy lady, but blinded by prejudice, was violently opposed to the Order, and his constant visits to the lodge were by no means agreeable to her. This hostility she frequently manifested in a variety of ways, and often lectured him, in a lady-like and gentle manner, we doubt not, on his—to her—unreasonable devotion to an institution which kept him so many evenings from the home fireside. Her animadversions were particularly severe when he returned from a lodge meeting on the evening previous to his setting out on a voyage to the West Indies; he was then engaged in the West India trade. He bore her rebukes, however, with good humor, as a good Mason and husband should, and the next day taking an affectionate leave of his family, he departed.

His passage was pleasant and without incident until he arrived in the Tropics, when one day a sail hove in sight, which exhibited such signs as created serious fears that she might be a pirate. These fears were soon confirmed. The strange vessel bore down upon the ship of Captain —— with the speed of the wind. There was no escape, and it was not long before the pirates were upon his decks. The crew made an ineffectual resistance, during which some of them were slain, and the pirates prepared to proceed with their work of slaughter. Capt. —— was tied to one of the masts, and the villains were on the point of shooting him, when their chief, in a voice of thunder cried, "hold!" He was a Mason, and had recognized the sign of distress which Capt. ——, as if moved by a sudden inspiration, had given at the supreme moment. The Captain was immediately released, and the pirate crew ordered to their boats. Their chief, before departing, addressed the Captain to the following effect: "You are no doubt surprised to discover a Mason among pirates. But I was not always what I am now, and for many years lived an 'upright Mason.' At length I was innocently involved in a net of fatal circumstances, and became an outcast—the victim of a terrible injustice. My whole nature was changed, and I resolved to avenge myself on all the world. But I have never forgotten my masonic obligations, and through my whole career, have never, knowingly, lifted my hand against a brother, nor wronged a Mason 'to the value of anything.'" Thus speaking, and wishing the Captain a prosperous voyage and happy return to his family, he departed.

In due time Captain —— returned home, and related the particulars of his almost miraculous escape to his wife. Here was an argument which it was impossible to resist, and from that time his wife was a zealous defender of Freemasonry. We have no doubt that many of the stories we often read of pirate-Masons are sheer fables; but we can vouch for this as a substantial fact, having received it from a son of Captain ——, who is an intelligent and worthy member of the masonic lodge of Essex, Ct.

True, it is not pleasant to think that a Mason could ever fall so far as to become a pirate, nevertheless, it is a high compliment to the moral power of the masonic obligations that while all other restraints are entirely disregarded, these hold even pirates to one duty at least.—*Boston Herald.*

Preparations for Initiation.

In England it is the custom to hold lodge meetings in taverns and public houses, many of them having rooms prepared for that purpose. At one of these lodge meetings, a candidate for Masonic honors, who had been duly elected, was notified to be present for initiation. While waiting below, in great trepidation, the summons to the dread presence, his attention was attracted by the movements of the genius of the kitchen, a jolly feminine of the Hibernian persuasion, who was fond of a joke, and by some means, had become aware of the object of his presence. Bridget was industriously heating a huge gridiron over a rousing coal fire, and occasionally cast a shy glance at her visitor, who was evidently ill at ease; at length the curiosity of our candidate became excited, and he inquired of Biddy why she was heating the gridiron. She innocently replied that she did not know, but she had heard that some one was to be made a Mason that night, and she had always to heat it on those occasions. Our candidate hesitated a moment, and then remarked that the room was uncomfortably warm, and he would walk out into the open air for a short time. He did so; but forgot to return, and when called for, the brethren were surprised at his absence, until the story of the gridiron was told, which came very near creating a *broil* between Biddy and the members of the lodge.—*San Francisco Mercury*.

Freemasonry Extraordinary—An Anecdote.

During the past summer a certain countryman, who had never seen Paris, came up to one of the republican *fetes*, and wandered about at an early hour, gazing at all he could see. Many things seemed to puzzle him, and seeing a respectable young man by him on one occasion, he asked him several questions. The young man responded politely, "You are a stranger, I observe; allow me to do the hospitality of my native city." The old gentleman from the country accepted heartily, and was delighted beyond measure when his new acquaintance offered to take him to a somnambulist *seance* at Alexander Dumas's house. They started at once, and soon reached a magnificent mansion on the Boulevards. The young man entered, and went into the Porter's Lodge. He immediately returned with the information that Dumas had put off the *seance* until next day, because of the *fete*. "It is only adjourned for a day," remarked the young man, "let us dine in the Palais Royal, and go to the play afterwards." The old gentleman agreed, and they took a walk around Paris by way of getting an appetite. At five they turned to the Palais National, and entered one of the celebrated restaurateurs of that luxurious locality. They asked for a private room, where the young man ordered a most expensive and splendid dinner to be served up. The old gentleman protested against such expense; but the young man politely insisted, saying that it was his daily dinner, and the countryman gave way. The dinner was served, eaten, and the wines paid somewhat deep attention to—so much so, that the intellects of the old gentleman were slightly obfuscated. Desert was brought, and the two sat down cooly to luxurate over another bottle. Suddenly the old gentleman stared in astonishment. The young man was performing a certain series of cabalistic signs with his fingers, and nose, somewhat of the same character which Mr. Denison so elegantly offered to the appreciation of the Yorkshire electors. The *campagnard* was indignant. "Oh," cried the young man, "I see you are not a Freemason!" "Is that the sign of Freemasonry?" cried the old man. "The first sign," replied the young man. "Ah, I wish I were one," sighed the countryman. "Do you wish to join?" said the Parisian. "I shall be delighted." "Then, I'm your man. In this house the Grand Orient is now sitting. If you will accept, I will go up and have you elected at once." "You are too kind; but what is the ceremony?" "Very simple. Take off your coat and waistcoat; let me bind your eyes with the handkerchief; and then wait until I return. The delighted countryman accepted gladly, and hurried to comply. Coat and waistcoat were off in an instant, and his eyes bandaged. The young man in a few minutes left him. An hour passed in anxious expectation. Nothing occurred until the old man felt himself violently seized by the arm, and his bandage taken off the eyes. The furious landlord and three waiters stood before him. "My silver spoons, my silver forks, my clock, my silver candlesticks," cried the landlord. The terrified old gentleman answered, "My coat, my waistcoat, my watch, my money." The landlord stood petrified. "Explain." The old gentleman told his story. The landlord, despite his rage, roared with laughter, sent for a hackney coach, and drove with his fellow-victim to the Prefecture of Police. The story was told, and the secret agents set to work. Before morning, the clever youth and all his booty were captured. The countryman appeared as evidence, and then returned to his native village, a wiser if not a better man.—*North British Daily Mail*.

Tom Thumb as a Mason.

Our readers are generally aware that Gen. Thumb, *alias* Charles S. Stratton, Esq., of Bridgeport, Conn., is a fellow of the Royal Craft, and a very ardent, generous and sincere one. He never loses an opportunity to visit the lodge, and his little wife is as devoted a sister of the Eastern Star as Bro. M—— himself could desire. We have heard a good deal of Brother Stratton's attachment to masonic principles which redounds to his credit.

A few nights since, while the diminutive craftsman (he is, by the way, a Knight Templar) was holding an entertainment at Syracuse, in this State, he was informed that the lodge met that night. So as soon as his own labors were closed he "went round" in company with Brother John Sherville, who happened also to be there on that occasion. Being announced at the door as "Brother Stratton, of Bridgeport, Connecticut," nobody dreamed of who it was, and the astonishment of the brethren may better be imagined than described when *Le Petit* came in with the venerable John on one side and Bro. Orrin Welch on the other. Now the aspect of Brother Welch is that of a "son of Anak," all but the height, and being of a grim countenance, he looked like an ogre preparing to devour the fairy prince whom he was leading by the hand. A general consternation followed. Brethren who had slighly dozed over the lectures, rubbed their eyes to see if they were at *Barnum's*. The master felt in his pocket for a quarter; the Senior Deacon dropped his rod on the Treasurer's head, and the Secretary made a blot in his records. Chaos, in fact, returned for a minute, and it was not until the giant and his victim performed their salutations that the dumbfounded group recovered their equanimity so far as to proceed to the business of the lodge.

Our Brother Stratton is very happy in his domestic relations, and his wife idolizes him, which proves that woman

> "Wants but *little* here below
> Nor wants that little *long!*"

There is no truth in the silly tale that a coolness sprung up between this couple by reason of the wife's jealousy of the giantess.—*Dispatch*.

The First Authorized Form of a Masonic Prayer.

The fact may not probably be known to many of our masonic brethren, that up to about the year 1754, there was no authorized form of masonic prayer for the use of the lodges. Prior to this period, says Bro. Oliver, the Master was left to his own discretion in this particular, although the general practice was to select an appropriate form from the Liturgy of the Church. The prayer book was then a text-book of the lodge. About this time, Jews were first admitted into the English lodges, or indeed, with the exception of their connection with the spurious lodges on the continent, into Masonry anywhere, as Masonry was then understood and practiced. It was very natural that they should object to the use of the prayer book, or any other of the forms of Christian worship; and it was equally natural that their objections in this respect, should lead to irregularities in the devotional service of the lodge room. The Masters in some instances were found to manifest a willingness to yield to the prejudices, or preference, (as you please,) of this new class of initiates, and lay aside the Liturgy, for extemporaneous, or less objectionable forms of prayer. But this did not square with the views of propriety which the old and eminent members of the Order then entertained. As they had received and learned the forms and lessons of Masonry, so they were desirous to preserve and transmit them to their successors. And in order to set this matter right, by authority, Dr. Manningham, then Deputy Grand Master, in connection with Dr. Anderson, drew up the following prayer, to be used at the initiation of candidates, and laid it before the Grand Lodge at London, for its sanction. That body immediately adopted it; and the Doctor personally introduced it into the metropolitan lodges; "by whom," says Bro. Oliver, "it was gratefully received." This prayer, says the same learned brother, was used in the lodges until the time of Preston, "who altered without improving it." It was published in the "Freemason's Pocket Companion," in 1754, and is follows:

> "Most Holy and Gracious Lord God, thou Architect of heaven and earth, who art the giver of all good gifts and graces! and hath promised that when two or three are gathered together in thy name, thou wilt be in the midst of them; in thy name we assemble and meet together, most humbly beseeching thee to bless us in all our undertakings; to give us thy Holy Spirit, to enlighten our minds with wisdom and understanding; that we may know and serve thee aright, that all our doings may tend to thy glory and the salvation of our souls. And we beseech thee, O Lord God, to bless this our present undertaking, and to grant that this our brother may dedicate his life to thy service, and be a true and faithful brother amongst us. Endue him with divine wisdom, that he may, with the secrets of Masonry, be able to unfold the mysteries of godliness and Christianity. This we humbly beg, in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

The restoration of this old and beautifully sublime Prayer, to the ritual of the Order, would now be regarded as an unpardonable innovation, if not rank heresy to the "ancient landmarks." Nevertheless, it is refreshing and profitable to drink occasionally of the pure waters of the fountain.—*Freemasons' Magazine*.

THE OLD FRIEND AND THE NEW.

BY MARY HOWITT.

My old friend, he was a good old friend,
And I thought, like a fool, his face to mend;
I got another; but ah! to my cost.
I found him unlike the one I had lost!
I and my friend were bred together:—
He had a smile like the summer weather;
A kind warm heart, and a hand as free:—
My friend, he was all the world to me!

I could sit with him and crack many a joke,
And talk of old times and the village folk;
He has been with us at Christmas time;
He knew every tree we used to climb;
And where we played; and what befell,
My dear old friend remember well.
It did me good but to see his face;
And I've put another friend in his place.
I wonder how such a thing could be,
For my old friend would not have slighted me!

Oh my fine new friend, he is smooth and bland,
With a jeweled ring or two on his hand;
He visits my lord and my lady fair;
He hums the last new opera air.
He takes not the children on his knee;
My faithful hound reproacheth me,
For he snarls when my new friend draweth near,
But my good old friend to the brute was dear!
I wonder how I such a thing could do,
As change the old friend for the new!

My rare old friend, he read the plays
That were written in Master Shakspeare's days;—
He found in them wit and moral good;—
My new friend thinks them coarse and rude;—
And many a pleasant song he sung,
Because they were made when we were young;
He was not too grand, not he, to know
The merry old songs made long ago.
He writ his name on the window-pane;—
It was cracked by my new friend's riding-cane!

My good old friend, "he tirled at the pin,"
He opened the door and entered in;
We all were glad to see his face
As he took at the fire his 'customed place;
And the little children, loud in glee,
They welcomed him as they welcomed me.
He knew our griefs, our joys he shared;
There cannot be friend with him compared;
We had tried him long, had found him true!
Why changed I the old friend for the new?

My new friend cometh in lordly state;
He peals a startling ring at the gate;
There's hurry and pomp, there's pride and din,
And my new friend bravely entereth in.
I bring out the noblest wines for cheer,
I make him a feast that costeth dear;
But he knows not what in my heart lies deep;
He may laugh with me, but never shall weep,
For there is no bond between us twain;
And I sigh for my dear old friend again;
And thus too late I bitterly rue
That I changed the old friend for the new!

Humorous Definition of Masonry.

BY REV. BRO. OLIVER.

"What is Masonry? This is a great and important question which has puzzled the heads of all the uninitiated from the day of its first establishment to our own most peculiar times. What is Masonry? I could give fifty definitions of it if I chose to be communicative; but I should consider myself 'courteous overmuch,' were I to furnish the cowan with too great a portion of information at once. He would be gorged in a plethoric habit of mind, which would set him cackling like a young pullet after she had laid her first egg, and hops round the farmyard in an ecstacy of joy to tell her companions what a feat she has done. I shall give him only one definition at present, and he may muse on it at his leisure. Freemasonry is a triangle upon a triangle, placed in the center towards the rising of the sun; checkered with the *opus Grecanicum*, circumscribed with scroll work, permeating through the sephiroth, and graduating to a perfect heptad! There! Let the cowan digest that, and I will then impart some further instructions to edify his mind." We ardently recommend this definition to the use of brethren, who may be persecuted by the impertinent inquisitiveness of strangers to the Order, as a sharp and decisive clincher to profane curiosity, and a portable extinguisher for idle and sneering interrogations.

"An ancient objection against the Order, was, that the Freemasons, in their lodges, 'raise the devil in a circle, and when they have done with him, they lay him again with a noise or a hush as they please.' Others diverted themselves with the story of an old woman between the rounds of a ladder; or with the cook's red-hot iron or salamander, for making the indelible character on the new made Mason in order to give him the faculty of taciturnity. We can vouch for the fact, that many a well-intended but thin-skinned cowan is debarred from seeking initiation to the Order by the terrors of the gridiron, supposed to be used 'for making the indelible character on the new-made Mason, in order to give him the faculty of taciturnity.'"

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An Address

Delivered before National Lodge No. 12, F. & A. M., Washington City, D. C., on Tuesday Evening, May 31, 1864, by the Senior Warden,

BRO. MATH. C. BAXTER.

(Published by request of National Lodge, No. 12.)

WORSHIPFUL MASTER AND BRETHREN:

Having been called on to address you upon this occasion, I am prompted to comply with that request by the love which I cherish for the Order, and a sense of duty, as an humble member of the Craft, to obey the summons to labor, at all times, when I can do anything—however small it may be—to promote the interest of an institution that is founded upon pure and undying principles, such as should actuate every man who recognizes his duty to his Creator, to himself, and to his fellow-men.

I am free to confess, at the risk of being branded as an "enthusiast," by ignorant and prejudiced profanes, that I love Masonry as I do my right hand. And I glory in the fact that although the dark waves of ignorance, bigotry, and hate have for ages dashed against the rock of Eternal Truth upon which she rests; yet there she stands to-day, heedless of their fury, and complacently smiling upon all the world around; her outstretched hand glistening with tears that she has wiped from the cheek of sorrow, and her fair brows garlanded with the blessings of thousands of hearts that have been touched by her sceptre of Love and Peace.

Freemasonry has been defined to be a beautiful system of morality, veiled in allegory, and illustrated by symbols devised for the purpose of explaining and inculcating the great principles of Morality, Science, and Religion. In accordance with this design, we find Ancient Craft Masonry divided into three departments or degrees, composing a system of regular gradation, by which we advance, step by step, upon the rounds of our theological ladder—Faith, Hope and Charity—until we emerge into that full blaze of spiritual light which illuminates the soul, and shines out in the acts of every craftsman who is worthy to be called one of the "Sons of Light."

In the First Degree, Morality or Virtue is beautifully inculcated by our peculiar system of ceremonies, emblems, and types, whose impressive lessons cannot fail to sink deep into the mind and prepare it for a regular advancement in the principles of moral philosophy and science.

Here, through the veil of our mysteries, the mind is directed to the great quarry of our fallen nature. The blocks, rude and unshapen, lie imbedded in darkness, and reason, unaided from on high, like an unskilled "lowen," turns from the scene, unable to fit them for their intended uses. The dim light of nature fails to penetrate the clouds of moral darkness that wrap their thick foldings about the unenlightened mind, and chaotic confusion sways her sceptre over the dark and dismal waste. In vain does the benighted soul scan the clouded horizon of ignorance and superstition to catch one ray of that spiritual light which emanates from the Allwise Master Builder of the universe, and imparts the knowledge of His goodness, love, and mercy to his creatures.

But here, upon the very threshhold of our outer courts, we find, ever burning upon our altars, that Great Light of Masonry, whose pure and heavenly rays dispel the moral darkness and teach us to have faith in God, hope in immortality, and charity to all mankind. By the aid of this Great Light we are taught to labor in fitting our minds as living stones for that spiritual building, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Kindled by the hand of the Almighty, it is the life and soul, the foundation and cap-stone of our institution. Extinguish it, and Masonry falls and dies without a struggle. She can no more exist without it than can we without the light and heat from the sun. Put out the Great Light of Masonry and Religion, and life will become a desert without one bright oasis, and eternal despair will spread her funeral pall over the ruins of lost humanity.

But the pillars of heaven may fall; the twinkling stars may be dashed from the blue arch of night; the created universe may sink into eternal oblivion—*yet the eternal truth of God will* NEVER *die*; this Great Light will never dim. In time it will burn upon our altars and in the hearts of the true "Sons of Light," and in the realms of eternity it will blaze forever near the throne of God.

The Entered Apprentice Mason, standing just within the portals of our Masonic Temple, is greeted by Virtue in all her purity and loveliness, while Faith, Hope, and Charity beckon him to higher mysteries and additional light. He hears of brotherly love, relief, and truth. He sees, in our ceremonies and emblems, fountains of moral teachings that send their pure streams far out to fertilize the wide desert of our degenerate nature; and if he practically studies the great moral truths here presented, he will be well qualified to pass the portals of our Middle Chamber.

In the Second Degree, as the candidate advances in the knowledge of our mysteries and the virtues they inculcate, he is also taught that to make daily progress in knowledge and virtue is his privilege and duty. The Almighty has made man a progressive being. His intellectual faculties are capable of constant expansion, and the higher his attainments in knowledge, the greater is his capacity for enjoyment. It is no new theory that a search after wisdom and the study of science will form a part of the employment of the redeemed upon the plains of eternal bliss. Forever diving deeper into the mysteries of the Supreme Grand Architect, and the wonders of the works of His hands, and constantly being rewarded with discoveries of priceless jewels of wisdom, will as constantly increase their love and their happiness. Forever progressing towards God and perfection—forever advancing in degrees of wisdom, strength, and beauty—forever attaining to more of the light of God's power and goodness, and forever drinking deeper of the fountain that makes glad the city of the living God; the immortal "Sons of Light" will there be fully able to comprehend and enjoy those hidden glories which mortal "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have they entered into the heart of man."

Freemasonry is wisely adapted to the intellectual wants of our progressive nature; and as the candidate advances in our mysteries, he discovers that one sublime truth mastered is but a stepping-stone to another yet more sublime. He finds the entrance to the Middle Chamber blazing with the light of science and philosophy, and while his mind delves after the richest gems of truth and reason, he realizes that the highest law of our being is *labor*, and its results are *progress* and *excellence*.

In the Third Degree are taught the cardinal principles of Religion. Not the particular dogmas of any religious sect or creed, for then our house would be divided against itself, and confusion among the workmen would ensue, while chaos and darkness would hold their sway where harmony and brotherly love now triumphantly reign. Then the fiend of discord would rush into our temple, overthrow our altars, put out our lights, destroy our implements of labor, and hide our jewels forever in the rubbish of prejudice and bigotry.

And here, let me ask, who can help but admire and wonder at the great wisdom manifest in the design by which our glorious institution was framed? I have often, while contemplating the wisdom and excellence of this design, lost myself in the vain effort to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to whether the great Master Builder, who held the compass and the square, was human or divine—whether the etchings upon the trestle-board were executed by a divine or human hand. With faultless symmetry and with glorious proportions we behold our moral and masonic temple towering high above all sects; and while its golden dome and flashing pinnacles point upward to the Heavens as the dwelling-place of the great I AM, the Christian, the Jew, and the Mohammedan may enter its portals and kneel at its altars.

Here, in the inner-temple, we are taught the cardinal principles of that religion in which *all men agree.* Free from everything like bigotry, yet pointing man to his responsibility to God and to his eternal destiny. Who that has entered into the most secret recess of our temple, and there witnessed its solemn and sublime ceremonies, can leave that place without being deeply impressed with the lessons there taught? Who that has passed through those ceremonies, and traveled that road which we as Masons have all traveled, can fail to comprehend the teachings that lie beneath the surface, although veiled in symbolisms and allegories? Here is reflected that light whose divine rays dart athwart the dark valley and shadow of death, penetrate the gloom of the grave, and burst forth in unseen splendor in the realms of immortality and eternal life.

Did Masonry reflect only the dim light of nature and look only to the present life—did her teachings begin at the cradle and end at the grave, looking no further backward nor forward than the short span of human existence—our moral and masonic temple would have been incomplete, and its unfinished walls would have fallen long ago; even its heap of ruins would not remain to mark its former site, or tell that it ever existed. But to our most excellent master builders were given wisdom and strength, not only to finish, but to adorn it so as to challenge the admiration of all who gaze upon it with unprejudiced eyes. With its designs drawn from that great spiritual, moral, and masonic Tracing-Board given to man by the Supreme Architect of the Universe; with its foundation stone of Truth laid deep in that faith which Heaven has implanted in the human breast; with its blocks squared by the square of Virtue, laid to the plumb-line of Morality, and cemented in Brotherly Love; with its noble arch crowned with the key-stone of Charity; with the incense of its altars ascending to Heaven; with its lights and symbols pointing to immortality beyond the grave; it stands firm and unshaken as it ever stood. Since the celebration of its cap-stone, thrones have tottered and fallen, kingdoms and empires have passed away, centuries and ages have borne upon their sweeping billows the shipwrecked hopes and plans of men and of nations; yet our institution remains unscathed and unfading. The gray mists of antiquity which have encircled its brow, have only served to add to its glory and prove the stability of its nature. And who of us, brethren, doubts that it *will still survive the lapse of ages*, and that—

> "When the creation shall fall into ruin,
> Its beauty shall rise through the midst of the fire."

But, while we gaze with pleasurable emotions upon our moral and masonic edifice, while we delight to view its ancient pillars, count its arches, and linger along its corridors, let us not forget that *we are more than mere idle spectators* within its walls. Let us not forget that we are of the *bands of the workmen;* that with the implements of Masonry in our hands, we have solemnly dedicated our lives to LABOR; and he who idles away his time in the quarries is not worthy the name of a Mason. He who takes upon himself the solemn engagements of Masonry, and then sits down and folds his arms in idleness, is more to be pitied than that man who built his house upon the sand.

Then, brethren, are we upon the walls, wielding our implements of labor? Does the trowel gleam brightly in our hands from constant use? Are we imbued with the spirit of our labors, and do the walls of our moral and masonic edifice grow in proportion, strength, and beauty each succeeding day?

If we are *truly* the "Sons of Light"—if we are earnestly engaged in the noble works in which Masonry has instructed us—if we have learned the Royal Art aright, and practice it in the true spirit of the genius of Masonry, we are assured that our labors *shall not go unrewarded.* It has been truly remarked, by an eminent Craftsman, that when the sons of Masonry live and act in the noble spirit of their institution, she may well adopt the language of the pious Job, and say:—"When the earth heard, then it blessed me; when the eye saw, it gave witness unto me; because I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless and the widow, and him that had none to help; the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." Then, brethren, let it not be in mockery that we hold the implements of Masonry in our hands. Do they not remind us of our duties to God, to each other, and to our fellow-men? Do they not remind us of the ancient craftsmen who toiled upon Mount Moriah, in the quarries of Zeradatha, and in the forests of Lebanon? Those craftsmen are gone. Their songs are heard no more upon the mount. The quarries give back no echo of the notes of labor. The dust of ages has swept alike over the fallen ruins of the Temple and the graves of its honored builders. But those ancient brethren have left us their precepts, their examples, and their implements of labor. While they have marched forth, at the summons of the Grand Master of the Universe, to receive the wages due them, we, in our turn, have taken up the Square, the Level, and the Plumb. And since we have taken upon ourselves their profession; since they have handed down to us their arts, their traditions, and their secret ceremonies; since they have left us their implements, with the knowledge of their uses; since they have solemnly enjoined upon us, by their precepts and example, to love virtue, seek knowledge, practice charity, cultivate brotherly-love, to walk uprightly before God and man—and, in short, to prove ourselves worthy of them and of our noble profession—let us follow in their footsteps, let us imitate their virtues, and prove to the world that ours is a high and noble calling.

Like them, we are brethren; and, as such, like them, we should show to the world "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Like them, we are bound together by a "mystic tie" which all the powers of earth and hell should not be strong enough to sever; a tie that is stronger than the passions of the human heart; *stronger than death;* a tie that binds the heart of every Mason to those of his brethren—*and all to God.* And that Judas who would sever it, nay, who would cleave asunder *one of its silken threads*, is prepared in heart for dark and damning deeds that would challenge the courts of perdition itself.

Let not brotherly love, with us, be an empty name, but let it ever live and burn in our hearts. If we have it not *there*, we rear our altars in vain; if we have it not *there*, our ceremonies and emblems are but empty mockery, and our name as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Its living, active presence in each breast, makes us a "band of brothers." Where its influence is felt, *there is true Masonry.* Has our brother fallen into error?—it prompts the gentle reproof; yea, more, it prompts us to follow an erring brother to the very gates of hell to reclaim him. Is our brother surrounded with difficulties and seeking counsel?—it meets him with kind words and advice. Is he in distress?—it hastens to relieve him. Is his fair name traduced by serpent-tongued slander, "that foulest whelp of sin," who makes "most hellish meals of good men's names?"—brotherly love stands ready to support and defend. *It is the cement of our masonic temple, and without it we cannot build.*

Then, brethren, let us be faithful to our trust and to each other. Let us perform our vows. Let us exemplify to the world the pure and beautiful teachings of our rituals. Let us show to the world that, by the aid of that "hieroglyphic light, which none but craftsmen ever saw,' we are erecting a spiritual, moral, and masonic edifice, whose glory shall be infinitely greater than that of the magnificent temple with which our ancient brethren crowned the summit of Mount Moriah. Then, when with us—

> "There is no more occasion for level or plumb-line,
> For trowel or gavel, for compass or square;
> When our works are completed, our ark safely seated,
> Then we shall be greeted as *workmen most rare.*"

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The True Masonic Spirit.

BY BRO. HACKER, G.·. M.·. OF INDIANA.

It has been often asserted, in the past few years, through the press, on the stump, and from the sacred desk, that Masonry has outlived her days; that whatever causes may have justified her organization in former times, those causes have long since passed away; and that no reasons for the continuance of our masonic organizations do now exist—consequently the further continuance thereof is wholly unnecessary, an imposition upon community, and should be at once abandoned. * * * * *

What reason is there for the organization of the three hundred lodges now at work so harmoniously within our jurisdiction? What has brought together the representatives of these lodges in our annual assembly for the past years? What has caused this large delegation of craftsmen to come up to a common center at this time? Why have you, my brethren, forsaken your farms, your shops, your various professions and business, and thus come together to spend a few days in the transaction of perhaps unimportant matters, and then separate never to meet again on earth? Is it all a mere fancy of the mind that has caused you to do so?—*a chimera?—a myth?* Or is there something real—something of vital importance—not only to yourselves but also to others, that not only justifies, but absolutely demands, this sacrifice of time, labor, and means at your hands? This is the important inquiry that now demands our attention and careful consideration.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY."

As an incident pertinent to the present inquiry, permit me here to give an extract or two from some communications received: * * * * *

"*Much esteemed Friend:*—Your favor of the 10th inst. was received yesterday, and I was truly glad, as well as thankful, for the interest you and others of the lodge continue to manifest for my welfare. In addition to my other studies, I have been taking music lessons the past year, and with the $100 and the proceeds of my own exertions, I can soon procure a piano, which I very much need. My teacher wishes me to fit myself for a music teacher, but I do not know how that will be. At all events, I mean to be a teacher—that is emphatically settled. It suits me better than any other position I know of, and I believe that God has raised you (the Masons) as instruments to fit me for that great and noble duty.

"Let me thank you once more for all your past kindness. I shall always vindicate the cause of the Masons, and believe that it is a God-favored institution. I feel very near to the members of the lodge at ——, and shall always remember you as my *best* friends, my benefactors. I shall always love the Masons;—first, because my dear father was a Mason; second, because they have respected him, and paid him every tribute of respect; and, lastly, because they have shown so much generosity, charity, and love to the lone orphan, who was in childhood thrown wholly upon them for protection and support.

"Then let me again say *May God bless you*, every one, and reward your works of charity. I believe there is a place in Heaven for every true and good Mason."

Again, under date of February 28th, 1864, she writes, after informing the members of the lodge of her plans for the future—

"Accept my sincere thanks once more for the interest you have manifested in my welfare. To the Masons I am to-day indebted for what I now am. They laid the foundation of what little knowledge I possess; which created within me a desire for improvement. I trust your good works will not be lost. I hope I may conduct myself in such a manner that it will reflect honor upon the masonic society, and that you may be able to say, 'We cast our bread upon the waters, and it has returned to us after many days.'"

That orphan child, just now blooming into womanhood, and about to graduate from an institution of learning of a high order, located but a few squares from where we are now assembled, was a few years since, at the tender age of seven, by the sudden death of a kind and indulgent father, left destitute and helpless. Here was a time and an occasion for Masonry to vindicate the utility of her organization. And how was it responded to? *Let us see.*

But a few weeks were suffered to pass by the lodge of which the father of that child was an honored member, before a lot was procured, a neat and comfortable cottage erected, the *fee simple* made to the widowed mother and her orphan children, thus so suddenly left destitute, and they put in quiet possession of their pleasant home thus prepared for them, and, with further assurances of protection and support, hope revived, and that unfortunate widowed mother, with her five destitute and helpless orphans, lived again. Fourteen weary years have since passed away, and how have the assurances of future protection, given by that little band of brothers to that widow and those orphans, been kept? Let the extracts from the correspondence of one of them, which I have given, answer—at least so far as that one is concerned. Surely that is explicit enough, and clearly indicates how well thay had fulfilled their promise.

Now, as I am informed, it cost that lodge of faithful brothers a few hundred dollars to procure that lot and erect that little home for those helpless orphans; and it has doubtless cost them a few hundred dollars more to educate them as they have done. But the principles of their charitable organization demanded it, sympathizing hearts prompted it, and willing hands contributed the means; and the happy results which are indicated by the extracts I have given, of course followed.

In this single instance alone, I think we have a full and complete answer as to the utility of our organization and an example worthy of even our traducers. But when we consider that we have as yet presented the evidence of but one of a family of six suddenly thrown destitute and helpless upon the lodge for protection and support; that is but one family of four that the same lodge has had the care of at the same time; that this is but one of the three hundred lodges now organized and at work within our own jurisdiction, endeavoring faithfully to carry out the same principles; and but one of the multiplied thousands at work in all parts of our sin-cursed world, relieving the afflicted and distressed everywhere and of every kind—we may readily conclude that Masonry has not yet quite outlived her day; that the time to abandon her organization has not yet come. For while there is the widow's wail to hush, the orphan's tear to dry, the disconsolate to comfort, the distressed of every kind to relieve, Masonry will have enough to do to justify the continuance of her organization and demand the exercise of all her energies. Then, while we have such evidences of the fruits of our labors, the prayers of the widow and the orphan continually ascending to the Great I Am from all parts of our afflicted earth, for blessings upon our well-meant efforts in alleviating the distresses to which mankind is heir, we may, regardless of the scoffs of the envious, or the anathemas of the bigot, go on in our mission of love and mercy to an afflicted world.

Brethren, let us, at the commencement of this our Forty-Sixth Annual Communication, while reviewing the past, take courage for the future—renew our vows, and pledge to each other a redoubling of our efforts in the great mission of human benefaction, the bright polar star of our organization. Go, kindle anew the light of hope and joy in the dwellings darkened by death! Bring health to the diseased, rest to the weary, hope to the desponding! Take the defenseless orphans by the hand, and lead them in the paths of virtue and honor, carefully guarding the innocent and defenseless! Let love and mercy actuate all your movements, harmony attend your steps, the heaven-born principles of our time-honored institution be your guide! And thus gather around you a circle of light and of love, and let it extend with increasing luster wider and wider, until those thousands of bright circles shall meet and commingle in one, and earth once more become as the Garden of Jehovah, and joy and gladness fill the whole earth. Then, and not until then, may we lay aside our working-tools, disband our organization, and retire from labor to rest.

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Tarshish.

This port was visited by the navies of Solomon, king of Israel, and Hiram, king of Tyre. Point de Galle is by best scholars thought to be the ancient and masonic Tarshish.

"Tarshish obviously lay in the road to Ophir, the land from which Solomon procured gold. Malacca was known to the later Greek geographers, as the Golden Chersonese; and in the Malay language, *ophir* is the generic term for a gold mine. King Solomon made a navy of ships in Eziongeber, 'which is beside Elath, on the shore of the Red sea.' From Eziongeber, Solomon's navy traded with Tarshish and Ophir. 'Once in three years came the navy of Tarshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks.' In a Persian poem of the tenth century, which describes an expedition from Jerusalem to Ceylon, the outward voyage is stated as occupying a year and a half—a coincidence which would be valueless, if it were not for the regular limits imposed upon unscientific navigation in the Indian Seas by the recurrence of the monsoons. Gold could have been transhipped at the main port of Ceylon from the vessels which brought it from Ophir. 'Silver spread into plates,' which Jeremiah mentions as coming from Tarshish, is even yet in use as the material of the sacred books of the Singhalese. Ivory was, of course, from the earliest times an export from Ceylon, and even more common formerly than now. Apes are indigenous to the island, and peafowl abound there. It is curious that the very terms by which these three latter articles of commerce are designated in the Hebrew invoice, so to speak, are identical with their Tamil nomenclature in Ceylon at the present day. And those terms were so entirely foreign and alien from the common Hebrew language as to have driven the Ptolemaist authors of the Septuagint version into a blunder, by which the ivory, apes, and peacocks, come out as 'hewn and carven stones.'"

If Tarshish be once placed in Ceylon, everything seems to point to its being expressly localized at Point de Galle. This has been from time immemorial the great emporium of the island. Under the name of Kalah, it was the rendezvous of the Persian and Arabian vessels in the time of Haroun Alraschid trading with China. The impossibility of navigating the Strait of Manaar except with the smallest craft, as well as the difficulties in regard of wind and currents, which would painfully add to the length of the voyage for ships from Arabia or the Persian Gulf, in rounding the southeast coast of Ceylon, exclude the noble harbor of Trincomalee from all claim to this historical distinction. And Pliny learned from the embassadors sent from Ceylon to the Emperor Claudius, that the great port of the island fronted the south—a description applicable to no point on the coast but that of Galle. In default of any ground of the slightest probability for a bare suggestion that the depot of general Asiatic maritime trade was silently changed in the interim (a thing utterly repugnant to the habits of timid tenacity and slowly-bought experience characteristic of Eastern sailors,) it may be reasonably concluded that the great port of Ceylon, from the times of Claudius to those of Haroun Alraschid, and from his times to those of the Dutch and the Portuguese, was also the great port of Ceylon in the times of Solomon.

The National Freemason.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY, 1864.

Letters of business, and containing money, and correspondence, should be addressed Dr. McMurdy, Box 982. Printed matter should be directed National Freemason, Lock Box 18, Washington city.

The editor can be seen before 8, a. m., or at 5, p. m., at Mrs. Parrish's, 54 Missouri avenue.

Agents.—Bro. Charles H. Anderson, 458 Seventh street, opposite Post Office; Bro. Tacey, Clerk of Court, for Alexandria; Bro. Geo. H. Raymond, G.·. L.·., 48 John street, for New York city; Bro. James Sterratt, Baltimore city; Bro. Huntington, Adams, N. Y.; Bro. Enos, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Bro. B. B. McCoul, Pottsvile, Pa. Bro. Geo. H. Jefts, Traveling Agent, Box 43, Brookline, N. H. J. H. Quintard, No. 8 Pine street, New York city, General Agent; W. S. Wolf, General Agent; M. D. Russell, 7th st., Washington, D. C.

Every change of P. O box, or residence of subscribers, should be carefully reported. The past address of the paper should always be stated.

Under the present postal law, no matter can be delivered until postage (three cents per quarter) is paid.

OFFICIAL.

To the Brethren, Companions, and Sir Knights of the several Jurisdictions; We, as Grand Master of Knights Templar in the United States of America, Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, send greeting:

We not only regard with favor the enterprise so generally approved by the Craft, to establish a National Masonic Journal at the metropolis of the nation, but we are impelled by a deep sense of its importance to urge upon you the most vigorous exertions to give to this much-needed instrument for good a healthy and vigorous life.

Let each masonic body, in corporate capacity, subscribe for as many copies of the National Freemason as may be expedient for circulation among the widows and orphans of Masons, and among the sick and indigent Masons in hospitals, thereby exercising a high charity. Let each Mason take as many copies personally as he can afford, and induce his neighbor to do the same.

We are satisfied, from the well-known high educational, literary, and masonic character of the Rev R. McMurdy, D. D., LL. D., Grand Prelate of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, that the National Freemason will be conducted in a liberal, faithful, national, and catholic spirit, and will tend to increase and diffuse light within and without our sacred precincts, and promote harmony and good will among the brotherhood.

The moderate terms of its publication, $2 00 per annum, make it accessible to the masonic masses.

We urge you all, brethren, to prompt action in sending names of subscribers, paying in advance, to Rev. Dr. McMurdy, Washington, city.

B. B. FRENCH,
Grand Master Knights Templar, U. S. of A.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand High Priest of Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and District of Columbia.
Y. P. PAGE,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Maryland.

Discontinuance.—Where there is no order for discontinuance we suppose that the brother wishes to remain a subscriber, and will send us the money in advance for the second volume at the earliest moment. All discontinuing must state post office address and, if in the city, the locality where the paper has been received.

We have four hundred complete sets of the first volume, for such as desire the first volume. Also, several hundred Almanacs, which, as a masonic work, will be as valuable many years hence as at the present. The Almanac will be continued from year to year.

Agents and subscribers will please send us "greenbacks" in payment of subscriptions.

Alexandria.—The papers for this point will be found at Brother O'Rear's store, on King street, near Washington. If any subscribers still desire to try the post office, they will advise us.

We receive not a few letters like the following. Our paper is proving an agent in the great work of charity:

Litchfield, Conn., *June* 16, 1864.

Dr. McMurdy:

My Dear Sir: My husband was a Mason and a subscriber to your valuable paper. He was killed in the battle of Cold Harbor, June 1st, 1864. He has sent me the numbers to June; that was probably sent to the Army of the Potomac, and he has never received it. I do not like to lose a single number. Will you now forward them, commencing with June, to my address?"

Since receiving the foregoing we have learned of more affliction in the family of Colonel Wadham.

Edward, an orderly sergeant of the 8th Connecticut Regiment, died; and Henry, a lieutenant of the 16th, and Truman, a captain in the 2d, have been killed in battle.

Our sincere condolence and sympathy with this bereaved family.

The Templars of the Capital were delighted with the visit, during the month of June, of our eminent fratres, Sir Knight Simons, of New York, Sir Knight Bayless, of Indiana, and Sir Knights Jarvis, Thrall, Ely, Keifer, and Dodd, of Ohio.

We regret that our public duties and boarding-house accommodations prevented our usual exhibitions of Knight's hospitality.

Presentation of P. M. Jewels.—At a meeting of National Lodge, No. 12, held on the evening of 31st May, the W. M., on behalf of the lodge, made a presentation of Past Master's Jewels to Brothers P.·. M.·. Belshaw and Kondrup, of that lodge. The presentation was made in a neat and appropriate address, and was received by the Brothers P.·. M.·. with fitting acknowledgments. The jewels are of solid silver and of exquisite workmanship, and the collars attached are beautifully embroidered in silver. They were gotten up by Brother De Wolf, jeweler on Pennsylvania Avenue, this city, who deserves great credit for the taste and skill exhibited.

Abraham Jonas, the first Grand Master of Illinois, and a perminent and active member of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, is deceased. This brother was an Israelite, and a true Freemason.

The "Brussels Journal" is again guilty of a "canard" in stating that "The Cursed," a book published by Lacroix, at Brussels, had been advertised by the French Masons, and the prospectus sent to the clergy of France at their expense, and that 50,000 francs had been so employed.

Der Triangel.—If any of our subscribers desire a masonic paper in the German language, we most heartily commend Der Triangel, published semi-monthly, at Williamsburg, Long Island, 40 Stagg street, by Brother Edward Roehr, at $2 50 per annum.

P.·. G.·. M.·. Stansbury.—We regret, with the fraternity of the District, the departure of this brother from our midst. He will receive from the Craft of Philadelphia such welcome as his masonic merit, gentlemanly bearing, business qualities, and Christian deportment richly deserve.

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., was founded, 1824, by Stephen Van Rensselaer, as a school of theoretical and practical science. Its four courses are those of civil, mechanical, and topographical engineering and natural science.

Beautiful Symbolism.—On the front of the altar-tomb erected in the northwest sacristy of Trinity Church to Bishop Onderdonk, are three sunken panels, quatrefoils, inclosing shields, of which one bears the cross, the emblem of faith; another the anchor, emblem of hope; and another the pierced heart, emblem of love. A similar shield in a panel at the end, beneath the head of the recumbent figure, bears the I. H. S., (Jesus Hominum Salvator—Jesus Saviour of Men;) and another the crown of thorns; all in relief.

The ladies' movement for the relief of the suffering at Fredericksburg, and continued at the front, is of masonic origin and activity, although aided by many citizens not Masons and sanctioned by the medical and military authorities. It originated with the wife of a Knight Templar, and a sister of adoptive Masonry, and illustrates the value and importance of adoptive rites.

Acknowledgment.—Proceedings of Grand Chapter and of Knights Templar, Missouri.

From the *Zenzero* of Florence it appears that the representatives of Italian Freemasonry, lately meeting in that city, have re-elected Garibaldi, Grand Master.

Curious Artistic Production.—The Manchester (England) *Courier* writes of a curious artistic production, an admirable portrait of Garibaldi, burned on a piece of sycamore with a piece of heated iron, which is admired for its resemblance to oil painting, and for the effectiveness of its light and shades.

We invite our friends visiting Alexandria to inspect similar productions of art at the Marshall House, where Ellsworth lost his life. One of them, executed by a brother of Philadelphia, is a masonic carpet.

Commendable.—Deeds and not mere words of charity. The Grand Lodge of Indiana at its late session gave $1,000 to the State Sanitary Fair. Fittingly did this Grand Lodge elect Brother Hacker Master.

Vacancy.—"If one of the first three officers of a lodge enter the army does not this create a vacancy?" No; it can only be created by suspension, degradation, or expulsion, by dimit or death. Then the Senior Warden becomes acting Master, and the place of the Senior Warden is supplied from meeting to meeting by pro tem. appointment. The Junior Warden becomes Master if there is a vacancy in both the two chief offices. A dispensation may be granted for a special election.

The noblest tribute:

"AMZI CAMP,
Minister of the Gospel.
Died
In New York City,
January 5th, 1864,
Aged 63 years.

He preached the Gospel to the Poor.

Erected by New York Lodge,
No. 330, F. and A. M.,
State of New York."

Thus reads the stone over the grave of a deceased member. Noble masonic testimony! "He preached the Gospel to the poor."

The *Continental* for June is a very valuable number. The article on Renan's Life of Jesus by our friend and brother, Rev. H. M. Thompson, is the best notice of this latest phase of Infidelity. Let every Templar read it and be reassured of the firm foundation of our faith in the Word of God.

We select an aphorism for Templars, by Knight Asa Colton, from the *Continental*:

"With us it may not be the actual suffering of death, as it was with our Lord; but that we may truly follow Him, and do what we can for the good of others, we must hold life, with all its endearments, subject to any call for sacrifice that may be made on us; and actually give up, from day to day, just as much of the present life, its pleasures or interests, as may be necessary, that we may render the best possible service in the kingdom of Christ. We have the privilege of daily martyrdom, to be followed by its honors and blessedness, in whatsoever circumstances we may be placed. How much of the suffering that sometimes accompany the spirit and the act, we need not concern ourselves to inquire."

Barefoot.—This expression is found in many passages concerning pilgrims. Shakspeare, in "All's well that ends well," says:

I am St. Jacques' pilgrim, thither gone;
Ambition's love hath so in me offended
That *barefoot* plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow to have my faults amended.

What a Mason's Parlor should be.—Carry your symbolism into it. Your masonic lessons properly applied will make more pleasant, instructive, and attractive churches, schools, and houses. They will open and keep open parlors, for the family, for the children, and not merely for visitors. Ik. Marvel observes: "Make your living room the largest and most cheerful in the house. Let the place be such that when your boy has gone to distant lands, or even when, perhaps, he clings to a single plank in the lone waters of the wide ocean, the thought of the still homestead may come across the desolation, bringing always light, hope, and love. Have no dungeons about your house, no room you never open, no blinds that are always shut."

Templars Visit to Philadelphia.

The parade of the Templars of Washington, to the depot on the 23d of June was an imposing spectacle. The trip to Philadelphia was as agreeable as it well could be at this season. The number of Sir Knights from Washington and Baltimore was respectable. Sir Knights Bell, E.·. C.·. of Washington Commandery, and Stevens, E.·. C.·. of Columbia Commandery, and all the officers, acquitted themselves creditably. G.·. M.·. French and ourselves were invited guests, on the part of the Grand Encampment of the U. S.

A committee of St. John's Commandery of Philadelphia, consisting of Sir Knights Hutchinson, King, Thornley, Ide, Murphey, Blackburn, and Richardson, met the Washington Sir Knights at Wilmington. At the depot at Philadelphia, St. John's Commandery met the visiting Sir Knights, and escorted them to the Grand Lodge Hall on Chestnut street, where a few words of Knightly welcome were uttered by our friend and Sir Knight Rev. Dr. Ducachet, Rector of St. Stephen's, followed by a response from the G.·. M.·. The march was next to the Continental, and after a brief toilet and dinner, it was continued to the Sanitary Fair.

So delicate and courteous and anticipatory were all the attentions, that every place opened generously at our approach, and although provided with tickets, there was little occasion for their use. After a cursory inspection of the fair, the Knights dispersed to complete their visit to the fair on the 24th. The various departments were well explored. The gallery of painting was most enjoyed. The Wilderness was not forgotten, and the ladies received Knightly attention. We heard of a gallant leader of our hosts, who was full of Knightly devotion. More anon, perhaps.

By the sound of the music discoursed by the band of the 150th Ohio regiment, which was kindly loaned for the entire visit by the Colonel, at 8 o'clock, the officers of the Grand Encampment of the U. S. present, followed by the Templars of Washington and Baltimore and Philadelphia, entered the magnificent ladies' ordinary of the Continental, and were soon at their places, filling the spacious hall. Sir Knight Allen, the able President of Girard College for thirteen years, and P.·. G.·. C.·. of Pennsylvania, presided, and called upon the Grand Prelate of the U. S. who invoked a blessing upon all present and absent Knights, whether in hospitals, camps, on the battle-field or in civil life. The sumptuous repast, arranged in excellent taste, was then discussed. After which Sir Knight Allen delivered a short, but beautiful address of welcome, pointing out the difference between Symbolic or Jewish, and Templar or Christian Masonry. He eloquently pressed upon those present the duties of Templars.

Sir Knight Hutchison, P.·. G.·. C.·. of St. John's Commandery, to whom the success of the whole visit was greatly due, acted as Master of Ceremonies. He announced the first regular toast, "The Grand Encampment of the United States," which was responded to by Sir Knight French, G.·. M.·., who presented thanks for the visit, noticed the Fair and its objects, and as a true and courteous Knight, complimented woman as the "head and front" of all acts of mercy. Sir Knight French enlarged upon Masonry as a bond of friendship, and in conclusion proposed the toast, "Knights of Pennsylvania, although the swords they wear upon their hips are true as Damascus steel, they are no truer than their hearts."

The third regular toast was, "The G.·. C.·. of Pennsylvania." Sir Knight Goodwin of the G.·. E.·. of Pennsylvania responding, adverted to their duties as Templars to succor the needy, relieve the distressed, and bind up the wounds of the afflicted.

The fourth regular toast was, "Washington Commandery, No. 1." Sir Knight Stansbury, P.·. G.· M.·. responded, alluding to speech-making in Washington as a *cocoethes*. He spoke of the three stages of speech-making; the first, an exquisite torture, becoming an exquisite pleasure, next a matter of indifference; and finally a bore. Sir Knight Stansbury averred that he had never got beyond the *first stage*. He complimented the banquet as tempting an anchorite to eat, but being told that he was expected to answer to a toast he had made a burnt offering of his supper. He noticed Em. Com. Bell as noted for his modesty as well as for his merit. He then beautifully adverted to the banners decorating the room, the cross calling up all the tender associations suggested by the Saviour's passion, and the history clinging around the Templar's banner, the crusades, the valor of the Knights, the middle age of chivalry, and the age of modern chivalry, with its victories of Christian progress. The speech was closed by the return of thanks for courtesy of St. John's Commandery.

Sir Knight Bell, E.·. C.·. of W. C., proposed, "St. John's Commandery."

The fifth regular toast was "Columbia Commandery, No. 2." Sir Knight Stevens, E.·. C.·. responded in a happy strain and gave an interesting narrative of a visit to the Fair at Baltimore, concluding with the following:

> This beautiful city is called the city of *brotherly love*. It is known throughout the civilized world by this title. This principle of brotherly love is the foundation stone of our glorious masonic edifice. Had this principle been recognized and sacredly observed by all sections of the country, we would have escaped the untold calamities of this unholy war. May we not hope that before another St. John's day rolls around that peace may be proclaimed throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof, and that actuated by the principle of *Brotherly Love* the Knights of the North may extend to their misguided brethren of the South the hand of charity, and that we shall once more be a happy, united, and prosperous Order.

Sir Knight Starret pleasantly responded to the toast, "Baltimore Commandery, No. 2," and asked, "When shall we meet again?"

"The Grand Lodge of New Jersey," being proposed Sir Knight Milnor acknowledged the indebtedness of Jersey Templarism to St. John's Commandery.

"Templar Masonry" was the next regular toast, and ourselves, from our official position, we suppose, were called upon for a response. By request, we first read the following resolutions adopted by Washington Commandery:

> *Resolved*, That the thanks of Washington Commandary, No. 1 Knight Templars, be presented to the St. John's Commandery of the city of Philadelphia, and especially to the knightly committee thereof, for their gentlemanly, courteous, and fraternal attention. The meeting at Wilmington, the introduction to the noble temple of the Order of the city, the visits to the magnificent Sanitary Fair and this banquet, all attest that the refining and humanizing influences of Masonry still live. In these disinterested knightly hospitalities is the impersonated spirit of chivalry—a benison for evermore on such knights and our universal knighthood.
>
> *Resolved*, That it is ardently trusted that the time is not far distant when the courtesies of this occasion may be reciprocated by the Templars of Washington.
>
> *Resolved*, That Sir Knight McMurdy, Grand Prelate of the United States, be requested to present these resolutions at the banquet.
>
> *Resolved*, That the foregoing resolutions be engrossed on parchment and sent to St. John's Commandery of Philadelphia.
>
> *Resolved*, That the twenty numbers of the "National Freemason," subscribed for by Washington Commandery, and containing notices of this visit, be forwarde to St. John's Commandary.

We then, in response to the toast, said: The Templar spirit still lives. It was of higher than morta strain. It wears not one but a thousand forms. Whenever you witness disinterested, self-denying endeavor put forth in behalf of man, there is the impersonate spirit of chivalry. Wheresoever you behold the missionary, having no breast-plate but that of righteousness, no shield but that of faith, no helmet but tha of salvation, and no sword save the sword of th Spirit, going out to encounter the giant shapes of superstition and vice, for the rescue of oppressed an degraded man; wherever you behold a Howard plunging into the depths of dungeons, and diving into th infection of hospitals, in his circumnavigation o charity; wherever you behold a Fry rising superio to the shrinking delicacy of her sex, to bear a message of love and redemption to the debased and lost wherever you behold a man of God penetrating th squalid recesses where hopeless Poverty hides itsel and presenting the key that unlocks treasures whic no rust can corrupt and no thief steal; wherever yo behold a Lafayette exiling himself from all the hear holds dearest, staking the hopes and aspirations o his youth, and putting life itself in imminent jeopard to break the oppressor's rod and set the oppresse stranger free, there you behold incarnate and shinin with its primitive effulgence and beauty, the genuin spirit of chivalry.

Who is there of this company that can now do otherwise than bid God-speed to Knighthood throughou the world, which aims to keep alive this ancient spiri and make her initiates Knights indeed? Will you no say with me, a benison for evermore on the chivalr and Knights of the past and their successors even t the present!

And may the organized chivalry of the presen wake itself from mere ceremonies and forms, and t the full life of the older chivalry, inspired with nobl impulses and high resolves for the accomplishment the tasks and the encounter of the trials of eart Let us, Sir Knights, gird ourselves anew for the conflict of Truth against error, for the maintenance liberty against oppression, right against wrong, an for the protection of women from influences now prevalent to degrade and destroy. So also let us not forget our vows to defend our holy religion agains infidelity, however specious in its modern guise. Le us stand upon the truth of the great doctrine of th Cross, as some mountain pine upon the rock, aroun whose crag its roots have wrapped themselves, an into whose fissures they have gone down for fastening and the whirlwind and the storm may no more drag i from its foundation than the firm hill from its bec God grant that we may ever abide by the confessio of a true faith and never forsake nor be ashamed the Cross of Christ.

And to our great Immanuel, the King of kings an Lord of lords, be praise, dominion, and power no and forever, Amen.

Other toasts were proposed and responded to, an at a seasonable hour, after the benediction by th Grand Pre ate of the U. S. the company dispersed i happy mood. [Our printer stops us from further notice.]

Our personal thanks are due to many Sir Knights Philadelphia, but more especially to the courteou Sir Knight Hutchinson, who made us his guest.

* * *

The Craft of the new Territory of Montana wi find excellent friends in Brothers Egerton and Hosmer, the former appointed Governor and the latte Chief Justice of the Territory. Brother Egerton wa a Member of Congress from Ohio at its last sessior Brother Hosmer is well known to the literary worl by his admirable essays and poems. We predict fo him a career of great success on the bench.

* * *

Another old Defender and Mason gone. Th venerable Isaac Beers, who on Saturday was burie with masonic honors, bore an honorable part in th defense of Baltimore during the battle of Nort Point. In 1836, on the organization of the Washington Light Infantry in this city, Mr. B. became a active member thereof, and remained as an honorar member to the day of his decease. He was also th standard bearer of the "Associated Survivors of th District of Columbia."

Roman Catholic Church—The Pope—The Fenian and Secret Societies—Freemasonry.

Masonry makes no war on any society. She attacks no religion. She seeks to benefit the human race by no organized and systematic and violent assault on any vice. She is full of charity for every infirmity of human nature. She thinketh no evil, suffereth long, and is kind.

Yet Masonry would kindly, gently, "like the dew of Heaven," nourish and give such constant growth to every tender plant of virtue that there could be no space for a vicious shoot, she would so fill the hands with useful labor, the mind and heart with charitable employment, ever so busy in doing good that "the mischief" of the idle world would be unknown.

Masonry acts upon the individual as an influence, not as a power. She treats her disciples as unconnected with every other body in the world, yet improves them in all right relations known to those bodies. While making no war against civil or ecclesiastical despotisms, Masonry teaches that "all men are created free and equal," and that each man should be esteemed for his goodness and truth, for what he is, and not for any adventitious distinction of birth or wealth. So far Masonry promotes civil liberty and freedom, yet organizes no revolutionary party. So in the Church. She teaches reverence for God, faith in immortality, and charity toward all mankind, and that "love worketh no ill to his neighbor," and so may generate among individuals a dislike to priestly wrong and oppression; but she has no organized opposition against any church or its dogmas. She makes an assault upon Roman Catholics no more than upon Protestants. But she discovers that churches assault her and become anti-masonic, as they depart from the spirit of freedom and the principles of the Holy Gospel. Roman Catholics are as welcome to the masonic fold as Protestants, and we are happy to say that some of the brightest ornaments of masonic life and virtue are found among the adherents to the Roman Catholic religion.

In late years the Hibernian race have been organizing Fenian Societies for the relief of Ireland from the oppression of England. The Romish bishops in this country and in Ireland vigorously oppose them, as secret societies. It is urged by the Fenians that this cannot be the true reason, as the Pope favors and sustains the insurgents of Poland who scythed the barbarous Muscovites out of Sarmatia, and who are a "secret society" in a far truer sense than the "Fenians." It is alleged that it cannot be affection for England, for the Irish priest and bishop in the days of Desmond, O'Moore, O'Neil, and Kilkenny lived or died with their country's cause. It is suggested that the Romish Church has been friendly to Ireland only so far as the Irish cause will help Romanism, but the "Fenians" will not perhaps promote this end, and hence opposition. The hatred to England must not be exclusively political. It must be religious.

As this Fenian controversy brings up the subject of secret and masonic societies we here record the various facts of the Roman Catholic Church on the subject.

THE PAPAL CONSTITUTIONS.

There are four Papal documents expressly treating of and directed against "Secret Societies." The first in order of date is that of Clement XII., promulgated on the 27th April, 1788, entitled *In Eminenti.* The next that of Benedict XIV., known as *Providas*, and issued on the 15th of March, 1751. The third by Pius VII., on the 6th of September, 1821, entitled *Ecclesiam;* the last on the 3rd of March, 1825, by Leo XII., known like the preceding, from its first words, as *Quo graviora.* The two first-named constitutions were directed solely and by name against the Freemasons; that of Pius VII. included the Carbonari "which (it says) was to be regarded as an off-shoot, or at least an imitation of the Freemasons;" while Leo XII, embraced Freemasons, Carbonari, Universitarians, and "all secret societies, as well those which are as those which may perchance hereafter break out, and which proposes to themselves those things which we have above recited." The prohibition is issued under the penalty of major excommunication incurred, *ipso facto*, by members, by those who "read or keep" the books of the condemned, or who "do not deliver over said books to the Bishops, or to those who have a right to receive them;" and, finally, by those who fail to "denounce them to the Bishops or to others whom it may concern." (Pius XII.)

CONSTITUTION OF CLEMENT XII.—*Quo Graviora.*

Clement sets out by proclaiming his own solicitude "especially for preserving the orthodox religion, and warding off dangers from the Catholic world in those most difficult and troublous times." "Jugi Solicitudinis studio eis intendimus per quœ. * * * * ab erroribus vitus que aditu intercluso, orthodox religionis potissimum servetur integritas atque ab universo Catholico orbe difficillimis hisce temporibus perturbationum pericula propellantur." This said, he forthwith mentions the Freemasons as the objects of his censure, and describes them as "bound to inviolable secrecy both by an oath on the sacred Bible and by the threat of grievous punishment. We, therefore, revolving in our mind the very grievous evils which, for the most part are caused by such societies or conventicles, not merely to the tranquility of the State, but even to the spiritual good of souls * * * condemn and prohibit the same (*easdem*) societies, assemblies, meetings, counsels, gatherings, or conventions of *deliberi muratori*, or *des Francs Macons*, or by whatsoever other name they are called." "Wherefore we command * * * * that no one dare or presume to enter * * * * the above-named societies of *deliberi muratori*, or *des Francs Macons*, or otherwise called, to propagate, support, &c., &c.; * * * but, by all means, (people) ought to keep away from the same societies, meetings, &c., &c." We have the Freemasons mentioned twice in the Italian and French languages as the objects aimed at, and that they might not evade the censure in other countries where their name "according to the difference of language, (*pro idiomatum diversitate*) would be different, he adds, "or otherwise named."

CONSTITUTION OF BENEDICT XIV.—*Providas.*

The Freemasons are, by name, the objects of the censure inflicted, or rather reiterated by Benedict XIV. In fact, his condemnation is merely a confirmation of the foregoing. "We consider it our duty to strengthen and confirm * * * * * the aforethoughtful laws and sanctions of our predecessors." After referring to the constitution of Clement XII, against the Freemasons, and scouting the pretence that its force expired with Clement himself, he proceeds—"Lest, however, it might be said that we unguardedly omitted anything * * * * * we have decreed to confirm by these presents the same constitution of our predecessor * * * as from our certain knowledge and the fullness of our apostolic authority * * * we do it, confirm, strengthen, and renew, and wish and decree it to have perpetual force and effect." "Ne tamen aliquid per nos improvide pretermissum dici valeret * * * eamdum predecessoris nostri constitutionem presentibus * * * confirmare decrevimus: * * * pro ut eam ex certa scientia et apostolicæ auctoritatis nostræ plentitudine * * * confirmamus reboramus, et inovamus ac perpetuamvim ac efficacium habere volumus et discernimus." Benedict therefore reiterates the act of Clement; and, his condemnation is of the Freemasons, like that which he confirms and renews." like his predecessor, he recommends the execution of his deed to the Bishops and other superiors, who "should not fail to invoke the secular arm for its execution * * * since supreme princes themselves are elected by God as defenders of the Faith and protectors of the Church."

CONSTITUTION OF PIUS VII.—*Ecclesiam.*

This Pope is no less explicit. After lamenting the evil days on which the world had fallen—("that last time as it seemed, predicted by the apostle *Jude, v.* 18,") he proceeds—"Nor is any one unaware what a multitude of wicked men have gathered together in these most difficult times against the Lord and against His Christ, whose chief aim is this, that, after deceiving the faithful by philosophy and vain reasoning, and drawing them off from the doctrine of the Church, they might undermine and overturn the Church herself, (vain effort.) Which the more easily to accomplish, many of them have gathered together private assemblies and clandestine sects, through which they hoped the more easily to draw many more into their wicked society and conspiracy (*conjurationis et coleris societatem*)—a literal translation would be nonsense. And in the following paragraph he again denounces the "secret devices against religion and even social society," which he says had been long before exposed by the Holy See.

This Pope condemns "fraternizing with men of every creed and sect," "proof sufficient that these are not worthy of credit." Although referring more particularly to the Carbonari, after quoting Clement and Benedict, he notices specially their condemnation of the Freemasons.

CONSTITUTION OF LEO XII.

This constitution embraces and embodies all the others. But it extends still further; for not alone does it specially name a fresh sect called the "Universitarian," from having its seat in the principal universities, but it comprizes "all secret societies, as well as those that actually exists as those which may haply yet arise, *and which propose to themselves against the Church and the supreme civil powers*, those evils which we have recorded above, by what name soever they may be called." "Societates omnes occultas tam quæ sunt quam quæ fortasse deinceps erumpent et quæ ea sibi adversus ecclesiam et supremas civiles potestates preponunt quæ superius commemmoravimus quoqum quetandem nomine appellentur nos perpetuo prohibemus."

Thomas De Quincey.

The appreciative reviewer of De Quincey and his writings, in the Juno Continental, while mainly just to this great essayist, styles "the theories (of De Quincey) regarding the Essenes" "ingenious, although sometimes untenable."

We call attention to the articles in the last four Nos. of the Freemason on the inquiry, "Did the Savior know aught of Freemasonry?" as a partial, if not sufficient, modification of the remark of the reviewer.

Every reading Freemason ought to spend an hour or two over De Quincey's racy essay on Secret Societies. To some of our readers we say that De Quincey holds an enviable rank among the most popular English critics and essayists.

The following is a fair hit at the expositions of Freemasonry:

"The 47th of Euclid I. *might* have been kept a secret by fear of assassination, because no man could communicate *that* in a moment of intoxication; if his wife, for instance, should insist on his betraying the secret of that proposition, he might safely tell her—not a word would she understand or remember; and the worst result would be, that she would box his ears for imposing upon her. I once heard a poor fellow complain, that, being a Freemason, he had been led the life of a dog by his wife, as if *he* were Samson and *she* were Delilah, with the purpose of forcing him to betray the masonic secret and sign; and these, he solemnly protested to us all, that he *had* betrayed most regularly and faithfully whenever he happened to be drunk. But what did he get for his goodness? All the return he ever had for the kindness of this invariable treachery was a word, too common, I regret to say, in female lips, viz., *fiddle-de-dee;* and he declared, with tears in his eyes, that peace for *him* was out of the question, until he could find out some plausible falsehood that might prove more satisfactory to his wife's mind than the truth."

De Quincey's wife was a woman of sense. She would not believe her husband though he spoke the truth; because if he spoke the truth he was a scoundrel, and she preferred to think him a liar. So these reputed expositions of Freemasonry—their authors are either scoundrels or liars. But De Quincey again:

"Has the modern world no hoax of its own, answering to the Eleusinian mysteries of Grecian days? Oh, yes, it has. I have a very bad opinion of the ancient world; and it would grieve me if such a world could be shown to have beaten us even in the quality of our hoaxes. I have, also, not a very favorable opinion of the *modern* world. But I dare say that in fifty thousand years it will be considerably improved; and, in the meantime, if we are not quite so good or so clever as we ought to be, yet still we are a trifle better than our ancestors; I hope we are up to a hoax any day. A man must be a poor creature that can't invent a hoax. For two centuries we have had a first-rate one; and its name is *Freemasonry.* Do you know the secret, my reader? Or shall I tell you? Send me a consideration, and I will But stay, the weather being so fine, and philosophers, therefore, so good-tempered, I'll tell it you for nothing, whereas, if you become a Mason, you must pay for it. Here is the secret. When the novice is introduced into the conclave of the Freemasons, the Grand Master looks very fierce at him, and draws his sword, which makes the novice look very melancholy, as he is not aware of having had time as yet for any profaneness, and fancies, therefore, that somebody has been slandering him. Then the Grand Master, or his deputy, cites him to the bar, saying, 'What's *that* you have in your pocket?' To which the novice replies, 'A guinea.' 'Anything more?' 'Another guinea.' 'Then,' replies the official person in a voice of thunder, 'Fork out!' Of course, to a man coming sword-in-hand few people refuse to do *that*. This forms the first half of the mysteries; the second half, which is by much the more interesting, consists entirely of brandy. In fact, this latter mystery forms the reason, or final cause, for the elder mystery of the *Forking out*. But how did I learn all this so accurately? Isn't a man liable to be assassinated, if he betrays that ineffable mystery of Masonry, which no wretch but one since King Solomon's day is reputed to have blabbed? And perhaps, reader, the wretch didn't blab the whole; he only got as far as the *Forking out;* and being a churl who grudged his money, he ran away before reaching the *brandy*. So that this fellow, if he seems to you but half as guilty as myself, on the other hand is but half as learned. It's better for you to stick by the guiltier man. And yet, on consideration, I am not so guilty as we have both been thinking. Perhaps it was a mistake. Dreaming on days far back, when I was scheming for an introduction to the honorable society of Masons, and of course to their honorable secret, with the single-minded intention of instantly betraying that secret to a dear female friend (and, you see, in honor it was not possible for me to do otherwise, because she had made me promise that I *would*)—all this time I was soothing my remorse with a belief that woman was answerable for my treachery, she having positively compelled me to undertake it. When suddenly I woke into a bright conviction that all was a dream; that I had never been near the Freemasons; that I had treacherously evaded the treachery which I ought to have committed, by perfidiously forging a secret quite as good, very likely better, than that which I was pledged in honor to betray; and that, if anybody had ground of complaint against myself, it was not the Grand Master, sword-in-hand, but my poor ill-used female friend, so confiding, so amiably credulous in my treachery, so cruelly deceived, who had swallowed a mendacious account of Freemasonry forged by myself, the same which, I greatly fear that, on looking back, I shall find myself to have been palming, in this very page, upon the much respected reader. Seriously, however, the whole bubble of Freemasonry was shattered in a paper which I myself once threw into a London journal about the year 1823 or '24. It was a paper in this sense mine, that from me it had received form and arrangement; but the materials belonged to a learned German, viz., Buhle, the same (Ebelison) that edited the 'Bipont Aristotle,' and wrote a history of philosophy. No German has any conception of style. I therefore did him the favor to wash his dirty face, and make him presentable among Christians; but the substance was drawn entirely from this German book. It was there established, that the whole hoax of Masonry had been invented in the year 1629 by one Audrea; and the reason that this exposure could have dropped out of remembrance is, probably, that it never reached the public ear; partly because the journal had a limited circulation; but much more because the *title* of the paper was not so constructed as to indicate its object. A title which seemed to promise only a discussion of masonic doctrines must have repelled everybody; whereas, it ought to have announced (what in fact it accomplished) the utter demolition of the whole masonic edifice. At this moment I have not space for an abstract of that paper; but it was conclusive; and hereafter, when I have strengthened it by facts since noticed in my own reading, it may be right to place it more effectually before the public eye."

◆

Masonic Sentiment.—It does not so much signify what a man does for a livelihood, provided he does it well. The people must sooner or later learn this Catholic doctrine, or one element of republicanism will never be knit into our character. The doing it well is the essential point.—*Continental.*

◆

Aum, Aun or On—The Hindoo and Egyptian Chief Deity.

The Pillars of the Porch.

The Voice of Masonry is dissatisfied with Oliver & Mackay on this subject. It thinks both *purposes* and *appearance* have been mistaken. It quotes 1st Kings, 6 chap., about the *place of the pillars;* 2d Chronicles, 3 chap., and 52d chap. Jeremiah, for the measurement; 1st Kings, 7th chap., for the description; notices the discrepancy of measurement, one account giving 27 and the other 51 feet for the pillars, and decides in favor of the latter. It insists that architectural proportions demand it, and the position on the east side "before the Porch," a tower of 180 feet in height, upon the edge of the declivity demands it. There being two textual references, that may be selected which best gratifies scientific taste.

◆

Prince Frederick William of Prussia.

On his marriage to the Princess Royal of England, the Provincial G.·. L.·. of Victoria, sent a congratulatory address to the Prince, who is a Freemason. The following is the reply:

"Most Worshipful Sir: I have received with gratification the address of the Most Worshipful Provincial Grand Lodge of Victoria, and was highly pleased to observe that the brethren in your distant country have so warmly sympathized in the establishment of that happy bond which I hope will be the greatest blessing of my life. I have carried with me a warm and grateful recollection of the great and uniform kindness which has been extended to me by the masonic fraternity of Great Britain in general; and I assure you that it is most pleasing to my heart to behold the universal feeling of sympathy which animates so many members of our noble Order. I request you, most worshipful sir and brother, to convey to the illustrious Grand Lodge of Victoria my sincere and warmest thanks for their affectionate address and cordial wishes. I assure you that I feel all those emotions of gratitude which they are calculated to inspire, and I hope that the feeling of sympathy and the principles of concord and unity will never desert our Order, which is destined for the blessing and benefaction of mankind. May the Supreme Architect of the Universe look down with benignity upon all the undertakings of the M.·. W.·. Grand Lodge of Victoria, and enable you to prosecute the welfare and advance the happiness of the human race. Saluting you by the sacred number, I am yours, fraternally,

(Signed) Frederick William, Prince of Prussia.

"To the M.·. W.·. Gr. Master of the Prov. Gr. Lodge of Melbourne, Australia."

◆

Age and Design of the Pyramids.

Mahomed Bey, the Egyptian astronomer, undertook, more than a year ago, to verify the precise orientation of the pyramids.

His measurements make the length of the sides of the square base of the Great Pyramid 750 feet, and its height 475 feet, and the angle of its faces with the horizon 51° 45′. This angle is very remarkable, when we find that the inclination of six other pyramids, at Memphis, makes it constant between 51° and 52°, the average 51° 30′. This invariable inclination, and the exact orientation of the pyramids, induce the idea of a connection between their form and some celestial phenomenon; and thus, according to old Egyptian mythology, with the divinity presiding there. The star Sirius, passing the meridian of Gezah, falls directly upon the southern face of the pyramids; 3300 years B. C., its rays, when they culminated, fell exactly perpendicular to the southern face of the pyramids, inclined 52° 5′ to the northern horizon. Astrology teaches that the power of a star has its maximum effect when its rays fall perpendicularly upon its object. E. g.: suppose the pyramids to be 5,000 years old, their faces received the inclination of 52° to have been struck normally by the rays of the most beautiful star in our heavens, consecrated to the god Sothis, the "dog-star," and judge of the dead.

The pyramids, being tombs or funeral monuments, ought to be found under the patronage of the divinity Sothis, whose chief connection is with the dead. The hieroglyphical symbol of Sothis is a pyramid at the side of a star and crescent. The Egyptians made Sirius the soul of Sothis.

What say our learned Egyptologists, and certain theorists of the Memphis rite to these things?

◆

New Masonic Rooms at New York City.

These were fitted up at No. 594 Broadway, by the "Normal Masonic Hall Association, according to the plans of W.·. Brother Stephen Arbuthnot. They occupy two large floors of a building over two hundred feet deep, in the most central part of the city. Upon ascending the stairs, we enter a large anteroom having two doors leading into a parlor, (20 x 43;) another door leads to the preparation room, containing the tyler's closets, and a double door leading to the lodge room, (60 x 26,) thoroughly ventilated by open windows upon three sides. The walls are frescoed, and on the east wall we find a representation of the rising sun, between columns representing the three ancient orders of architecture; on the west wall there is a fine representation of sunset, while the fourth wall is embellished with a view of the pass at the waterfall and a quaint picture of a sheaf of wheat, which a "profane" said signified a baker's shop. Perhaps it does. The ceiling has representations of the heavens, and various emblems of the order. The furniture of the room is also very unique. A handsome Brussels carpet covers the floor, in the centre of which there is a beautiful tiled floor; the room is lighted by a large chandelier, several brackets, and a large Roman letter composed of gas jets, on the east wall, as well as three handsome gas burners, in the shape of old-fashioned wax candles, in the middle of the floor. The Master's stand and the desks are made to represent the different styles of architecture. There are arranged in two rows, on each side of the room, velvet-cushioned iron opera chairs. From the east wall a door leads across a bridge to a large and commodious dining-room, equally well furnished. I should add that a large organ in the lodge-room adds considerably to the beauty of the room.

Upon ascending another flight we reach the chapter room, which is 43 x 26 feet, and equally sumptuously furnished. This is also frescoed, and embellished with the different emblems of Royal Arch Masonry, and in the East has the Royal Arch coat of arms, in the West a view of some workmen in the quarries, and on the South the ruins of the temple.

Across the entry we find the encampment room, which measures 40 x 26, and is now the only room in this city perfectly adapted to the purposes for which it was built. It has three stationary tents attached. This is the only room where the arrangements for working the Red Cross Degree are perfect. A maltese cross in clouds ornaments the ceiling, and the walls represent eight lines of tents, each guarded by a Knight Templar in ancient costume. A banquet-room in the rear is connected with this by a bridge.

Last Monday evening, these rooms were dedicated to their objects by the usual ceremonies.

Great credit is due Brother Arbuthnot for the beautiful plans, and the execution of the work in so handsome a manner. "Hiram."

◆

Proceedings of a Joint Committee of the Grand Encampment of the U. S. and of the G.·. E.·. of Ohio.

It will be recollected that at the 12th meeting of the G.·. E.·. of the U. S. at Lexington, Ky., 1853, a committee was appointed to amend the constitution of the G.·. E.·. of the U. S. The report of this committee was made to the G.·. E.·. of the U. S., meeting at Hartford, 1856, and after amendment was unanimously adopted.

This new constitution, changing the nomenclature of the grand and local bodies and the titles of the officers, proved unacceptable to several Grand Encampments, and especially so to the G.·. E.·. of Ohio, and they declined conformity. Last October the G.·. E.·. of Ohio appointed a committee to meet a similar committee subsequently appointed by the G.·. M.·. of the G.·. E.·. of the U. S. to consider the points of disagreement. This joint committee met on the 1st of June, in this city, and adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, As the unanimous opinion of this joint committee, that the sole and entire jurisdiction and government of the Orders of Knighthood, within the civil jurisdiction of the United States and the Territories and Districts thereof, belongs to and are properly exercised by the Grand Encampment of the United States, until State, District, or Territorial Grand Encampments or Commanderies shall have been duly established by authority of the said Grand Encampment of the United States; and that thenceforward such jurisdiction and government, within the designated geographical limits, devolve, in all their entirety, upon such local Grand Encampments or equivalent bodies, and are properly exercised by them, subject to the provisions of the constitution of the National Grand Encampment; and that no change in the constitution of the Grand Encampment of the United States, interfering with the powers of State Grand Encampments or Commanderies, or adding to the powers of the national grand body, ought to be made until such change shall have been approved by a majority of State grand bodies.

Resolved, That it is the sense of this joint committee, after fraternal communication and consultation, that while every means should be adopted by the national grand body, to forward the interests and preserve and defend the authority of the State grand commanderies, it is also the duty of all State bodies to unite in a cordial support of the Grand Encampment, in obedience to its constitution, until lawfully changed, and in upholding it as the representative of chivalric Masonry in the United States of America.

Resolved, That it be recommended to amend section 3 of article 1 of the constitution of the Grand Encampment of the United States, so as to provide—"The style and designation of the Grand Master is 'Most Eminent;' that of the other officers 'Right Eminent;' and that corresponding changes be made in the designation of the officers of State grand commanderies.

Resolved, That it be recommended to amend article 2d of section 2 of general regulations, by adding thereto as follows:—"3d Knights of Malta"—which article, as so amended, will read: "The rule of succession in conferring the orders of knighthood shall be as follows:—1st Knight of the Red Cross, 2d Knight Templar, 3d Knight of Malta."

Resolved, That the chairman of this joint committee be requested to cause the action of the committee to be printed, and early disseminated among the order in the United States, and that he be requested to send a printed copy to each member of the committee.

The following Sir Knights composed the committee:

Sir B. B. French, Sir John W. Simons, Sir Sol. D. Bayless, and Sir Ezra L. Stevens, on the part of the Grand Encampment of the United States; and Sir Kent Jarvis, Sir William B. Thrall, and Sir Heman Ely, on the part of the Grand Encampment of Ohio.

The committee also adopted the following resolutions:

WASHINGTON, D. C., *June* 2, 1864.

The joint committee representing the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the United States and the Grand Commanderies of Ohio, Indiana, New York, and subordinates in the District of Columbia, having satisfactorily and fraternally adjusted matters of difference concerning the administration of the Order of Masonic Knights Templar, feel called upon to give expression to the feelings suggested by the scene of their labors, the Capital of the United States, and the circumstances which, affecting our whole country, of necessity affect them: Therefore,

Resolved, That for ourselves, and in behalf of the Order we have the honor to represent, we declare our uncompromising loyalty to our country, and our undying devotion to the inseparable union of the States compromising it.

Resolved, That we earnestly look forward to the time when the storm of war shall have passed away; when the misguided of our brethren shall have trampled under foot the dread heresy that now blinds them; and when, with us, they shall again hail the starry banner of the Republic as the rich legacy of the fathers and the inviolable panoply of every American citizen.

Resolved, That as Templars we should extend the point of mercy to a fallen foe. We stand ready to open the way of fraternal and knightly reconciliation, when reason shall again have resumed her throne, and fealty and allegiance to the Government of our whole country shall be acknowledged and acted upon by all our fellow-citizens.

A LODGE IN ROME.—In Rome itself there is a lodge called "Fabio Massimo," whose members, well knowing the implacability of those among whom they live, suppress their names, and are known to brethren of the other parts of Italy only by certain numbers; thus, among the elections for this year, Brother No. 4 has given place to No. 18 as W. M., and No. 5 has been appointed Secretary.—*Freemason's Magazine.*

TIDINGS FROM THE CRAFT.

INDIANA.—GRAND LODGE met May 24. There were present 12 Acting Grand officers, 4 P.·. G.·. Ms.·., and 281 representatives of Lodges.

The Grand Master thus remarks in his address:

* * * It is the opinion of many among us tha Masonry, being now only speculative, it therefore matters not what the physical defects of an applicant may be; if he is mentally and morally right, he is a fit subject to be made a Mason. Acting upon this principle, many of our lodges pay but little attention to an applicant's physical defects. And although our laws, as they now stand, were made many years since, yet this matter has been "winked at," and suffered to go on from year to year without ever being called in question.

These things ought not so to be; and I submit to the Grand Lodge, either to repeal the law as it now stands, or else require it to be strictly enforced in each particular, and the penalty rigidly imposed for each violation.

Admission of Minors.—[This has been perpetrated in several Indiana lodges.]—I also received, through the Grand Secretary, complaints against Westfield Lodge, No. 115, for admitting and making Masons of minors, under the age of twenty-one years, the age when, by the laws of our country, a man becomes free to act for himself, and "of his own free will and accord." This I consider not only a violation of our laws, but a gross violation of the landmarks of the Order.

I thereupon addressed the Worshipful Master of the lodge in regard to the matter alleged against his lodge, and requested of him information upon the matters complained of.

The Worshipful Master, in his answer, not only admitted the charges true, but also attempted to justify the act.

Upon consulting with the Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master, as well as with Past Grand Masters Sheets and Downey, and upon their advice, I issued an order suspending the labors of the lodge, and also summoning the lodge, as well as the Worshipful Master, to answer for their improper conduct.

Subsequently, however, upon receiving a petition from the members, asking permission to resume their labors, and giving a pledge of future good conduct, I so far revoked the order as to permit them to resume their labors until the pleasure of the Grand Lodge should be made known to them, still requiring of the lodge, as well as the Worshipful Grand Master, to appear and answer to the complaints at the present session of the Grand Lodge.

The matter is therefore now before you, and I hope you will give it all the attention its importance demands.

Without wishing to forestall your action, or in any manner influence your judgment, permit me to say that if my son, a minor, and "*under age*," merely because he has volunteered in the service of his country, has thereby become eligible to be made a Mason, then my wife, or my daughter, who may have also volunteered in the service of their country, as many of our noble women have done, and are now periling their lives and health, as nurses in the hospitals connected with the army and elsewhere, are also eligible; for the landmark which excludes the woman, in the most emphatic manner also excludes the young man in nonage. It is but the merest quibble imaginable, to say that such practice is not improper, because the Grand Lodge has not said in so many words "that no one shall be eligible to be made a Mason until he shall have arrived at the full age of twenty-one years;" for all very well know that, by the laws of our country, no one is free to act for himself until he is twenty-one years old; and until he is so free to act for himself, his admission is a palpable violation of the fundamental principles upon which our institution is founded. * * *

Trial of a Worshipful Master.—It will be remembered that a few years since the Grand Lodge adopted a "new regulation for the trial of Masters and Grand Masters," for a breach of the moral code.

This new regulation, being more in the form of a declaration of rights, has, until the present year, remained among our regulations wholly inoperative, for the want of suitable forms of procedure by which to put into operation and carry out the rights and powers therein delegated to the subordinate lodges. This defect in our regulations, the committee, in arranging the Code of Rules for the Government of Subordinate Lodges, as authorized by the Grand Lodge at your last Annual Communication, have endeavored to remedy.

How far they have succeeded in their efforts may be inferred from what follows.

But a few weeks had elapsed from the publication of those Rules until I received charges and specifications, made out in due form, against the Worshipful Master of Taylorsville Lodge, No. 238, in which he was specifically charged with gross immoral conduct. To put the law into operation and see what would come of it, I immediately wrote to the lodge, sending them a copy of the charges, and fixing the time for trial, ordering the lodge to be summoned for that purpose, and the accused to be notified, if possible, and furnished with a copy of the charges.

Being somewhat desirous to see how the matter might go off, and witness a lodge sitting in judgment on its Worshipful Master, at the appointed time I attended, and observed the proceeding had in the case. The trial was had, and, so far as I was able to judge, conducted with due formality, the accused found guilty, and indefinitely suspended from all the rights and privileges of Masonry.

I should not have deemed this of so much importance as to have referred to it at this time, but from the novelty of the thing. It is, I believe, the first time in the history of our Order that a lodge, in pursuance of law, has presumed to sit in judgment, try, and suspend its Worshipful Master from the privileges of Masonry.

But it has now been done, and that too in strict accordance with the provisions of the law. And for the life of me, I cannot see but that it is as effectually done, and the results arising therefrom equally as beneficial to the fraternity at large, and more especially to the lodge immediately concerned, as though a special session of the Grand Lodge had been convened for that purpose.

As there has no appeal been taken in the case from the judgment of the lodge, I presume no action on the part of the Grand Lodge is necessary at this time.

* * * * * * * *

Captured Charter and Jewels.—Some time in the fall, I received information through Brother Fitch, of Angola Lodge, No. 236, that Brother W. H. H. Day, second lieutenant of Company G, 30th Indiana Volunteers, had obtained, while in the army, and now had at his residence, in Steuben county, the charter and jewels of a lodge located somewhere in one of the States now at war with the Government of the United States. I thereupon wrote to Brother Fitch to obtain possesion of them, and have them sent up to the Grand Lodge, in order that so soon as communication should be opened with the Grand Lodge of the State from whence they came, that they might, through the Grand Lodge be returned to their proper owners.

Brother Fitch, as he wrote me, being unable to obtain possession of them, I then appointed Brother Woodhull, our Grand Marshal, to act on behalf of the Grand Lodge for that purpose, authorizing Brother Woodhull to pay Brother Day whatever expenses he had been at with them. Under date of May 2, 1864, Brother Woodhull informed me that he had succeeded; that Brother Day had presented them to him, with directions to hand them over to the Grand Lodge, in order that at the proper time they could be safely returned to the lodge where they justly belonged. The charter and jewels, as I am informed, are the property of Eastport Lodge, No. 94, Mississippi.

I hope the Grand Lodge will make suitable provisions, and, so soon as communication may open with the Grand Lodge of Mississippi, that the charter and jewels, which the casualties of war have thus placed in our hands, will be faithfully returned.

I am the more solicitous about this matter from the fact that being personally acquainted with many of the Craft in that State, I feel assured that were the case ours no sacrifice on their part would prevent them from making a prompt return to us.

As Masons we can make no reprisals. We are, therefore, bound, at any and all sacrifices, to restore to our Brethren whatever of theirs the casualties of war may place in our hands..

The thanks of the Grand Lodge are due Brother Day for the interest he has taken in this matter; and as I understand he has been at some expense in purchasing the jewels from the soldiers who had obtained possession of them, I would recommend that these outlays be returned to him from the funds of the Grand Lodge.

The correspondence received on this subject are herewith laid before you, and I hope the Grand Lodge will take such further action in the premises as will insure a speedy return of the charter and jewels to their proper owners. * * * * * *

Decisions of the Grand Master.—In the discharge of my official duties, I have been called upon to decide many points of masonic law and usage, arising under peculiar circumstances. All such cases I have endeavored to decide in strict accordance with the great fundamental principles of the Order and laws and decisions of the Grand Lodge. My decisions all appear to have given satisfaction, as I believe no appeals have been taken therefrom to the Grand Lodge.

There is, however, one decision which I have made, on a point arising out of the action of the Grand Lodge just previous to the close of your last annual communication, that is of a general nature, and which perhaps it would be well to settle definitely now.

It will be remembered, that just at the close of your last annual communication, the law prohibiting expulsion for non-payment of dues was repealed, thereby leaving it with each lodge to reprimand, suspend, or expel for non-payment of dues, as each for themselves might judge proper.

Section 212 of the Rules for the Government of Subordinate Lodges, reads as follows:

"The payment of all dues for which a member may stand suspended fully restores him to membership without special action of the lodge, but the Secretary must note the facts upon the records."

This clearly defines how a member can be restored who stands *suspended* for non-payment of dues. The question now presented is, how is his restoration to be effected, when under sentence of *expulsion?* If the same rule prevails equally in both cases, then the penalty of suspension and expulsion for non-payment of dues is the same, and the repealing of the law by the Grand Lodge against expulsion, in this case, amounts to nothing.

Now, I am persuaded that this was not the intention of the Grand Lodge in the act referred to. I, therefore, decided that a member who may stand expelled for non-payment of dues, can only be restored by the payment of all dues for which he may stand expelled, and a vote of the lodge had according to section 99 of the Rules for the Government of Subordinate Lodges.

It now remains for the Grand Lodge to say whether the construction I have placed upon your acts is correct.

Indiana.—Grand Chapter—M.·. E.·. Sol. D. Bayless was elected at its late session G.·. H.·. P.·. and E.·. Francis King G.·. S.·.

Maine Grand Lodge.—The Grand Master, during the past year has decided—

That no application from a blind man can be received by a Lodge.

That a Lodge must hold its meetings in the precise place named in the charter, unless the G.·. L.·. or G.·. M.·. permits otherwise.

That any person whose deformity does not disable him from making himself known as a Mason may apply for the degrees.

That a brother who was a member of a Lodge in a State in rebellion, and which Lodge is not now in existence, may become a member of a Lodge in Maine, although he never was dimitted from his old Lodge.

That Isaiah, chap. 44, verse 13; Thomas' Edition of 1792 of the Constitutions; Webb's Monitor Editions of 1805, and since, and Moore's Trestle Board, are chief authorities for the G.·. L.·. of Maine using the word "*compass*" instead of "compasses."

That it is not necessary for a person to have been a warden to be eligible to the position of Master.

That the Master can allow the Senior Warden to fill the East in his presence. It may be a necessity. It is not to be commended.

XI. Persons named in a charter are not necessarily members of the Lodge after it is organized. The issuing a charter makes the person named in it members on certain implied conditions, one of which is that the Lodge shall adopt a code of by-laws, conformable to the constitution and regulations of the Grand Lodge, and that those named, who wish to become members shall signify their assent to those by-laws by signing them. And this each must do within a reasonable time. It is generally considered that a brother who has the opportunity and neglects to sign the by-laws for six months loses his right to sign. This limitation affords a reasonable protection to the Lodge and does not require an unreasonable degree of diligence on the part of the brother.

If, however, notwithstanding due diligence on the part of the brother, either because the Secretary neglects to have the by-laws at the Lodge, or because the brother left the town before the by-laws were ready for signatures, or if ready, before by due diligence he was able to sign them, in such case he ought to be allowed a reasonable time after his return to sign if he wishes to. And should his character have become such as to render him unworthy to be a member of the Lodge, it would also render him unworthy to be a member of the Fraternity and a proper subject for charges.

XII. An application was received at a stated communication—placed in hands of committee—after four weeks reported upon—ballot clear—candidate duly prepared except a ring which could not be removed without breaking or cutting—candidate admitted with ring on—at next stated communication, candidate prepared with exception of ring—Senior Deacon objects on account of ring—Senior Deacon present at former communication and did not then object—subsequently admits he has other objections. On this statement I was asked the following questions:

1. What was the duty of the brother objecting after he took his place in the Lodge after the ballot and before the candidate was received for initiation?

2. As he had been admitted to the first degree in Masonry with the ring on without objection, could he against the desire of the Lodge and the Master's orders obstruct the work in advancing Bro. C. to the second degree?

3. If he has objections shall he not prefer them; if so, to whom?

4. Can charges against a Mason be received as a subject-matter of the Lodge to investigate, committed while a profane?

Grand Master Hiram Chase having decided a somewhat similar case that the ring must be cut off or the candidate could not be admitted, although it is more strictly following the letter than the spirit of Masonry, undoubtedly the objection would have been sufficient before the candidate's initiation; he should have made his objection then. But having consented to his admission into the only degree in which any allusion is made *in the work* to metallic substances, such an objection becomes puerile in the other degrees. It is too much like the man alluded to in the Scriptures who strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel.

A person who has taken the first degree cannot be stopped as summarily as he could have been before taking the degree. Grand Master Drummond decided, "That when objections are made to a brother's receiving the second or third degree, the objections must be given or they must be disregarded."

Charges cannot be preferred for acts committed before the person was initiated, unless those acts have some reference to his admission to the Order, such as making a false statement as to his residence, or as to a previous application and rejection, thereby deceiving the Lodge.

XIII. What alterations or amendments to the by-laws of a Lodge, if any, can be adopted and be valid without requiring the by-laws to be re-submitted to the Grand Lodge for approval?

The object of requiring by-laws of Lodges to be approved by the Grand Lodge is to see that nothing is incorporated into them which is in conflict with the constitution and regulations of the Grand Lodge or the Landmarks of Masonry; immaterial amendments to the by-laws of a Lodge may be made and it would not be necessary to obtain the sanction of the Grand Lodge to them.

The amendments that can be made without the necessity of re-submitting the by-laws for approval cover all, that, without changing makes the meaning clearer; that correct the grammatical or typographical errors; that make them conform to regulations of the Grand Lodge adopted since the approval of the by-laws; that changes the fee for the degrees, provided they do not go below the minimum fixed by the Grand Lodge. The fee charged by each Lodge being a matter concerning the individual Lodge and not the fraternity generally.

XIV. A person having had his residence in New Brunswick, having no family, coming into Maine, enlisting as a soldier, being accepted and mustered in, may be considered as a resident of Maine.

XV. Before an application can be acted upon by a Lodge, it must be *properly* before the Lodge. No application can be properly before a Lodge unless it was received at a stated communication, except by a dispensation from some authorized officer to receive it at a Special Communication.

XVI. If a petition is filed in a Lodge, and the petitioner removes from the town to another town in which there is also a Lodge, between the time of receiving and the time to vote on the petition, is it necessary to have the consent of the Lodge into whose jurisdiction he has removed, in order to act upon the petition?

It is not.

XVII. Where a man had his residence in a town in which there is a Lodge, and where he had lived the most of his life, and removed into another town where there is a Lodge, and where his father resides, but not claiming his father's house as his home, has, in consequence of losing his wife, sold his property in the last named town, and is about to leave the State, but is boarding in the first named town, and others were most convenient until he leaves the State, has the Lodge in the first named town a right to confer the degrees in Masonry on him?

It would appear from the man's owning property in the second named town and selling it on account of his losing his wife, that he must have lived in that town long enough to have become a legal resident, and that since that time he has not lived in any other town long enough to acquire a residence, I should hold that the Lodge in the second town was the proper one for him to apply to.

XVIII. Where an applicant has in his petition stated that he has never applied to any other Lodge for the degrees, and after conferring the degree it is ascertained that he had made an application to and been rejected by another Lodge, charges should be preferred against him, and if, on due trial, the charges are proved, he should be expelled, notwithstanding the general rule that a Mason cannot be tried for offenses committed before he was a Mason.

XX. A Lodge cannot act upon an application from a person resident in another town in which there is a Lodge, notwithstanding no answer has been returned to two letters mailed to the W. M. of that Lodge. Silence cannot be deemed consent in such a case.

XXI. A Mason can properly avouch for another only after having sat in a Lodge of M. M. with him, or as one of the committee appointed by the W. M. to examine him. The practice of undertaking to examine a person (claiming to be a Mason) except when specially appointed for that purpose by the Master, is a very dangerous and reprehensible one. The danger arises from the fact that the W. M. cannot draw a distinction between the members of his Lodge, and if he allows one to do it, he can scarcely deny the same privilege to another, who, although entirely incompetent, believes himself to be the best qualified.

XXII. The name of a brother suspended for non-payment of dues should not be erased from the by-laws.

XXIII. No brother should be excused from balloting except by a unanimous *ballot*, for every brother has an interest in having as many ballots cast as possible, in order that in case he wishes to cast a black ball he may receive all the protection possible; this protection ought not to be abridged without his consent; neither should he be required to express his dissent openly.

XXIV. A change in a Lodge's by-laws respecting fees, cannot affect an application which was received by the Lodge before the by-laws were altered.

XXV. After a Lodge, on due trial, has suspended a brother, it can (before that suspension has been confirmed by the Grand Lodge) restore him, if on further reflection and investigation they are satisfied that they have been unnecessarily severe, and this they can do by a two-thirds vote. But if the friends of a suspended Mason wish to do this, notice should be given to all the brethren that on such an evening the matter would be brought up for the decision of the Lodge, so that no unfair advantage should be taken of absent brethren who did not know that any such action was proposed to be had.

XXVI. The fee to the Grand Lodge must be paid by the Lodge in which a brother is initiated, notwithstanding he may have received the other two degrees in a different Lodge.

XXVII. The power of a W. M., his Wardens, and three other members of his Lodge, to recommend a rejected applicant to another Lodge, is discretionary, but being an abridgment of the right of the secret ballot, should be exercised with great caution if at all.

The Grand Master thus writes on an important subject:

Finding a great tendency to giving the G. H. S., on improper occasions, and thereby to lessen the sacredness with which it ought to be regarded, I have at every convenient opportunity requested the W. M.'s to instruct their candidates that it is only to be given under one of two circumstances instead of under three, as they are generally instructed, and would recommend that the words "for instruction" be omitted.

Masonic Baptism.

At this ceremony at the Masonic Temple, San Francisco, California, the wives, sisters, mothers, and daughters of the brethren were seated at the *North*, the members and officers of the lodge at the *South* side of the Hall. The stations of the officers and the altar were hung with white, typical of innocence, and decorated with garlands of flowers. A band of music stationed in the organ-loft, played from time to time, appropriate airs. At 8½ o'clock, the young neophytes were introduced, crowned with garlands of white flowers led by their godfathers. The youngest, a child about three or four months old, was borne upon a litter decorated with flowers, by two of the brethren. The cortege was preceded by a white banner, upon which was inscribed the names of the children, and by four of the brethren bearing baskets of flowers, which they distributed to the ladies and brethren present. Those having charge of the children halted at the altar, when the administrator of ceremonies explained the nature of the Baptism. He then propounded certain questions to the godfathers, which having been satisfactorily answered, he said, "Welcome all ye who practice the virtues of brotherly love and friendship, and acknowledge the benign influence of Masonry." Then addressing the neophytes, two of whom were of sufficient age to understand his remarks, he said: "Dear children, your godfathers ask for you a new light, more precious than the light of day, it is the light of silence and truth." (We continue from the San Francisco Mercury.) He then lighted the tapers at the altar, revealing the three great lights of Masonry, and said, "May the material light shed from this sacred volume illuminate and purify your hearts; may health and happiness attend you; may your lives be pure and blameless, that you may be enabled to enjoy the pleasures of existence unalloyed by affliction or remorse." The symbolic ablutions were then performed by washing the hands of each of the children with pure water, the W.·. M.·. saying, "May thy hands be ever pure and free from any stain of iniquity." He then gave bread and fruit to them, saying, "Take and eat: by the mercy of the Great Architect of the Universe may this bread be ever plentiful with you." Then giving bread and wine to the godfathers, he said, "Eat and drink, and acknowledge the goodness of the gifts which nature bestows upon man." Taking the children in his arms he kissed and blessed them, and, addressing the brethren, said, "Behold the children of our brothers, stretch forth your arms, open your hearts unto them, and bless them also." The little ones were then passed round by the godfathers, and each of the brethren kissed and blessed them, the ladies also joining in this part of the ceremony, while the band played appropriate music. This being concluded, the W.·. M.·. directed the S.·. W.·. to proclaim that, from that moment the children were adopted as Children of the Lodge, and it would be their duty to love and protect them. Proclamation having been made, the W.·. M.·. said, "Let us cement by a triple Battery the obligation we have incurred," (the Battery is given by clapping the hands thrice smartly together.) First—Health and prosperity to these children. Second—Health and prosperity to their parents. Third, Honor and prosperity to Masonry, which can make mankind a community of brothers. The band then played another piece of music, after which an able and eloquent oration was delivered. Speeches were also made by the parents of the children and others, after which the company adjourned to St. John's Hall, where an elegant collation had been spread; due honor to which having been done, the brethren, with their lady friends, joined with zest in the pleasures of the dance until the hour of midnight, when all retired well pleased with the entertainment which they had enjoyed.

We are not opposed to adoptive Masonry under proper restrictions. We owe much to the wives, the women, and the families, of the Order. We should be pleased to see the children of the Craft formally taken under the lodge protection, and by a solemn ceremony. We fear, however, that the foregoing ceremony has gone too far, has entrenched upon the province of the church.

CONGRESSIONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY BRO. B. B. FRENCH.

(Continued from page 14, vol. 2.)

By a rule of the House of Representatives every alternate Monday was set apart for the reception of petitions, and the States were called in their order to give members an opportunity to present them. During the session now under review, Mr. John Quincy Adams gave the party opposed to the reception of petitions touching the subject of slavery, as much as they could do, on each petition Monday. He seemed always to have his drawer full of that kind of petitions, and he seemed to take great satisfaction in offering them one by one with much deliberation.

In illustration of the manner in which the time was occupied on these unfortunate Mondays, I will give two scenes from my own notes taken at the time:

"Mr. J. Q. Adams offered a petition for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, signed by females in Massachusetts. Mr. Glascock objected to its reception. Mr. Adams proceeded to debate. Mr. Glascock replied. Many questions of order were raised. Mr. Adams became excited, and when thus was exceedingly obstinate and seemed to be determined to have his own way. Under the rule of the House he was at liberty to state briefly *the substance* of the petition. Mr. Adams proceeded to read the one he desired to present at length. He was called to order, and the Speaker decided that he was not in order. Mr. Adams insisted upon his right to read the petition as a part of his speech, and proceeded. "Order, order, order!" resounded from all parts of the House.

The Speaker. "The gentleman from Massachusets is out of order, and will take his seat."

Mr. Adams continued to read on, and amid the utmost confusion in the hall, actually read the petition through.

As soon as presented, this petition was laid on the table, but it was followed by another and another, till the House got tired and adjourned.

On the very next Monday devoted to petitions Mr. Adams rose and informed the Speaker that he held in his hand a petition purporting to be from slaves, and inquired if it came within the rule. The Speaker would not decide till he could inspect the petition. Objection was made to its reception, and I do not think I ever witnessed the House in a greater state of excitement, unless there was an actual personal quarrel going on. Resolutions of censure on Mr. Adams were offered making the matter a question of privilege, and several speeches were made.

Mr. Adams, after he had raised the storm, sat down and kept as quiet as a lamb. After a sufficient time had elapsed for the fury to be pretty generally poured out Mr. Adams rose, and after a few severe and sarcastic remarks as to the personal attack on him said, very mildly, that he had omitted to inform the House what the prayer of the petition was, and he would now say that *it was for his own expulsion from the House!*

This announcement was received with a roar of laughter by most of the members, but with much apparent chagrin by others.

The debate was interrupted by the coming into the hall of the Senate, agreeably to previous arrangement, and the opening and examining the returns of votes for President and Vice President. It was found that Martin Van Buren was elected President, and for Vice President there was no choice. [The Senate elected Richard M. Johnson.]

As soon as this business was concluded, and the Senate had withdrawn, the House adjourned, leaving the *question of privilege* pending. So, with the meeting of the House the next day, it came up as a matter of course. All sorts of resolutions were offered, modified, amended, withdrawn, &c., till at last they assumed a definite shape in the form of two resolutions; one declaring that any member who shall present a petition from slaves ought to be considered as regardless of the feelings of the House, the rights of the southern States, and unfriendly to the Union; the other declaring that Mr. Adams having solemnly disclaimed all design of disrespect to the House, &c., that all further proceedings in regard to his conduct do now cease.

Both these resolutions were disagreed to, but not until Mr. Adams had made a most powerful and effective speech upon them. The southern members were very much excited for the time being, but the resolutions were afterwards reconsidered, and being modified were agreed to, and the matter amicably settled.

TO BE CONTINUED.

History of the Grand Lodge of the District of of Columbia.

[Continued from page 14, volume II.]

The leading attributes of Masonry are Faith, Hope, and Charity; but the greatest of these is charity. Charity is, emphatically, the great duty which Masons owe to each other, and is one of those virtues which Masons, above all others, are enjoined to cherish and exercise. Those votaries of Masonry who have not *this* virtue, ought never to pollute her sanctuary. If we approach her altar without it, we act impiously against the cause we profess.

If it be said that benevolence and charity are duties imposed alike on all, without the aid of masonic obligation we readily admit it. But duties common to all are too often neglected. Masonry imposes a sepcial obligation to do that which may be neglected without it. He who presents this passport to charity, presents an evidence that he is worthy of it, or was considered so when he was admitted to the honors of Masonry. It is, in short, a compact between certain men throughout the world to perform towards each other, and to each other's families, the offices of charity and friendship, whenever the vicissitudes of fortune places them in a situation to require it. The same principle extends through other relations of society: citizens are bound to allegiance, but the oath is superadded; Christians are bound to obedience to the Gospel, but they unite in societies and obligations for the observance of their duties. Thus, Masons are subject to the common duties of social life, but they have added special obligations to each other, as the citizen to his country, and the Christian to his Church.

Masonry, elevated by the nobleness of its precepts, derives not more interest from its venerable antiquity and surprising preservation, than it does from the land of its birth. In speaking of this ancient institution the mind involuntarily recurs to the interesting region in which it had its origin. How pre-eminent have been the destinies of that remarkable portion of the globe to which poetry, and religion, and history, and Masonry are continually summoning the thoughts of civilized man. Thence flow alike the primitive streams of our sacred and profane history, in the writings of the lawgiver of the Hebrews, and those of the venerable historian of Assyria. Nay, where but there was the garden of Eden, in all the virgin glory of fresh creation planted? Where but there did the sire of the human family first inhale the breath of life? There, too, was the elected spot of earth which bore the footsteps of Eve, in that primeval hour, when

> Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
> And every gesture dignity and love.

There, also, Chaldean sages uplifted those "lighthouses of the skies," from which they scanned the march of the planets, and assigned the stations of the heavenly constellations. There was the land of the Patriarchs. And thither the chosen people of God were guided by Moses to establish a theocracy taught them amid the thunders of Mount Sinai, and to build up the holy city of Jerusalem, towards which the devotee, in whatever distant land he lives, bows his head in reverence. There, too, was erected the splendid temple of Solomon, upon which all the skill, and taste, and wealth of the East were piled in gorgeous prodigality. The same fortunate land witnessed the birth, the life and death of Jesus Christ, and the miracles which he wrought in attestation of his divine mission. And when the glory of that land was faded away, and the ploughshare had passed over the palaces of Jerusalem, the sanctity of the soil, hallowed by every religious recollection, made it the arena on which Christian and Saracen hosts contended for the mastery—the bravest and the best of Christendom flocking thither, in the elevated enthusiasm of chivalry to pour out their blood like water for the rescue of the sepulchre from its infidel monsters. This land, sanctified by so many recollections, and ennobled by events of such moment to the whole family of man—this was the native land of Freemasonry.

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ROBERT McMURDY, D. D., LL. D., GRAND PRELATE OF GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF U. S., EDITOR, BOX 982.

LOVE IN THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

FROM PEYRE VIDAL, THE TROUBADOUR.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

The earth was sown with early flowers,
The heavens were blue and bright—
I met a youthful cavalier
As lovely as the light.
I knew him not—but in my heart
His graceful image lies,
And well I marked his open brow,
His sweet and tender eyes,
His ruddy lips that ever smiled,
His glittering teeth betwixt,
And flowing robe embroidered o'er,
With leaves and blossoms mixed.
He wore a chaplet of the rose;
His palfrey, white and sleek,
Was marked with many an ebon spot,
And many a purple streak;
Of jasper was his saddle-bow,
His housings sapphire-stone,
And brightly in his stirrup gleamed
The purple calcedon.
Fast rode the gallant cavalier
As youthful horsemen ride;
"Peyre Vidal! know that I am Love,"
The blooming stranger cried;
"And this is Mercy by my side,
A dame of high degree;
This maid is Chastity," he said,
"This squire is Loyalty."

CREDO.

Quod semper, ubique et ab omnibus creditum est.

My heart is sick, my whole head drooping faints
With all this coil of Sabbaths and of saints:
Even as of yore the Pharisaic tribe,
Lawyer astute, and casuistic Scribe,
Their grievous loads on weak men's shoulders laid,
Yet would not, could not, lend a finger's aid,
So still God's Law, with human fancies fraught,
Is circumscribed, belied, and set at naught.
One damns the use of some indifferent dish,
And pins his hopes of heaven on Wednesday fish;
Another thinks all duty this—no more—
To call the Pope of Rome a scarlet Whore;
This shakes his head, and "doubts if grace be sent
To those who pray by Act of Parliament;"
That "hopes the best for Schismatists, but can't
See aught for them within the covenant."
Meantime the inquirer, penitent and lone,
Who gropes in darkness for the Altar Stone,
Disturbed by doubt, by wakening conscience vexed,
And the remembrance of some child-learnt text,
Ponders amazed, if one of these be true,
Where all the other sects are wandering to;
And turns from priest to priest with vacant eye,
"How shall I save my soul?" his anxious cry,
One preaching this for truth, and that another,
Proves himself fallible, if wrong his brother;
For all, with instinct's true consent, declare
God's convenant, a blessing, not a snare.
"Faith Catholic," they cry, "is to receive
What all men, always, everywhere believe:"
Well said—but O! how sadly missed the uses
Of this, their own, *experimentum crucis*—
While all dispute on points of doctrine, none
Doubt what Religion teaches to be done.
Bear sorrow here, and look to Heaven for bliss—
This thy theology, thy practice this;
Believe God's promises, his precepts keep,
Joy with the joyful, with the mourner weep,
Exalt Love's banner evermore unfurled,
And keep thyself unspotted from the world,
O blest indeed, if thus we knew our good,
O blest even on Earth, if but we would!
Sure that, though shades close densely round our way,
The path of Duty leads to perfect day.

GIVE ME THE HAND.

BY GOODWIN BARMBY.

Give me the hand that is warm, kind and ready,
Give me the clasp that is calm, true and steady;
Give me the hand that will never deceive me;
Give me its grasp that I aye may believe thee.
Soft is the palm of the delicate woman!
Hard is the hand of the rough sturdy yeoman!
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has harmed not another;
Give me the hand that has never foresworn it;
Give me its grasp that I aye may adore it.
Lovely the palm of the fair blue-veined maiden!
Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen!
Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,
Free as the breeze, and unshackled by party;
Let friendship give me the grasp that become her,
Close as the twine of the vines of the summer.
Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has wronged not another;
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

ANGEL OF CHARITY.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

AIR—*Handel.*

Angel of Charity, who, from above,
Comest to dwell a pilgrim here,
Thy voice is music, thy smile is love,
And pity's soul is in thy tear.
When on the shrine of God were laid
First fruits of all most good and fair,
That ever bloomed in Eden's shade,
Thine was the holiest offering there.

Hope and her sister, Faith, were given
But as our guides to yonder sky;
Soon as they reach the verge of Heaven,
There, lost in perfect bliss, they die.
But, long as Love, Almighty Love,
Shall on his throne of thrones abide,
Thou, Charity, shalt dwell above,
Smiling for ever by His side.

Sketches from a Mason's Note Book.

BY J. FLAVIUS ADAMS, M. D.

Faithful unto Death.—An Incident of the Cholera in Kingston, Jamaica.

Previous to the appearance of the cholera in the beautiful island of Jamaica, not inappropriately called "Queen of the Antilles," the nature of this dreaded and dreadful scourge of nations, and the question as to its contagious or non-contagious character, formed the subject of warm and frequent discussions among all classes of society.

Great triumphs have been achieved over the most dreadful maladies by a proper examination into their primary causes; but the *cholera* seems to have been too much for the skill of even the most eminent physicians.

Nothing could stay the onward march of the pestilence! Every M. D. had his peculiar theory. Many persons signified their determination to live under the Broussais system; others eschewed all manner of phlebotomy, and preferred that of Alibert, or other foreign adepts, making the acquisition of their family physician a *sine qua non* of employment.

We have said that it was the all-engrossing subject. Certain it is, that almost every circle broached its peculiar theory. The old cronies, men and women, married and single, racked their brains, and strained their lungs, in finding and stating arguments in support of their opinions. "As for me, my dear," said one, "I feel quite comfortable on the subject, and don't care three straws about the cholera, especially since Dr. —— has promised to attend me ten times a day, if necessary. The Doctor is a most polite and well-bred gentleman, and has, moreover, studied in France. He is not one that frightens you with a long face and ominous shake of the head, like some physicians. He smells so sweet, too—has always some nice perfume about him; and I have got him to promise to import some of the same from Paris. In fact, do as you like; as for me, I never was in better spirits in my life, and snap my fingers at the cholera!"

Alas! poor Edith, when she spoke so defiantly, in the flush of health, she little thought that her own days were so soon to be numbered with the dead! If the higher classes expressed themselves generally in this strain, the same opinions were re-echoed by the middle and inferior ranks of society. Like the garrison of a fortress protected by supposed impregnable ramparts, the Jamaicans looked abroad from their walls, confident in their strength and pride.

Jamaica was the ark destined to ride triumphantly over the waters of desolation. Reports, ever and anon, would come up from Cuba, of the ravages the disease had made at Havana and other places. They scarcely excited a remark. Like the distant rumbling in the atmosphere during the heat of a summer's day, the news was heard, but passed away unheeded. At last the much dreaded plague *did* come. It first made its appearance at Port Royal; then in Kingston, during the night of the 27th of March; the following day, the cholera developed itself with great intensity.

We spoke of the beautiful Edith, and we shall speak of her again, and of her brother. There are those residing in Jamaica who will probably recognize the affecting incident. The last of the beings with whom he could claim the tie of relationship was buried. His sister, a beautiful and amiable girl, one of those mild and lovely beings whose souls seem filled with the purest feelings of human nature, and whose affections flow forth toward all animated things, as though they claimed affinity with all living—and to their friends, who have by kind associations become endeared to them, have no bounds, and on whom their love is poured forth in every act—in the thousand little circumstances of life is blended and shown, so that even a cynic would be constrained to acknowledge there is pure, disinterested love in human nature. Such a sister he had that day buried!

The evening before had seen her among the sick and dying, moving like a redeeming spirit amid the horrors of the cholera plague; but ere the morning sun arose she was a corpse in the hands of her brother. He had that night returned from a sea voyage across the Atlantic, ignorant of the pestilence being in the city, and full of the bright anticipations of pleasure in meeting his mother and sister. He entered his home—it seemed deserted; he ascended the stairs—no one came to meet him. He rushed on through the chamber to his sister's apartment, and saw a female form, apparently at the last gasp of life, writhing in agony, and no one near. He staggered forward—it was his sister!—the gentle Edith—she knew him, and he raised her in his arms, and wildly, madly pressed her to his bosom! She smiled a welcome even at the death-throes.

The high hopes of the future which he had entertained for her—his thoughts, which had long teemed vividly with fond dreams of happiness in store for her—were at once blasted. He sank under the stroke, and no longer wished to live. Oh! who can depict the agony of that brother! Who delineate the sending away of the visions of hope, pride, and pleasure, which he so ardently nourished "for his angelic one," as he fondly called her? She was the object for which he lived—the vital principle of his existence—his sun and guide. But he was not alone. Alfred M——, his fellow voyager for many years, had accompanied him to his home—had seen its desolation, and the sad meeting with his dying sister. He had been a sorrowful witness of the death of the lovely, and of the stricken heart of the strong. He did not attempt the fruitless task of consolation—it would have been but mockery; but he prepared for the sad duties of burial.

The fair Edith lay beneath the green turf; the dews of one night had moistened her grave. Edwin, the brother, was stretched on the same bed on which she lay the day before; the plague had fastened on him; he welcomed it as a boon. He rejoiced at the prospect of again joining his beloved sister, but he felt for his companion, and, turning to him, he said: "Leave me, Alfred; do not, oh! do not stay, where it is almost certain death! I conjure thee, by our friendship, by that dearer tie of *brother*, to fly from this spot of pestilence; and do not embitter my last moments with the thought that for me you are exposing yourself to an agonizing—oh! a horrible death!"

Motionless, almost breathless, Alfred stood, while he listened to the words; but when he perceived that Edwin paused for his farewell, a smile lit up his countenance—a smile of sorrow, but of fixed resolve. Grasping the hand of his friend in a peculiar manner, he replied: "Edwin, my friend, my *brother Mason*, you remember the first voyage we sailed together from Kingston to London—it is many years since? Extreme danger threatened us; naught appeared to save; all were washed from the wreck; none were with us but God. In His sight, on the bosom of the wide ocean, we clasped hands, and pledged ourselves devotedly to each other. We swore to be *brothers*—to be united till death. We escaped; since then we have struggled against adversity; we have fought on the same battle-ground during martial law. We have again been on the deck of the storm-driven ship, when the sky was black above, and the sea lashed to foam beneath us. When oppressed, vilified, persecuted and condemned by men, we have been true to each other—our hearts firmly linked—our love surpassing that of women. And now, at the last scene, on this melancholy occasion, when I have witnessed your affections, and life and its torments are about closing on you, you bid me leave you! You are the only one for whom I have cared for years; you are my only friend, and do you think I would forsake you now! No, never! Let it be certain death—it is my wish; we will go together; we will not separate; we are one—united by the *five points of brotherly love and affection*—better death with thee than life without thee!"

Edwin and Alfred, the two worthy Masons, were found lying on one bed, fast locked in the embrace of death! Faithful to the last, unlike many others, the two friends were not separated by the cholera plague.

A Prophet in Spite of Himself.

At an anti-masonic celebration held in Genesee county, New York, in 1828, the following elegant toast was given by one of the leading spirits of anti-masonry, and one of the vice-presidents of the day, and drank by an admiring crowd with great applause: "Freemasonry—May it be put where it will stay put,"—meaning evidently to express a wish that it might be consigned to a subterranean region with a tropical atmosphere.

The cause which called forth this sentiment, in the name of which an enthusiastic multitude was that day gathered, and which all the powers of darkness had been invoked to sustain, has gone down into the shades of merited oblivion, while the institution against which its envenomed shafts were leveled, has continued to shed its rays in every part of the habitable globe and to extend its salutary influence to the distressed in every clime; has promoted the kind intercourse of nations, softened the asperities and diminished the woes of war, and labored acceptably in promoting the fraternization of mankind. It has emphatically staid "put."—*Dispatch.*

A Good Mason.

We are told the following circumstances in regard to the death of Lieutenant Tinkham, who was killed in the second battle of Corinth: It appears that Lieut. Tinkham was not seriously wounded when the rebels took posession of that part of the field where he fell, but was only shot through the leg, and as our boys were contesting the advance of the enemy with desperate bravery, Lieutenant Tinkham raised himself upon his elbow, to see the fighting, when another leaden messenger pierced his body and he fell to the ground again. Seeing that he must soon be numbered among the slain, and that his life's blood was fast flowing out, he made some sign to a passing rebel, (which was said to be a masonic sign of recognition) who immediately came to Tinkham's side, and rendered him all the assistance in his power. Just before he expired he handed the rebel his watch and some money, with instructions to forward it to his family the first opportunity he had, and a few moments after expired. The rebel pinned a small piece of paper on Tinkham's coat, on which was his name and company, and left him. He was found by his company as left, and by them buried. Time rolls on, and on the fourth of July, thirty-five thousand rebels surrendered to our victorious army at Vicksburg, and among that vast multitude we find Lieutenant Tinkham's friend eagerly searching for Fourteenth Wisconsin regiment. He found the regiment and safely delivered the watch and money to one of its members, and disapeared among the throng. The articles have been received by Mr. Tinkham's friends in the country.—*Dispatch.*

General Review of the Ancient Rite.

BY AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, LL.D.

From the Ancient Mysteries, it will be seen that, to a certain degree—following the opinion of many of the early Christian fathers—they realized the idea of a church. As none but the just and virtuous were eligible to membership, the initiated were—or at least were reputed to be—the wisest and best of all countries, and constituted the ancient Pagan Ecclesia—if one may so speak—the church, or assembly of the wise and good—a body competent to teach and enforce the everlasting truths of religion.

Their chief object was to teach the doctrine of one God, the resurrection of man to eternal life, the dignity of the human soul, and to lead the people to see the shadow of Deity, in the beauty, magnificence, and splendor of the universe. By the most solemn and impressive ceremonies they led the minds of the neophytes to meditate seriously the great problems of human duty and destiny—imbued them with a living sense of the vanity and brevity of life—and of the certainty of a future state of retribution—set forth in marked contrast the beauty of virtue and truth, and the deep bitterness and tormenting darkness of vice and error; and enjoined on them, by the most binding obligations, charity, brotherly love, and inflexible honor, as the greatest of all duties, the most beneficial to the world, and the most pleasing to the gods.

They also, by these rites—rites magnificent and impressive, and startling, by sudden transitions and striking contrasts—rites commencing in gloom and sorrow, and ending in light and joy—dimly shadowed forth the passage of man from barbarism to civilization, from ignorance to science, and his constant progress onward and upward through the ages, to still sublimer elevations. The trembling and the helpless neophyte, environed with terror and gloom, and pursuing his uncertain and difficult way through the mystic journey of initiation, which terminated in light and confidence, was a type or representative of humanity marching upward, from the gloom and darkness of the primitive state of barbarism, to a high degree of enlightenment, and of social refinement and perfection. The mystic ceremony was, therefore, emblematical of the progressive development of man, and was intended as an aid to that development.

The initiatory rituals of Orpheus, of the Cabiria, and of Isis, typifying thus the development of man and the progress of society, were in a sense prophetic announcements of a golden age to come—a more perfect state where virtue, triumphant over vice, and truth victorious over error, would be installed on the throne of the world, and direct all human actions and relations. The Roman poet, Virgil, himself a mystagogue, well versed in the ancient mysteries—borrowing from them some of his finest thoughts*—describes this epoch in a strain of sublime and lofty eloquence: "The last era of *Cumæan song* is now arrived. The great series of ages begins anew. Now, too, returns the virgin Astræa—returns the reign of Saturn. The serpent's sting shall die, and poison's fallacious plant shall die, and the Assyrian spikenard grow on every soil; and blushing grapes shall hang on brambles rude, and dewy honey from hard oaks distill; and fruits and flowers shall spring up everywhere without man's care or toil. The sacred destinies, harmonious in the established order of the fates, will sing to their spindles as they spin the mysterous threads of life. 'Roll on, ye golden ages, roll.'"

The idea which these rites presented of future retribution, is not in harmony with modern opinions, at least so far as most of our Protestant communions are concerned. All the ancient systems of religion and philosophy held that all punishment was purgatorial*—a means of purification—and consequently finite and limited in its character and duration, and was graduated according to the degree of moral turpitude attached to each offense. Hence in the initiation the neophyte represented the progress of the soul through the various stages of discipline—upward from the receptacles of sorrow to Elysian beatitude and purity.

In all these rites, indeed, the idea seemed to prevail that man, society, humanity, could be perfected only by the ministry of gloom and suffering. The soul's exaltation, and highest good and truest repose, were to be approached only by the way of tears, and sacrifice, and toil. Those mystic dramas symbolize the profoundest mysteries of the soul—the deepest experiences of the human heart. They taught that through darkness and difficulty, in the midst of obstacles and opposition, man should ever struggle upward and onward—onward from the shadowy vale of doubt, and fear, and perplexity, to the golden ORIENT, whence comes the *light* of eternal truth!

These ancient initiatory dramas, too, were emblematical of the pilgrimage of life, which, as man soon enough discovers, is often dark, and gloomy, and difficult, surrounded by sorrow, and fear, and doubt. Nevertheless, they taught him that over this dark, perplexed, and fearful course, lay the way to a glorious destiny—that through night to day, through death to life—through earth to heaven, must he, the earth-pilgrim, work his way; that by constant struggle, severe toil, and earnest endeavor, he might overcome every obstacle, conquer every foe—master the world—free himself of every fetter, and in light and freedom, stand face to face with the mighty secrets of the universe—no longer a mystery to him;—that in science, religion, and morals, he might soar to the loftiest heights, whence he could look backward over the dark and tortuous path in which he had been wandering, and forward to sublimer elevations, to more glorious ideals, which seemed to say to him, "On, on, forever!"

The sentiment which pervades all of these rites is so well expressed by the German poet, in the following beautiful lines, that we cannot refrain from introducing them here:

> "*Through Night to Light!* and though to mortal eyes
> Creation's face a pall of horrors wear,
> Good cheer! good cheer! the gloom of midnight flies,
> And then a sunrise follows mild and fair.
>
> "Through storm to calm! and though his thunder-car
> The rumbling tempest drive through earth and sky;
> Good cheer! good cheer! the elemental war
> Tells that a blessed healing hour is nigh.
>
> "Through strife to peace! and though with bristling front
> A thousand frightful deaths encompass thee;
> Good cheer! good cheer! brave thou the battle's brunt,
> For the peace-march and song of victory!
>
> "Through Death to Life! and through this vale of tears,
> And thistle-world of mortal life, ascend
> To the great Supper in that world, whose years
> Of bliss unclouded, fadeless, know no end."

Some writers have contended that the mysteries, and indeed all the mythuses of antiquity, have no reference whatever to religious ideas, or to a spiritual sphere, but are merely allegorical representations of the phenomena of the physical world. Dupuis† explains all the mysteries in this way, and carries his theory so far as finally to assert that Christ is only an astronomical sign, and that the mystical woman of the Revelations, whom St. John describes as "clothed‡ with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars," is but the constellation Virgo!

That portions of the Isianic and Cabirian mysteries had reference to astronomical ideas, is undoubtedly true; but this fact by no means justifies the conclusions of Dupuis and others, that they have no spiritual reference at all. On the contrary, it was the deep, earnest, and positive faith of the ancients, in the unseen spiritual, which led them to blend in this manner—unfortunately so foreign to our modern habits of thinking—the ideas of science with those of religion. And here we fall far below the ancients. We have divorced science and philosophy from religion, and seem to regard them as quite different and distinct things, the deplorable results of which are seen in our modern systems of education, which are entirely material, and end in scepticism, if not in absolute irreligion. On the other hand, the ancients contemplated the universe from the religious point of view. All the phenomena of life—all the motions of the heavenly bodies—the whole stupendous spectacle of the world—revealed to them the presence of an unseen intelligence. Hence their religion embraced all the facts of physical science, as well as those ideas which relate exclusively to the nature and destiny of the soul. With them science, and art, and philosophy were necessary parts of religion, and reposed on a spiritual basis. Hence, instruction with them was religious and moral. And were they not right?

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* Vide Æneid, lib. vi.—Bishop Warburton contends that Virgil's entire description of the descent of Æneas into the lower regions, and his progress through hell to the Elsysian Fields, is but a poetical and somewhat highly colored delineation of the initiation of a candidate into the mysteries of Eleusis!

* Vide Enfield's History of Philosophy. Also Guigniant: Religions de l'Antiquité considereés principalement dans leur Formes Symboliques et Mythologique.

† Origin des tous les Cultes.

‡ Rev. xii, 1.

The *Mysteries* were established for human instruction; and there all the sciences were studied with reference to a higher sphere of thought. Nature, with all its laws, its motions, and its mysteries, which science attempts to explore, was, in their views, only a shadow or reflex, or projection, of the more substantial verities of the unseen—the eternal world. Philosophy itself was religion.

Physicial science, studied apart from religious ideas, lowers the tone of the moral attributes of man. It does not, indeed, demoralize man necessarily; for no *truth* can with justice be reproached for this. But studied by itself alone, with no reference to the invisible and infinite cause of all motion, it is not calculated to elevate the character of man. Physical philosophers, therefore, do not rise to the heroic sphere. They do not occupy the intellectual summit. They do not rise so high as Confucius, Socrates, Plato, Seneca, and Epiotetus, of the Pagan, or as Paul, Peter, and John, of the Christian school. Let them praise and exalt this physical science as they may—let them exhaust all their poetry and all their eloquence in eulogizing it—still the human heart can never admit that the highest scientific attainments are equal to the highest moral and religious attainments. A physical philosopher may be a bad man—a drunkard, a coarse and profane swearer, a liar, a swindler; but a religious philosopher cannot. The excellence of the one consists in knowing facts about stones, earth, plants, animals, chemical agencies, and the laws of matter and motion; and vice can learn all this as well as virtue. The excellence of the latter consists in knowing how to govern the passions, in exemplifying the virtues and the graces, and exhibiting the fruits of true wisdom.

Such was education among the ancients, so far as it went. It was eminently religious. Hence the dramas, represented in the mysteries, and the rites of initiation, took note at the same time of the facts of science and the verities of religion. And because these dramas and rites shadowed forth some of the phenomena of nature and the motions of the heavenly bodies, we are not to infer, with Dupuis and others, that these mysteries had no spiritual reference at all, and that those who celebrated them had no faith in God, accountability, or a future life; but rather, on the contrary, that those old Grecians and Egyptians were men of positive faith, who saw in all the phenomena of nature—in all the motions of the starry spheres, and in all the miracles of the world—the awful shadow of that mysterious One, who, although infinite and indivisible, yet in some manner incomprehensible to human intelligence, individualizes himself to every human thought, and localizes himself in every place.

The mysteries were established, then, to assist the education and development of man. And with this intention the mystagogues employed every resource to stimulate the moral energies and awaken the nobler instincts of those they sought to elevate. As poetry and music were considered the most efficient means of moral and mental advancement, they were cultivated with great assiduity, and were brought to great perfection in those institutions.

The ceremonies we have seen were themselves highly poetical, and music entered largely into the composition of them. The imposing spectacle of the universe, and the great truths which the Creator reveals through it to the earnest soul, furnished the subjects of those scenes, as astonishing as they were varied, which were represented in the sanctuaries of Egypt, Asia, and Greece. Whatever could excite enthusiasm, or appeal strongly to the imagination; all the pomp of festivals, the variety and splendor of decorations and symbols; the majesty of the ritual, and the enchanting force of music, were put in requisition to awaken the moral sensibilities of the people.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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MASONRY IN EGYPT.—On the 19th of June last, the Emir Abdel-Kader was initiated in the lodge of the Pyramids at Alexandria. The ceremony was conducted with great solemnity, and the distinguished candidate was most fraternally greeted on his entrance into the craft.

Justice.

FROM CHRIST'S TRIUMPH AND VICTORY.

GILES FLETCHER.

She was a virgin of austere regard,
Not as the world esteems her, deaf and blind,
But as the eagle, that hath oft compared
Her eye with heaven's—so, and more brightly, shined
Her lamping light; for she the same could wind
Into the solid heart, and with her ears
The silence of the thought loud-speaking hears,
And in one hand a pair of even scales she wears.

No riot of affection revel kept
Within her breast; but a still apathy
Possessed all her soul, which softly slept,
Securely without tempest; no sad cry
Awakes her pity; but wronged Poverty,
Sending his eyes to heaven swimming in tears,
With hideous clamors ever struck her ears,
Whetting the blazing sword that in her hand she bears.

Masonic Relief—an Incident of Masonic-Work in Charleston, S. C.

A short time previous to the commencement of the civil war in which the nation is now so unhappily engaged, a young man, who was employed as salesman in one of the principal stores on Washington street, Boston, was induced to go to Charleston, S. C., to enter upon the duties of a situation which had been offered to him by a leading firm in that city, and was accompanied thither by his family. In common with so many Northern men and families who had become residents of the South, he found his position a very disagreeable one after the attack on Fort Sumter had thrown South Carolina into conflict with the National Government, and inaugurated the present troubles.

Some short time before the outbreak of the rebellion he sought admission into and was admitted a member by the masonic fraternity there, and to his connection with that body he has to trace numerous acts of kindness which helped to alleviate the many hardships of his situation.

The facts in this case have been communicated to us by a gentleman who has not yet connected himself with our ancient Craft, but the testimony which he thus offers, illustrative of the ascendency of masonic principles even in the midst of the excitements of civil strife, is therefore all the more valuable and worthy of record.

The public press of the North has frequently published accounts of the distresses under which the poorer portion of the population of Southern cities have labored, and from what we can learn through private sources, the hardships which have overtaken the people of Charleston have certainly not been exaggerated.

At an early date, the brother to whom we have referred was compelled to serve in one of the military companies organized for the defense of Charleston against the attacks of the Federal forces, and became an officer therein. After awhile, however, he secured his release from this service, which must have proved distasteful to him. The blockade of the harbor, and the presence of a Federal army, compelled the rebellious inhabitants to neglect every business but that of the defense of the city, and want and destitution stared its population in the face. The prices of food and raiment rose to an enormous height, and it became utterly impossible for a working man to provide his family with the comforts, or with many of the necessaries of life. Under these circumstances the struggle was severe which our brother had to keep up to maintain himself and those dependent on him, situated as he was, a complete stranger in a strange city, without recognition from any save those who were bound to him by the mystic tie, and the difficulties of his position were greatly increased by the fact of his being a Northern man, having rendered him an object of jealousy and suspicion to all around him. It was under circumstances so peculiarly unfortuitous that he first became acquainted with the benefits which so freely flow from Freemasonry in the hour of need. On two occasions he went to pay his rent, and each time his landlord informed him that the amount had been already paid. Some good Mason-brother, whose name he could not ascertain, and has never learned, had been there before him and discharged his indebtedness. Unseen hands, inspired by a love to work their deeds of mercy in secret which has its fountain in the recesses of the Mason's lodge, were frequently held out to help him when he needed most, and knew not whither to look for succor.

Burdened with the support of a wife, mother-in-law, and a child which had been sent to lighten his dark days with its smiles, he gradually familiarized himself with the thought that had he but the means of sending his family northward, he might be able with greater ease to continue his struggle alone with the hardships to which secession has introduced the mass of Southern people It was soon evident that it was merely necessary to give expression to this desire to have his family removed from that scene of suffering and discomfort, to set in motion the kind offices of the masonic Fraternity. With a liberality unprecedented, were so many calls were being made upon them, his brethren raised by contributions among themselves the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, which they presented to him, and with which he was enabled to send his family North. They had, however, a weary time in wending their way northward from Charleston, and by the time they reached the Federal lines their fund was exhausted, and they were obliged to sell their only blanket to pay their ferriage across the Rappahannock. Once within our lines, however, their story cleared the way before them. Everybody assisted them, for Freemasonry had thrown its mantle of protection and favor around them—and now this poor family are at home in the circle of their friends, only wanting one thing to complete their happiness—the presence of our brother. And while every night, in their gratitude for deliverance from the sufferings of rebeldom they thank Heaven, they forget not to bless Freemasonry.

The foregoing is one of many illustrations of the mode in which Freemasonry is doing its work at the present day, and one of many proofs which have been furnished during this war, that it retains power in and sheds a healing light even from bosoms which are being consumed to their own destruction by the hottest fires of disloyalty and rebellion. We will just remark in closing, that our information is, that all through the pending conflict the Freemasons of Charleston, S. C., have been untiringly active in rendering their aid to alleviate the sufferings of Northern soldiers confined in their prisons and their hospitals, and we have assurance that their labors have been followed by abundant success.—*Masonic Monthly.*

Masonic Degrees—Their Moral and Religious Instruction.

The first degree in Masonry naturally suggests that state of moral darkness which begloomed our world. On the apostacy of our first common parent, not a gleam of light was left to cheer his desponding mind. Soon, however, the first kind promise was made. Adam was, therefore, in a comparative sense, still in darkness. Such is the very nature of the first degree that every observing candidate is led to view his moral blindness and deplorable state by nature. Under these impressions he enters on the second degree, which, in view of his moral blindness, he is to consider emblematical of a state of imprisonment and trial. Such was the second state of Adam. Hence arises the idea of probationary ground. A due observance of all former requisitions, and a sincere desire to make advances in knowledge and virtue, open the way for the reception of more light. Having diligently persevered in the use of appointed means, the third degree prefigures the life of the good man in his pilgrimage state. Although the true light has shined into his heart, and he has experienced much consolation, yet he sometimes wanders into devious and forbidden paths. In the midst of such trials he resolves to be faithful, and manfully to withstand temptations. He determines to pursue that sacred trust committed to his care, and therefore endeavors to escape for his life to the Great Ark of his salvation. In advancing to the fourth degree the good man is greatly encouraged to persevere in the ways of well-doing even to the end. He has a name which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it. If, therefore, he be rejected, and cast forth among the rubbish of the world, he knows full well the Great Master Builder of the Universe, having chosen and prepared him as a lively stone in that spiritual building in the heavens. will bring him forth in triumph, while shouting grace—grace to his divine Redeemer. Hence opens the fifth degree, where he discovers his election to, and his glorified station in, the kingdom of his Father. Here he is taught how much the chosen ones are honored and esteemed by those on earth, who discover and appreciate the image of their common Lord. This image being engraven on his heart, he may look forward to those mansions above, where a higher and more exalted seat has been prepared for the faithful, from the foundation of the world. With these views the sixth degree is conferred, where the riches of divine grace are opened in boundless prospect. Every substantial good is clearly seen to be conferred through the great atoning sacrifice. In the seventh degree the good man is truly filled with a heartfelt gratitude to his Heavenly Benefactor for all those wondrous deliverances wrought out for him while journeying through the rugged paths of human life. Great has been his redemption from the Egypt and Babylon of this world. He beholds in the eighth degree that all the heavenly sojourners will be admitted within the vail of God's presence, where they will become kings and priests before the throne of his glory for ever and ever. Such is the moral and religious instruction derived from the order of masonic degrees.—*Courier*.

NATURE'S GENTLEMAN.

THE PORTRAIT OF A GOOD ODD FELLOW.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Whom do we dub as gentlemen? The knave, the fool, brute—
If they but own full tithe of gold and wear a courtly suit!
The parchment scroll of titled line, the riband at the knee,
Can still suffice to ratify and grant such high degree:
But Nature, with a matchless hand, sends forth her nobly born,
And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to scorn;
She molds with care a spirit rare, half human, half divine,
And cries exulting, "Who can make a gentleman like mine?"

She may not spend her common skill about the outward part,
But showers beauty, grace, and light, upon the brain and heart!
She may not choose ancestral fame his pathway to illume—
The sun that sheds the brightest day may rise from mist and gloom.
Should fortune pour her welcome store, and useful gold abound,
He shares it with a bounteous hand and scatters blessings round.
The treasure sent is rightly spent, and serves the end designed.
When held by Nature's gentleman—the good, the just, the kind.

He turns not from the cheerless home, where sorrow's offspring dwell;
He'll greet the peasant in his hut—the culprit in his cell.
He stays to hear the widow's plaint of deep and mourning love,
He seeks to aid her lot below, and prompt her faith above.
The orphan child, the friendless one. the luckless, or the poor,
Will never meet his spurning frown or leave his bolted door;
His kindred circles all mankind, his country all the globe—
An honest name his jeweled star, and Truth his ermine robe.

He wisely yields his passions up to reason's firm control—
His pleasures are of crimeless kind, and never taint the soul.
He may be thrown among the gay and reckless sons of life,
But will not love the revel scene, or head the brawling strife.
He wounds no breast with jeer or jest, yet bears no honeyed tongue!
He's social with the gray-haired one, and merry with the young;
He gravely shares the council speech or joins the rustic game,
And shines as Nature's gentleman, in every place the same.

No haughty gesture marks his gait, no pompous tone his word,
No studied attitude is seen, no palling nonsense heard;
He'll suit his bearing to the hour—laugh, listen, learn, or teach;
With joyous freedom in his mirth, and candor in his speech.
He worships God with inward zeal, and serves him in each deed;
He would not blame another's faith nor have one martyr bleed;
Justice and mercy form his code; he puts his trust in Heaven;
His prayer is, "If the heart mean well, may all else be forgiven!"

—*American Odd Fellow*.

Dante—Burns.

The sixth hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dante occurs in May, 1865, and the Verona people, and various associations are already moving toward erecting a monument to his honor.

When Dante lived, we believe, three cities aspired to the privilege of burning him alive, if they could catch him. Now, when six hundred years have elapsed, the same cities are making arrangements to celebrate his centennial anniversary with the highest honors.

Apropos to the above, when Robert Burns lived, he was hardly considered worthy to enter respectable society, in the village where he resided—and ever since his death, Scotland has been trying to prove that her treatment of the bard was not nearly so bad as has been generally represented.

One amusing incident connected with Burns is the following: Meeting a pretty young lady in the extensive grounds of one of the "first families" of that portion of the world, he was so struck with her beauty that he went home and celebrated the occasion by a poem. Before publishing said poem, he wrote to the lady asking permission to insert it in his forthcoming volume. No answer came, however, to what was probably, and not very unreasonably, considered, in view of certain passages in the poem, a piece of downright impertinence on the part of the low-born rustic. In the changes of time, however, Burns became famous. The lady and her friends began to value the poem. Until, now, an inscription, and, if we remember aright, a copy of the verses, are placed at the spot where the meeting took place, to give it due commemoration. It is amusing to note how the whirligig of time takes its revenge.—*Post.*

THE RESURRECTION FLOWER.

GREATEST BOTANICAL WONDER—OF INTEREST TO TEMPLARS AND HEROINES OF JERICHO

If a traveller in Egypt were to bow before the Sphynx, and receive a nod in return, he could scarcely be more surprised than I was to-day, upon seeing a little, dried-up thing—the remains of what had once bloomed and faded ''mid beleaguering sands'—spring into life and beauty before my very eyes. All the Abbott Collection contains nothing more rare or curious. Old, perhaps, as Cheops, and apparently as sound asleep, it is startled at the touch of water, and, stretching forth its tiny petals, wakes into life as brightly as a new-born flower.

No one could believe, upon looking at this little ball, hanging on its fragile stem, and resembling both in color and shape a shrunken poppy-head, or some of the acorn tribe, what magical results could arise from merely wetting its surface—yet so it is.

Sleeping, but not dead, the flower is aroused by being for an instant immersed in water, and then supported in an upright position. Soon the upper fibres begin to stir. Slowly, yet visibly they unfold, until, with petals thrown back in equidistant order, it assumes the appearance of a beautifully radiated, starry flower, not unlike some of the Asters in form. Resting a moment, it suddenly, as though inspired by some new impulse, throws its very heart to the daylight, curving back its petals further still, and disclosing beauties undreamed of even in the loveliness of its first awakening.

To say that, in general effect, its appearance resembles the passion-flower is to give but a poor description, and yet one searches in vain for a more fitting comparison. Lacking entirely the strong contrasts in color of the latter, it yet wears a halo of its own, unlike any other in the whole range of floral effects.

When viewed through a powerful lens, the heart of the flower, which, to the naked eye, lies flooded in a warm, colorless light, assumes the most exquisite iridescent hues, far more beautiful than the defined tints of the passion-flower. Melting to the eye in its juiciness and delicacy, yet firm in its pure outline and rounded finish, it bears the same relation to that chosen type of the great suffering, that peace bears to passion, or that promise bears to prayer.

Soon the aspect of the flower changes. As though over the well-spring of its eternal life hangs some ruthless power forcing it back into darkness, before an hour has passed, we can see that its newly-found vigor is fading away. The pulsing light at its heart grows fainter and fainter—slowly the petals raise themselves, to drop wearily side by side upon its bosom—and finally, its beauty vanished, its strength exhausted, it hangs heavy and brown upon its stem, waiting for the touch that alone can waken it again.

This rare botanical wonder, blooming one moment before admiring eyes, and next lying dried and shrivelled in a tomb-like box, is not without its legendary interest, though the odor of its oriental history has, by this time, been nearly blown away by that sharp simoom of investigation, which has already whirled so many pretty fables and theories into oblivion.

The story of the flower, as given in 1856, by the late Dr. Deck, the naturalist, is as follows:

While travelling on a professional tour in Upper Egypt, eight years before, engaged in exploring for some lost emerald and copper mines, he chanced to render medical service to an Arab attached to his party. In gratitude, the child of the desert formally presented to him this now-called 'Resurrection Flower,' at the same time enjoining upon him never to part with it. Like the fabled gift of the Egyptian, it was supposed to have 'magic in the web of it.' The doctor was solemnly assured by the Arab, and others of his race that it had been taken ten years before from the breast of an Egyptian mummy, a high priestess, and was deemed a great rarity; that it would never decay if properly cared for; that its possession through life would tend to revive hope in adversity, and, if buried with its owner, would insure for him hereafter all the enjoyments of the Seventh Heaven of Mahomet. When presented, this flower was one of two hanging upon the same stem. Dr. Deck carefully preserved one; the twin specimen he presented to Baron Humboldt, who acknowledged it to be the greatest floral wonder he had yet seen, and the only one of its kind he had met with in the course of his extensive travels.

For years the doctor carried his treasure with him everywhere, prizing it for its intrinsic qualities, and invariably awakening the deepest interest whenever he chanced to display its wondrous powers. During the remainder of his life he caused the flower to open more than one thousand times, without producing any diminution of its extraordinary property, or any injury to it whatever. It is proper to state that, though closely examined by some of the most eminent naturalists, both at home and abroad, no positive position in the botanical kingdom was ever assigned to it—indeed to this day it remains a waif in the floral world, none having determined under what classification it belongs.

I need not say that the doctor, while gratefully accepting the gift of his Arab friend, quietly rejected the accompanying superstition. Subsequent trials and proofs positive confirmed his doubts of its hope-inspiring power, while his inclination and good old prejudices tempted him to forego the delights of the Seventh Heaven by bequeathing his treasure to his friend and pupil, Dr. C. J. Eames, of New York, than whom none could regard it with a truer appreciation, or recognize its exquisite perfection with a feeling nearer akin to veneration.

It has now been in the possession of Dr. Eames for several years, and has, in the mean time, been unfolded many hundred times, still without any deterioration of its mysterious power. It opens as fairly and freshly to-day, as when, under Egyptian skies, more than sixteen years ago, its delicate fibres, heavy with the dust of ages, quivered into a new life before the astonished eyes of Dr. Deck.

Well-named as, in some respects, it seems to be, this marvel of the botanical world has already given rise to not a few discussions among the scientific and curious, some earnestly proclaiming its right to the title of 'Resurrection Flower,' and others denying that it is a flower at all. Indeed, in its unfolded state, its resemblance to a flattened poppy-head, and other seed vesvessels, offers strong argument in favor of the latter opinion. In alluding to it, one uses the term 'flower' with decided 'mental reservation'—beautiful flower, as it seems to be when opened—and speaks of its 'petals' with a deprecating glance at imaginary hosts of irate botanists. Some, it is true, still insist that it is a *bona fide* flower; but Dr. Deck himself inclined to the belief that it was the pericarp or seed vessel of some desert shrub, rare indeed, as few or none like it have appeared in centuries, yet not without its analogies in the vegetable world.

The famous Rose of Jericho (not that mentioned in the Apocrypha, or the very common kind peculiar to the far East, but that long-lost variety prized by the Crusaders as a holy emblem of their zeal and pilgrimage) was, in all probability, a member of the same genus to which the 'Resurrection Flower' belongs. This opinion is supported by the fact that resemblances of the 'flower,' both open and closed, are sculptured upon some of the tombs of the Crusaders—two, in the Temple Church of London, and several in the Cathedrals of Bayoux and Rouen in Normandy, where lie some of the most renowned followers of Peter the Hermit.

A brother of Dr. Deck, engaged in antiquarian research in the island of Malta, discovered the same device graven upon the knights' tombs, and invariably on that portion of the shield, the 'dexter chief,' which was considered the place of highest honor. This gentleman has also furnished the following quotation from an old Monkish manuscript, describing "a wonder obtained from Jerusalem by the holy men called by them the 'Star of Bethlehem,' as, if exposed to the moon on the eve of the Epiphany, it would become wondrous fair to view, and like unto the star of the Saviour; and with the first glory of the sun, it would return to its lowliness."

Doubtless the old chroniclers, had they lived in these days of evidence and 'solid fact,' would have given some credit to the heavy dews peculiar to moonlight nights, an exposure to which would assuredly have produced all the effect of immersion upon the flower.

The fact of so close a representation of the 'Resurrection Flower' being upon the tombs of the Crusaders, added to the circumstance that in his Egyptian researches he had never met with any allusion to it, induced Dr. Deck to discard the story of its Egyptian origin as untenable. 'I have unwrapped many mummies myself,' he wrote, 'and have had opportunities of being present at unrolling of others of all classes, and have never discovered another Resurrection Flower, nor heard of any one who had; and in the examination of hieroglyphics of every age and variety, I never discovered anything bearing the remotest resemblance to it. Those who are conversant with the wonderful features of the Egyptian religion and priestcraft, will observe how eagerly they seized upon and deified anything symbolical of their mysterious tenets, and transmitted them to posterity, figured as hieroglyphic; and it is but natural to presume that this homely-looking flower, with its halo, so typical of glory and resurrection, would have ranked high in their mythology, if it, and its properties, had been known to them. Moreover, an examination of the elaborate works of Josephus, Herodotus, King, and Diodorus, so full in their description of Egyptian mythology, has failed to elicit any description or notice of it whatever.'

Nearly every one has read of the famous Rose of Jericho (*Anastatica hierochontina*) or Holy Rose—a low, gray-leaved annual, utterly unlike a rose, growing abundantly in the arid wastes of Egypt, and also throughout Palestine and Barbary, and along the coasts of the Red Sea. One of the most curious of the cruciferous plants, it exhibits, in a rare degree, a hygrometric action in its process of reproduction. During the hot season it blooms freely growing close to the ground, bearing its leaves and blossoms upon its upper surface; when these fall off, the stems become dry and ligneous, curving upward and inward until the plant becomes a ball of twigs, containing its close seed-vessels in the centre, and held to the sand by a short fibreless root. In this condition, it is readily freed by the winds, and blown across the desert, until it reaches an oasis or the sea; when, yielding to the '*Open Sesame*' of water, it uncloses, leaving nature to use its jealously guarded treasures at her will.

The dried plant, if carefully preserved, retains for a long time its hygrometric quality. When wet it expands to its original form, displaying florets(?) not unlike those of the elder, but larger, closing again as soon as the moisture evaporates. Hence it is reverenced in Syria as a holy emblem. The people call it *Kaf Maryam*, or Mary's Flower, and many superstitions are held regarding it, one of which is, that it first blossomed on the night on which our Saviour was born. Growing everywhere, upon heaps of rubbish and roofs of old houses, by the wayside, and almost under the very door-stones, it creeps into the surroundings of the people, weaving its chains of white, yellow, or purple flowers while sunshine lasts, and, when apparent decay overtakes it, teaching its beautiful lesson of Life in Death. Who can cavil at the thought which raises it to a symbol of that Eternal Love forever weaving endless chains from heart to heart, no spot too lowly for its tendrils to penetrate, or too dreary for its bloom.

The Late Duke of Athol, G. Master of Scotland.

BY BRO. ALLISON, THE HISTORIAN AND RHETORICIAN.

"*Provincial Grand Master, Grand Wardens, and Brethren:* We are now assembled to discharge one of the most momentous, but, at the same time, melancholy duties which belong to our Fraternity.

We have met to celebrate a solemn funeral service to the memory of the Duke of Athol, Grand Master of the whole Scotch Freemasons, and whose premature disease in the prime of life has, I am sure, realized the prediction of the Grand Lodge in the circular announcing it, that it has been a matter of deep regret to the Freemasons of Scotland in every part of the world. So various, indeed, have been the merits to our Craft of our late Grand Master, that we can scarcely hope to see his place adequately supplied. It is no sinecure which is devolved upon the nobleman who is nominated to that high and dignified office. Independent of the actual laying of the foundation stones of the most distinguished edifices in all parts of the country which are constructed during his time—a duty which from their number of late years has been very considerable—he is expected to mingle frequently in social intercourse with the lodges, how distant soever, to contribute largely to the relief of the distress of members, and since all of our Fraternity are not always actuated by its spirit, sometimes to reconcile their differences. In a word, a Grand Master, who really discharges the duties of his office, must live more for others than himself. And it is fitting that it should be so; for what is the spirit of Freemasonry but a constant readiness to sacrifice self to others? and what can be so good a model for its head as that which embodies its spirit? All these various duties our late lamented Grand Master discharged, as long as his health permitted to, in the most exemplary manner. The foundation stones of the chief public edifices constructed in Scotland during the last quarter of a century have been laid by him. In Edinburgh he officiated in that character at the foundation of the Waverly Monument, and many others, which are now the chief ornaments of that beautiful capitol; in this city, of the Stockwell Bridge, the Gartnavel Asylum, and the Scott Monument; and at Stirling, in the presence of a hundred thousand spectators, and surrounded by five thousand Freemasons, the Wallace Monument.

A more fitting person to discharge that important duty could not have been selected, for, five hundred years before, one of his direct ancestors, the Earl of Athol, had been one of the companions and fellow-soldiers of Wallace in the great struggle for Scottish independence. It is not surprising that our late Grand Master took such an interest in the proceedings of our Fraternity, and was so active in discharging its duties. He belonged to a race which, for above a century, had repeatedly given a Grand Master to the Freemasons of Scotland, and had never ceased to feel an interest in their proceedings. His own disposition rendered him peculiarly open to its influences. At once energetic and active, patient and enduring of suffering, resolute and humane, his spirit was unwearied, his heart was warm, his disposition was chivalrous. His ear was ever open to the tale of suffering, his hand ready to assuage it. He was liberal without ostentation, hospitable without prodigality. While he secured the affections of the tenantry on his great estates, by his kindly demeanor and uniform attention to their interests, he won the hearts of all who approached him by his affability and courtesy. At the same time, he nobly discharged the duties of a Highland chieftain, often to the most exalted characters.

A Queen of England, an Empress of France, at different times shared his hospitality. Few eminent strangers visited the Highlands without having a tale to recount of the princely hospitality of Blair Athol.

Nor was his kindly spirit confined to the highest classes. Many of you, brothers, can testify how ably, with what heartfelt benevolence he laid aside his rank, and joined in the social festivities of the Craft in this city and neighborhood. But most of all, on the approach of death, did his character shine forth with peculiar lustre.

When the inevitable hour approached to him, as it must do to all, he awaited it in a noble spirit. His was neither the blind stoicism of the sceptic, nor the wrapt enthusiasm of the fanatic—it was the intrepid demeanor of a Christian. Assailed in the prime of life by a slow but incurable and most painful disease, he bore his suffering with fortitude, and looked forward to the issue without dismay. For three months he was face to face with the King of Terrors in his most apalling form, and he never flinched from the sight. His whole thought was of others; his whole anxiety to discharge his duty to his Queen, his people, and his country. His last effort was to rise from the bed of death, to meet his Sovereign, who, with graceful courtesy, had come to Blair-Athol to give a public testimony to his worth. His firm reliance was on his Saviour; and when at length the "silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl broken, and the spirit returned to the God who gave it, and his sufferings were terminated, he yielded up his last breath with the hope of a Christian, with the courage of a Highlander, and in the spirit of a Freemason."

The N. E. Corner.

It has been for longer time than our own memory as a Mason runneth, that the *North* East corner has been invariably the place where the corner-stones of all masonic edifices have been laid, or, of buildings for secular or ecclesiastical purposes, in which the services of Masons have been required. It is to this custom no doubt, that a portion of the ceremonial is indebted, and the *North* East corner to the noviciate is made to have a peculiar signification.

A valued friend and brother, who has spent many years toiling and searching among ancient masonic manuscripts, old lodge records, and other relics of a past age, which may have a bearing on masonic subjects, some time since informed us that among all the olden records, &c., which he had examined, prior to the commencement of the present century, corner-stones were declared to have been laid in the *South* East corner of the building. Among many instances given by him, to corroborate this statement, he alleges that the corner-stone of the National Capitol was laid by that eminent Mason, George Washington, in 1793, in the *South* East corner; and that a few years previous to that date, he found it recorded in the book of minutes of St. Patrick's Lodge, No. 4, at Johnstown, N. Y., that the Master and brethren assisted at the laying of a corner-stone, which was deposited in the *South* East corner.

We have ourself looked somewhat into the subject, and we have found several instances prior to 1800, where the *South* East corner has been mentioned, instead of the N. E. corner as now. The subject is worthy of investigation, especially if the inquiry will determine when the change from the *South* East to the *North* East was introduced into our masonic ceremonies. What say our cotemporaries?—*Courier*.

A Touching Testimonial.

North Adams, *May* 29, 1864.

To the R. G. Secretary of the G. L. of Massachusetts:

Charles W. Moore—*Dear Sir:* A notice of a Quarterly Communication of the M. W. Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, is received, addressed to A. Wetherbee. He died on the 6th of April, and the Masons buried him with the masonic grand honors, on a Berkshire hillside, looking to the east. The very little I know of Masonry, with a memory of my late husband's ardent attachment to the institution, causes me to feel it a significant and proper place for a true Mason to rest in.

The highest praise that can be given to any institution is the cordial support of a good man. Those who knew my husband thought him such, and he ever maintained a warm attachment to Masonry.

My daughter joins me in respectful attachment for the institution which her father loved, and honored by his daily life.

Yours, respectfully,
Mrs. A. Wetherbee.

—*Freemason's Monthly Magazine.*

The Mark.

Bermuda Hundred, Va.,
July 17, 1864.

Bro. McMurdy: I have just read the following article, and I cannot help wishing that every Mason may also read and understand it—as he will if not ashamed, ask the "Carpenter's Son" to enlighten his eyes—and then if only he could learn to live by his work, and work up to the mark, how ready he would be when called from labor to rest.

Men are now feeling the throes of an earthquake that precedes the birth of a new continent, when all earthly Masonry will be the destruction of those who trust in it, but we who have climbed the ladder, and laid our foundations on the rock Christ Jesus, can go on without fear, even though "the night cometh when no man can work," for He is our sun and our shield.

A piece of work was assigned to a young carpenter. Carefully he took the required measures, and marked them out plainly upon the board which he was to fashion. Again and again he laid the rule to the pattern and to the markings, to be sure that they perfectly agreed. It was evident that his work was so far correct. But when he began to saw, fearful still of making some mistake, it was an inch beyond his marking. His master had noticed his careful measurement with pleasure, but now he startled the young man by exclaiming, "*What's the use of having a mark, if you don't go by it?*"

The young apprentice paused, and looked at his work. Sure enough, of what use *was* it? "That taught me a lesson," he said, in after-life, as he repeated the incident. "What good did the mark do, if it was not to be followed exactly? I never made one afterward without following it."

Paul says, "I press toward the mark for the prize for the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." What is the mark and pattern which God has given to his people? The mark is, "Be perfect,"—that complete sanctification toward which we are to "press" while on earth, and which is to be perfected, at last, in heaven. The pattern is, "Jesus the author and finisher of our faith." We all acknowledge this, but how far is this *practically our* mark and pattern?

Let us seriously inquire, What is the spirit that governs *our* life? Do we ask, What does God require, or, What will others expect of me,—what is for my worldly interest? Do we constantly ask, in the daily duties of life, What would Christ, the Example, do were he in my place? In other words, what is our mark and pattern, not in theory alone, but in point of fact? God was in serious earnestness, not theorizing, when he gave the measure and the model; and shall we—dare we trifle with them? "I have always held that the worst defamers of the Christian religion were those who claimed to be Christ's followers, but showed little or none of his spirit," said a thoughtful man.

"Perhaps, some day, people will begin to remember," says John Ruskin, "the force of the old Greek word for sin, and to learn that all sin is in essence 'missing the mark.'"

What is the use of our having a mark, if we do not follow it?

Present Prosperity of Freemasonry, and its Benefits in the War.

BY BRO. HOWE, OF CONNECTICUT.

Here lurk the dangers which threaten the whole system of Masonry in our land. Time has been, and within the memory of some present, when the name Mason was a by-word and a reproach. I know ministers of the Gospel who were visited by their people and urged to renounce Masonry—deacons of churches who were dealt with for the sin of being Masons, and churches upon whose records may be found resolutions, unanimously adopted, that no Mason be allowed to partake at their communion. A Mason was regarded as a terrible monster. True, as he walked the streets or engaged in business, he appeared to be an upright and honest man; he dealt with all men upon the square; he never was known guilty of the least injustice, deceit or falsehood; he *seemed*, indeed, an earnest, devout, faithful Christian;—but he was a Mason; this fact swallowed all others; he was—he must be, a wolf in sheep's clothing. The Gospel of Jesus Christ could not come pure from his lips, and he must quit his pulpit. The emblems of the body and blood of our Saviour were polluted if he but touched the vessel in which they were borne, and he must vacate his office. He could not be a Christian, and, therefore, he must not partake of the Holy Sacrament. This feeling prevailed not only in the religious world, but throughout society, and men kept aloof from the abominable thing. But there is little need that I recall these facts. That old charter of Montgomery Lodge, now at Linn Rock, Connecticut, which has so recently returned from the dark and dusty archives to which that mad clamor consigned it for so many years, speaks more eloquently than it is possible for human lips to do. Besides, we have among us a few who lived in those days which tried men's souls—a few who wore the *lamb-skin* when, to the world, it was an emblem of guilt rather than of innocence. But those days are past. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," and few are the merely human societies which embrace so much of truth as Masonry. Crushed as it has been in this country,—crushed to the very earth, it has risen again in more than its former power. There are those who still hate Masonry,— men who, through ignorance, prejudice, or bigotry, believe us to be what we are not. But the number of these is far less than formerly, and it is rapidly on the decrease. Men of all ranks in society are flocking to our doors; all are seeking light in Masonry; and, in the name of God, are entering our lodges, and are received in due and ancient form. Our civil rulers think it no degradation to kneel at the altar of Freemasonry. Our army, through its generals, subordinate officers and privates, seek here for that knowledge which shall secure, when in distress, a friend even in an enemy, and so soften the weary months of imprisonment, or, when in sickness, or suffering from wounds, shall bring a *Brother's* care. This reminds me of a charge which I have heard brought against our order, to notice which, I must digress a little. I have been told by a man of intelligence on almost every subject besides that of our Order, that Masonry is the cause of the present war. This is too absurd to be seriously denied here, for every man who knows anything of Masonry, knows that, while it alleviates much of the sufferings of the present war, it has exerted, it could exert no influence, either in producing or prolonging it. I would that I might take the man who holds such an opinion over a few of the multiplied battle-fields, and through some of the many military prisons of our land, and point out to him some of the bright scenes which our brotherhood have painted on the dark background of war. There come faintly, from the lips of a wounded man, words which, to the uninstructed, have but an ordinary meaning; or the weak hand gives a sign unintelligible to all without; but these few words or this sign, causes the rough man to halt, and, as if by magic, transforms the careless, rude soldier into a tender nurse, or sends him, even barefoot and bareheaded, if necessary, to bring that which shall alleviate the sufferings of a fallen brother, or another to care for or nurse him. There is another who has fallen fighting bravely for his country. The enemy have now the field—friends are gone—foes are on every hand. And here again the magic word or sign manifests its power. Over our brave but stricken—perhaps dying soldier boy, bends the rebel, ready to perform for him a brother's office. And again, if my companion could rise to the appreciation of a charity which extends even to a rebel, would I point him to the Federal soldier performing the same deeds for the sick, wounded, or dying Confederate. In the prisons of the South, I would show him deeds of kindness done to this one and to that—deeds which come from no injustice done to others, but which greatly lighten the tediousness and sufferings of the imprisoned patriot. What is it which produces these, and ten thousand other like results? What is it which, while it lessens not one iota the soldier's loyalty to his Government, or leads him, in any respect, to take from the rights of another, yet does so much to alleviate the sufferings which necessarily follow in the track of armies, and which are the bitter fruit of battles? What is it which sets the man on the search to find a friend in an enemy? What was it, in the last war between France and England, which sent Frenchmen among the English prisoners to search out certain persons, who, as soon as found, were taken from confinement and given the liberty of the city? I would tell my companion, what you already know, that this is Masonry. Those signs and those words are learned in our Temple. It is here that men learn to love even an enemy.

But this is aside from what I was saying, which was, that all ranks in our army are seeking admission to our mysteries. And in our home society the same fact prevails. In some ecclesiastical bodies a majority of its ministers are of our Order; and the number of this profession in our ranks is constantly increasing. Leading merchants, business men of all kinds, mechanics and farmers, all are sending their petitions to the various lodges of our land. All this is gratifying, but it is also dangerous. There is a vast amount of drift-wood in society, men who follow wherever public opinion leads, and whose presence, in this or any other society, would have the same effect upon all that is good and true here, that the wood, soaked in mud and water, would have upon a fire.

PRACTICAL MASONRY.

[A well known brother vouches for the following. We publish it in its simple, artless, and affecting dress. It illustrates the divine principle of charity and the effectiveness of overcoming evil with good, in the case of anti-Masons even. Such are the best replies to attacks on our Order—sublime, patient, and silent charities. May they abound more and more.]

A brother married into a severe and unrelenting anti-Mason family, and whose wife was as bitter as her father. They appeared not to have learned that Brother —— was a Mason. His wife classed Masons with murderers and thieves. The secret was assiduously, yet unwisely, kept from his wife, as she often assured her husband that she would rather bury him than see him a Mason. A year after his marriage Brother —— removed to the State of Indiana, with his family, to a town where there were two lodges, in one of which he became a member. By some unknown means his wife was apprised of the fact, and in the fierceness of her passion she left him and returned to her father's house, who applauded his daughter's conduct. He was a man of limited means, and with a large family dependent upon him, all younger than brother's wife, his resources were severely taxed. Brother —— had written back to his former lodge, and apprised the brethren of the facts in the case, at the same time requesting them to see that his wife needed nothing. As she was a delicate woman and in delicate health severe excitement of the hour might work some injury to her and put her in need of more assistance than the scanty means of her bigoted parent could supply. I must here state that Brother —— endeavored in every manner possible to reconcile his wife to him, but she would listen to nothing, as she declared she could trust him no longer, in as much as she had discovered that he had joined "that band of villains and perjurers." Her passion was wrought up still higher, if possible, when she was made aware that her husband had been a Freemason before marriage. About a month or six weeks after she left her husband's home this lady was attacked severely with a fever of a low type, superadded to which were some symptoms of consumption. As soon as it was known to the brethren that she was ill they informed her husband, who, singularly enough, was laying at the point of death himself, in consequence of a fall from a scaffold the evening before the news arrived of his wife's illness. However, Brother R., a particular friend of Brother ——, immediately wrote to the W.·. M.·. and brethren of lodge ——, where Brother ——'s wife was, and apprised them of the facts in the case, requesting them in the name of the brethren of Lodge No. —, in Indiana, to look after his wife while they attended on him. This request was needless, as her wants were supplied in a rather roundabout way, but promptly enough. Three physicians attended on her, two of whom were Masons. One evening when her symptoms were deemed most grave and serious the house was filled with the wives of the brethren. She suffered not for watchers or attendants or means; no! for every want and requirement was anticipated and supplied. One night, just as the doctor was leaving, a stranger entered the house and inquired how Mrs. —— was. Before an answer could be given him he went up to the bedside, and while apparently looking at her he slipped twenty dollars under her pillow unnoticed, with a written request that it be used for the benefit of the ill and helpless woman. The next morning her father saw four cords of wood already prepared piled up in his woodhouse. That night the watchers, who were Masons' wives, adroitly prevailed on the family to retire to rest, and so the wood was delivered without their knowledge. For six weeks was this hater of Masonry prostrated on a bed of sickness, and the angel of death hovering over her nearly forty days, while the angel of charity was administering to her wants during her entire illness. Her father was at no expense. He was surprised, but his bigoted mind could not be enlightened by any incident or circumstance. Her husband recovered; so did she. Her illness had softened her heart, and she requested to be taken to her husband. Her father objected, and used every persuasion to turn her from her holy desire: he failed! Inasmuch as the severity of her husband's injuries prevented his removal she was taken to Indiana. On her arrival there she found her husband surrounded by affectionate and consoling friends; his every want was supplied, and as to herself she was treated with the most profound respect. She received such treatment as only a Mason's wife receives. Her husband was a poor man; she knew that her father was still poorer. From whence came all these supplies, delicacies, money, friends, &c., &c. The thought had suddenly struck her that "those vile Masons" were the clandestine givers; suddenly, and for a little while, her feelings were deeply wrought, but her prejudices were not yet overcome. "Light" had not wholly penetrated her mind. A day or so after these singular thoughts and suspicions had seized her mind she sat alone in the apartment with her husband, no one else present, and said to him: "How happens it that you are so comfortably situated and so surprisingly well provided for." She paused, and a serious cast was over her countenance. Our brother asked her if she was well cared for during her sickness at her father's. "Cared for," she said; "why, if I were a queen I could not have been cared for any better. Father says he could not see how things got into the house, and who brought them." A deep sigh and a pause followed. Brother —— made no further reply. His wife could bear the silence no longer. Her bosom heaved with emotion, and her eyes were suffused with tears, and she burst out into a deep and sorrowful sobbing, "I fear that I have been too wicked and ungrateful. I have abused my best friends, friends who because they loved you loved me also, though I thought so meanly of them." Her heart was softened, her mind was enlightened; she had experienced the practical workings of that "vile gang." After her sorrow was appeased somewhat she continued: "The Masons have been fathers, brothers, friends, and everything that goodness and love could prompt men to be to each other have they been to me." She became more calm, but her mind deeply impressed. The kindness she had received during her illness from those whom she deemed the vilest wretches on earth had affected her more deeply than ever. The twenty dollars the stranger had left under her pillow was sent by the brethren in Indiana to help defray the expenses caused by her illness. This woman became a zealous advocate of Masonry. The old gentleman was brought to grief still worse, for through the enthusiasm and gratitude of his daughter his three sons are now Masons, and are in the army. One of them was aided to escape after he was made a prisoner of war by the southern soldiers.

There is Virtue in the Tie.

It has been written:

> You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
> The scent of the roses will hang round it still.

and so, we will say of the Masonic tie, there is virtue in it, which like "the scent of the roses will hang round it still," when apparently broken, for we learn that during the recent rebel invasion, a train of cars was seized by the Confederates under Major Harry Gilmor, near, or at Magnolia, Md. Besides Major

General Franklin, there were several officers of the Army and Navy. Several of them succeeded in escaping, but the correspondent of the *Herald* thus accounts for the release unconditionally of others:

"One or two of them were Masons, and wore a small masonic breastpin. Major Gilmor is also a member and lover of the Order, and granted them their freedom for that reason."

Surely, "there is virtue in the tie."—*Courier.*

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Balloting for Candidates.

The following communication on this subject has been handed to us, and, as it is a matter of great importance, and one upon which Masons, both young and old, seem to be divided in opinion, we cheerfully give our views with regard to it:

"*Masonic Editor Sunday Mercury:* Will you please answer the following questions, and oblige several young Masons?

1. When a candidate is proposed in the Lodge, and his application received and referred to a committee, is it not the duty of any Brother who may know aught against the character of the applicant to communicate to the committee the facts which may have come to his knowledge?

2. When a candidate has been favorably reported upon by the committee, and bears a good reputation in the community, and, upon the ballot being taken, but one black ball appears, is it not the duty of the brother casting the negative ballot to explain his reasons for so doing?

To the first question, we answer: as a general rule, Yes; but circumstances may arise which would render a different course both justifiable and proper; and such cases will suggest themselves to the mind of any intelligent brother.

To the second question, we answer, emphatically, No! No one has a right to know who casts the black-ball; and if by chance it should become known, no one has a right to question the brother who casts it concerning his reasons for so doing.

There is no one act on which so much care, deliberation and justice are required as in balloting on the application of a candidate for the mysteries of Masonry. We have in former articles expressed our views in connection with recommendations, duties of committees, &c., and the subject of balloting for candidates for masonic honors is one of equal. if not of more vital importance to the prosperity and harmony of the Order. To young Masons, in particular, we wish now to address ourselves, and in all candor say to them, weigh well the duty that devolves upon you, and be careful you do not permit the impulses of passion or prejudice to influence your vote. The position in which you, as well as every individal brother is placed when called upon to vote for an applicant, should be maturely considered; and if you feel inclined to reject him, ask of your conscience this question: Have I good and sufficient reasons for so doing? or, is it simply a "private pique" or personal prejudice which influences me in this matter? Conscience will answer truly, and by its dictates you may safely be guided; then, when you are satisfied as to the proper course to be pursued, *do your duty without fear or favor.* Honesty of purpose should be the guiding star to the rule of your action—charity at all times the director of your mind—and the harmony of the lodge the basis by which all should be governed.

Much ill-feeling must necessarily be engendered in a lodge if a good man is rejected, and his friends most assuredly must and will become chagrined if it be found that no proper cause exists for the exercise of the highest prerogative vested in an individual. Apart from this, the sensibilities of the applicant himself must be sorely wounded, if he be conscious that his life has been one of moral rectitude and propriety; and as men are apt to reason by analogy and comparison, it too often occurs, when an undue exercise of the *black-ball* is used, that the question presents itself to the rejected whether there be not some one or more members in the body much more unfit to be borne upon its roll than he would be if received; and the result, instead of producing the effect desired, raises up a secret enemy against us. It is, therefore, very easy to prevent and obviate the cause of annoyance by proper and due reflection, and acting under the chaste and mild influences of the noblest attributes of our Order—Charity—which should be the guide of all our acts, and thereby we should be governed. A Mason sitting as member of a lodge, and beholding the emblems before him, ought at all times to remember the sublime lessons which they teach, and so act as to win the approval of the Almighty Master of the Universe, in whose presence he seeks to be approved now and hereafter. He should be careful that he perpetrates no invidious acts, but rather "do unto his neighbor as he would that he should do unto him." Let every brother remember that the white apron is emblematical of purity and innocence, both of conscience and heart, and teaches us to walk uprightly before Heaven and before man, without permitting us to deviate from the square of propriety, or to use it as a medium of persecution, malice, or revenge; but, as the operative workman raises his column by the plumb, so should the speculative Mason carry himself in all his acts, more especially when within the "Sanctum" —ever bear in mind that no contention should arise, "save that noble contention, or rather emulation, of who best can work and best agree," thus inspiring a feeling pure and holy as that which pervades the sphere to which all, by proper conduct, hope to arrive when the trial of their probationary state is over.—*Mercury, San Francisco.*

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Masonry—not merely a Social Institution.

Those who view Masonry only as a social institution, —and by far too many regard it as such—are like those who value a book for its binding, and not for its contents. The object of Masonry is to improve man morally and spiritually, and its philosophy is moral and spiritual.

The entire ritual of Masonry, its ceremonials, symbolisms, and teachimgs, is but the outward expression, the body which enshrines the soul or spirit of Masonry. The masonic symbolic degrees are allegorical of youth, manhood, and age, the three stages of life's probation. In these several degrees the duties of man, as a moral and spiritual being, are inculcated, having a reference to his progression in this and the future life. The entering and passing are preliminary to the raising, and man is only finally *raised* after the earthly body has ceased to be animated by the spirit.

There is an interior spirit in all the symbols and teachings of Masonry. The plumb, level, and square are the visible representations of the moral lessons they teach. We might with as much propriety understand that the working tools were intended for operative uses by Freemasons, as for us to believe that Masonry is only a social institution. The tools are necessary for illustration, and they are the best that could be adopted for that purpose. They can be seen by the exterior vision, and handled with the fingers. The lessons they teach are the soul or spirit, of which they form the body; and as each has a different form, so does each convey a different lesson, and the various illustrations of Masonry, taken together as a whole, constitute one perfect system of man's duties to God, his neighbor, and himself—a system embracing every duty of life, written with the finger of God in nature's illustrated world, in the volume of inspiration, and in the hearts and consciences of the beings created in His image. The ultimate of these teachings is the finite perfection of the finite man. The philosophy of Masonry teaches that man is immortal; and as the life on earth is only probationary, and he therefore cannot attain the ultimate of perfection in this sphere, it will be his privilege in the spirit-world to progress onward and upward to the highest perfection his nature is capable of.

The teachings of Masonry have this object in view. The work of progress must commence here. Hence the teachings of Masonry are not merely speculative. They contemplate the progress of man in this sphere, and a continual progression through an endless eternity.

To the true Freemason, the philosophy of Masonry is no idle speculation, no vain theory, no visionary problem. It is to him a living reality, and in comparison to which all things else are as nothing. it is therefore, of paramount importance that the true philosophy of Masonry should be understood by every member of the Society, as the highest interest of man is embraced in its principles and the duties which it enjoins. Progress is stamped upon all the works of the Creator. There is no cessation, and there can be none in God's world. Man is continually progressing in his physical development, and through the stages of youth, manhood, and age, he is imperceptibly journeying onward in the road of progress toward a higher and a higher sphere, toward the source of all light, or in the road of ignorance and error, the road of evil and darkness. As the "Sons of Light," it should be our duty to progress upward, to live in accordance with the teachings of Masonry, to do all we can to promote our spiritual advancement, to be living examples of the philosophy of the society, and thus convince the world around us, that Masonry is something more than a mere social institution, that its aims are to advance the welfare of the human family, morally and spiritually, through the active influence of its principles exhibited in the daily life and conversation of the members of the Fraternity.—*Courier.*

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The Late Judge Randall.

From Brother Moore's Monthly, of Boston, we learn that the late Hon. Judge Randall, of Warren, R. I., was born at Sharon, R. I.; was made a Mason in Rising Star Lodge, Stoughton. While at Brown University he was an active member and Master of Washington Lodge, Providence, where he became a Royal Arch. For sixty years he was a working Mason, dying at the age of 86.

In 1831 antimasonry was rampant in Rhode Island, and assumed a political form. For a while, though violent, it was impotent, since its patrons were in a minority, there being at that time three parties in the State. Very soon the managers entered into a "conspiracy" with another minority party, and they two, united, secured a political ascendency. Our late brother was at this time one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island, who, at that period, were chosen annually by the Legislature. The antimasonic guillotine was at once erected, and the doings of that year fully developed both the bitterness of the persecuting spirit of antimasonry and the base hypocracy of its leaders.

On the meeting of the Legislature, the two Houses, in "Grand Committee," proceeded with the annual elections. The first officers to be chosen were the Judges of the Supreme Court. The first man to be voted for was the Chief Justice. Judge Eddy, then on the bench, was a Royal Arch Mason, and *had never seceded*, but he was a Democrat, and he was unanimously re-elected. Judge Randall was also a Royal Arch Mason, but he was a Whig, and he was *removed.* This act clearly demonstrated how utterly heartless were all the noisy pretensions of the managers of this new party, as to the unfitness of Freemasons to hold civil offices—since the very first thing they did, after getting into power, was to elect a Royal Arch Mason the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Our late brother had the honor of being the first in Rhode Island to suffer a political decapitation for fidelity to his masonic principles. On his removal from the bench, he practiced at the bar until disabled by the increasing infirmities of old age.

An indication of the high regard in which he was held by his fellow-citizens, among whom he lived, is seen in the fact that for *fifty years* he was elected town and probate clerk, and in almost every instance unanimously. Even while a Judge of the Supreme Court the people continued to elect him to his municipal office, the duties of which, in his absence, were performed by a deputy. Such a testimonial from his own neighbors, for the period of half a century, has but few precedents in the history of the country, and was as gratifying as it was extraordinary. On his *fiftieth* election he resigned, and the town, having passed resolutions expressive of their approval and confidence, voted him a testimonial of silver plate.

He died as he lived, universally respected as a useful citizen, an upright magistrate, a consistent Christian; and his body was buried by his Masonic brethren.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Judge Randall was the father of the Rev. George M. Randall, D. D., of this city, and lived to see his son grace by his learning and his talents the office of Grand Master of Masons in his native State.

◆

Origin of the Pyramids.

A writer in *Blackwood* presents a theory which is peculiarly interesting. It supposes the Pyramid of Cheops to have been erected by a king who was a worshipper of the true God, before idolatry was known in Egypt. In support of this he cites the total absence of idolatrous inscriptions, so common on all other Egyptian monuments, the traditions that they were built by a race of "accursed" kings who despised the gods, the name Saophis, (Cheops,) which Eratosthenes translates "the hairy," indicating a Phœnician and not an Egyptian, and various other noteworthy suggestions. It has been frequently remarked that the pyramids are not mentioned in the Bible, yet it is not improbable that in Job the allusion to "desolate places" which kings and counselors of the earth had built for themselves, and in which they were "at rest," refers to the pyramids and other Egyptian tombs. The idea that among the splendid remains of Egyptian idolatry that are lying shattered and broken along the Nile banks, these silent, solemn monuments are the remains of an older and purer faith, which stands firm on the rock as of old, outlasting the decay of temples and altars to false gods, is an idea worth considering for its very grandeur.

The National Freemason.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER, 1864.

Letters of business, and containing money, and correspondence, should be addressed Dr. McMURDY, Box 982. Printed matter should be directed NATIONAL FREEMASON, Lock Box 18, Washington city.

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OFFICIAL.

To the Brethren, Companions, and Sir Knights of the several jurisdictions; We, as Grand Master of Knights Templar in the United States of America, Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, send greeting:

We not only regard with favor the enterprise so generally approved by the Craft, to establish a National Masonic Journal at the metropolis of the nation, but we are impelled by a deep sense of its importance to urge upon you the most vigorous exertions to give to this much-needed instrument for good a healthy and vigorous life.

Let each masonic body, in corporate capacity, subscribe for as many copies of the NATIONAL FREEMASON as may be expedient for circulation among the widows and orphans of Masons, and among the sick and indigent Masons in hospitals, thereby exercising a high charity. Let each Mason take as many copies personally as he can afford, and induce his neighbor to do the same.

We are satisfied, from the well-known high educational, literary, and masonic character of the Rev R. McMURDY, D. D., LL. D., Grand Prelate of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, that the NATIONAL FREEMASON will be conducted in a liberal, faithful, national, and catholic spirit, and will tend to increase and diffuse light within and without our sacred precincts, and promote harmony and good will among the brotherhood.

The moderate terms of its publication, **$2 00 per annum, make** it accessible to the masonic masses.

We urge you all, brethren, to prompt action in sending names of subscribers, paying in advance, to Rev. Dr. McMURDY, Washington, city.

B. B. FRENCH,
Grand Master Knights Templar, U. S. of A.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand High Priest of Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and District of Columbia.
Y. P. PAGE,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Maryland.

◆

DISCONTINUANCE.—Where there is no order for discontinuance we suppose that the brother wishes to remain a subscriber, and will send us the money in advance for the second voulme at the earliest moment. All discontinuing must state post office address, and, if in the city, the locality where the paper has been received.

◆

We have four hundred complete sets of the first volume, for such as desire the first volume. Also several hundred Almanacs, which, as a masonic work, will be as valuable many years hence as at the present. The Almanac will be continued from year to year.

Agents and subscribers will please send us "greenbacks" in payment of subscriptions.

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ALEXANDRIA.—The papers for this point will be found at Brother O'Rear's store on King street, near Washington. If any subscribers still desire to use the post office, they will advise us.

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The advanced price of everything compels us to ask two dollars for the NATIONAL FREEMASON, in future. Clubs of twelve will be charged $1 80; of sixteen, $1 70; of twenty or more, $1 50.

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REMOVAL.—The Editor can be seen daily, before 8, a. m., and from 5 to 6, p. m., at 403½, 9th street, between H and I, west side.

◆

The principles of a just love, warm with affection for fallen humanity and for a just and good God, involve, permeate, and comprehend all truth.

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We are indebted to the Templars of Rhode Island for an invitation to the R. I. Templars' Clam-Bake, and regret our inability to have been present.

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CHEVERS BRAINERD.—This brother, 96 years of age, and for 71 years a Freemason, died in July, at East Haddam, Connecticut. Brother Brainerd was not only an active and zealous Freemason, but he was fruitful in all good works. He was the last of the founders of St. Stephen's Parish, of East Haddam. For 73 years he was a Vestryman, and for the last 40 either Senior or Junior Warden. His house was the "Mason's" and the "Minister's home." He was given to hospitality.

THE G.·. L.·. OF WEST VIRGINIA.—The first meeting will be held at Fairmont, Tuesday, September 6, 1864. We trust that every lodge in the State will send a full representation.

Whatever may be the opinion of any brethren upon the propriety of creating the G.·. L.·., there ought to be none in regard to its recognition and hearty support. Let politics be eschewed, and the questions at issue in organizing the new State be ignored in Masonry. Masonry does not consider in any case the question of government as *de jure*, but as *de facto*. So long as West Virginia is acknowledged as a State, so long, masonically, may she have a G.·. L.·. From our correspondence with the Masons in West Virginia, we are satisfied that they are disposed to act cautiously, for the good of Masonry, and under no political influence. They will adhere to the landmarks, and acknowledge the mystic tie everywhere.

Their proceedings thus far have been temperate, cautious, and conciliatory.

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Brother Steinbrenner's theory, in his History of Masonry, concerning the antiquity of Masonry (see page 62 of present No.) in its exactly present developments, is undoubtedly true. But the facts he quotes and the evidence he adduces are powerful, and convincing to our mind of the antiquity of Masonry as an art and an institution. Modifications have taken place in our institution, and will take place, according to the genius and peculiarities of communities, but the essential points of Masonry will abide. The York rite will be more grave, and suited to the Anglo-Saxon mind; the French rite more genial, and adapted to Gallican cultivation; yet both teaching the same great truths of fear of God, love of truth, interest in the universal brotherhood of man, and hope in immortality, and, in the main, the same ritual. It is not, after all, the mere forms that make Masonry one and the same in all ages and countries. It is mainly the principles and great views and magnificent truths that are held and propagated. It is desirable that all forms and rituals should, in the main, be alike, with so much variety as may be necessary to national peculiarities.

We aver that there is abundant evidence to prove the antiquity and the universality of Masonry. But the burden of proof does not fall on the friends of masonic antiquity, but upon those who deny. We show the universality and existence of Masonry, and ask whence it came, and how. Brother S.'s reasoning about guilds and the "Steinmetzen" only, in our opinion, increase the embarrassment of all who deny the claims of Masonry to antiquity.

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CORRECTION.—In a previous number it was stated that Mr. Hahn was of "Nebraska." It was plainly written "New Orleans," and the typographical error was promised to be corrected by the printer. It will be changed in the stereotype plates. It is stated by Brother Todd, G.·. S.·. of Louisiana, and other brethren of New Orleans, that Mr. Hahn is "a member and officer of one of the *clandestine lodges in this city*," (New Orleans.) Our informant of Mr. Hahn's masonic position is one who ought to have known all about it. What does he say? We desire information concerning "the clandestine lodges" of New Orleans, that the uninformed may be protected. Is it the same clandestine Masonry which, in 1856, under Mr. Foulhouze, asked a place in the procession upon laying the corner-stone of the monument to our eminent brother, Henry Clay, and whose request being referred by the monument committee to Brother Fellows, he replied that "the persons from whom that communication emanated are not known to Masons by any masonic jurisdiction in the world, and therefore they cannot with propriety be permitted to walk in the procession with the masonic fraternity?"

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PRESENTS.—Several brethren have subscribed for the NATIONAL FREEMASON as presents to their friends, male and female.

We know Brother Whaley was laborious and earnest in efforts, night and day, to benefit the widows and orphans and the soldier, and cheerfully publish the following:

> DEAR SIR: I am a Mason's widow, and must express to you my great gratitude for the kindness shown me by Hon. Mr. Whaley, of West Virginia. I have heard soldiers and their families say that when they approached Mr. Whaley they always found him ready to attend to their wishes and complaints, and help them so far as was legal and right. God and the country will bless him for his benevolent and disinterested kindness, as a member and chairman of the Committee on Invalid Pensions in Congress.
>
> Yours truly, —— ——.

◆

GRAND COMMANDERY OF KENTUCKY—Knights Templar.—The Grand Commandery of Kentucky was to have met in Covington on the 9th of June last, but the rebel raid in the State at that time prevented the Sir Knights from reaching that place, and, there being no quorum present, the meeting was not held. The Sir Knights of Kentucky expect the Grand Commander, Sir Kt. Rev. PETER H. JEFFRIES, of Newport, to call a meeting, for the purpose of transacting such business as is necessary to be attended to.

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St. John's Day at Louisville must have been a most delightful season for the Craft. Rev. Mr. Lynn made the appropriate address on John the Baptist. The tables were loaded, and the toasts were excellent. Among them were:

1. "To the memory of our first most excellent Grand Master, King Solomon." Drunk in silence.
2. "To the Patron Saint whose day we celebrate." Drunk in silence.
3. "To the memory of Brother George Washington, the first President of the United States." Drunk in silence.
4. "To the Grand Lodge of Kentucky." Responded to by W. C. Munger.
5. "Our sister lodges, visiting brethren, and all Free and Accepted Masons, wheresoever dispersed about the globe." Responded to by Col. Woodruff.
6. "Geometry, the first and noblest of sciences, and the basis upon which the superstructure of Masonry is erected." Responded to by Prof. Smith.
7. "The progress of Masonry in Louisville." Responded to by Harry Hudson.
8. "The tenets of our order—Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth." Responded to by Rev. Mr. Lorimer.
9. "The Press." Responded to by Geo. D. Prentice, editor *Louisville Journal.*
10. "The Ladies." This was drunk with three times three, and responded to by George Kilpatrick.

At the close of the entertainment, near the "wee small hours of night," the Worshipful Master, E. R. Bishop, Esq., in his usual happy style, announced the last regular toast, "The Widows and Orphans," when by common consent, and most fortunately, the Rev. E. Livingston Wells was called upon to respond. Late as was the hour, he held his audience with almost breathless attention while he pled for outgushing masonic sympathy and substantial charity to these children of sorrow.

At the close of this thrilling speech, dictated by a heart warm with love to God and man, a collection of $62 50 was thrown into the fund for the relief of the widow and the fatherless.

As the participants in the festivities retired to their homes, they no doubt felt inspired by the moral and social influences of the occasion to be better Masons, and hence better men.

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Our Grand Secretary, Brother Smith, is more accessible to the Craft, having removed his daguerreotype and ambrotype establishment to No. 480½ Pennsylvania avenue, between 3d and 4½ streets, second story. Call in and see him.

◆

JUDGE HOSMER.—The Craft of Montana may rest assured that Brother Hosmer is a learned, long-tried, and zealous Mason, who is known here no less for the purity of his character and his personal integrity than for his astute learning and cultivated literary attainments. His knowledge of legal science secured for him the degree of LL. D.

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"BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS."—We are delighted to learn that efforts are being made to produce peace and harmony in a certain department of the masonic institution. Let dogmatic, assuming, and impudent denunciation cease, and our divisions will be less frequent in the future.

Bro. Wm. R. Clapp, P.·. M.·. of Mercer Lodge, Trenton, N. J., made *a most interesting and poetical address* before the lodge, which he styled "A Social Hour with the Craft," on St. John's day. It is in a humorous vein. We make one extract:

"The temple built by Solomon, of old—
So lavishly adorn'd with gems and gold,
Reposing near Moriah's sacred hill—
Was a grand effort of the Mason's skill;
And divers works on Masonry maintain
That during that great monarch's brilliant reign—
Projected by the pious and the wise—
Symbolic Masonry first took its rise.
The working tools were, wholly or in part,
Employed as symbols in the mystic art.
The gauge, the gavel, level, plumb, and square,
Trowel and compasses were then and there
Invested with a moral lesson each,
The principles of Masonry to teach:
And though well nigh three thousand years have sped
Since first their light these precious symbols shed,
To us the same instruction they convey
That they imparted at that early day.
These and numerous other facts combine
To prove Symbolic Masonry divine.
A thousand years before that babe was born
Whose advent usher'd in the gospel morn;
A thousand years before to man was given
An intercessor at the court of heaven;
A thousand years ere Revelation's light
Shed o'er a sinful world its radiance bright,
In Palestine was found a brotherhood
By whom our mysteries were understood.
How many generations of our race
Have been consigned to their last resting place;
How many empires, powerful and great,
Has the destroyer's breath made desolate;
How many monuments of kingly power—
The palace, fastness, castle, temple, tower,
Have passed away and crumbled into dust—
As all things merely human surely must—
Yet Masonry survives! and will endure
Because the source from whence it sprung is pure.
Hail, Masonry! Reformer of the heart!
Twin sister to Religion, as thou art.
Thy votaries in every class are found:
The high, the low, the modest, the profound,
The rich, the poor, the humble, and the proud
Have, hand-in-hand, around thy altar bow'd.
When in thy temple all distinctions cease,
And all are linked in bonds of love and peace;
Within its walls the level is our guide,
Pride stays at home, and wealth is left outside.
No creeds are recognized, no sects contend,
But all in harmony and friendship blend.
We do not ask a brother to declare
What his religious preferences are."

The name of the Saviour, or a small cross, was constantly put on the top of letters missive, public acts, and also at the commencement of private letters, long after the time of Shakspeare.

Reply.—There are no symbolic lodges of the Scottish or French rite in this country not under some York G.·. L.·. The York rite is supreme. If the Scottish or French rite should attempt to establish lodges (of which there is no disposition) their lodges could not be visited and masonic integrity be preserved. Wherever these rites have the control the lodges may be visited and fraternal intercourse encouraged. In Mexico the aristocratic classes patronized the lodges of Scottish rite and the democratic masses the York rite. Fearful was the contest, and Masonry was thus prostrated there. Controversy arose and destruction followed. Conference would have healed and saved the masonic art and its divine charity.

The Scotch rite had the precedence in Mexico, and Bro. Poinsett, the United States embassador to Mexico, committed a grievous error in introducing the York rite from the United States. The Grand Lodges here violated all masonic propriety and courtesy in granting charters to lodges in Mexico, and thus creating a Grand Lodge of the York rite in Mexico. The motive was not a good one. Indeed we fear it was partly political. It was certainly retaliatory upon the Scotch rite.

We are indebted to Bro. Moore, of Cincinnati, for the opinion of a Spanish writer:

"After the lodges had been established, crowds ran to initiate themselves into the mysteries of Freemasonry; persons of all conditions, from the opulent magnates down to the humblest artizans. In the Scotch lodges were the Spaniards who were disaffected toward the independence; Mexicans who had taken up arms against the original insurgents through error or ignorance; those who obstinately declared themselves in favor of calling the Spanish Bourbons to the imperial throne of Mexico; those who disliked the Federal system; the partisans of the ancient regime; the enemies of all reform, even when reforms were necessary as the consequence of the independence. To this party (after the overthrow of the empire) also belonged the partisans of Iturbide; those who were passionately devoted to monarchy and the privileged classes.

"In the assemblage of the *Yorkinos* (York rite) were united all who were republicans from conviction, and those who followed the popular current—the mass of the people having devoted themselves to this organization. It is enough to say, in order to mark the position of both parties, that among the *Yorkinos* figured, in great numbers, those that believed the name of *republican* was not a mere imagination.

"Some individuals of both associations had the same object and the same identical end, and only differed in the modes of making their principles triumphant. A great number of persons, who co-operated in the creation of the new Order, had belonged to the Scotch rite, and had labored for the overthrow of Iturbide. They knew the secrets of the Scotch party, their projects, their tendencies; and the desertion of such furnished a thousand elements to the new Order to make war upon the party they had abandoned. When the parties were fully organized and assailing each other, the contest became terrible, and its consequences fearfully disastrous. Actions the most harmless, and questions purely personal, were matters for the contests of parties. The press was the organ of mutual accusations—now against particular individuals, and now against parties in conjunction. The *Escoces* multiplied their attacks until they lost all influence in affairs. Generals, senators, deputies, and ministers abandoned their standard as time increased the power of their rival with every class of individuals that embraced the new Order. In the nature of things there was desertion and fear because, as a writer who was initiated into both Orders remarked, 'a general enthusiasm had taken possession of men's minds, who thought they saw in the new Order the establishment of future prosperity.'"

With such an example before us we eschew politics from our pages, and deprecate vituperation and partisan issues in masonic journals.

Let our American masonic watchword be "conference and charity."

Bro. Geo. P. Morris.—Too late to supply it, we find the printer has mislaid our biography of our late deceased Brother and Sir Knight, Geo. P. Morris, long one of the editors and publishers of the *Home Journal*, and the lyric poet of our Order.

The following is from the pen of Brother French, on the death of his special friend:

* * * * *

The Harp of the Patriot—the lyre of the Bard
Lies tuneless, and broken, and still;
No more—oh no more shall its sweet notes be heard—
There's a void that no music can fill!

His pureness of life let each act of it tell—
His pureness of thought every line—
From the heaven of his heart that, like crystal drops fell,
Bright and sparkling with beauty divine.

Let the land of his birth put on sackcloth and mourn,
For her song-son has gone to his rest,
'Mid the chorals of angels his spirit was borne
To its home in the land of the blest.

Nevermore, nevermore—oh sad the refrain—
Nevermore shall the tones of his lyre—
Of love and war swell the chorus again,
Or burst forth with a Patriot's fire.

Brave heart, always true—alas! now thou art still!
Rest, soul, with thy Maker above,
Till Nature's *reveille* the universe fill,
Then join in the choral of love.

Washington city, *July*, 1864.

The Autographic Letter of Washington.—We have noticed this before as a perfect facsimile of the original, written December 28, 1796. Every Mason ought to have this masonic letter of Washington. Bro. William C. Munger, Drawer 138, of Louisville, Kentucky, will furnish it for fifteen cents, or eight for one dollar.

MASONIC MISSION.

This is the title of an organization recently incorporated in the city of New York, with its office in Trinity Buildings, 111 Broadway. The object of the mission is to furnish nurses to the sick and wounded men in the army hospitals, and to distribute to such any needed delicacy or necessary article of food or raiment that the Government does not provide for them.

The affairs of the mission are managed by Masons exclusively, though contributions are received from any source, and the blessings dispensed to the sick and wounded alike, without reference to their masonic connection. It is, of course, but an outgrowth of the institution and is joined in by Masons only so far as they voluntarily choose to do so.

The officers consist of three trustees; an advisory board of twenty-four leading men and Masons in New York, headed by Bro. C. Godfrey Gunther, Mayor of the city; a treasurer, Bro. John W. Simonds; an actuary, Mrs. A. W. True; one vice President will be appointed in each State. Thus far three have been appointed; Rev. Bro. W. H. Hadley, Maine—Bro. Hadley is extensively and favorably known in Portland, and, indeed, throughout Maine for his charitable labor and estimable character; Rev. Bro. John H. Anketell, Connecticut; Rev. Bro. J. C. Fields, New Jersey.

It is understood that as fast as proper persons are indicated from the remaining States they will be appointed.

The president is Bro. Walter H. Shupe, of Eastern Star Lodge of New York city. Bro. Shupe is a young man, but one just fitted for the position. The society have already about thirty female nurses in the different hospitals of the army of the Potomac, and a very great good is being done by them. None but women of good character, settled and mature mind, natural fitness, and extended experience are permitted to go; and these are thoroughly impressed with the obligations which they assume, to obey the orders of officers in charge, and to enlist for service under the control of the proper medical authority.

Who would think of preventing a woman from doing her part in the care of a sick or wounded soldier if he were at home, where all the home comforts are accessible? Why, then, should she be deprived of doing her part in his behalf where home comforts are not to be had? Why should the sufferer be deprived of her ministering? There is no reason, if she who proffers to do it is free from objection.

Therefore the mission select proper persons, compel them to study and attend a course of lectures delivered by competent medical gentlemen, to fit themselves for the specific duties that await them, that is, to be prepared to watch and tend those who suffer not only from usual sickness, but from saber cuts, bayonet stabs, gunshot wounds, &c., peculiar to any service, and when so fitted furnish them to any body or party who has a place for them, either the Sanitary or Christian Commissions, Miss Dix, or any one else. The society claim but two rights for the nurses sent out by it, which are:

First, That they shall at all times wear the masonic badge of the mission, and

Second, That whatever articles may be donated to the soldiers through the mission, or be provided for them by it, shall be delivered to them directly by the nurses themselves, when practicable, and that they may see and know that it is done when not practicable to do it themselves.

These are very wise provisions, as any reflecting person can see, and will go very far to convince those who donate anything to the society that it will reach the spot intended.

Again we are pleased to be able to state that it is intended to acknowledge all donations to the society through the public press. This is correct, because it will operate as a check upon dishonest persons who might receive contributions and not return the true amount.

We feel that the result of such a mission in such hands must be a gratifying success, and we commend it to all brethren of the mystic tie who sympathize with the suffering heroes lying helpless in the wards of our national hospitals.

Brethren of the mystic tie, let us join hands and prove to the suffering sons of widows that there are hearts to feel for them and hands to help them, and let Masons embrace this opportunity to redeem the tardy past.

Several brethren are sending small sums for the purpose of distributing the National Freemason among the hospitals.

Masonic Duties.

What are you doing, my masonic brother, in a masonic way, to modify the evil of intemperance? Do you not know that eleven-twelfths of our prisoners have been of intemperate habits? "If it had not been for the grog-shops, I should never have been here," is the stereotyped complaint which issues from every cell and swells in melancholy chorus through all the corridors of our prisons.

Do you give your countenance to low theatres, another source of moral corruption to our land? We say nothing against theatrical representations. We join in no irrational condemnation of what might be a terrible scourge of social vice, and an encouragement of manliness and social virtue. But when you know that there are theatres that are schools of vice, pandering to the worst passions of our nature, drawing around them the vilest of our species, blunting and searing consciences, defiling the imagination and corrupting youth, where you would not take your wife, nor your daughter, do you avoid such?

Do you give your sanction to a corrupt press, from the vilest pictorial representations to the work of infidelity, which would shake your faith in God and hope in immortality?

Do you aim to elevate woman everywhere, to prevent her fall and save her when fallen? Do you reverence woman and frown upon all improper language concerning her?

Do you, with the emblematic G on your person, profane the sacred name of your Supreme Grand Master? Do you recollect that these several vices do not operate individually? That the ruined victim, in his downward progress, traverses, usually, almost the entire range of vicious indulgence? Read this extract from the report of a Prison Association:

> "The steps in the downward road seem to be, generally, as follows: First, absence of parental restraint and instruction; almost invariably followed, secondly, by association with bad company; leading, thirdly, to Sabbath breaking; and fourthly, to the formation of intemperate habits; preparing, fifthly, for a connection with bad women; the expenses incurred by this connection conducting, sixthly, to robbery, forgery, and other crimes against person and property."

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Masonry Known by its Fruits.

The great and essential difference between the masonic order and the various societies of modern times is, that the former is a school, an instrument of discipline and of correction meant for the whole of man, at all times and everywhere, and the latter are mainly interested in some one specific idea, meant for a part of man, for occasional times and for particular localities. The one is catholic, teaching truths in harmony and symmetry, valuable to all men, everywhere and at all times; the other, teaching some specific truth, in excess, limited in its application to a particular age and country.

Masonry would prevent men from being vicious in anticipation, by previous provision, and by full occupation. Modern societies would patronizingly relieve, in special cases, after degradation and almost total destruction had ensued.

Masonry ennobles and dignifies earnest and industrious labor, and thus prevents her disciples from often needing the scanty charity of the public. While relieving she seeks to prevent the recurrence. She places her students in such vantage ground, that you seldom or never find a Mason in a tenement house, where there are from fourteen to ninety-six families. She so educates her craftsmen, that of the 20,000 people of New York city living in underground cellars, not a Mason can be found—and of the 40,000 vagrant children of this same city, we do not believe one of them is of masonic parentage. Of the 200,000 passengers at the port of New York in 1863, can one destitute and vagrant Mason be found? Can a Mason's child be found among the *pariahs* of the same city, the rag-pickers and bone-carriers, who seem to live nowhere, and yet are found everywhere?

And yet an institution effecting so much good, and preventing so much evil, is ignorantly contemned by the bigoted, and slighted by the shallow thinker.

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Senior Warden is the Successor of the Master.

REPLY.—In case of the death, expulsion, or permanent absence of the Master of the lodge, the Senior Warden, or in his absence, the Junior Warden, succeeds to the chair, and there can be no election for a successor until the regular night of election. The Senior Warden may, by courtesy, after he has congregated the lodge, offer the chair to a Past Master.

The regulations of 1721, sometimes, but very rarely now used against the foregoing decision, reads thus:

> "In case of death or sickness, or necessary absence of the Master, the Senior Warden shall act as Master *pro tempore*, if no brother is present who has been Master of that lodge before. For the absent Master's authority reverts to the last Master present, *though he cannot act till the Senior Warden has congregated the lodge.*"

Here the calling of the brethren together and "setting them to work," was vested in the S.·. W.·., but the supposition of superior experience entrusted the communication to a Past Master. The contradictory and inconsistent language of the regulation led to the adoption of the following regulation in 1723:

> "If a Master of a particular lodge is deposed or demits, the Senior Warden shall forthwith fill the Master's chair till the next time of choosing; and ever since, in the Master's absence, he fills the chair, even though a former Master be present."

The constitution of the Grand Lodge of England conforms to the regulation of 1721. In this country the usage has been in conformity to the regulation of 1723.

The rituals in force in the time of Preston conformed to the regulation of 1723. Preston said, in the installation service of the Senior Warden, "In my (Master's) absence you are to rule the lodge." Webb's service said: "In the absence of the Master, you are to govern the lodge." And again: "In the absence of the Master, the Senior Warden is to govern the lodge."

The degree of Past Master is a necessary qualification of the *Master of a lodge*, only when the Grand Lodge requires it, and by reason of no knowledge or virtue of said degree, but because it has been made an essential part of the ceremony of installation.

The degree of Past Master was indeed unknown until the close of the last century, and is of American origin. The Grand Lodge of Michigan (of which our inquiring friend is a member,) decided in 1860 (we think) that the Grand Lodge of Michigan knew nothing of the "Past Master's degree," so called, and that the qualifications for mastership are fully set forth in Art. VI of the G. C., and none others are required. A Master's assent to the charges, with the usual investiture, is all that is required by some jurisdictions to qualify a master, properly elected, to preside.

The exercise of the Master's functions is preceded by legal installation, and legal installation includes the Past Master's degree, or its equivalent. The Past Master's degree is not, however, a part of the installation service of the Warden, and one of his duties is to preside over the lodge and confer its degrees in the absence of the Master.

The same reasoning applies to the Junior Warden.

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The *Masonic Trowel* thus compliments the NATIONAL FREEMASON:

> "Otherwise, no masonic journal comes to us laden with richer or choicer morsels. It is edited in an admirable spirit, its selections are choice, and its correspondence classical and eloquent. The contributions by Brother French are worth all the paper costs."

It objects to some of our views of jurisprudence. We have presented but few, preferring to leave this subject mainly to the judicatories of the Order. Our main object here has been to call attention to the considerations of charity, and the principles and constitution of the Order in masonic jurisprudence; to show the difference between masonic jurisprudence and that of civil courts, and the danger of running analogies too severely. As De Tocqueville says of slander in America, it simply means one party does not like another. So Brother Reynolds's sweeping assertions mean, I do not coincide with your judgment. Now we object to the *Trowel* and editors of masonic papers, publishing so many decisions *ex cathedra*, and oftentimes at variance with themselves, and thus creating confusion among the workmen and discord throughout the fraternity. We need, Brother Reynolds, less jurisprudence and less exaltation of forms and ritualism, and more charity, more fruitfulness of good works. This is becoming a general feeling in the fraternity to which some brethren of Illinois, of all parties, are no exception.

The second objection the *Trowel* makes is, that "it, the NATIONAL FREEMASON, sympathizes, so near as we can judge, with Robert Morris and his schemes." It has been suggested that this was published to damage the FREEMASON among the opponents of Brother Morris. We cannot think so, but it is merely the imagination of a feverish mind in an effort, the importance of which has been magnified beyond true bounds.

Now what are the facts? There has not been one word published in our paper on this unfortunate controversy. There has been no attack of Brother Morris, and no defense of him. If Brother Morris has carried his efforts in the direction of ritualism too far, Brother Reynolds has been too vituperative, and too persistent. If Brother Reynolds has destroyed conservatism in Illinois and elsewhere, as he boasts, why pursue this subject? Why persist *ad nauseam?* Why create a reaction? So long as a brother is in regular masonic standing, we object to gross vituperations, whatever his offense. We object to this excessive strife. Try him decently, and punish him. On this subject of ritualism we might have intruded, with some vanity. We might have adverted to our masonic age, being that of some nine years in advance of Brother Morris, and more years in advance of many of his opponents. We might have adverted to the relations existing between Brother Barney and ourselves, our familiarity with his work and views, his acknowledgment of our aid to him in his lectures and work at various times, and his expression for certain favors, by connecting his favorite child with our name. We might have adverted to our acquaintance and intercourse with the great minds of the masonic world, most of whom are gone to their rest. We have been silent from principle and from charity. We are as fond of controversy as Brother Reynolds, but Masonry and a masonic journa are not the arena. We have been astonished at many brethren complimenting Brother Barney, and yet condemning Brother Morris. We know the fact that Brother Barney prepared the degrees and lectures in a cipher too easily understood. We know that European Masonry publishes very largely its ritualism *ipsissima verba*, and without one note of objection from the eastern masonic world.

A worthy brother of this city has a copy of the entire English work, published in full, except signs of recognition, with no condemnation by the English Masons. A brother, and expert craftsman, from Illinois, who is opposed to Brother Morris, has the Illinois Chapter work in initials.

Let the condemnation of all these things be general, and let the remedy be applied as we suggested in a previous number.

Conservatism will never be revived.

Brother Morris, and every brother, has a perfect right to his views, to their advocacy and expression, and Brother Reynolds to his. Let them be expressed fully and strongly—let one prefer the Webb, and the other the Barney work, but let no harsh appellations, no impugning of motives, no partizan strife, no angry agitations be encouraged. Let Grand Lodges adopt their work and insist upon conformity, but let it be seen that the law of charity abides. Let brethren and lodges act with dignity, and when they must purge and punish regret the necessity.

We have published one of Brother Morris's pieces of poetry, because it was admirable. Brother Morris writes good poetry. He has sent us one of his unpublished pieces. We shall cheerfully print it. Brother Morris has not favored us with the productions of his pen. He has written for another journal, we are told, almost exclusively. We have published Bro. Reynolds articles. We thought them worthy. Some have rebuked us that we favor Brother Reynolds. Let it be henceforth understood that we are not to be moved from our position by Brother Reynolds or Brother Morris. We have our work to do in the Craft, and we mean to do it. We belong to no party, we call no man master, and shall endeavor to serve the whole masonic public, and not any portion thereof. We shall publish what will educate the masonic mind and heart, whether it comes from the *Trowel* or the *Voice*—from friend or foe—from Christian or heathen.

Let us now press a few questions on masonic journalists and controversialists. Are we not too much given to vituperation, invective and uncharitableness? too apt to assume our own infallibility in questions of propriety, doctrine and policy? Are we not too much like the Scribes and Pharisees? Should we not all seek for a renewal of our love towards God and towards our neighbor? In the suffering and strife, in the misery and anguish, in the ignorance and poverty of multitudes, can we not find employment?

In the city of New York, with its population of a million, there are accommodations in the churches, synagogues, and halls of all kinds of all religions, for only *one hundred and seventy thousand*, leaving, after all deductions for infants and sick, four or five hundred thousand people without any place of moral instruction; 25,000 abandoned women walk its streets; 40,000 vagrant children swarm its alleys; 11,000 grog-shops send 70,000 men and women yearly to its prisons.

And Chicago, with its 200,000 souls, and Washington and Baltimore, and not only our cities, but the entire land, furnish work enough for all the busy hands and noble hearts of our Order, and of the good and charitable of these localities.

Masonic charity is the best cure for masonic heresy. We ask the *Trowel* and the *Voice*, Brother Reynolds and Brother Morris to forbear their hypercriticisms, their jealousies, their partizan, dogmatical invective and uncharitableness, their assumption of infallibility, and unite with the masonic press and public, in awakening the life of noble and divine charity. For without this Masonry is but "tinkling brass."

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Masonry—A Universal Congress—Observatories—Separation of Days and a First Meridian.

Our institution has done much for science; she may do more.

The Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia understood her mission when she adopted, in 1822, the following resolution:

> "*Resolved*, That as the encouragement and diffusion of learning and science is among the objects embraced by the institution of Masonry, this Grand Lodge accepts with peculiar pleasure the copy of a report made to the President of the United States, by our intelligent and worthy brother, Wm. Lambert, upon the subject of the establishment of a first meridian for the United States, and containing the result of his calculations, made for the purpose of ascertaining the longitude of the Capitol, in this city; and that the thanks of the G.·. L.·. be presented to Bro. Lambert for the respect and attention shown by him to this Lodge."

It has been the ambition of European nations to have the first meridian, from which longitudes are reckoned, pass through astronomical observatories situated in their respective capitals. This has caused separate maps, charts, and tables for each meridian. The interest of all nations will be promoted by a first meridian acknowledged and referred to as such by each.

One duty of our Federal Government is to prescribe by statute the mode of reckoning time. And Masonry may do much, by her cosmopolitan character, to induce a uniform system among the civilized nations, and to demonstrate and correct the error of six years in the common reckoning—1864 being, properly speaking, 1870.

The Hebrew and masonic arrangement for the division of time has been adopted wherever Christianity prevails, spreading more widely and rapidly in a westerly direction, and continuing quite to the shores of Asia. Within the last fifty years civilization and Christianity are spreading in Asia from Eastern Europe, thus meeting the western movement, and finding a difference of one day in the nomenclature for the days of the week. The great inconvenience and mischief of this result are obvious to the reflecting mind. Traveling with the rapidity of the sun, and moving from a given point at noon on Monday, going westward, it would constantly be noon on Monday to him; but before accomplishing the circuit of the earth, he would meet with those recognizing the day as Tuesday, and not Monday. Where did the point of transition take place? None can be definitely assigned. The creation of it must be conventional, and the nations have not as yet, pronounced in regard to it. Where shall it be placed? Somewhere, as already indicated; and so placed that, in its whole extent, it shall pass over the sea, or, if land is necessarily intersected by it, it should be as limited in extent as possible, and uninhabitable

We have not space to dwell upon the embarrassments of having an inhabited line, with a people on opposite sides of it, having a diurnal nomenclature differing just one day from another—Sunday on one side and Saturday or Monday on the other.

We have an unobjectionable line through Behring's Straits and along the waste of the Pacific, ninety-one degrees, nearly, west of the Meridian of Washington, passing centrally through the Pacific Ocean.

To secure this only requires the approval of the leading commercial nations to establish it beyond the possibility of change, and is one of the topics to be brought before a universal masonic congress. Masonry can best, and perhaps alone, overcome the jealousy and pride of nations, and secure this grand result, in the interests of Christianity, science, and commerce.

Another germane result to be secured by a universal masonic congress, is a union of means by the nations to establish astronomical observatories in localities best suited to the purposes of science, and by an international compact to be held free from molestation in times of war or of civil commotion—a perfect cordon of watch-towers around the whole earth, where every phenomenon in the heavens, and change in atmosphere or sea, would be carefully noted. Under this wide and general system, astronomy would make far more rapid strides, in the years to come, than it has so wonderfully done in the isolated observatories of the past.

These steps, the establishment of observatories, and the adoption of a line of separation for days and First Meridian, will help us to attain a higher degree of civilization. Shall Masonry take the initiative? What say our foreign masonic journals and lodges?

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No Setting Aside a Ballot.

The *Courier* should have seen that while in our article expressly insisting that after the ballot has been taken at a regular communication, of course, *without fraud or mistake*, and the result declared by the Master and a record made, the ballot cannot be set aside, yet we did propose a method by which when a a brother obtains new light upon the character and qualification of a candidate the end sought may be secured, and that without interfering with the harmony and dignity of the lodge. We have never known it fail of its result when tried.

Surely, when a ballot has been taken, formally, without fraud or mistake, and the result declared by the Master and a record made, the *Courier* would not set it aside.

If not we have reached one point of agreement.

Again: If a brother subsequently objects, are not the objector and the objection necessarily known, and if the objection be unmasonic, does it not deserve censure? The objection being presented is it not for the consideration of the Master, and the lodge to sit in judgment thereon and determine whether to proceed or not? Does our brother believe that any lodge would fail to sustain a serious and masonic objection and refuse to proceed, notwithstanding the ballot? Or, if a lodge could be found to proceed against a valid objection, and the W.·. M.·. consenting thereto, is there a Grand Lodge that would not rebuke such subordinate lodge, and the W.·. M.·., in proceeding until the matter had been finally adjudicated by the court of last resort?

Now, we repeat that it is the duty of a brother to object, notwithstanding the balloting, and to present and urge his objections, and place thereafter, the responsibility upon the lodge and Master. If the lodge or W.·. M.·. fail to act, according to masonic law and usage, he has a further remedy.

The first sentence of the criticism of the *Courier* we pass by without retort, feeling assured that such language neither affords light nor promotes charity.

We propose not at this time to further reargue the positions assumed. We assert that they are logical, arising out of the fitness of things, and sustained on masonic usages, sentiment and all external, civil, and ecclesiastical analogy.

To show how loosely and *flippantly* wholesale statements are made about the decision of universal Masonry, we introduce the decision of the Grand Lodge of Maine, in 1860:

> *Q.* A candidate has been duly elected to the first degree of Masonry, but subsequently and prior to the initiation, a brother objects to his being initiated; (*a.*) Shall the ballot again be passed and a unanimous vote be required? (*b.*) Or, shall a mere majority, voting by ayes and noes, be sufficient to authorize conferring the degree?
>
> *A.* The mode of voting may be such as the lodge designates, viz.: by the uplifted hand, *viva voce*, or by the ballot. But in the latter case it is important to distinguish the effect of the ballot from that of original ballot of election. *It is in no sense a reconsideration of the ballot of election*, and has none of the effect of such a ballot, as it may prove adverse to proceeding with the initiation at one regular communication, and yet at another regular communication be reconsidered and reversed. This of course cannot be done in the case of a ballot for election. A candidate who has been elected, has attained a certain amount of masonic right—by no means standing upon the same footing with one who has never been elected. Nevertheless, as Masonry provides for every contingency, he may be delayed or even prevented from progress by a mode which should be fixed by the by-laws of each Lodge. If this mode is not fixed, the case should be governed by the usages of the fraternity.
>
> Thus the number of votes requisite to determine whether the degree shall be conferred, ought to be fixed by the by-laws. If not so fixed, it is clearly proper that the case should be decided by such a majority as would be requisite to establish a by-law to the same effect. Consequently if the by-laws of the lodge provide for their own amendment by a mere majority vote, then the majority vote may order the work; but if two-thirds, or an unanimous vote be requisite, then the same number will be necessary to order the work
>
> In my own opinion, allowance of this power to the lodge, as clearly contemplated in Edict XXIII, (*Blue Book*, *p.* 37,) as an infringement upon the ancient prerogatives of the W.·. M.·. whose special right it is to order the work.

We see nothing to modify in our views, as expressed, and refer the *Courier* to an article of its own, (*Monthly Magazine* for April, 1864, p. 191,) for the materiel for a reply to its own article.

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Confusion—Unity and Union—Peace—Conference not Controversy.

We trace the confusion among the workmen to ambition and arrogance among those set in trust with masonic truth. There should be "no divisions among us," but "with one heart and one mind we should all strive together for the masonic faith." We have organic unity and much union. Let us preserve and augment them. By organized unity, we mean a common masonic confession in essentials, maintained in fraternity with one another and with the Craft of past ages, having a common origin.

Divisions existing among Masons are the greatest obstruction to the progress of masonic principles. They are repugnant to the spirit and letter of Freemasonry and wholly subversive of that charity, without which "we are nothing."

We hope to convince our hypercritial and controversial brethren that even when they are disposed to censure us, we are moved only by the fear of creating divisions and of weakening the sacred cause of charity and truth. We would allay and not foment discord. We seek the common good, desire no honors of partizanship, and live chiefly to extend masonic benefits. We labor day and night that all divisions may cease and all may be one in masonic truth. We do not want controversies but conferences. We propose that our controversial brethren, who have been living under the dispensation of whip and spur shall try the better—that of kindness and persuasion.

Masonic controversies have always failed. Conferences have finally settled the points at issue. A violent, bigoted masonic controversialist is an enemy to masonic charity and enlightenment. Let controversies among us forever cease, and let our differences be composed by conferences.

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love thee."

The *Courier* and ourselves differ, we presume, chiefly in the mode of reaching a desired end. We think that a kind suggestion to a brother often does more good than coarse invective, and is more in accordance with the spirit of masonic charity; and because some things are wrong in a ceremony we cannot condemn the whole. We are also disposed to look with favor upon the impulses of hearts to make all masonic teaching practical, even if there may be excess. We advise the *Courier* to more courtesy in its animadversion.

The *Dispatch* thus notices the

MASONIC BAPTISM.

Our readers have doubtless heard from time to time of the ceremony of masonic baptism, though not one in a thousand of them ever saw it, and we therefore transfer to our columns the following article from the New York *Baptist Chronicle*, which will, we trust, have the effect of explaining the ceremony and relieving the few lodges that indulge in it from the suspicion of profaning a religious custom:

"MASONIC (PEDO-) BAPTISM.—In perusing the *Alta* (Cal.) newspaper of April 24, our eyes rested on the following rather surprising item of intelligence:

"'The solemn and impressive ceremony of baptism was performed in Parfaite Union Lodge, No. 17, Free and Accepted Masons, on Friday evening, in presence of a large number of the brethren in full regalia, members of the Grand Lodge of the State of California, ladies, and invited guests. Three infants, whose fathers are members of the Order, were baptized.'

"We call upon Baptists, and particularly Baptist ministers, who are connected with the masonic Order, to explain."

So says one of our exchanges. The fact of a Christian rite in an organization extraneous to the church is certainly an extraordinary one, and requires explanation.

To the Editor of the Chronicle: In your issue of the 9th instant there appears an article from a California paper, giving an account of a *masonic baptism*, which you very properly characterize as extraordinary, and requiring explanation.

Will you allow me space to say that the word "baptism" is not used in its literal sense as describing a religious ceremony, but in the figurative one, as when we say of a regiment, that it has been *baptized* in fire, or "Revolutions are the *baptism* of tears and blood." The ceremony has not the slightest resemblance to that used by various denominations of Christians, by immersion or sprinkling, no water being used, but is simply the formal adoption of the son of a mason by the lodge to which the father belongs. The word baptism has been a most unfortunate selection, because in its general acceptation it wounds the susceptibilities of a large portion of the Christian world, and it would have been better for all concerned if the proper word—adoption—had been put in its place. The ceremony, like many other foolish things, originated in France, and has no more connection with Freemasonry than the late Bishop Hughes had with the church to which you belong. It can never take root in this country, for we look upon Masonry as too serious to be made the plaything of children, even those of larger growth, and our inculcations expressly forbid even the discussion of topics calculated to interfere with the religious convictions of any one.

Fraternally, JOHN W. SIMONS,
Past Grand Master.

NOT FAR FROM THEE.

"Oh Lord, be not far from me."—Ps. xxxv., 22.

BY BROTHER ROB. MORRIS.

[We print the following good poetry from Brother Morris, and the excellent prose article from Brother Reynolds, showing that both are of service to the Craft, and trusting that as their controversy is rapidly drawing to a close, they may both become kindly disposed to each other and labor unitedly in the great field of masonic charity. The NATIONAL FREEMASON shall endeavor to preserve the bonds of masonic unity between them and their friends.]

Not far from me, not far from me
When first on checkered floor
I bow in humble trust the knee
My Maker to adore:
I bow and fervently declare
That God is all my portion there.

Not far from me, not far from me.
In Middle Chamber led,
I pass the Mystic Portals three,
And up the Stairway tread;
I pause before the Mark divine
Whose light is Masonry's and mine.

Not far from me, not far from me,
In Holiest Place betrayed,
When human hopes all fade or flee
And there is none to aid:
And there is none to hear my cry,
Save Thou, the pitying Deity.

Not far from me, not far from me,
These Mystic Labors done,
My body 'neath the deathless tree
My soul before the Throne,
Oh God through blest Eternity
Be mine the place *not far from Thee.*

Labor.

From the time of opening to that of closing a lodge is said to be at labor. This is but one of the numerous instances in which the terms of operative Masonry are symbolically applied to speculative; for, as our operative ancestors, when congregated in lodge, were engaged in the building of material edifices, so free and accepted Masons are supposed to be employed in the erection of a superstructure of virtue and morality, upon the foundation of the masonic principles which they are taught at their admission into the Order. Extending the allusion, the lodge, is said to be "called from labor to refreshment" whenever, in the course of the meeting, it adjourns for a definite period, or takes a recess for a few minutes. During this time, the Junior Warden presides over the Craft.—*Trowel.*

Thirty-Ninth Massachusetts—Masons Killed and Wounded—Masonic Obligations.

The following letter will be read with interest, from our esteemed Sir Knight, Col. Davis:

HEADQUARTERS 39TH MASS. VOLS.,
July 9, 1964.

REV. DR. MCMURDY,

DEAR SIR: While reading "No. 2" this morning, I was reminded that I am indebted to you for my subscription to the second volume of the NATIONAL FREEMASON; the amount of which please find enclosed.

One year ago to-day, after a three months' pleasant sojourn in Washington, my regiment left your city to join the Army of the Potomac, and after much hard service, I have reason to feel grateful to Him who controls the destinies of men, that my life and health are spared.

We have lost in killed and wounded of our regiment in this campaign, more than two fifths of our number; among them, connected with "Army Lodge, No. 8," were: Lieut. Paull, and Sergt. Stevens, killed May 8, at Spottsylvannia, and Sergt. Henry, May 10; Sergt. Fisher, wounded May 5, at Wilderness; Sergt. Turner, Lieut. Merrifield, Corp. Simpson, Corp. Trask, Sergt. Davis, and Corp. Tileston, wounded May 8, at Spottsylvania; Capt. Graham, Adj. Moulton, Sergt. Endesle, and Corp. Hill, wounded May 10, at Spottsylvania; Capt. Spear, and Lieut. Wyman, wounded June 18, at Petersburg; Priv. Blake, June 23, at Petersburg.

Three of the brothers gone home! May we not hope that the number is complete? Sergt. Daniel Henry was our Senior Deacon, a young man of unblemished reputation, a good soldier, brave man, and bright Mason. He was Junior Warden of Mount Lebanon Lodge, Boston, when he entered the army.

On the 8th of May, our division formed the advance of the army on Spottsylvania, where we met Longstreet's and Hill's corps massed behind strong works—about two thousand of us against two corps of the rebel army—the audacity of the movement was all that saved us from annihilation or capture. Here Lieut. Isaac D. Paull fell mortally wounded, and, as we learn from one of our men who was wounded and a prisoner, "he died half an hour after being carried within the enemy's lines, and was buried by a brother Mason." On the same day, Corp. Simpson of Company C, was badly wounded, and left on the field when the regiment retired from the enemy's works. He was recognized as a Mason by a rebel officer, who directed his men to fill his canteen, and placed him in a comfortable position, and said he could do no more for him—from which position, a few hours afterward, we recovered him and carried him to the rear. Though very badly wounded, he yet lives.

Thus we perceive that masonic obligations are recognized by our enemies. May it ever be so on both sides, and soften somewhat the rigors of war in this unnatural strife.

Fraternally yours,
P. S. DAVIS.

Shortly after the writing of the foregoing, our esteemed friend and brother was called from labor on earth to the repose of heaven. "The number" was "not complete."

The funeral of Col. Davis took place at East Cambridge, Mass., July 19th. Flags were displayed at half mast and places of business were closed. Gov. Andrew and Staff, and Mayor Lincoln were present. Putnam Lodge of East Cambridge, of which the Colonel was at one time Master, St. Bernard Encampment, and the officers of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, were present. The remains were buried with masonic service, the Chaplain of Putnam Lodge, Rev. Mr. Clark, officiating.

Bro. Davis commanded brigades in the army and acted as President at Courts-Martial.

ANOTHER LETTER.

[What right-minded Mason can find time to quarrel about rituals and parties and petty grievances amid such scenes and letters as the following:]

DR. MCMURDY:

SIR: I wish to inform you of the death of my husband, who was a subscriber for your paper. He died the 24th of March, of Chronic Diarrhœa, in Cincinnati, Ohio. He contracted the disease of which he died while he was in the army, and was unable to attend to his business for a long time previous to his death.

I would even gladly continue the paper if I could afford it, for next to religion I think Masonry is the grandest and the most benevolent institution in the world. I wish I could command words to express to you how forcibly I realized the truth of what I have said when I went to Cincinnati to attend my husband during his last illness. Although among entire strangers, I found the warmest friends among the Masons. Their attentions, their sympathies, their prayers, and their money were all lavished. Not a want was unsupplied, and I was made to feel almost as though I was in my father's house. I have a little boy nine years old who feels deeply the loss of his father, and I hope if he is spared to grow to be a man that he will love the institution of Masonry as well as I do.

* * * * * * * * *

ANOTHER.

* * * I had the good fortune when at the battle of Coal Harbor to fall in with a poor wounded rebel brother, who had lain near one of their rifle pits for over two days and nights, suffering from a severe wound from the effects of a piece of shell thrown from one of our batteries. He was on the point of death from the effects of his suffering, not only from the dreadful wound but from the want of even a drop of water. I called one of our stretcher-bearers, a worthy brother also, who happened to come up at the time, and had him carried to our division hospital, and while the surgeon was undressing him we found a masonic emblem, and though unable to speak by words, he did by signs. The surgeon being of high standing found that this poor masonic brother was a member of some masonic lodge in Richmond, a Royal Arch Mason. Oh! did it not do my heart and soul good, though fighting under most disagreeable circumstances, that it laid in my power to alleviate my poor brother's wants and render him, which I did, all the assistance that I could command. The poor fellow died in the course of a week, and I saw him properly interred but not as I would wish, but I did all that possibly could be done under the circumstances.

ANOTHER ARMY LETTER.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I received this morning a copy of the NATIONAL FREEMASON, addressed to my poor dear brother (fraternally) Captain William A. Collins, Company F, 61st New York Volunteer Infantry. I have to inform you that at the battle of the Wilderness, May 5, he was killed by one of the sharpshooters while leading his company on that ever memorable morning; and previous to leaving camp near Stevensburg he remarked to me that he had an idea that he should fall in this campaign, and wished me to receive his NATIONAL FREEMASON in remembrance of him. I hope and trust, in accordance with his bequest, you will forward it in due time, addressed to me. * * * I can testify that a noblerminded, disinterested and worthy brother Mason, in my age of twenty years' travel, I never met. Would to God we had more of the same masonic spirit which actuated him in all his actions amongst us.

ANOTHER.

* * * I would have remarked that I have never before witnessed such opportunities for a free practical working of the principles of Freemasonry as have come under my notice during this campaign. While the means for relieving the wants of a distressed brother have not always been as ample as could be desired, yet all that could be done, has been done in every instance that came under my observation. * * * * * *

TIDINGS FROM THE CRAFT.

CONNECTICUT—Grand Lodge.—Bro. Bostwick was elected Grand Master, Bro. Barrett D.·. G.·. M.·., and Bro. Hunt G.·. S.·. The Grand Master thus commences his late address:

"*Brethren of the Grand Lodge:*

"Through the favor of the Supreme Architect of the Universe we are again permitted, at the close of another masonic year, to assemble around our common altar, and counsel together as men and Masons. We may well congratulate ourselves upon the harmony and prosperity of the Craft within our jurisdiction. During the eighty years since this Grand Lodge was organized, there has never been a time when our fraternity have had more cause to be proud of their condition than the present; and I sincerely trust that the day is far distant, when the spirit of strife and contention, which fills our land and prevails on every side, shall be allowed to enter our portals. May the spirit of peace and brotherly love continue to pervade the Lodge Room. Let it be a refuge from the toils and struggles of life, where we may meet as men and brothers, forgetting for the time our jealousies, our hatreds, and even the contests in which we may be engaged with one another in the performance of what we regard our duties as citizens. Let us remember that we belong to a universal brotherhood, confined to no clime or country—that men may be worthy brothers, though compelled in obedience to their rulers to meet each other on the battle-field.

It will be seen by examining the returns of the subordinate Lodges at our last communication, that the number of new members admitted during that year was largely in excess of those for preceding years. One, and probably the principal reason of this great increase of applications for admission, was that many of our young men, when about to join the armies of the Union, feeling that they were liable to find themselves sick and destitute, far away from family and friends, dependent upon the charity of strangers, or perhaps in the varying fortunes of war become inmates of an enemy's prison, suddenly began to realize the importance of securing for themselves the benefits of an institution like ours—an institution whose influence extends beyond the limits of the civil or military power of our Government, and leads strangers and even members of hostile armies to extend the hand of fellowship and freely contribute to the relief of a destitute or suffering brother. I have reason to believe that the same cause has induced many applications during the past year, and will continue to operate while this unhappy war shall continue. I do not speak of this matter because I disapprove of these applications. It ought to be our pleasure, as it is our duty, to extend to all worthy petitioners who desire it, the peculiar benefits of membership with our fraternity. And we have great reason to rejoice, if through the influence of the principles of our Order, we are able in any degree to mitigate the horrors of war, and cause the comforts and consolations of the mystic brotherhood to be administered to alleviate the sufferings of the battle-field.

"But I do desire to caution Masters and Lodges to scrutinize most carefully the character and antecedents of all such candidates. The mere fact that he is a volunteer in his country's service, should not be taken, as I fear has sometimes been the case, as a full proof that he is worthy to be made a Mason. No man should be admitted to our mysteries, when about to leave for other scenes beyond the jurisdiction of the lodge, unless we have evidence sufficient to satisfy us that we should be willing to honor him as an associate and brother if he should continue to reside among us. When we confer on him the degrees of Masonry, we send him abroad with a certificate of character as a man, which we ought to be sure he will under all circumstances endeavor to maintain. If he shall prove recreant or unworthy, he is liable to do the cause much more injury than if he had remained within the jurisdiction and subject to the discipline of his own lodge. No man is worthy of receiving the rights, lights, and benefits of our Order, unless he would be as free to contribute to the necesities and minister to the wants of an unfortunate brother—be he friend or foe—as he would be to receive like aid if their situation were reversed.

"During the past year I have received applications from several lodges, for dispensations to allow them to suspend their by-laws and immediately confer the degrees upon persons about to join the army. I believe nearly all these cases of emergency have been of this character. In most instances I have been unable to make any investigation into the merits of the application, beyond what I could gather from the letter of request, written by some officer of the lodge. In several instances, I have granted the request, upon condition that the suspension of the by-laws should first receive the unanimous assent of the lodge. While I have thus acted, it has not been without many doubts as to its propriety. If the object sought was solely to confer on the candidate the benefits of our institution, because he was about to be placed in a position of unusual danger, it may well be doubted whether that will be secured by the course pursued. The candidate receives the degrees so hurriedly, that he has no time or opportunity to become conversant with the lectures, and hence becomes a Mason only in name; and should he be placed in a situation where he felt desirous of claiming fellowship with the mystic brotherhood, he would be unable to verify his character as a Mason. And his attempt to claim these benefits would be more likely to result in his being treated as an impostor, than as a worthy brother. He who, from his ignorance, is unable to make himself known or to recognize a brother in distress, may bring discredit and disgrace on our Order; but he stands little chance of receiving any advantage to himself."

* * * * * * *

"Death has been unusually busy in thinning our ranks, since our last session. Some have fallen, stricken down by disease at their own firesides, in the midst of their families; while many of the noblest and best of our brethren have poured out their blood on the battle-field, sacrifices on the altar of their country. One of these, Col. JOHN L. CHATFIELD, of the 6th Connecticut Regiment, having received his death wound while leading his regiment at the assault on Fort Wagner, was brought back to his home in Waterbury to die. He was buried with masonic honors, respected and lamented by all who knew him. We can say of him, with truth, he was a Christian gentleman, a brave soldier, and a true Mason."

CONNECTICUT TEMPLARS.—The G.·. C.·. met May 12, at New Haven. G.·. M.·. Brewer in his address adverted to the harmony and peace in the G.·. C.·. He stated that he had ordered the Ritual of the Knights of Malta to be furnished to the Constituent Commanderies—trusted that the nationality of the G.·. E.·. of the U. S. would be preserved—and bore testimony to the worth of the late Sentinel, Sir Knight Isaac Tuttle. Sir Knight Higby was elected G.·. C.·., Sir Knight Calhoun, D.·. G.·. C.·., and Sir Knight Storer, G.·. R.·.

The G.·. E.·. fully recognized the Constitution, Laws, and Edicts of the G.·. E.·. of the U. S., and resolved to change its constitution, so as to conform to the requirements of the G.·. E.·. of the U. S.

VERMONT—Grand Lodge.—Bro. Englesby was elected G.·. M.·., and Bro. Clark, G.·. S.·. The Grand Master, in his late address, says:

"There is one tendency apparent in some of our Lodges, which should be checked, viz., to encourage the speedy advancement of candidates. The time provided by the by-laws is now short enough for a proper understanding of the ceremonies of the degrees; and just in the proportion that the degrees, under a suspension of the by-laws, are conferred in a hasty manner, are their effect diminished. The traditions, the symbolic representations of our ceremonies, are deserving of much study. They involve the idea of Deity, which is or should be the basis of all institutions; they inculcate the practice of those virtues and charities, that universal brotherhood of man which makes life endurable, renders humanity progressive; they point to the hereafter as the common destiny, the mortal changed to immortality; ideas not lightly to be passed over. If this is true, if our symbolic representations present these ideas, and this is their object, you who have the matter in charge, have great responsibilities. The duties of life involved in daily living, are deserving of your best efforts, were there nought else involved; charity, courtesy, friendly acts, pleasant words! Their power is reactive; their exercise will make your lodge rooms what they ought to be, pleasant assemblageo of brethren; their effect will be seen and felt in the community about you; the result will be peace and harmony within, respect and kindly regard without. This result can be attained, simply by carrying out to their legitimate result the precepts and principles emblazoned upon the walls of your lodge rooms.

"'Still let our actions to the world proclaim,
The secret lessons of our art,
By whatsoever mystic rite conveyed,
The rules of moral life impart;—
Nourish bright charity's etherial flame;
And breathing love and peace to all mankind,
Like incense rise, at Heaven's eternal throne.'"

The following amendment was made to the by-laws:

"The prosecution against the accused shall be conducted by the Junior Warden or such other officer as the lodge shall designate. The accused may select any brother for his counsel; and the witnesses, if Masons, shall testify upon their honor. Hear-say evidence shall be excluded."

New York Decisions.

8. That a brother cannot be received as an affiliating member of a Lodge unless he produces a certificate of dismission, or shows sufficient cause for its non-production. And inability to procure a dimit from a Lodge in one of the seceded States, on account of the troubled state of the country, is not sufficient cause for the non-production of such certificate, but rather conclusive evidence that his former membership has not been honorably discharged. The political condition of a State does not affect the masonic relations of a brother.

9. That the authority to impart the standard work and lectures to a subordinate lodge alluded to in sec. 117 of the constitution, may be conferred by the Grand Master or Grand Lecturer, but must not be given to persons hailing from other jurisdiction, or to impart other than the work and lectures approved by this Grand Lodge.

10. That it is the duty of lodges to adopt and practice the standard work and lectures, of this Grand Lodge, and a refusal so to do subjects them to discipline; and while the Grand Master may not deem it admissible to take official cognizance of mere remissness in this regard, yet, where a lodge, already proficient in the standard work, substitutes another system, there can be no excuse for such defiance of Grand Lodge authority, and it will not be disregarded.

11. That a lodge may donate the dues of an indigent member; but this will not relieve them from the payment of dues of such member to the Grand Lodge.

12. That all *stated* communications of a lodge must be opened in the third degree; but special communications for work and instruction only, need not be opened in that degree, unless the work requires it.

13. That the Master may, in person, summon the members of the lodge verbally; but when served by a third person, a summons must be in writing; and signed by the Master or by the secretary, attested by the seal of the lodge.

14. That it is irregular to call a lodge from labor to refreshment from one day to another. The lodge should always be duly closed.

15. That the provision of sec. 22 of the constitution, prohibiting a lodge from making more than five new brethren at "*the same time*," evidently means *at the same communication*, and must be so regarded. I also regard it as irregular to *pass* or *raise* more than that number at the same communication.

16. That a person made a Mason in a legally constituted lodge, although in violation of the constitution or landmarks of Masonry, is not clandestine, but a regular Mason, and cannot be denied the rights and benefits of the fraternity. It is the lodge alone that is at fault, and it alone should be punished.

17. That a brother stricken from the roll for non-payment of dues, upon payment of his arrearages, being free from charges, becomes a non-affiliated Mason in good standing, and is entitled to a certificate to that effect, if he demands it, and he may apply either for restoration to membership in his former lodge, or affiliation in another, as he chooses.

18. That a Fellow-Craft, who possessed all the necessary physical qualifications at the time of his initiation, is not necessarily disqualified for the third degree by a dismemberment occurring subsequently to his initiation. The ancient landmarks define the qualifications necessary "at the time of making," and not when applying for advancement.

19. That although an unaffiliated Mason has no *claim* upon the fraternity for relief or masonic burial, yet a lodge may grant either or both to those otherwise worthy. It is only unworthy, suspended, or expelled Masons that are *forbidden* these privileges by sec. 51 of the constitution.

20. That by the terms of all warrants issued by this Grand Lodge, the members of a lodge must be duly summoned for the annual election of officers.

21. That the wardens of a lodge chartered in June are, at the expiration of their term of office in December following, eligible to the office of Master.

22. That where the dispensation or warrant of a lodge fixes its location in a particular ward or locality in a city, it cannot be removed from that ward or locality without permission of the Grand Master or Grand Lodge.

23. That District Deputy Grand Masters have no jurisdiction, upon petition or memorial, to reverse or set aside a sentence of expulsion pronounced by a lodge, after the time of appeal, has elapsed. Their judicial powers are limited to cases of appeal, as specified in sub. 2 of sec. 120 of the constitution.

24. That the power given to District Deputy Grand Masters in sub. 4 of sec. 120, to determine and order in what cases a brother stricken from the roll for non-payment of dues shall be restored without ballot, applies only to cases where there has been manifest irregularity in the original proceedings, or the brother was illegally stricken from the roll; for if legally stricken from the roll, no power can restore him to membership except the lodge.

25. That it is the right of a District Deputy Grand Master to visit the lodges in his district at any and all times, and the duty of lodges to receive and acknowledge him as such; and a master refusing to admit him when announced in his official character, is subject to discipline.

26. That an expelled Mason may be restored to the rights and privileges of Masonry at any time by a majority vote of the lodge that expelled him, or by the Grand Lodge after one year from sentence; but in neither case can he be restored to lodge membership, except by petition for affiliation after such restoration, and an unanimous ballot thereon, as in the case of any other non-affiliated Mason.

In addition to these, I have received many inquiries in regard to the physical qualifications of candidates, and my opinion asked upon every conceivable case of unsoundness, deformity, and dismemberment, until it seemed to me that there must be new words in our vocabulary, and their significance vague and uncertain. I have in all cases advised a strict construction of the landmark as published in our constitutions, and the rejection of all applicants who do not meet its requirements. There are many cases where a strict construction of this regulation seems a hardship, but I cannot recommend any change in our legislation upon the subject, fearing that any relaxation of the rule would lead to interminable confusion, and, in many cases, great abuses. I only mention it that some definite action may be had, that will disabuse the brethren of the prevalent idea, that the Grand Master has any discretion to permit a departure from the strict letter of the constitution in this particular.

PALMERS AND PILGRIMS.—Palmers were so called from a bough of palm they usually carried, especially after having visited the holy places of Jerusalem. A pilgrim had some dwelling place; a palmer none. A pilgrim visited some particular place; a palmer all sacred places. A pilgrim went at his own charge; a palmer professed willful poverty. A pilgrim might leave his pursuit; a palmer must be constant to his profession.

BOOK NOTICES.

Origin and Early History of Masonry, by G. W. STEINBRENNER, P.·. M.·., Macoy and Sickles, 430 Broome Street, New York City.

We thank Bro. Steinbrenner, for this work. It has much truth and some error. The purpose as indicated in the preface will be accomplished. It will be read. It will incite research and investigation. Chapter first, discusses the definitions of Masonry usually given, showing their incompleteness. The chapter thus concludes:

> From all these definitions, we conclude that Masonry is an institution which is applicable to all mankind, in all ages and conditions of humanity. They need no comment: the references which they contain, to universality, to the application of Masonry by men of all countries, sects and opinions, are too evident to be denied, and too plain to admit of dubitation or dispute. Yet none of these definitions are sufficiently explicit, nor do they fully and distinctly express the whole and true nature, object and intention of Masonry, as it now exists over all the earth, and as it was designed to be by those who in the early part of the eighteenth century revived the ancient customs and reorganized the Fraternity.
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> History has shown that the works which are the most durable in the world, are those in which the sentiment of philanthropy is the most embodied. Humanity recognizes what belongs to itself—loves it, honors it, and preserves it. The rest it does not understand, and leaves it to vanish with the accidents with which it was associated. That which has been done for man, man will uphold; but that which belongs merely to the time, will pass away with the fashion of the time; it will wax old, as doth a garment, and as a vesture it will be changed. Thus has Masonry endured, neither dispersed by the flow of civilization, nor overwhelmed by the ebbing of its tide—surviving alike in all the refinement, grandeur and intelligence of a capital, and in the solitude and barbarism of a desert;—preserved and cherished, dear as the memory of home and fatherland, in all the trials and afflictions of life, in all the desolation of war and captivity, and ranging at the present day, beneath her banner, a larger and a goodlier host than at any preceding period of her history. Ancient and venerable as it is, looming up from the mighty past—as an institution, grand and peculiar—encircled as it is with a halo of glory, it has a mission—one of transcendant interest, of mighty consequences—it wages the great irrepressible conflict—that of truth against falsehood—of knowledge against error. What then is Masonry, and what its great and important mission? The first to penetrate and fully appreciate the true spirit and intention of the institution, was Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, the Luther of German literature, drama, and art—the leader and forerunner of pure and true Freemasonry. Even had Lessing never been a member of our Fraternity, he would have still been the type of a true Mason, because the whole aim of his life and works was identical with that of our institution; how much more, then, should our love and veneration for the man be increased, when we remember that he was also a brother of our mystic tie. The little work entitled "Ernst and Falk," in which Lessing developed his views concerning Masonry, is a rich treasure of thoughts, and should be carefully studied by every brother whose aim is to thoroughly understand and to promote the true principles of the institution. How well Lessing understood the real object of Freemasonry, and how he strove to promote this object by every means in his power, we learn from his later works, particularly from his "*Nathan der Weise,*" the principal characters in which are a Jew, a Christian, and a Mohammedan, who vie with each other in tolerance, charity and respect for the universal dogmas of morality; and from his "*Erziehung des Menshengeschlechts,*" his last literary labor.
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> The views of Lessing are briefly, as follows:—If we take a general survey of mankind, we find men uniting together, and forming separate states, nations, and communities, hoping thereby to ameliorate their natural condition, and to insure their earthly welfare and happiness. These separate and distinct states must necessarily have different climates, and their inhabitants consequently different needs and requirements, different manners and customs, different ideas and doctrines of morality, and finally different religions. Each individual member or citizen of these separate and distinct states, will naturally have at heart the immediate interest of his own particular state or nation with which his own personal interest is connected; and hence arises that political *egotism* giving birth to national prejudices and jealousies, to unjust views and opinions regarding other states and nations, to partisan conceptions of the world's history—leading to the love of war, the ambition and covetousness of the conqueror—estranging and separating nation from nation, state from state, man from man. This is one of the evils, the inevitable evils of all civil communities, but without which no civil community can exist. If we look still deeper, we perceive that, even within each separate state or community, this dividing, separating power is continued almost to infinity, erecting barriers between the different classes of society, the high and the low, the rich and the poor—classes which exist, and which must necessarily exist in all civil communities. Thus, then, we are forced to acknowledge, that the blessings and advantages of civil union cannot be acquired without the accompanying train of disadvantages to which we have alluded, and that no form of civil society or government can be exempt from these necessary evils. But, if these divisions, these necessary evils do thus exist, and must, from the very nature of society, continue to exist, is that a reason why they should be deemed good and desirable? And would not any means, which might tend to render these evils as harmless in their effects as possible, without diminishing the advantages to be derived from the union of men in states or communities—would not such means consequently be good and desirable? If, then, we can imagine a society composed of men, of every country, state or nation, of every rank and condition in life—men who are above their national prejudices—who know precisely where and when patriotism and national pride cease to be virtues—men who yield not to the prejudices of their ancestral religion—who are not blinded by civil rank or station, nor humbled and disgusted by civil insignificance—who, bound together by indissoluble ties, and strengthened by the power of their union, can make it a part of their vocation to reunite again as closely as possible those separations, those divisions, which have made men so strange, so cold, so distrustful of one another—would not such a society be indeed a noble, a beneficial, godlike one? Such a society, however, does exist, and such is the true aim, the object, the mission of Freemasonry. Masonry is but another name for that pure spirit of Brotherly Love, which should unite all men under God's heaven—all men, children of the same Almighty Parent wheresoever dispersed; and this love will teach men, first of all, to desire the welfare and happiness of mankind—of all mankind, and to labor to promote that welfare by thought, word, and deed ever remembering that—
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> "God hath made mankind one vast brotherhood,
> Himself their Master, and the world His Lodge."
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> Brotherly Love is the essence of every scheme of religion and every system of morality; it is the *agape* of the Greek—the charity of the Christian—and the distinguished and pre-eminent quality of the Great Architect of the Universe—the test and proof of our nearness to Him. It is to think no guile, to speak no evil, to do no wrong to any one in the world; to enwrap our brother in our sympathies as in a thick cloud; to shelter him from the blight of calumny, to ward off the attacks of the open enemy and the insidious foe; it is the great corrective of all that is base, mean, and selfish. By and through this love alone can the citizen acquire true patriotism; the pious man, true religion. Masonry can and will educate her children to that higher morality of citizens of the world, which indeed includes within itself the lower morality of citizens of states, but in its perfected and ennobled form, purified from all the prejudices, the disadvantages to which we have referred. She can and will educate the pious man to that higher religion—"that religion in which all men can agree"—which indeed embraces the lower religion of creeds and sects, but divested of all intolerant, uncharitable views and prejudices; and this is one of the most beautiful and valuable features of Masonry, contemplating, as it does, a universal brotherhood, meeting and uniting on a plane of action far above the petty and changing creeds which enter into the religious and political opinions of the world. Such is the mission of Masonry—"the grand and universal science which includes all others"—teaching the relative and social duties of man, on the broad and extensive basis of general philanthropy—throwing down the barriers which the prejudice of mankind has erected between man and man—tearing away the golden garment that covers the soulless body—arraigning heart against heart—spirit against spirit—strength against strength—and giving to the worthiest the prize.
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> Masonry rises above all wars and hatreds; it sheds calm light upon human strifes, and for the moment, it shames them into peace. National difference and national dialects do not prevail against it; the beauty of it is discernible in every climate, the worth of it is translatable into every language. Its thoughts and deeds have no limitation; they come out from the love of humanity, and humanity claims them for its own. They are the elements of the eloquence to which all nations listen, they are the elements of the poetry which all nations feel; and whether in oratory or in song, with them indeed is a universal spirit and a universal speech.
>
> Should not thoughts such as these awaken within our bosoms a renewed love for Masonry? should they not induce us to consider her as something more than the amusement of an idle hour, or even a recreation of the intellect from the sterner duties and requirements of life? Should they not lead us to think upon Masonry? And having thought well, long, and deeply, we must arrive at the conviction, that Masonry is not only a perfect code of morality, teaching our duties to God, our neighbor, and ourselves, but that she enforces a system of intellectual culture which should develop all the powers of mind with which we have been severally gifted; and that she contains within herself a law to regulate the direction and application of those faculties which her influence has nurtured and strengthened. Let us, then, brethren, be faithful to Masonry, which is to be faithful to the best interests of mankind. Let us labor, by precept and example, to elevate the standard of masonic character, to enlarge its sphere of influence, to popularize its teachings, and to make all men know it, for the great apostle of "Peace, Harmony and Good-will on earth among men."

Godey's Lady's Book for September contains a superb line engraving of "Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer, Balmy Sleep," and numerous embellishments, together with the usual variety of contributions of literary and useful matter.

Mrs. Hale, the editress, is the widow of one of the most highly esteemed of the Templars of his day.

The Lady's Friend for September has a fine steel engraving, followed by the usual double steel fashion plate. The literary contributions are varied and interesting. Price, $2 a year. Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

Arthur's Home Magazine for September. Contents: Out of nothing, Rachel, Kings and Queens of England, He was only a Private, Female Energy, Boys' and Girls' Treasury, Toilette and Work Table, Editor's Department. A superior number.

The Continental Monthly for September is a choice number. Its chief articles are: Our Domestic Affairs, Russian Politics, Violations of Literary Property, Organization and Movements of an Army, The Antiquity of Man, Fly Leaves from the Life of a Soldier, and Who Knows?

◆

Anecdote of Sir Christopher Wren and King Charles II.

Sir Christopher Wren was a man of small stature. When King Charles II came to see the hunting palace he had built at Newmarket, he thought the rooms too low. Sir Christopher walked about them, and looking up, replied: "Sir, and please your majesty, I think they are high enough." The king squatted down to Sir Christopher's height, and creeping about in that posture, cried: "Aye, sir Christopher, I think they are high enough."

◆

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THE WISDOM OF KING SOLOMON.

BY BRO. S. B. SUMNER, OF MASS.

In ancient times, when Israel's king that famous fabric reared,
In which his glory and his wealth so manifest appeared,
He in his wisdom first gave heed to Heaven's great law to man,
And Order, beauteous and sublime, through all the process ran.

No sound of axe or metal tool, through all the time was heard,
No craftsman broke the harmony with one discordant word,
For so the work was portioned out, by Solomon, the wise,
From corner-stone to capitol, no discord could arise.

Eleven hundred men, thrice told, as Master Masons wrought,
And eighty thousand Fellow Craft the quarried marble sought:
While Entered as Apprentices were seventy thousand more,
Who, through the progress of the work, the heavy burdens bore.

A vast Fraternity they were—a labor vast to share,
Who always on the Level met, and parted on the Square;
And three Grand Masters gave the rules by which the work was done.
The King of Israel, King of Tyre, and He—the Widow's son.

The columns and pilasters were of Parian marble wrought,
The timbers from the famous groves of Lebanon were brought;
Of cedar, fir, and olive wood, the stately walls were made,
And all within and all without, with gold was overlaid.

Thus, two great structures had a birth—the one of wood and stone,
The other, framed and fashioned of Fraternal love alone;
The one was joined in all its parts by cunning work of art,
The other, by the ligaments that bind the human heart.

The one stood out in bold relief against the vaulted sky,
The other raised no towering front to greet the vulgar eye:
The one was all resplendent with its carving and its gold,
The other's beauty kept concealed beneath its mystic fold.

Age after age has rolled away with time's unceasing tide,
And generations have been born, have flourished, and have died,
Since wrought our ancient brethren on that Temple's massive walls,
And thronged its lofty colonnades, and walked its spacious halls.

The Temple, with its wondrous strength, hath yielded unto time—
The Brotherhood that flourished there, still lives and lasts sublime;
The one, a mere, material thing, hath long since passed away—
The other holds its vigorous life, untouched by time's decay.

Long may it live, through coming years, its excellence to prove,
And Masons ever find delight in offices of love,
Till summoned hence, the glory of that Upper Lodge to see,
When the Grand Master shall confer on each his last degree.

PSALM L.—"BE JUST AND KIND."

[It is full of simple elegance. We commend it to our Masons who appear to have no mission but to stir up strife.]

Th' uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to Thee;
In vain our lips Thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

Can rites and forms and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Or fast and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain Thy smile?

The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to Thy will resigned,
To Thee a nobler off'ring yields
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields;

Than floods of oil, or floods of wine
Ten thousand rolling to Thy shrine,
Or than if, to Thine altar led,
A first-born Son the victim bled.

"Be just and kind," that great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand:
This did Thine ancient prophets teach,
And this Thy well beloved preach.

THE RANZ DES VACHES.

[This is the famous Swiss tune so affecting to the Swiss absent from home, causing "the home sickness"—*a fatal malady*—to the Swiss troops in the French service. Their musicians were forbidden to play it:]

Quand reverrai-je en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour,
    Nos clairs ruisseaux,
    Nos hameaux,
    Nos coteaux,
    Nos montagnes,
Et l'ornement de nos montagnes,
La si gentille Isabeau;
Dans l'ombre d'un orneau,
Quand danserai-je au son du chalumeau?

Quand reverrai-je en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour;
    Mon père,
    Ma mère,
    Mon frère,
    Ma [illegible]eur,
    Mes agneaux,
    Mes troupeaux,
    Ma bergère?

The Poet, Montgomery, composed the following

IMITATION.

O, when shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land on the face of the earth?
When shall I those scenes of affection explore,
    Our forests, our fountains,
    Our hamlets, our mountains,
With the pride of our mountains, the maid I adore?
O, when shall I dance on the daisy-white mead,
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of the reed?

When shall I return to that lowly retreat
Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet,
The lambs and the heifers that follow my call,
    My father, my mother,
    My sister, my brother,
And dear Isabella, the joy of them all?
O, when shall I visit the land of my birth?
'Tis the loveliest land on the face of the earth.

The following is a closer imitation:

When shall I see—delightful day!—
All that I love, though far away:
    The homesteads
    And clear fountains,
    The flow'ry meads
    And mountains,
With her—the grace of hill and dell—
Ah! when, beneath the elm tree's shade,
Dance to the pipe, with that dear maid?

When shall I see—delightful day!—
All that I love, though far away:
    My father
    And my mother,
    My sister
    And my brother,
    My lambkins and my kine,
And call their lovely mistress mine?

SILENCE.

In silence mighty things are wrought—
Silently builded thought on thought,
    Truth's temple greets the sky;
And like a citadel with towers,
The soul with her subserviant powers,
    Is strengthened silently.

MERCY.

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
    To hide the faults I see;
That mercy I to others show
    That mercy show to me."

THE WIDOW'S STORY.

BY BRO. S. C. COFFINBURY.

"How I do despise that old man!" said Mrs. Wheeler, addressing Mrs. Wilson, and looking after Judge Withrow, who had just passed along the side-walk under the window.

"Despise him!" said Mrs. Wilson, giving a peculiar emphasis to the pronoun *him*.

"Yes, him. Why not?"

"Rather let me ask why? Mrs. Wheeler."

"Well," returned Mrs. Wheeler, "I can scarcely say why; but the other day, when the sewing circle was held at my house, he became the subject of conversation, by passing along the side-walk, as he has just this minute done, with that same straight, haughty dignity and unbending self-pride so peculiar to him. and we all agreed that he was a grouty, proud old aristocrat, and that he cared for no one but himself."

"Of course you could read his thoughts and tell who he cared for, and for whom he did not," said Mrs. Wilson, ironically. "But pray tell me," continued she, "did any one know a single thing that could detract from his character, as a moral, a noble-minded, and a humane man?"

"Well, yes," replied Mrs. Wheeler, "Harriet Smith says she had called upon him one day, last winter, with a subscription, soliciting a little aid to our sewing circle, and he evasively told her, that when he wished to dispense benefits, he would prefer not to sound a trumpet before him. Now, *don't* you think that was very impudent, to say the least of it?"

"I wish," replied Mrs. Wilson, her voice trembling with emotion, "I had been here to defend the good old man."

"Why, what do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Wheeler, in surprise.

"I mean to give honor where honor is due, and to rebuke such injustice to one of the best and noblest of men. I can well bear witness that he does not sound a trumpet before him when he goes to do good."

"You surprise me still more; he is not, certainly, in any way connected with your husband's family?" said Mrs. Wheeler, dropping her *crotchet* work into her lap, and looking inquiringly into Mrs. Wilson's face.

"No, he is no family connection of his, nor mine."

"When and where, then, did you become acquainted with him? I did not suppose that you had even spoken to him, much less did I suppose he was an intimate personal friend."

"Nor is he. He has never spoken to me, nor I to him."

"Do you know that he is a Freemason, Mrs. Wilson?"

"Yes, I do."

"How is it possible, then, that you can speak well of him, knowing him to be a Freemason. Why defend a black-hearted Mason?"

"Mrs. Wheeler, I will tell you why, and after I have told you, if you do not love the dear old man, you are not as good a woman as I have always given you credit for being."

"Love *him?* Mrs. Wilson, no, I shall never even respect a Freemason, much less love one."

"I think none the less of him on that account; though I confess that I can remember when my blood ın cold at the name of *Freemason;* but it is different ow; I love the very word. To Judge Withrow I owe debt of gratitude that nothing short of love can ancel."

"For what do you owe him gratitude."

"For peace of mind—for a home—for bread for my rphan children—for plenty—and to crown all, for one f the best, the noblest of husbands."

"Mrs. Wilson," said Mrs. Wheeler, "pray *do* explain ourself."

"I will. You know that Mr. Clark, my first husband, 'as without means, and in fact very poor. He bought lot in the suburbs of the village, and built a small ouse on it, which was not yet finished when he died. [e had no means except such as resulted from his aily labor, which, through the most scrupulous econmy, enabled him to pay for the lot, and the building, s far as it was completed. After his death I fully ealized the responsibility of my position. An inexerienced widow with two little children to provide or, the elder but five years old; the winter approachng, and no provision for our subsistence. The only esource left me to provide my children with bread, 'as to take in sewing and washing. There was so uch competition in this line of business in our little illage, that I could not get employment for one half f my time. The consequence was that the first Deember storm caught me without fuel or food. I had ot a friend or an acquaintance in the country. We ad been but a short time in the State, and had made o acquaintances. I had not a relative in the world ut the uncle who had reared me, and he was very old nd indigent, and was not within a thousand miles of ıe.

"On the 10th day of December, I had been two days 'ithout food. I had husbanded a few potatoes, the roduct of our little garden for my starving children. h, Mrs. Wheeler!" continued Mrs. Wilson, "you do ot know the pangs of hunger, nor do you know the ill deeper pangs, and withering anguish, that the cry f one's offspring for bread, sends to the heart of the ıother when she has no bread to give. Alas! I do; o well do I.

"On the morning of the 10th of December, I divided ıe last morsel I had left between my two little ones, nd put the last chips on the fire of a box full which I ad gathered the day before when the snow commenced fall. Without having eaten anything for two days, went out through the snow storm to the grove, where found some sticks and brush; with these I started omeward. I had not gone far till I saw Judge Withow, at a distance behind me, making his way toward he village. I then regarded him as a proud old man 'ho cared for no one but himself. Embarrassed at ıy situation, I hid behind an old barn until he passed. had every reason to suppose that if he knew me at ll, he must dislike me; for my husband had abused im. My husband was a warm anti-Mason: his zeal ad led him on one occasion, and that too but a short me before his decease, to ridicule the institution of lasonry in the presence of Judge Withrow. This had o other effect than to produce a smile from the old ıan. My husband, as he informed me, became exaserated at his coolness, and reproached the good old ıan as a Mason. He treated him very unkindly, and, rom what he informed me, must have allowed his eelings to betray him into very imprudent and abusive ınguage, to which the poor old man made no reply.

"I went home with my sticks and limbs, borrowed loaf of bread from Mrs. Lisle, and, after a day of rief and despair, went to bed at dark.

"The next morning, upon rising, I found upon the oor, under a broken pane in the window, a sealed etter; it contained a twenty dollar bank note, and ran hus: 'Poor woman, keep a stout heart, and an upright fe. The virtuous have nothing to fear, though they ıay be poor. The poor have nothing to fear if they re upright. This is your money, and there is more ı store for the widow and the fatherless, in the hour f need.'

"I could scarcely believe my own senses.—I wept 'ith joy, and laughed like a maniac, until I startled ıy children with the vehemence of my joy.

"A little longer and this munificence would have een too late, for I was near the famishing point. I ad begun to writhe under the 'hunger pain' I had eard of as indicating the last suffering of fainting ıortality among the 'famishing paupers of Ireland.'

"Ah! Mrs. Wheeler, fancy a scorpion gnawing at he heart strings—fancy coals of fire applied to the aked flesh! No, no, you cannot. It is only those 'ho have felt death's cold fingers stealing along their pulses, and his chill, damp breath fanning their cheeks, that can know the pangs of starvation.

"Of the source of this gratuity, and the kind, the comforting, the blessed words, which the letter contained, I could not form the remotest apprehension. But there they were. I was happy.

"From that day forward the same blessed handwriting, accompanied by a like donation, and a few brief words of encouragement, periodically found its way through the broken pane of my window; but the kind hand that fed the widow and orphan was still unknown to me. From that day neither I nor my little ones wanted anything.

"The spring came, and the price of flour rose to eleven dollars per barrel, and was very scarce in the market. I would not, in fact I could not, indulge in the luxury of wheat bread at such a price, and used Indian meal instead of flour, altogether.

"One day my little girl came running through the gate, shouting at the top of her voice 'O, Ma, I've got a piece of wheat bread! I've got a piece of wheat bread?' Just as she entered the gate, Judge Withrow passed along. I was overwhelmed with mortification, for I knew he must have heard what the child said.

"The night following about 12 o'clock, I was alarmed by a noise at the gate. I stole softly to my chamber window, and, concealing myself behind the curtains, looked out. The moon was at the full, and her pure silver light rendered objects almost as distinct as the noonday sun. What was my surprise on seeing old Judge Withrow at the gate, straining every nerve to ease down a barrel from a wheel-barrow! What could it mean? I could not be mistaken in the person, although his back was towards me. At last, but with considerable noise, he succeeded in letting the barrel down to the ground, which, from the manner in which he handled it, appeared to be filled with some heavy substance. Panting with exertion, the old man bared his head, and fanning himself with his hat, turned his face in the direction of the window, where I stood concealed. There he stood, the Good Samaritan, for nearly a minute, the moonlight falling full upon his broad forehead and flushed face, and giving a silver brilliancy to his white hair as it yielded in fitful flutterings to the motions of his hat, with which he fanned fresh currents of air into his face. Laying his hat upon the wheel-barrow, he softly opened the gate. He rolled the barrel to the gate, and then commenced another struggle to raise it over the threshold. His effort was unsuccessful: the barrel rolled back. After some time thus spent in vain, the poor old man arose from his labor and wiping the perspiration from his forehead with his pocket handkerchief, he again stood some time. After several fruitless efforts, he at last succeeded, and rolled the barrel along the grassy dooryard, till he got out of my sight. Shortly afterward I heard it rolling on the floor of the little stoop, in the rear of the house. He soon re-appeared, and taking a a paper from his pocket, he stole softly up to the window, and threw it in at the broken pane. He then shut the gate and taking his wheel-barrow, started toward his home. I watched him as he retired, till his form in the moon-light, as seen through the tears that filled my eyes, seemed to dissolve into a halo of sparkling gems of light.

"I could sleep no more that night. After some time I went below, and found the note under the broken pane. It was in the same plain handwriting, and ran thus: 'There is bread for the widow and the orphans. They shall not want. Be of good cheer.'

"In the morning I found a barrel of flour on my porch. The secret was out as to whose was the kind hand that had been supporting me and my babes, when there was no eye to bear witness, save that All-Seeing Eye, which is ever awake to take note of such goodness.

"But, Mrs. Wheeler," continued Mrs. Wilson, "you can never know the anguish of my mind, on discovering my benefactor. I reproached myself severely, as I reflected, and called to mind with what bitter feeling, almost amounting to hatred, I had regarded the dear old man. While such feelings were rankling in my breast, no doubt he was devising plans to supply the orphan with bread, in secret, in obedience to that Divine direction, 'Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.'"

"My dear Mrs. Wilson," said Mrs. Wheeler, her eyes suffused with tears, "I shall never forgive myself for thus having misjudged this good old man. Indeed, how people will talk about those whose merits they cannot know."

"Think of it; only think of it, Mrs. Wheeler," continued Mrs. Wilson, "only think of my children being fed by the man who had been called 'proud old aristocrat—black-hearted *Freemason*'—by their father. He had been told by my husband, the parent of my little ones, that he was no better than a murderer—that he would not believe him or any other Mason under oath: still, he had money for the wife and bread for the offspring, of the man who had thus insulted him."

"It was noble in him; many a man, having seen you gathering sticks, would never have given you a second thought," said Mrs. Wheeler.

"Yes, and when my child came screaming with joy that she got a piece of wheat bread, how readily his benevolent soul interpreted her joy, and traced it to its true cause. With what a thrill it must have appealed to his great heart to have led him to penetrate my situation from so slight a circumstance. This shows how diligently his heart keeps vigil for suffering humanity while on his mission of mercy. I could stoop down and kiss the dust of his feet. Mrs. Wheeler, tell the sewing circle that God will bless Judge Withrow, notwithstanding their decision to the contrary.

"Thus was I supplied till Mr. Wilson and I were married. Since then I have been a rich man's wife. I am proud to own that my present husband is a Freemason. When he sued for my hand, I told him I would remain a widow or marry a Freemason, and that until he became a member of the Order his suit must prove unavailing. He then told me that he had long been a Mason, and that he was indebted to that circumstance for his acquaintance with me, as it was in the Lodge he had first heard my name mentioned by Judge Withrow, whose eloquent pleadings for the widow and orphans had directed his attention and, ultimately, his affection toward me. And in this manner I learned that I and my children had long been objects of the especial care and solicitude of the Lodge."

"I will never say another word against the Freemasons again," said Mrs. Wheeler, "and I will persuade my husband to join the Lodge, if he is not afraid that the Church might reprehend such a step. You almost make me love old Judge Withrow."

"Well you may," said Mrs. Wilson. "But little does he need our love; he has the brave, manly love of the strong hearts of his brethren over whom he presides. They idolize him. They love him with an affection surpassing woman's love. Their love is an offering to the truth of his noble soul; their love is that homage which true hearts pour out upon the shrine of purity and goodness. His is that fame among his brethren which, like his own good deeds, is not the less glorious from being earned and enjoyed in secret, and not the less pure from not having floated on the breath of the babbling multitude—not the less dazzling from being locked up as precious gems in the faithful bosoms of his brethren."—*Ashlar.*

The Safe Guards.

BY BRO. HOWE OF CONNECTICUT.

The entrance way to Masonry has been most thoroughly and most wisely guarded. At every step, from the first expression of a desire to share its mysteries, till he becomes a duly obligated brother, the candidate's character is put to some new test. He must first find, among those who have traveled this way before him, two who will recommend him. This test passed, then follows the Committee of Investigation. After this, the candidate comes under the judgment of every member of the lodge, and if one member knows aught against him, or entertains serious doubts or fears, he can, without the knowledge of a single brother, cast the ballot which shall reject him. Even after this, there are the further precautions employed at the time of initiation. Concerning these various tests of fitness for Masonry, I desire to speak and urge the faithful employment of the means put into our hands by our ancient brothers, to keep our fraternity unspotted of evil men.

First in order comes the *recommendation.* Our duty here is plainly set forth in the charge which we received when we became Entered Apprentices. "If, in the circle of your acquaintance, you find a person desirous of being initiated into Masonry, *be particularly attentive not to recommend him,* unless you are convinced he will conform to our rules; that the honor, glory and reputation of the institution may be finally established, and the world at large convinced of its good effects." Here is our duty as recommenders. It is not enough for us to trust that the man will not pass the future tests. Every guard must be faithfully used. If, by unfaithfulness, we suffer one unworthy to pass our guard, those beyond us may be unfaithful to their trust, and so an enemy or an evil-doer secure a place among us. I confess there is a difficulty connected with this matter. It is no easy thing to refuse a man who asks your name. But would you, as business men, recommend to another as worthy of confidence one whom you knew or even feared to be unworthy? If one were to do such a deed, would you think it a sufficient excuse that the man asked the use of his name and he did not like to refuse, or that he thought those to whom the man was recommended could judge for themselves? Would such a course be considered honorable among business men? Is it any more honorable among Masons? Besides, it must be remembered that the names of the recommender and avoucher have, or ought to have, much to do with the final action in the matter. And what sort of a Mason is he, who has a greater fear of offending one who has no special claims upon him, than to harm the whole brotherhood of our Order.

Let, then, every brother, as he regards his own honor among us, and our good, be jealous, very jealous of giving his name, and so make it a worthy thing to give.

We come now to the *Committee of Investigation.*

In reference to this I would say, in the first place, that sufficient time should be given for a faithful discharge of its duties. If one week is not enough, give more—six months if necessary. In fact, I think it better that no man be received for at least one month after his proposition is presented to the lodge; and three months, I think, better than one. Now there is a fault among us on this point. We are too much afraid to keep the candidate waiting. Let him wait. If Masonry is worth anything, it is worth waiting for. None but the unworthy need fear to wait. It is better that a dozen good men wait six months than one bad man be received. But here, when a man is proposed, it has seemed to me that we were afraid we should lose him unless be were held by the stronger tie. If only a part of the Committee be present, the report is accepted and acted upon. I was once on a Committee and came to the lodge with the intention of asking more time; but, being late, I found that the candidate had been balloted for, and accepted. If he prove a worthy brother, just as well. But if a Committee of Investigation is anything but a form, its report should be waited for, and the report, too, of every member. If the Committee fail to report through all its members, were it not better that another be appointed? The Committee should have ample time for the discharge of its duties, and when the candidate is once in the hands of the Committee, there let him stay until they give him up; or else, take him from that Committee and give him to another. *Guard against haste.*

Then, too, the Committee should *act.* They are appointed to investigate, and investigate they should. We need to be rid of the idea that this is a mere form. It is one of our ancient land-marks, and it must be regarded. Either refuse to let your name stand on a Committee, or else act, and act faithfully. If you are a Mason worthy the name, this you cannot fail to do; for, failing in this, you fail in your sacred obligation, for you do suffer your brother and the whole Order to be wronged when it is within your power to prevent it.

And once more, having investigated, *report.* Let there be no dodging here. If you have come to an unfavorable conclusion, say so plainly. If you even fear or doubt the candidate's worthiness, say so. Here, again, your obligations are upon you. Be faithful to these obligations, and never allow our noble brotherhood to suffer harm rather than discharge an unpleasant duty. And shame, shame to the brother who informs the rejected candidate the name of the Committee or the nature of their report.

Having found his recommenders, and passed the ordeal of an investigation, the candidate now comes to the final test, before knocking at the inner door for admission—*the ballot.* Here, again, I must urge faithfulness. Let every brother exercise his own judgment, and vote as he thinks honesty, and the honor and glory of Masonry demand. Do not be more afraid of casting a black ball than of bringing a reproach upon our Order. Better, far better is it that it be dark in the West, dark in the South, and dark in the East—yea, darker than midnight—than dark at the side of the lodge. In this matter act honestly, act independently. No matter what others may think, no matter even what the Committee think, if you have reason to doubt the candidate's worthiness, let the doubt express itself in the ballot. Every brother has it in his power to reject an unworthy candidate, and this power is accompanied by responsibilities. To your hands, my brothers, as you stand before the altar upon which rest the three great lights of Masonry, is committed the honor and purity of our Order. Let every brother see there the *Compasses,* and circumscribe his action, being sure that it falls within the bounds of the right and the true. Let him see there the *Square,* and, in the deed he is about to perform, act upon it. Let him see there the *Holy Bible,* and in this, as well as in all other actions, govern himself by its teachings, doing right, whatever be the motives to the contrary.

Of the other precautions it is not necessary for me to speak.

Now, these words which I have spoken, though plain, are, I feel, of vast importance to us as Masons. Let me repeat, therefore, the points which I have urged.

Faithfully, jealously guard every avenue of approach to a share in our mysteries and our lights. Let no Mason give his name as recommender to one of whose fitness he has a doubt. Let abundant time be given the Committee for the discharge of its duties; and never proceed to ballot for a candidate till there is a full, clear report from all the Committee. Let every brother, appointed on a Committee of Investigation, make thorough work of it and report honestly and frankly. Then, at the ballot, let every one exercise his right,—rather discharge faithfully the duty he owes to himself as a Mason, the duty he owes to this lodge, and to the whole brotherhood. To the faithful discharge of these duties our present prosperity most emphatically calls us. Masonry is popular now, and, as a consequence, all sorts of men are seeking a share in its rights, lights, and benefits. As the crowd comes to our doors sift it, sift it thoroughly; and be assured that unless you do this, you are making Masonry a curse instead of a blessing—and a greater curse to honest Masons than to any one else—for you are permitting unworthy men to go out into the world with the badge of worth; you are sending out among the ranks of Masons, men commended to their confidence, who are unworthy of it, and will abuse it if granted. I call upon you, then, as men of honor and of integrity, as true Masons, to be faithful in guarding the avenues—all the avenues of approach to our Order.

◆

The Monument of Phillip C. Tucker.

The Grand Lodge of Freemasons of Vermont, have erected upon a central and commanding site in the new cemetery a monument to the memory of Phillip C. Tucker, for many years Grand Master.

It is of white monumental marble from the Rutland quarries. The base of evergreen marble is three feet ten inches square by one foot nine inches in height weighing two tons. Upon this rests three other bases, then the die—shaft—cap—ashler and gavel.

The monument is fifteen feet in height, composed of eight different pieces. The evergreen base emblematical of the immortality of the soul, and the ashler and gavel, working tools of the order, the one the foundation the other the surmounting piece, are the only masonic emblems upon it. Upon each side of the monument is a shield in bas relief, upon one of which is engraved the following:

PHILLIP C. TUCKER
Born
in Boston Mass.
Died
in this city
April 10 1861
Aged 61 years.

And at its base this appropriate inscription by Hon. Leverett B. Englesby (Mr. Tucker's successor and the present Grand Master.)

"This monument is erected by the Grand Lodge of Freemasons of the State of Vermont, as a memorial of its esteem for him as a man, and in recognition of his valuable services as Grand Master of the State during a period of fourteen consecutive years."

The design of this appropriate and beautiful monument originated with Pitt W. Hyde Esq., of Hydeville, Vt., chairman of the committee appointed by the Grand Lodge of Vermont for that purpose, meeting the full approbation of his associate committee.

This beautiful monument reflects not more honorably upon the beloved Grand Master who lies beneath it, than upon the taste, appreciation, and liberality of the Grand Lodge of Vermont.

The mechanical part of the work was executed by Mr. James Dolan of Fair Haven, Vt., also its erection, and reflects no small credit upon his skill as a workman.—*Vergennes paper.*

◆

King Henry V is the favorite hero of Shakspeare. He portrays him as the chivalrous king, full of knightly properties, open, sincere, affable, yet still disposed to innocent raillery.

◆

The term, *Sir,* was of old applied to priests also, as well as to knights. See Twelfth Night. In Davenport's "New Trick to Cheat the Devil" we read: "Sir me no *Sirs;* I am no *knight* or *churchman.*"

◆

The Prince of Wales has sent in his petition, duly recommended, for initiation into the masonic fraternity.

THE RED CROSS KNIGHTS,

Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty.

BY BRO. THOMAS S. WEBB.

[Taken from the rubbish by Bro. Covell of Maine.]

Which is greatest, the strength of Wine, of the King, of Women, or, of Truth?—DARIUS, *King of Persia.*

WINE.

How strong is Wine! it causeth all to err,
Who to calm temperance excess prefer;
Under its influence the mind's undone,—
The poor man and the rich become as one,
Their thoughts are turned to jollity and mirth,
Sorrow and debt despise, and pride of birth;
The miserable man forgets his woes,
Neglects his kindred, mingles with his foes;
The virtuous heart a vicious course defends,
And draws its sword against its truest friends.—
How strong is wine, that forceth to these things!
Is it not greater than the power of Kings?

THE KING.

The great Creator, when he form'd our race,
To all his creatures, each assign'd a place,
And man ordain'd the master of the whole.
To rule and govern them without control;
But men themselves by man must be restrain'd,
And Kings and Princes this great power attain'd.
Now, those who rule all sublunary things
No earthly power controls; and such are Kings.

WOMEN.

The strength of Wine is not to be deny'd,
It lightens poverty, and humbles pride;
Neither is that of Kings, whate'er its source,
Which binds so many men by will and force:
But yet the frown of Woman far excells
The force of Wine and Kings; with magic spells
She captivates her votary by her charms,
And he's content to die within her arms.

TRUTH.

Though Wine by *strength* should rule, by *wisdom* Kings,
Though Woman's *beauty* partial durance brings,
Yet all their powers shall fall and fade like youth.
And *Wisdom, Strength,* and *Beauty* dwell with TRUTH;
  For neither Beauty, mighty Kings, nor Wine
  Hath power and majesty, fair Truth! like thine.
Thy judgments just, thy precepts ever pure,
In all vicissitudes shall still endure;
Thy fruits are not the pleasures of an hour,
And ages yet unborn shall own thy power;
  For neither Beauty, mighty Kings, nor Wine
  Hath Power and majesty, fair Truth! like thine.

All else is evanescent, false and frail,
All else deceives, but thou shalt never fail;
At thy approach Hypocrisy shall flee,
For Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty dwell with thee;
Thou still shalt blossom in immortal youth
For ever; blessed be the God of Truth!
  For neither Beauty, mighty Kings nor Wine
  Hath power and majesty, fair Truth! like thine.

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Palestine—The Crusades' Sea—Jerusalem.

George William Curtis, the wanderer in Syria, writing of the desert, thus graphically narrates:

There came suddenly a strip of green land. It was like a branch of flowers, yet fresh, drifting out to a ship at sea. The birds sang clear, in the early morning, high over our heads flashing in the bright air. The damp sand was delicately printed with the tracks of birds. The desert lay around us in low hillocks, like the long billows of a retiring ocean. The air blew fresh and sweet from the west. Fresh and sweet, for it was the breath of the Mediterranean. And suddenly we came upon green land. The country was like a rolling pasture. Grass and dandelions and a myriad of familiar wild flowers lay, wreaths of welcome, at our feet. There were clumps of palms and single acacias. The cactus, also, that we call Indian fig, shapeless, prickly, but full of the sun and fat with promise. The wind blew, the birds sang, the trees waved. They were the outposts of life, whence it nodded and beckoned to us, and threw us flowers as we emerged from the death of the desert. It was a dream in beauty and in fleetness. MacWhirter—incarnate common sense—bore us straight through the dream into the desert again. They receded, they sank into vapory distance, those beautiful forms—the waving trees, the singing birds. Yet they were Palestine, they the symbols of the Holy Land. Promises and hopes, they sing and wave upon the ending desert, and I greeted them as the mariner in that ship at sea greets the south and romantic Spain, in the bough of blossoms floating by him. The strip of green land passed, and we entered upon pure Sahara. It was the softest, most powdery sand; tossed by light winds it drew sharp angles—glittering white angles, against the dense blue. The last trace of green vanished as we passed deeper among the ridges. The world was a chaotic ocean of sparkling white sand. The desert was, in that moment, utter and hopeless desert, but was never desert again. Bare, and still, and bright, it was soft beyond expression, in the fitful game of shadows played upon it by the sun—for vapors were gathering overhead.

How beautiful the following:

After the long silence of the desert, it was strange to hear the voice of the sea. It was Homer's sea, the only sea of romance and fame; over which Helen sailed, and the Argonauts—out of which sailed Columbus. It was St. John's sea and Alexander's — Hadrian's and the Crusaders'. Upon its shore stood Carthage, and across its calm the Syrens sang. These fames and figures passed. But a poet's words remained:

I love all waste
And solitary places, where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be.

We have Jerusalem thus transferred to paper:

Within the walls, Jerusalem is among the most picturesque of cities. It is very small. You can walk quite around it in less than an hour. There are only some seventeen thousand inhabitants, of whom nearly half are Jews. The material of the city is a cheerful stone; and so massively are the lofty blind house-walls laid, that, in pacing the solitary streets, you seem to be threading the mazes of a huge fortress. Often the houses extend over the street, which winds under them in dark archways, and where there are no overhanging buildings there are often supports of masonry thrown across from house to house. There are no windows upon the street, except a few picturesque projecting lattices.

Jerusalem is in utter ruin. The houses, so fair in seeming, are often all crumbled away upon the interior. The arches are shattered, and vines and flowers wave and bloom down all the vistas. The streets are never straight for fifty rods, but climb and wind with broken steps; and the bold buildings thrust out buttressed corners, graced with luxuriant growths, and arched with niches for statue and fountain. It is a mass of "beautiful bits," as artists say. And you will see no fairer sight in the world than the groups of brilliantly-draped Orientals emerging into the sun from the vine-fringed darkness of the arched ways.

Follow them as they silently pass accompanied by the slave who bears the chibouque. Follow, if it is noon, for soon you will hear the cry to prayers, and they are going to the mosque of Omar.

There are minarets in Egypt so beautiful, that, when completed, the Sultan ordered the right hand of the architect to be struck off, that he might not repeat the work for any one else. They are indeed beautiful; yet, if their grace cost but a hand, the beauty of this mosque was worth a head.

The mosque of Omar occupies the site of Solomon's temple, about an eighth of the area of the whole city. It is the most beautiful object in Jerusalem, and the most graceful building in the East. It is not massive or magnificent; but the dome, bulbous, like all Oriental domes, is so ærial and elegant that the eye lingers to see it float away or dissolve in the ardent noon.

The mosque of Omar is octagonal in form, and built of bluish-white marble; over the sacred stone on which Jacob dreamed, and whence Mohammed ascended to heaven. It is one of the two *temples* of the Muslim faith, that of Mecca being the other. These temples are consecrated by the peculiar presence of the Prophet, and are only accessible to true believers. Ordinary mosques are merely places of worship, and are accessible to unbelievers, subject only to the stupid intolerance of the faithful.

The beautiful building stands within a spacious enclosure of green lawn and arcades. Olive, orange, and cypress trees grow around the court; which, in good sooth, is "a little heaven below" for the Muslim, who lie dreaming in the soft shade, from morning to night. It is a foretaste of Paradise, in kind, excepting the houries. For, although the mosques are not forbidded to women, Mohammed said it would be better for them to have prayers read by eunuchs in their own apartments.

In the picturesque gloom and brightness of the city, the mosque is a dream of heaven also, even to the unbelievers.

There are many entrances; and as you saunter under the dark archways of the streets, and look suddenly up a long, dim arcade, upon the side, you perceive, closing the vista, the sunny green of the mosque-grounds, and feel the warm air stealing outward from its silence, and see the men and women and children praying under the trees.

Or, at sunset, groups of reverend Muslim pass down the narrow street, returning from prayer, looking like those Jewish doctors who in the old pictures haunt the temple on this very site.

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Masonic Indifference.

A writer in the Masonic Review argues: "If any other organization, as numerous as this, were as much neglected by as large a proportion of its members, any looker-on would come to the conclusion at once that these *uninterested* ones, at least, were of the opinion that it was either a mere bauble to amuse an idle hour, or that its days of usefulness were past, and the sooner it became extinct the better."

This he declares was the expressed opinion of anti-masonic writers 30 years ago and that if indifference then produced anti-masonry then, why not again.

He asks of Masonry in the present, "are we really gaining any thing, except numbers?"

"Are we not running in the same old round of rituals, and stopping short just were rituals end, without a single effort at further culture? To be a Mason, simply is the utmost goal of ambition—with too many: to understand its sublime mysteries and symbolism—to grapple with, and master, its great truths—to look for the legitimate fruits of its teaching in charity, brotherly love, kind regard for each other' welfare, and the fostering of fraternal affection and unity—these, I fear, are the exceptions. We have men of learning among us, of high professional standing and social influence; but are they at our meetings—pouring light upon the minds of the uninstructed, solving questions, settling difficulties, and giving tone and influence to Masonry? A few are, but *where are the many?* Would it unfit the judge or the lawyer for his professional duties in court to-morrow, if he were to spend this evening with his brethren in the lodge room? Would the clergyman be less zealous or eloquent or devout in the pulpit next Sunday, if he were to mingle with his brethren of the 'mystic tie,' during one evening of the previous week, and catch a new inspiration from a closer contact with the minds of the masses? Would the merchant or banker be less successful in his business in the counting room, if he were to spend one evening in a month in the social enjoyments of a masonic meeting? How many libraries have we among us? It would make a thoughtful man shudder to foot up the paltry aggregate expended yearly for mental culture among us as Masons. Visit the lodges, you will hear of nothing but—rituals, with an exceptional case of contribution to a needy brother. How many orphans are being educated at the expense of the Craft—how many aged and infirm poor brethren sheltered and made comfortable by the Order? What discussions, lectures, essays upon the 'seven liberal arts or sciences?' How many read a masonic periodical, or other masonic work, except it be filled with vapid stories or personal vituperation? How many lodges are there that have libraries?"

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THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

BY SCHILLER.

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope! Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith! Wher'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love! Not love alone for one.
But man, as man, thy brothers call,
And scatter like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith, and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

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General Review of the Ancient Rite.

BY AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, LL. D.

(*Continued from September No.*)

It was in this way that Orpheus, that great enchanter of the Old World, drew together the savages which were scattered through the forests of Greece, charmed them by the harmonious sounds of his lyre and by the accents of his voice, and accustomed them insensibly to receive the first lessons of virtue, which is the basis of all society. He felt that Liberty should be founded on and supported by absolute Justice, and those sweet and gentle sentiments which we call humanity; that the equality of rights finds in the law a security against the inequality of force; and that man is happy only so far as he is just, and so far as he unites his own interests with those of his fellow-men.

The first of the lessons of Orpheus was that which taught men to be strong by their courage, to respect the blood of their kind, and to remember their obligations of fraternity, instead of fighting and devouring each other. Societies were formed, cities arose, and poetry, become the organ of wisdom, taught men to distinguish the public good from particular interests—the sacred from the profane.

The manners and habits of men were gradually purified and refined, and the laws were written upon wood.

This passage or transition from the savage to the civilized state, which Horace here describes, was attributed to the force of harmony, the charms of music, and the power of song, which the chief of the Mysteries of Thrace knew so well how to employ. All other ancient institutions made use of the same means. Strabo observes with much truth—speaking of the Curetes, the Corybantes, the Telchines, and, in general, of all the ministers of the religious and mystic ceremonies of Crete and Phrygia—that they all resemble each other by their enthusiasm and inspiration, and by the employment of music. He asserts that music, by its inspiring influence, elevates the soul to God. He comprehends, in the general idea of music, rhythm, melody, and dancing. He tells us that the first who cultivated this divine art were the same who established the Mysteries, *i. e.*, Orpheus, Museus, and Eumolpus—at least they were the first who introduced it among the Greeks, by the use they made of it in civilizing the people, and in the celebration of the Mysteries, where the chorus played so important a part. He does not separate music from morality, which it served originally to establish, nor from philosophy, which employed it as an instrument. And if sometimes it has been abused and degraded in the theater and elsewhere, we ought not, on that account, accuse the art itself, nor forget the nature of the teachings, of which it is the principle and the source. Whatever contributes to man's moral perfection, comes to us from the gods. Strabo cites the authority of Plato, and, before him, that of the Pythagoreans, who gave to music the name of Philosophy. We see, indeed, that among the means of perfecting man, which the ancient sages relied on, music and philosophy are the two to which they attached the first importance.

"Music and philosophy," another ancient writer remarks, "have been established, by Heaven, for the education and advancement of man. They habituate, they persuade, they compel his irrational and animal powers to obey the nobler impulses of his soul. They curb the passions and tranquilize desire, and restrain both from moving against reason, or from remaining inactive, when reason calls them to act or enjoy. For it is the height of wisdom to act or restrain one's self according to enlightened reason.

"Philosophy, venerable and august, has purged us from our errors, to give us knowledge; it has redeemed our minds from ignorance to raise them to the contemplation of divine things, by which man becomes happy, when he knows how to unite with knowledge, moderation in human things, and a just activity in all the course of his life."

THE ANCIENTS ALL CLAIMED FOR THESE INSTITUTIONS A DIVINE ORIGIN. Bacchus, in Euripides, responds to the questions of Pentheus, who demanded from whom he received his new worship and his *Mysteries*, that he received them from the son of Jupiter. All the ancient educators of the race affirmed the same of their teachings. Rhadamanthus says that he received from Heaven the laws that he gave to the Cretans. Minos shut himself up in a sacred cave, to compose his code of laws, which he affirmed were revealed to him by the Divinity. Zoroaster, the Persian Seer, claims also to have been divinely inspired. He separated himself from society, and gave himself up to sacred meditations. He invoked the supernal powers, and at length the light of a heavenly inspiration descended upon his soul, and a divine messenger visited him and instructed him in celestial things. Thus, according to Chandemir, he received from Heaven the Zend Avesta, that great depository of sublime maxims so revered by the ancient Persians. Ardhesir, desiring to reform the religious code of his kingdom, appointed one of his sages to accomplish the work. The new reformer, not wishing to make innovations which might not be authorized by Heaven, invoked the aid of the spiritual powers. He sunk away into a mysterious sleep, and experienced an ecstacy, during which his soul seemed to go forth out of his body. At the end of seven days he awoke, and declared that he had been in communication with the unseen world of spirits, and employed a scribe to write the new revelations which he had received from the gods. Pythagoras also professed to receive the divine direction in the foundation of his famous society. He affirms of himself what Titus Livius asserts of Numa, viz., that the secrets of nature, which others knew by opinion and conjecture, were communicated to him by the direct interposition of the gods, and that Apollo, Minerva, and the Muses, had often appeared to him.

Whatever we may think of these professions and claims to a divine enlightenment on the part of the ancient reformers, we cannot but respect that faith and piety which always led them to refer all wisdom and virtue to a divine influence. Their maxim seemed to be, that whatever is useful to men is divine. And as the Mysteries and the rules of virtue which they cultivated and enforced, were useful to humanity, they were, of a consequence, providential institutions created by the will of the Eternal.

After what we have now said, it cannot be difficult to see clearly the true end and purpose of the Mysteries, the first and greatest fruits of which were, according to the ancients, to civilize savage people, to soften their ferocious manners, to render them sociable, and to procure them a kind of life more worthy of the dignity of man. Cicero places in the number of supreme benefits which the Athenians enjoyed, the establishment of the Mysteries of Eleusis, the effect of which was, he tells us, to civilize men, to reform their wild and ferocious manners, and to make them comprehend the true principles of morality, which initiate man into an order of life which is alone worthy of a being destined to immortality. The same orator-philosopher, in another place, where he apostrophizes Ceres and Proserpine, says that we owe to these goddesses the first elements of our moral life, as well as the first aliment of our physical life, viz., the knowledge of the laws, the refinement of manners, and the examples of civilization, which have elevated and polished the habits of men and of cities.

Their moral end was well perceived by Arrien, who tells us that all these Mysteries were established by the ancients to perfect our education and reform our manners.

Pausanias, speaking of the Eleusinia, says that the Greeks, from the highest antiquity, had established them as an institution the most effectual to inspire men with the sentiments of reverence and love for the gods. And among the responses which Bacchus makes to Pentheus, whose curiosity is excited by his Mysteries, he tells him that this new institution merits to be widely known, and that one of the greatest advantages resulting from it is the proscription of all impiety and crime.

From the above it appears that the Mysteries must have been of the highest utility in advancing the civilization of our race, in promoting the arts, and stimulating a taste for science and letters.

We have seen that the cultivation of music commenced with the establishment of the Mysteries, and formed a great portion of the ceremonies. Sculpture and painting were encouraged, and received their first impulse in these institutions. Literature and Philosophy were pursued with ardor by the disciples of Orpheus and Eumolpus, and through them religion shed a benign and gentle radiance over all of life. Through the Mysteries, society received wise and wholesome laws, and that mental and moral impulsion which raised Greece to the summit of human greatness.

The drama also owes its birth to these institutions. The first plays, symbolical of man and his progress, his struggles, his trials, his labor, his combats and triumphs, were performed within the secret inclosures, secure from the intrusion of profane eyes. The ceremonies were themselves dramas, shadowing forth, more or less perfectly, the great truths of God, of Nature, and the Soul—pointing man forward to his great destiny, acquainting him with the conditions of moral perfection, and aiding him in advancing toward it.

Such were the Masonic societies of antiquity. Who can say, after this examination, that they were not useful?—that they did not bring new moral life to society, and contribute largely to the general amelioration and improvement of the condition of man?

Death—The Allegory.

It is by forms, symbols, and allegories that Masonry endeavors to impress upon the mind wise and serious truths. Only by a correct understanding of the means employed, can we thoroughly comprehend the lesson taught. Seldom, if ever, does the candidate fully comprehend and appreciate the beautiful rites of the lodge. The member finds them a grand study which is constanly revealing some hidden treasure, and shedding more light across his path. Indeed the intelligent Mason who has devoted years to the investigation of our science, is surprised and delighted as he makes discoveries where, as he thought, he had culled every gem.

The third degree, when rightly viewed, is probably the most sublime and instructive in our Order. It furnishes a theme for contemplation and research, which has taxed the greatest intellects, while it puts to test the moral courage of all who pass through its ordeal. Few, we are forced to believe, of those who have seen it repeatedly conferred, comprehend it. To each it brings home a realizing sense of that last great change which awaits us on this earth; on each, it leaves an indellible impression never forgotten—never erased; but only the student—only he who looks upon Masonry as a lofty and ennobling science, filled with mysteries which require much research to find them out, can properly appreciate the symbols and rites of the third degree.

As an illustration of our remarks, we ask how many have ever bestowed attention upon the passage of Scripture employed on the solemn and impressive occasion—how many understand or can explain it? It is, indeed, most appropriate for the purpose for which it is intended, but must appear like a mere farce to those who look upon it as so much Greek or Hebrew.

The passage selected from the Bible is intended to represent the body of an aged man as a house.

The following commentary upon it is given by Rev. Adam Clark, D. D.:

"*The keepers of the house shall tremble.*"—Another sign of old age; the hands and arms, the means of averting danger, shall become paralytic.

"*The strong men shall bow themselves.*"—The legs, formerly robust and able to support the body, shall totter with extreme weakness.

"*The grinders shall cease because they are few.*"—The teeth which grind the food, as the millstone grinds the corn, shall become loose and fall out.

"*Those that look out of the windows be darkened.*"—The eyes shall loose their faculty of sight. Obscurity of vision is an invariable accompaniment of old age.

"*The doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low.*"—The doors represent the lips, and the cavity of the mouth is called the street, because it is the way by which the food passes to the stomach. The meaning of the expression is, that the teeth being gone, the old man no longer chews, but noiselessly mumbles his food, and closes his lips in the act, to preserve the particles from falling out. This is the usual mode of mastication in the very aged.

"*The sound of the grinding is very low.*"—No noise is made in eating, because the teeth are lost or become so infirm as not to suffer their being closed together, and the mouth being kept shut to hinder the food from falling out, the sound in eating is hardly heard.

"*And he shall rise up at the voice of the bird.*"—So great is the wakefulness of old age, that its sleep is disturbed even by the chirping of the sparrow.

"*And all the daughters of music shall be brought low.*"—The voice becomes tremulous and feeble, and the hearing becomes obtuse. The daughters of music is a hebraism for the voice and ear, the organs used in the production or enjoyment of musical sounds.

"*They shall be afraid of that which is high.*"—Those heighths which, in the days of their youth, they would have ascended with ease and alacrity, the aged now look upon with hesitation and fear.

"*And fears shall be in the way.*"—They are filled with apprehension of imaginary dangers, which they have neither the sight to avoid, nor the strength to overcome.

"*The almond tree shall flourish.*"—The hair shall become gray. The flowers of the almond tree are white, and hence when the tree is flourishing, and full of them, it is compared to the hoary head of age.

"*The grasshopper shall be a burden.*"—To the imbecility of old age, the lightest thing, even a grasshopper, becomes an oppressive burden.

"*And desires shall fail.*"—The appetites and desires of nature cease with the departure of youth.

"*Man goeth to his long home.*"—Literally "to the house of his age"—the grave, which is the last house and shelter for the material body.

"*The mourners go about the streets.*"—This refers to the eastern custom, of employing official mourners, who made public lamentations in the streets for the dead.

"*The silver cord be loosed.*"—The spinal marrow is called the silver cord, from its silvery whiteness. The loosening of the silver cord is the cessation of all nervous sensibility.

"*The golden bowl be broken.*"—the brain is called the golden bowl from its yellow cover. Death approaching, it is unfit to perform its functions.

"*The pitcher be broken at the fountain.*"—The pitcher means the vena cava, or great vein, which carries the blood to the right ventricle of the heart, here called the fountain.

"*The wheel broken at the cistern.*"—By the wheel is meant the aorta, or great artery which, receiving its blood from the left ventricle of the heart or cistern, distributes it through the body; and thus "*the dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it.*"—*Ashlar.*

Masonic History.

BY BRO. M'MAHON.

In attempting to evolve a history of Freemasonry, we are met at the threshold by difficulties—arising out of the very nature of things—that no other historian has to encounter. He who chronicles the rise and fall of empires, has a mine of materials at his command, in the written and imperishable records of the times he would portray. Theories, sects, and religions from the aggressive and proselyting spirit which ever animates their disciples, leave an impress upon the times in which they exist, which the lapse of centuries cannot obliterate. All along the highway of the past, there are thickly strown the footprints of the things which *have been;* stamped in the crimson records of desolating war, or chiselled on the storied monument, or traced on the tell-tale parchment, to which the historian may turn for the waif and woof, out of which to weave the webb of the world's eventful story. It is not so in regard to Freemasonry. Essentially not an intermeddling institution, receiving none into its communion but such as freely, voluntarily, and without solicitation, ask admission to its benefits and privileges; keeping, through a long succession of ages, no record of its achievements but "the attentive years, the silent tongues, and the faithful breasts," of its votaries; transmitting its tenets and its laws from one generation to another, solely through the medium of oral tradition; the archives of nations furnish few or no memorials of its existence, save in the persecutions it has endured from the jealousy of tyrannic power, the intolerance of priestcraft, and the bigotry of bloated superstition. Is it not wonderful, therefore, that its early history should be to the unitiated as a "sealed book," which even the "masters in our Israel" find too feebly illuminated by the dim twilight of our tradition to read with accuracy and precision.

"Barbed" and "Barded," used in works of chivalry, comes from the *equus bardatus* of the unclassical Latin of the Middle Ages.

The Teutsch Ritter or Teutonic Order.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

Barbarossa's Army of Crusaders did not come home again any more than Barbarossa. They were stronger than Turk and Saracen, but not than Hunger and Disease. Leaders did not know then, as our little friend at Berlin came to know, that "an army, like a serpent, goes upon its *belly.*" After fine fighting and considerable victories, the end of this Crusade was, it took to "besieging Acre," and, in reality, lay perishing as of murrain on the beach at Acre, without shelter, without medicine, without food. Not even Richard Cœur de Lion, and his best prowess and help, could avert such issue from it.

Richard's Crusade fell in with the fag-end of Barbarossa's; and it was Richard chiefly that managed to take Acre; at least so Richard flattered himself when he pulled poor Leopold of Austria's standard from the towers, and trailed it through the gutters: "Your standard? *You* have taken Acre?" which turned out ill for Richard afterward. And Duke Leopold has a bad name among us in consequence, much worse than he deserves. Leopold had stuff in him too. He died, for example, in this manner: falling with his horse, I think in some siege or other, he got his leg hurt, which hindered him in fighting. Leg could not be cured: "Cut it off, then!" said Leopold. This also the leech could not, durst not, and would not, so that Leopold was come quite to a halt. Leopold ordered out two squires, put his thigh upon a block, the sharp edge of an axe at the right point across his thigh:—"Squire first, hold that axe: steady! Squire second, smite you on it with forge-hammer, with all your strength, heavy enough!" Squire second struck heavy enough, and the leg flew off; but Leopold took inflamation, died in a day or two, as the leech had predicted. That is a fact to be found in current authors, (quite exact or not quite) that surgical operation: such a man cannot have his flag trailed through the gutters by any Cœur de Lion. But we return to the beach at Acre, and the poor Crusaders dying as of murrain there. It is the year 1190, Acre not yet taken, nor these quarrels got to a height.

"The very Templars, Hospitalers, neglect us," murmured the dying Germans; "they have, perhaps, enough to do, and more than enough, with their own countrymen, whose speech is intelligible to them? For us, it would appear, there is no help." Not altogether none. A company of pious souls—compassionate Lubeck ship-captains dilligently forwarding it, and one Walpot von Bassenheim, a citizen of Bremen, taking the lead—formed themselves into a union for succor of the sick and dying; "set up canvas tents," medicinal assuagements from the Lubeck ship-stores, and did what utmost was in them, silently in the name of Mercy and Heaven. "This Walpot was not by birth a nobleman," says one of the old chroniclers, "but his deeds were noble." This pious little union proved unconsciously the beginning of a great thing. Finding its work prosper here and gain favor, the little union took vows on itself, strict chivalry forms, and decided to become permanent. "Knights Hospitalers of our dear Lady of Mount Zion," that or something equivalent was their first title, under Walpot their first Grand Master, which soon grew to be "German order of St. Mary" (*Teutsche Ritter* of the *Marie-Orden*) or, for shortness, *Teutsches Ritterthum*, under which name it played a great part in the world for above three centuries to come, and eclipsed in importance both the Templars and Hospitalers of St. John.

Judge not by Appearances.

An old man named Guyot lived and died in the town of Marseilles, in France. He amassed a large fortune by the most laborious industry, and by habits of the severest abstinence and privation. His neighbors considered him a miser, and thought he was hoarding up money from mean and avaricious motives. The populace, whenever he appeared, pursued him with hooting and execration, and the boys sometimes threw stones at him. At length he died, and in his will were found the following words: "Having observed from my infancy that the poor of Marseilles are ill supplied with water, which they can only purchase at a great price, I have cheerfully labored the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing, and I direct that the whole of my property be laid out in building an aqueduct for their use." This was accordingly done.

A MONUMENT is being erected at Chicago to our deceased brother, Stephen A. Douglas. The entire height is to be one hundred feet.

Address of Bro. French at the Smithsonian.

[Bro. French, a Mason fruitful in all good works and ever busy in doing good, found time in July to deliver a most admirable address at the Smithsonian to the Trustees of the Public Schools, and the young ladies and gentlemen and children assembled at the close of the scholastic year. After adverting to the subject of education, and our country as it was without, and is now with, public instruction, he thus gives his own observation and experience in Washington.]

My first experience in this city, was, I am compelled to say, not of the most flattering kind, in regard to the means of public education. Born and educated in New England, whose system of public schools is, perhaps, as near perfection as that of any country upon the globe. I came here in the winter of 1833, expecting to find in the political metropolis of the great nation of which I was an humble citizen, a system of public education approximating, at least, to the system to which I had been accustomed. I found, upon inquiry, that there were two public schools for the accomodation of the thousands of indigent children which the city then contained. *Two* public schools, capable of accommodating, at the outside, two hundred pupils each! It was not very long—I cannot now recall to my memory how long—before the powers that were honored me by placing me in the position of a Trustee of the Public Schools. I entered upon the duties of the office with all zeal, but alas! alas! my principal duty seemed to be to reject the applications of the poor but deserving children who applied for certificates of admission, as scholars, to the particular school that came under my immediate jurisdiction, *for want of accomodation to receive them!* I did my very best, however, to encourage education, even under such adverse circumstances. I visited, officially, the two schools; I found the worthy instructors doing all they could, but, unhappy beings that they were, I saw that they were in pretty much the predicament of the poor Israelites, when they were required by the tyrant of those days to make brick without straw. The proper surroundings were wanting to enable the teachers to bring properly forth the intellectual treasures which were thickly incrusted in the primary formation of ignorance. All the progress, however, that could reasonably be expected, was made, and the two schools plodded their weary way, from year to year, with but little apparent exhibition of interest by the citizens, in general, in them. There certainly was no opportunity to go *backward;* and, as it is the theory of universal law that everything shall keep moving, our system of common schools necessarily moved onward. I happened about these days, to be a member of our city councils, and you may be assured I did not suffer the education of the children of Washington to be forgotten. I have been in the habit, for many years, of keeping a brief record of such things as I desired to impress upon my memory, and I find that on the 28th day of September, 1841, almost twenty-three years ago, I wrote: "Yesterday, went to the council—had a long discussion upon an appropriation of some money to the charity schools, for the education of indigent female children. Mr. Harkness (John C. Harkness, then, as now, one of our best citizens) spoke with much fervor and considerable eloquence, in favor of the appropriation; it was opposed by several members, and finally laid over to the next meeting. I consider it the very best method of appropriating the sum of money asked."

The money was finally appropriated, and I find that on the 28th of July, 1842, I wrote as follows: "At eleven o'clock I went, with the Mayor, (Col. Seaton,) and the President of the Board of Aldermen, (Mr. Jarves Adams,) in my official capacity, as President of the Board of Common Council, to visit the school for indigent female children, kept in the basement of Mr. Smith's church on Ninth street. There were between forty and fifty scholars present, and I was very much interested in the appearance of the school; the misses were all neatly clad, and they appeared as intelligent as any like number of children that I ever saw together. The school usually consists of about eighty scholars, and is conducted by two instructresses, and is under the supervision and management of a number of benevolent ladies of this city. The corporation give something to support it, hence the duty of the Mayor and Presidents of the two Boards to visit it."

Again I find, that on the 20th of June, 1843, I wrote, "yesterday I went up to the Ninth street church, in my official capacity, as President of the Board of Common Council, to witness the examination of the female free charity school which is taught in the vestry of the church. There were not far from a hundred girls, in attendance, from, say fourteen down to five years of age. They went through their exercises in the various branches of common education admirably, and I was highly interested, and I may say, delighted with the examination. The school reflects great credit upon its patronesses and instructors. After the examination presents were distributed to the more meritorious, a portion of which were books presented by Messrs. Haliday and Powers, members of the Council, and I was most unexpectedly called upon to present them, which I did and very briefly expressed my gratification at the appearance of the school, and endeavored to impress upon the scholars the necessity of making all the improvement possible of the advantages thus kindly bestowed upon them."

I give you these reminiscences my young friends, not from any motive of vanity, but to show you how, gradually our present most admirable system of public schools grew up. These were the germs from which through the persistent and unceasing efforts of the friends of education in our City Government, among whom I am happy to say, every Mayor we have had for thirty years has been prominent, the public schools have been placed upon a permanent basis, and the doors of education have been thrown wide open to every child in the City of Washington.

When I have heretofore seen the noble structures devoted to common school purposes, in other cities, the great contrast between them and our own, has had rather a humiliating effect upon my feelings. Here too, we have at last awakened, and, within the past few days, have dedicated to the instruction of our rising generation, and many which are to follow them, as we hope, one of the handsomest common school edifices that it has ever been my lot to behold. It is not only elegant in form and appearance, but is most appropriately and admirably arranged for the purposes for which it has been erected. It is an honor to the city, to its municipal officers, to the architect who designed it, to the building committee who superintended its erection, and to every individual concerned in establishing it; and I congratulate the whole community of Washington, that this beautiful structure is but one of a class of buildings which are to spring up and adorn each school district within our borders, When these shall be completed, the common schools of Washington, with their competent instructors and splendid school-houses, will take rank with the best which have ever been established in this or any other country, and I hope that I may be spared to witness "a consummation so devoutly to be wished."

And what are the effects of this noble effort by the citizens of Washington to insure a good education to all who will seek to obtain it, "without money and without price?" I need scarcely ask the question, when I look around me and behold these joyous and intellectual countenances, all beaming with the love of learning, and speaking as plainly as looks can speak, the words, "for all this am I indebted to the common schools of Washington." Take my assurance, my young friends, that it really is a boon that you can hardly, at this time, estimate, but which, as you increase in years, you will more and more appreciate.

General education is to the collective mind what a tonic is to the human body. It purifies, strengthens, and invigorates it. Mankind growing up in ignorance, never rise very much above the more intelligent races of the brute creation. Establish the means of education among the ignorant, and so great is the natural desire of the human mind to acquire knowledge, that the desert of ignorance soon begins to blossom with the rose of education, and a community of intelligence soon takes the place of a community of ignorance.

Strive to improve these golden moments. Strive to fill your minds with useful knowledge, knowledge that you can use hereafter, in the various walks of life in which you will be wayfarers. We who are here before you, striving to cheer you on, cannot, in the nature of things, remain long among you, and you are to assume our places. Then be prepared to make them more than good; be prepared to act well your part, in whatever situation you may be placed. There is scarcely a conceivable position in life, which some of you may not fill; let your aspirations be high, press onward vigorously, and you shall, if you do not reach the goal you are seeking, reach one that shall satisfy all your desires. Let nothing discourage you, but should misgivings come over you, as sometimes they may, fortify yourselves by the illustrious examples of those who have accomplished almost miracles in literature and art, under the most untoward circumstances. Although I could refer you to many, I will instance but a single one. William H. Prescott, the author of many of the best historical works that have been given to the world during the present century, lost in his youth the sight of one eye, which so affected the other by sympathy, that he was at times, during his life, totally blind; and, for weeks and months at a time, forced to be shut up in a room where no ray of light could penetrate: notwithstanding which, he mastered many foreign languages, wrote the History of Ferdinand and Isabella, The Conquest of Mexico, The Conquest of Peru, and at the time of his death, in 1859, was engaged in writing the history of Philip the Second, two volumes of which were published. He gave to the world fifteen large octavo volumes of history, the facts for all which were collected from foreign languages, besides many productions of great merit relating to literature, or to the current occurrences of the time in which he lived. I think I do not exaggerate, when I say that no man who has lived became more popular as a historian than Prescott, and no better evidence of this is needed than the fact that his histories have been translated into Spanish, French, Italian, German, and Dutch, and all reprinted in English both in Paris and Leipzig.

Should any discouragement overtake you in your attempts, with two good eyes, and all your other faculties unimpaired, to surmount some assumed task, no matter in what branch of literature or science, think of William Hickling Prescott, during a great part of his life shut up in total darkness, and at all times so blind that necessity compelled him to resort to many contrivances, and to the aid of others, in the determined pursuit of his favorite studies, and gather courage to press forward in the task which you have undertaken.

"The proudest motto for the young!
Write it in lines of gold!
Upon thy heart, and in thy mind,
The stirring words enfold:
And in misfortune's dreary hour,
Or fortune's prosperous gale,
'Twill have a holy, cheering power—
'There's no such word as *fail!*'"

The Foundation of Masonic Goethe.

The ducal family of Weimar has been made known to the world by its connection with Goethe. For a long series of years Goethe held the post of minister of Charles Augusta, Duke of Weimar, an inconsiderable duchy, containing about two hundred and fifty thousand souls. The admiration conceived by the duke dates as far back as the publication of the first edition of *Werther*. From that time he was the fast friend of the author. Goethe became the glory of Weimar, and his memory is held in veneration by the people. In ancient times, Goethe would have become the tutelar deity of the duchy. Under his influence, Weimar has become distinguished for the literary taste of its inhabitants, as the Athenians for their skill in criticism. The brothers, sons, sisters, and daughters of the duke represented in miniature the literary and artistic court of the Medici. Since the death of Goethe, (it took place in 1842, at the age of eighty-three,) three princes and princesses have taken the advice of a great number of literary men as to the best means of immortalizing their admiration of his genius.

Among the different means suggested, they have adopted that of establishing, under the name of "*The Goethe Foundation*," an annual prize, equal to four thousand American dollars, to be given the first year, to the author of the best poem, novel, or theatrical work; the second year, to the artist who presents the best painting of any kind; the third, to the sculptor who presents the best statue; and the fourth to the author of the best piece of music, profane or sacred, opera or oratorio. In each cycle of four years the same course is to be pursued—literature, painting, sculpture, and music, are successively to compete for the prize. The jury appointed to decide on the different works presented, will consist of two parts, one at Berlin, the other at Weimar. The author, artist, or composer, who may gain the prize, remains master of his work. Letters of invitation were sent by the Duke of Weimar to all the princes and kings of Germany, and to a great many distinguished scientific and literary men of that and other countries. The celebration was held August 23, and probably resembled, in its principal features, that held a few years ago at Bonn, in honor of Beethoven.

The Symbols of Masonry.

With respect to our symbols, it may be asked, why wear we the figures of the Sun and Moon? Why is the emblem of Prudence fixed in the centre of our Lodges? Why are we decorated with an apron of snowy whiteness, and various jewels? The Sun is an emblem of all the great attributes of the Divinity; and, together with the Moon, raises our thoughts to the Fountain of truth; and though, in the language of the Psalmist, they have neither speech nor language, their voices are heard among them; their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world; thereby affording us, as excellent lessons, to instruct men in the wisdon and goodness of the Creator, as if they had an hundred tongues. These things indicate that the true object of Masonry is to incite us to the performance of virtuous deeds, the accomplishment of which testifies to the world that, as Sons of Light, we have dispelled the dark clouds that otherwise would have obscured us; and that, being no longer lost in the mists of hatred, malice, drunkenness, and other heinous sins, which degrade the mind, destroy the body, and render the hereafter a dreadful source of anticipation, we prefer the labor of charity, benevolence, chastity, brotherly love, and the exercise of every other Christian virtue.—*Courier.*

"Make Haste Slowly."

[We especially commend to our readers the practical suggestions of the last two paragraphs.]

From all quarters of our Masonic hemisphere comes the cry of haste, emergency—calling for dispensation and the hasty meeting—resulting in the hastily-made Mason, with imperfect instruction and inadequate conceptions of the wisdom, strength, and beauty of the mystic tie, and of Masonic obligation and principles.

It is a hopeful indication, that along with this rush and haste we discover a general alarm as to its tendency and final results. Most of the published proceedings that reach us from the various States, indicate both the haste in making Masons, and the fears and misgivings consequent upon it. What is to be the result? What is to be done to remedy this course of action and to counteract the dreadful evils?

* * * * * * *

What causes combine to produce this rush and haste? We must bear in mind that within the memory of those now of lawful age, there was a widely spread and violent opposition to the Masonic Fraternity, the result of the anti-masonic crusade, before which the lodges so generally retired, suspended labors, and closed their doors. During the interval of labor many of the skillful workers had passed away, and others had become *rusty*, so that when lodges resumed labor there was a lack of skillful workmen to confer the degrees in an impressive manner. In many of the lodges it happened that some whose retentive memories had retained the work and lectures so as to place them in official stations, had not shared in the Temperance reform which had pervaded the community, and such examples were often a barrier to the progress and prosperity of the lodge. Their position tended to prevent the application of good men for admission, and opened the door to some who failed to become ornaments. These were checks and hindrances to the progress of the Order. At the same time other orders arose to occupy the ground. Odd Fellowship arose and flourished, while Freemasonry was but partially reviving, to repair its walls, polish its tarnished jewels, and become ready for work. Temperance organizations adopted elements of secrecy, symbols, and ceremonies, and, under various names, spread widely in the community, so as for a time to occupy the ground, and thus held in check the Masonic Order. But at the same time they were preparing materials for its future growth, and rapidly removing the prejudices which had so long been arrayed against "secret societies." It was inevitable that when large numbers had become familiar with these modern organizations and the play of the social elements, and of the use of secrecy in their development, and when they had compassed the instructions and shared the highest honors of those bodies, they would be inclined to seek acquaintance with more ancient mysteries. It was equally inevitable that they would bring along with them, more or less earnestly, the ideas of haste and rapid progress which had prevailed in those organizations. It was also undeniable that they brought with them some degree of preparation for more rapid progress in the discipline they had acquired in the other bodies, and also such endorsement as their membership therein implied. It thus came to pass that a healthful progress occurred in the Masonic Order, even while some innovations crept in upon ancient usage, and this progress had become such before the rebellion that the popularity of Freemasonry had become quite strong enough for its safety before the outbreak of the rebellion. Another element of this progress and popularity must be stated—the rapid growth and the constantly elevating character of Masonic literature. The proceedings of Grand Lodges were becoming, year by year, more voluminous and valuable, and the addresses of Grand Masters, Grand Orators, and Chaplains, and reports on Correspondence became more and more interesting to the general reader, and each year there was an enlargement of the circle of readers of these, as also of the numerous periodicals devoted to Masonry in all parts of the country. Public celebrations had their share of influence in swelling the popular current of favor and increasing the number of applicants.

To this current there was a check in 1856—7 from the financial crisis and the scarcity of money, as well as the general depression of courage and hopefulness essential to assuming new pecuniary expenses.

But this temporary check only prepared the way for a stronger current—a more resistless rush when the war broke out. Men volunteering for the army, who had designed to join the Fraternity, but had been waiting for a more convenient season, now apply for degrees in haste, and dispensations are called for such emergencies. Others who had given no thought to the subject before, are seized with sudden convictions of the desirableness of membership. They must needs have dispensations. The appeal being for volunteer soldiers, is not easily negatived, and it is not improbable that the scrutiny of investigating committees and the vigilance of lodges has been somewhat relaxed by such sympathy. If the pressure has been great for admission of volunteers before leaving home for the army, it has been materially increased by applications of those at home on furlough. They have seen or heard of the workings of the Masonic tie in the hospital, in camp, or on the battle-field, and desire to share in its mysteries before returning to their regiments. To increase this tendency, many of the applicants have become officers, and their official position has added somewhat to the temptation of lodges to receive them without delay, or very careful scrutiny. That some unworthy members have been admitted thus it is impossible to doubt, and it is reasonable to expect that lodges will suffer more or less, in consequence of this haste and the great increase of numbers. If this pressure is to continue, and the lodges yield to it, so as to admit large numbers of the unworthy, it is sure to be followed by its legitimate consequences, disaster and disgrace. What shall be done to prevent such consequences? How are these dangers to be guarded against?

Not by absolutely cutting off the power of dispensation, and rejecting all such applications. Lodges must, to some extent, govern their action by the force of events. It would be a grievous wrong to close the doors of the lodge upon worthy men hurrying to the national defence, because they cannot delay the usual time for the investigation and the degrees. It may be proper to check dispensations by an additional fee, as the Grand Lodge of Maine has done; but this may sometimes be a hardship, not quite in harmony with the genius of our Order. In case of this additional fee, we should consider the candidate entitled to a more earnest effort by the lodge to do him full justice in conferring the degrees. It should ever be the effort of the lodge to confer the degrees thoroughly and impressively. No plea of haste or emergency should excuse the officers of a lodge for a careless, defective, or unimpressive manner in imparting needful instructions. On the contrary, cases of emergency call for the highest excellence and thoroughness in conferring degrees and imparting instructions. Especially should it be the aim of the Master to impress strongly upon the Neophyte the moral teachings and the symbolism of the Order, as demanding his personal study, all the more for the haste incident to his admission. In these emergent cases, let the Master or some well instructed brother devote time to his personal instruction, so that he shall not go forth without a deep impression of the sacredness of the principles, and the wide range of instruction which claims his attention if he will be a worthy and well-qualified brother.

To secure these results, lodges must be faithful to their trust in the instruction of its home members. If there is a high standard of excellence and intelligence among the mass of the members, so that their light shines, as is meet, before the world, those who join in these emergent cases, will understand beforehand that much is required of them. They are thus prepared to receive and profit by the earnest teachings which welcome them to a faithful and fraternal band. In such cases there is great power of impression in the lessons of the Order flowing from a heart imbued with those principles, and lips eloquent with their inspiration.

These cases of emergency should be strongly urged to an earnest study of the monitorial instructions, and each soldier brother should be urged to carry a pocket edition of his monitor along with his Bible, and make himself familiar with both. It is also desirable that each regiment, if possible, should have facilities for Masonic instruction in competent hands. This may not be possible at all times, amid active engagements or on long marches; but all armies must have their seasons of repose, and there are times when such instructions can be imparted with most happy results; and those well qualified should have authority to improve such occasions to good purpose.

It is not, perhaps, necessary or entirely safe to charter military lodges for work and conferring degrees in regiments generally. This should be done, if at all, with great caution. But without the formality and expense of charters, or the risks attendant, well instructed brothers in every regiment might be authorized to instruct their brethren in the history, symbolism, philosophy, and moral teachings of the Order, and with proper restrictions and safeguards, in all that pertains properly to the lodge rooms.

Why should not each State provide for this by Grand Lodge arrangement? Why should it not be undertaken on a liberal scale? Regiments have their chaplains—the Christian Commission supplies deficiencies in that department; why should there not be a Masonic commission—a thoroughly Christian one—to supply the deficiencies of the present system. A well instructed Christian brother, who could visit each regiment and spend even a few days while they are in camp, call together the brethren for familiar instruction in the principles and work of the Order, selecting those best qualified, and investing them with authority to instruct the brotherhood, might thus render a great service. Of course, all should be done with the approbation of the military authorities, and in subordination to military regulations. By such a mission, Masonic reading could be widely introduced, and the insulated members of the Fraternity drawn into closer fellowship, and their hearts cheered in the trials and temptations incident to the camp, the battle-field, and the hospital.

Another remedy for the dangers incident to the haste in making Masons must be found in our Masonic literature. Those who conduct masonic publications must deal wisely with these questions. Especially should they aim to elevate the standard of general intelligence and of Masonic attainment. Let the Masonic press, by the elevation of its standard and its aims, make itself a necessity for the Fraternity at large, and so inspire the desire for excellence and true Masonic progress, that it shall check this desire for haste, and secure the needful caution in all our lodge-rooms.—*Masonic Monthly.*

The Three Principals of a Royal Arch Chapter.

Masonic Editor Courier:

Will you be pleased to inform me, what the three Principals in a Royal Arch Chapter represent, and whether they have any reference to the three Grand Masters of the Solomonian Temple.

Very fraternally,
ROYAL ARCH.

Answer.—The three Principals of a Royal Arch Chapter represent the Sacerdotal, the Regal, and the Philosophic characters, and in our opinion have undoubtedly a reference to the three Grand Masters of the Solomonian Temple. From the 1st Principal or High Priest, we derive the Sacerdotal character; from the King, or 2d Principal, the Regal, and from the 3d Principal or Scribe, the Philosophic.

The functions of these Principals are only so many divisions of the one great office by which men are to be improved, ruled, and instructed in society. The Sacerdotal is to develop the moral powers of the soul; the Regal is to restrain the wicked propensities of the body; and the Philosophic is to expand the intellectual powers of the mind. The success of each depends upon the co-operation of the others.

Among the three Grand Masters who constructed the Hebrew temple, King Solomon, as the servant of the true God, fulfilling his injunctions, and also being of priestly descent, was the Sacerdotal Principal; and as such consecrated the temple, when it was finished, with his priestly prayer. King Hiram, the Tyrian, was the Regal Principal, and, as such, furnished the supplies of men and materials; and Hiram Abiff was the Philosophic Principal, and, as such, constructed and adorned the Temple with scientific precision and skill. In the English Royal Arch, they are said to represent Zerubbabel, Haggai, and Joshua.—*Courier.*

Discovery in Egypt.

A most interesting discovery has been made in Egypt. It is known that there exists in Mount Zabarah, situated on an island in the Red Sea, a mine of emeralds, which was formerly worked by the pachas of Egypt, but abandoned in the last years of the reign of Mehemet Ali. An English company have solicited and recently obtained authority to resume the working of this mine, which is believed to be still rich with precious stones. Mr. Allan, the engineer of the company, while directing some important excavations in this place, has discovered, at a great depth, traces of an ancient gallery, which must evidently be referred to the most remote antiquity. Upon removing the rubbish, they found tools and ancient utensils, and a stone upon which is engraved a hieroglyphic inscription, now partially defaced. This circumstance proves the truth of the opinion expressed by Belzoni, on the strength of other indications, that this mine was worked in ancient times.

The nature and form of the implements discovered, and the configuration of the gallery, the plan of which has been readily traced, prove most conclusively that the ancient Egyptians were skillful engineers. It seems, from examination of the stone which has been discovered, that the first labors in the mine of Zabarah were commenced in the reign of Sesostris the Great, or Rameses Sesostris, who, according to the most generally received opinion, lived about the year 1650 before Christ, and who is celebrated by his immense conquests, as well as by the innumerable monuments with which he covered Egypt.—*Com. Adv.*

The National Freemason.

WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER, 1864.

Letters of business, and containing money, and correspondence, should be addressed Dr. McMurdy, Box 982. Printed matter should be directed National Freemason, Lock Box 18, Washington city.

Agents.—Bro. Charles H. Anderson, 458 Seventh street, opposite Post Office; Bro. Tacey, Clerk of Court, for Alexandria; Bro. Geo. H. Raymond, G.·. L.·., 48 John street, for New York city; Bro. James Sterratt, Baltimore city; Bro. Huntington, Adams, N. Y.; Bro. Enos, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Bro. B. B. McCoul, Pottsvile, Pa. Bro. Geo. H. Jefts, Traveling Agent, Box 43, Brookline, N. H. J. H. Quintard, No. 8 Pine street, New York city, General Agent; W. S. Wolf, General Agent.

Every change of P. O box, or residence of subscribers, should be carefully reported. The past address of the paper should always be stated.

Under the present postal law, no matter can be delivered until postage (three cents per quarter) is paid.

OFFICIAL.

To the Brethren, Companions, and Sir Knights of the several jurisdictions; We, as Grand Master of Knights Templar in the United States of America, Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, send greeting:

We not only regard with favor the enterprise so generally approved by the Craft, to establish a National Masonic Journal at the metropolis of the nation, but we are impelled by a deep sense of its importance to urge upon you the most vigorous exertions to give to this much-needed instrument for good a healthy and vigorous life.

Let each masonic body, in corporate capacity, subscribe for as many copies of the National Freemason as may be expedient for circulation among the widows and orphans of Masons, and among the sick and indigent Masons in hospitals, thereby exercising a high charity. Let each Mason take as many copies personally as he can afford, and induce his neighbor to do the same.

We are satisfied, from the well-known high educational, literary, and masonic character of the Rev R. McMurdy, D. D., LL. D., Grand Prelate of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, that the National Freemason will be conducted in a liberal, faithful, national, and catholic spirit, and will tend to increase and diffuse light within and without our sacred precincts, and promote harmony and good will among the brotherhood.

The moderate terms of its publication, $2 00 per annum, make it accessible to the masonic masses.

We urge you all, brethren, to prompt action in sending names of subscribers, paying in advance, to Rev. Dr. McMurdy, Washington, city.

B. B. FRENCH,
Grand Master Knights Templar, U. S. of A.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand High Priest of Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and District of Columbia.
Y. P. PAGE,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Maryland.

Discontinuance.—Where there is no order for discontinuance we suppose that the brother wishes to remain a subscriber, and will send us the money in advance for the second volume at the earliest moment. All discontinuing must state post office address, and, if in the city, the locality where the paper has been received.

We have four hundred complete sets of the first volume, for such as desire the first volume. Also several hundred Almanacs, which, as a masonic work, will be as valuable many years hence as at the present. The Almanac will be continued from year to year.

Agents and subscribers will please send us "greenbacks" in payment of subscriptions.

Alexandria.—The papers for this point will be found at Brother O'Rear's store on King street, near Washington. If any subscribers still desire to use the post office, they will advise us.

The advanced price of everything compels us to ask two dollars for the National Freemason, in future. Clubs of twelve will be charged $1 80; of sixteen, $1 70; of twenty or more, $1 50.

Removal.—The Editor can be seen daily, before 8, a. m., and from 5 to 6, p. m., at 403½, 9th street, between H and I, west side.

A person calling himself Barbelheimer, hailing from Philadelphia, we are informed by Bro. Jarvis, has been soliciting subscribers at Massillon, Ohio. We do not know him. He has no authority to act as agent.

The Great Temple of Humanity.—Jew, Pagan, and Christian, classic and patristic, primitive and recent, men apart in time, space, and character, agreeing in nothing except in faith in God, love of man, and a hope of immortality, are found in Masonry standing side by side, each furnishing his quota to the grand design of the great Temple of Humanity.

The Freemason's Almanac for 1865, is published. The matter is generally very superior and every Freemason will desire it. With the exception of two articles, all Masons whether opposed to its author or not must commend it.

A Masonic Almanac for the Craft, according to our views should be such that all will desire it and to whose matter none can object. It should advocate no particular system of ritualism and no views which are not received everywhere and by all.

The present issue so closely approximates this view, and is so reliable in its matter, that we shall not issue our Almanac for 1865. Address Morris and Sheville, 545 Broadway, New York City.

The Mystic Star is a new monthly published at Fort Wayne, In., at $2 per annum, under the auspices of Bro. Chaplin, and our long tried friend and Bro. Solomon D. Bayless, P.·. G.·. M.·.

The first No. is exceedingly creditable to publisher and editors, and we doubt not they will be well sustained in money and friends.

The spirit of the magazine is full of charity; there is no abuse nor censure of any one. It breathes "peace on earth and good will to man."

Complimentary.—[The following is a specimen of resolutions of lodges encouraging us in our work, and signed by every officer of the lodge. Thank you brethren.]

At a regular meeting of Brainard Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, No. 336, it was unanimously resolved:

"The members of this lodge having often felt the need of useful and entertaining reading in reference to the Craft, and having had our attention called to the merits of the National Freemason, published by Bro. McMurdy, of Washington City, D. C., and a large number of this lodge having subscribed for the same, and having read it with interest and profit to ourselves, we therefore cheerfully recommend the National Freemason, as a valuable aid to our ancient institution, and well calculated to give to the inquiring reliable and valuable information relating to Freemasonry and kindred institutions.

"Resolved further, That these resolutions be signed by the officers of Brainard Lodge and forwarded to Bro. McMurdy, Washington, D. C.

Masonry has failed in her mission with the Mason who is a swearer. He violates her teachings, sentiments, and his own vows.

Masonry has again failed with the drunkard. He has disregarded the lesson, "Be temperate in all things."

Masonry has failed with the licentious, who do not feel that the most virtuous is the most masonic life. So of the other violations of the moral code.

Fruit.—Masonic doctrines, rituals, and lectures are intended and adapted to produce their fruit in the character and the life. The noblest and most beautiful elements of character—justice, honesty, temperance, brotherly love, truthfulness, spirit of self-sacrifice, reverence for truth, piety, and all goodness, habitual purity, charity in action, patience under troubles, kindness to the erring, earnest efforts to do good to all men—are infolded in Masonry as the stalk and flower in the seed that contains them. They rise up from it wherever it is firmly and warmly imbedded in the convictions and affections of any human soul—the clearest evidence of its truth and the surest marks of true Masons. By these, and not by a few manual signs, is the Mason known.

Reply.—Submit to a legal wrong and an oppressive decision of the Grand Master until, in a right and Masonic manner, you can secure redress. Avoid contention and strife. The quiet and more patient course brings more satisfactory results in the end.

Bro. Simons considers the loss of the left thumb an insuperable bar to initiation.

Our sincere condolence with Sir Knight Creighton P.·. C.·, Oriental Commandery, Cleveland, Ohio, whose son died in one of our hospitals shortly after his father's arrival. He was a promising youth of seventeen years.

The late Worshipful Master of Naval Lodge.—We officiated, September 17th, as Grand Chaplain at the funeral of W.·. M.·. Bro. Clapham. It was an interesting occasion, and every arrangement was appropriate. Bro. Clapham was at the head of the Laboratory at the Navy Yard, and the Government has lost a faithful and wise officer; the Methodist Church, of which Bro. C. was a member for many years, a shining light; and the Lodge an exemplary and faithful master. He was a Christian and a true Mason, and sent word to the brethren of his Lodge, just before his death, that "his sky was still clear." The addresses of Rev. Bros. Sipes and Lanahan were eloquent and affecting. Our condolence with the family and friends.

The Grand Orient of France met May 16, 1864. The Grand Master was present in person, and two hundred and thirty Lodges were represented. For the first time the Grand Master refers to the business of the Grand Orient, and details the acts of his administration. He states that his mission received from the Emperor terminates, and that he will not continue Grand Master. He refers to the cordial relations existing with all Masonic Grand Lodges. He expresses his sympathy with a National Masonic body for Italy. He declares in favor of the Grand Orient of Lusitania, putting an end to the Portuguese Masonic strife.

The floating debt of $40,000 has been paid, and an income of $25,000 promised. The Dogmatic Institute has been abolished, and Grand College of Rites established, and is now engaged on the revision of the rituals of the high degrees.

The Rite of Memphis has been taken under the protection of the Grand Orient, and is in a prosperous condition.

The announcement that the privilege of electing the Grand Master would be resumed, was received with cheers. Marshal Magnan received 148 out of 152 votes, and was declared G.·. M.·.

Gov. Gates, at a masonic meeting for presentation to Bro. Reynolds, at Springfield, thus spoke:

> "Side by side with Christianity, Masonry has traveled along the history of the past; it has lived and faithfully performed its work of ennobling and refining mankind, while the deluge of oblivion has completely swept away the boasted cities and nations of antiquity. It cannot take the place of religion; we have never claimed that it was anything equal to the church, but we do say that it is auxiliary to the church. We say it is built upon the great principles of the Christian religion—love to God and love to our fellow man."

Extract of a letter from a Masonic Master in our Israel:

> * * "Go on in your career of charity and freedom from personal attacks and abuse. The true Masons of the country hail the National Freemason as the star of hope amid the darkness produced by vituperative masonic journalism. If ever an institution needed an organ possessing a national character, an organ that could lay aside all party or sectional jealousies and personalities, with which as a fraternity we have been so much afflicted for a few years past, surely the masonic fraternity have wanted such an organ.
>
> "I have read every word of your paper for sixteen months, and I have not seen a line that has not been full of the spirit of charity. It has avoided partyism and personalities and has done more in my neighborhood to destroy anti-masonry and elevate the Order than any ohter agency." * * * * * *

Worshipful Master means Honored Master. In Henry the Eighth, "As I belong to worship" means as I am one of the more honored.

Manual of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite, by Bro. Cunningham, has been received from the Masonic Publishing House of Moss & Co., 430 Market Street, Philadelphia, (see advertisement.) This is a handsome duodecimo of 272 pp., in fine style, and very creditable to both Editor and Publisher. Every student of the Rite will surely possess himself of a copy.

We invite sundry Knights to study the articles of the ancient statutes on pp. 134–136; especially 7 and 10, on the observance of Holy Thursday, and relief of the indigent, and visiting the sick and prisons.

A Letter.

[One of many from the army.]

HEADQUARTERS 2D BRIG., 2d DIV., 5TH A. C.
August 29, 1864.

BRO. MCMURDY,

DEAR SIR: Since the opening of the present campaign, we have suffered severely in our little band of brethren. On the 18th of May we lost in killed Captain Bride of the 8th Maryland Regiment; wounded, Captain Anderson, prisoner of war, 7th Maryland; Adjutant Tyler, 7th Maryland, and Sergeant Black of 4th Maryland. On the 21st instant we lost in killed Colonel Dusham, commanding brigade, and Lieutenant Miles, 4th Maryland—wounded, Colonel Bowerman, 4th Maryland. All of these were subscribers to the National Freemason.

* * * * * * * * *

[A sample of many letters of similar Masonic import.]

* * * I immediately dispatched a committee of our Lodge to Watertown and also a hearse, to receive the body. It came on the Thursday evening train to Watertown, and arrived here about two o'clock at night, and was received by about fifty Masons—there being a number here from Larville and Watertown on a visit. We carried the body to the Lodge room, where it remained over night in charge of a committee.

* * * * * *

At ten o'clock, Friday, Bro. O'Neill and myself went out to Mr. Nichols's with the body—the hearse also going. At the earnest request of his mother I opened the coffin, although I advised her not to see the body, as it did not look natural. But she "must see her darling boy once more," and I at last complied with her request, first preparing the face as well as I could. I have seldom seen a family more overwhelmed than were they. I left them alone in the room a few moments, and then closed the coffin forever from the world.

The family were *so grateful* to you and his comrades for the elegant accompaniments of his body. They will never forget your great kindness. The sympathy they have received from you and from the brethren and friends here, has greatly alleviated their grief.

Well, the body remained, then, until Sunday, the 14th. The funeral occurred at 12 m. on that day, and was the largest funeral that was ever in this section of country. By good judges the number of people were estimated at from twelve to fifteen hundred, and by some as high as two thousand. There were about eighty Masons in the procession. The Carthage Cornet Band headed the procession, and played a dirge which I composed for the occasion. I will send you a copy of the score in a few days. The services at the house were conducted by Rev. O. M. Legate, pastor of the Presbyterian church here, and were excellent and appropriate. At the grave, I, as Master of the Lodge, conducted the solemn burial service of the Craft. The day was delightful—there having been a fine shower the night before—and the large concourse of family and relatives were most deeply interested and favorably impressed by our Masonic burial service. At the giving of the public Grand Honors, "Unto the grave we have consigned the body of our deceased brother, &c.," the brethren all gave the action with one accord, and with heartfelt solemnity. There was not a dry eye in the whole vast assemblage of spectators. Hundreds of people were there who never before saw a Masonic burial, and many of them expressed themselves as wishing to be thus laid in the grave. Indeed, the whole thing—the preparation and sending the body home so handsomely by friends and brethren at Portsmouth, and its reception and burial here by the Fraternity, has produced an effect in the minds of the people that they will never forget. The services passed off excellently; and I am the freer to say this, as it was occasioned by the promptness and assistance of all the brethren. Bro. Lyle Bines acted as Marshal, and I have never seen his post filled better. Among the brethren who attended, I may mention our venerable Brother Eli West, who, though *very* feeble and bowed down with infirmities, could not resist the impulse to be present at the burial of a brother. Also Bro. Giddins Smith, whose gray hairs and bent form spoke most eloquently of the kind and loving care exhibited at the decease of a brother, even when age saps the strength, and the "silver bowl be almost broken at the fountain."

* * * * * * * * *

Thus, my brother, have we laid another brother away to his last resting place—a brother we all cherished and loved; and when I die my prayer is that I may thus be placed in the hands of my brethren of the Order.

When I finally left the house of Mr. Nichols, yesterday, when we returned, after the burial, the old father and mother grasped my hands and tried again and again to express their heartfelt thanks to the brethren for their kindness; but each effort was futile—they could not speak more than a broken "God bless you! God bless you!"

* * * * * * * * *

Fraternally, your Brother,
CHAS. T. HAMMOND,
W.·. M.·. Carthage Lodge, 158.

Cheerful Charity.

The charity of Masons and lodges should not only be liberal, but should be cheerfully bestowed, as a privilege to the donor, realizing that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The Masons and lodges of this District have been called upon very frequently for aid. It has generally been bestowed in a Masonic manner. Occasionally a brother having claims upon the Craft is treated carelessly, and at other times patronizingly. He is told that there are impostors—that the brethren are weary of giving, and is advised to go elsewhere. Such indifference to the claims of a brother will destroy masonic charity in the heart of the offending Mason, and if persisted in on the part of a lodge, will destroy the growth of the lodge itself and finally secure its very extinction. There is that giveth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet and it tendeth to poverty, a maxim equally applicable to a fraternity and to the individual brother.

Give judiciously, brethren, but give, give always, within and without the lodge, give words of cheer and acts of kindness, give of your time and money, "be not weary in well doing."

A RARE OLD BOOK has been presented to us by Mr. W. B. LUNDIE, a soldier and patient of Mt. Pleasant Hospital, whose father is a Mason. His son, designing to be a craftsman at the first opportunity, appreciates and studies historic Masonry. The old book bears the imprint of Edinburgh, MDCCLXI, and is styled "the Freemason's Pocket Companion," containing the origin, progress, and present state of that ancient fraternity; the Institution of the Grand Lodges of Scotland, list of Grand Masters and other officers of the Grand Lodges of Scotland and Ireland, their customs, orders and regulations. There is in the Appendix the act of the Associate Synod against Freemasonry and a reply. The only remark we make at present, on this book, which we shall use from time to time, is that the older works are much fuller on the antiquity of Masonry, and the position of its great age is more boldly taken than by modern writers.

There is the same sort and amount of proof of the antiquity of the masonic fraternity that there is of the antiquity of the Catholic or Episcopal Churches. He who doubts the antiquity of Masonry, may well doubt all history, sacred and profane,

There has been also less modifications of even the non-essentials of masonry from the past than there has been of those of the Church. The essentials of masonry remain intact.

A Masonry in Demand.

We want a Masonry that goes into the family and makes a man a better husband, a kinder father, a more devoted patriot and less a mere partizan, a more liberal and devoted Christian, and less a religious party man; that makes a Mason not negligent of the ritual and forms of Masonry, but imbued with its spirit and full of its charity and brotherly love; a Mason that banishes "the small measures of the counter, the small baskets of the stalls, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, beet-root from vinegar, alum from bread, lard from butter, strychnine from wine, and water from milk cans," that does not put "all the big strawberries and peaches on the top and all the bad ones at the bottom," that pays its debts, that is gratefull for kindness rendered, that evades no obligation because verbal, that is not given to gossip or slander, to covetousness, that bestows favors more liberally than it demnnds them, that estimates the institution high enough to pay two dollars for a paper, and is devising means of usefulness rather than combining the elements of opposition to good works among us. Have you not met with some Masons, whose whole masonic biography would be summed up in this—that they have taken degrees, wore an apron or sash in a procession, and voted down all propositions of enlarged benevolence.

Our late Brother George P. Morris, the Lyric Masonic Poet.

"Woodman, Spare the Tree," "Origin of Yankee Doodle," "My Mother's Bible," "We were Boys Together," "Boatman's Haste," "Near the Lake," "Cottager's Welcome," "Song of Home," make Bro. Morris remembered wherever the English language is spoken. He excelled in song-writing, the potent department of literature. There are more popular songs from his pen than from any other writer of the present. For the second piece in the foregoing list he originally received $25, but when Morris wished to incorporate it in his book of poems, such was its popularity that the publisher asked $1,500. For the third piece, Atwill offered $1,000 after it had been in print two years. Of the first piece, millions of copies have been sold. Balfe, Sir John Stephenson, Sir Henry Bishop, and many others have set many of Morris's songs to symphonies. * He received $12,000 from the sale of his poems. Morris first transferred negro melodies from plantation to parlor. For his drama, "Brier Cliff," in 1827, he received $3,500; and for the operatic *libretto*, "The Maid of Saxony," $2,500, in 1842. Twenty-five thousand copies of his collected prose tales have been sold. When Percival, Halleck, and Pinckney were our poets, Morris was the Tom Moore of America.

In 1845, Brother Morris started the *National Press*, which, in 1860, was changed to the *Home Journal*, with which Willis has been since associated.

A well known friend of his writes, that although Brother Morris had his enemies, "in fifteen years (of his intimate acquaintance) I never heard him speak unkindly of a living being—even of those who were systematically his traducers."

Without wealth his masonic heart was liberal with his purse to appeals to his kindness. As a family man, as a personal friend, his was a frank, loving, Christian, Templar spirit—good, genial, and noble.

For years Brother Morris lived at his fine country seat, "Undercliff," at the base of one of the noblest mountains of the Hudson River Highlands, to be admired the more hereafter as the residence of the lyric, and most popular song-writer of America.

After an illness of many months, on Monday afternoon, at one o'clock, July —, our Brother breathed his last. He sings no more.

> "He sings no more? Nay—from a thousand voices,
> Nay—from ten thousand hearts which song rejoices;
> The Poet dies; but Truth and Song remains,
> And speak a thrill in blest immortal strains.
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> And cheer life's pilgrimage from morn till even,
> When Song on earth shall rise to Song in Heaven."

Brother Morris was for a long time a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, of New York, and a Knight Templar.

We append one of Brother Morris's masonic songs:

FUNERAL HYMN.

"Man dieth and wasteth away,
  And where is he?"—Hark from the skies,
I hear a voice answer and say:
  "The spirit of man never dies;
His body, which came from the earth,
  Must mingle again with the sod,
But his soul, which in Heaven had birth,
  Returns to the bosom of God."

The sky will be burnt as a scroll,
  The earth wrapt in flames will expire;
But, freed from all shackles, the soul
  Will rise in the midst of the fire.
Then Brothers mourn not for the dead,
  Who rest from their labors, forgiven;
Learn this from your Bible instead,
  The grave is the gate-way to Heaven.

Oh, Lord God Almighty! to Thee
  We turn as our solace above;
The waters may fail from the sea,
  But not from Thy fountains of love;
Oh teach us Thy will to obey,
  And sing with one heart and accord,
"The Lord gives—the Lord takes away,
  And praised be the name of the Lord."

Clandestine Masonry.

From a letter from a distinguished Mason of New Orleans, we find our conjectures right about Mr. Hahn. He thus writes:

In 1850, and especially in 1856, certain recusant Masons, headed by one James Foulhouse, claiming to be a 33d under the Grand Orient of France, set up a spurious supreme council and established lodges here by his own authority as a 33d—some ten or fifteen of them—and made us great trouble; even by force and fraud taking possession of some of our lodge property, to the extent of say $50,000, and which was only recovered after three suits carried to the Supreme Court, and a lapse of three years. Their dispossession of this property gave them their death-blow. Gov. Hahn, though physically disqualified was made in one of these lodges, and this is all the Masonry he has or can have.

These are now pretty much used up and we have long since ceased to pay much regard to them. In our proceedings from 1857 to 1861 you will find most of the controversy.

Frederick the Great—An Account of his becoming a Freemason, by Thomas Carlyle.

The Craft desire to read what Carlyle says about the Freemasonry of Frederick the Great.

In treating of Frederick's journey to Loo, Carlyle denominates the initiation of his hero—"a trifling incident of the journey." How can the uninitiated and selfish Carlyle understand and explain the secret of Frederick's greatness, his liberal and generous impulses for humanity, far in advance of his age, and pre-eminently singular in a monarch of that time! These were necessarily unaccountable to a non-masonic biographer.

With Frederick the Great, Masonry was a living principle. He was a Mason not merely of ritualism and of the letter, but one of the heart and life. Carlyle does not preserve silence in regard to this part of the monarch's history. He gives the facts in his possession, in his own depreciating dress.

The Crown Prince becomes a Mason Aug. 15, 1738:

"Among the dinner-guests at Loo, one of those three days, was a Prince of Lippe-Bückeburg—Prince of small territory, but of great speculation, whose territory lies on the Weser, leading to Dutch connections, and whose speculations stretch over all the Universe in a high fantastic style: he was a dinner guest; and one of the topics that came up was Freemasonry; a phantasmal kind of object, which had kindled itself, or rekindled, in those years, in England first of all, and was now hovering about a good deal in Germany and other countries, pretending to be a new light of Heaven, and not a bog meteor of phosphureted hydrogen, conspicuous in the murk of things. Bog-meteor, foolish putrescent will-o'-wisp, his Majesty promptly defined it to be: Tomfoolery and *Kinderspiel*, what else? Whereupon ingenious Bückeburg, who was himself a Mason, a man of forty by this time, and had high things in him of the Quixotic type, ventured on defense, and was so respectful, eloquent, dexterous, ingenious, he quite captivated, if not his Majesty, at least the Crown-Prince, who was more enthusiastic for high things. Crown-Prince, after table, took his Durchlaucht of Bückeburg aside, talked further on the subject, expressed his admiration, his conviction, his wish to be admitted into such a Hero Fraternity. Nothing could be welcomer to Durchlaucht. And so, in all privacy, it was made up between them that Durchlaucht, summoning as many mystic brothers out of Hamburg as were needful, should be in waiting with them on the Crown-Prince's road homeward—say at Brunswick, night before the Fair, where we are to be—and there make the Crown-Prince a Mason.

"This is Bielfeld's account, repeated ever since; substantially correct, except that the scene was not Loo at all: dinner and dialogue, it now appears, took place in Durchlaucht's own neighborhood during the Cleve Review time; "probably at Minden, 17th July," and all was settled into fixed programme before Loo came in sight. Bielfeld's report of the subsequent procedure at Brunswick, as he saw it, and was himself part of it, is liable to no mistakes, at least of the involuntary kind, and may, for anything we know, be correct in every particular.

"He says (veiling it under discreet asterisks, which are now decipherable enough,) the Durchlaucht of Lippe-Bückeburg had summoned six Brethren of the Hamburg Lodge, of whom we mention only a Graf von Kielmannsegge, a Baron von Oberg, both from Hanover, and Bielfeld himself, a Merchant's Son, of Hamburg: these, with "Kielmannsegge's Valet to act as Tyler"—Valet being also a Mason, and the rule equality of mankind—were to have the honor of initiating the Crown Prince. They arrived at the Western Gate of Brunswick on the 11th of August, as prearranged; Prussian Majesty not yet come, but coming punctually on the morrow. It is Fair-time; all manner of traders, pedlers, showmen rendezvousing; many neighboring nobility too, as was still the habit. "Such a bulk of light luggage?" said the Custom-house people at the Gate, but were pacified by slipping them a ducat; upon which we drove to "Korn's Hotel," (if any body now knew it,) and there patiently waited. No great things of a Hotel, says Bielfeld, but can be put up with; worst feature is, we discover a Hanover acquaintance lodging close by, nothing but a wooden partition between us: How if he should overhear?

"Prussian Majesty and suite, under univerral cannon salvos, arrived Sunday the 12th, to stay till Wednesday (three days) with his august son-in-law and daughter here. Durchlaucht Lippe presents himself at Court, the rest of us not; privately settles with the Prince: "Tuesday night, eve of his Majesty's departure, that shall be the night; at Korn's Hotel late enough!" And there, accordingly, on the appointed night, 14th–15th August, 1738, the light luggage trunks have yielded their stage properties; Jachin and Boaz are set up, and all things are ready; Tyler (Kielmannsegge's Valet) watching with drawn sword against the profane. * * * And soon after midnight the Crown-Prince glides in, a Captain Wartensleben accompanying, who is also a candidate, and the mysterious rites are accomplished on both of them, on the Crown-Prince first, without accident, and in the usual way.

"Bielfeld could not enough admire the demeanor of this Prince, his clearness, sense, quiet brilliancy; and how he was so "intrepid," and "possessed himself so gracefully in the most critical instants." Extremely genial air, and so young; looks younger even than his years; handsome to a degree, though of short stature. Physiognomy, features, quite charming; fine auburn hair (*beau brun*,) a negligent plenty of it; his large blue eyes have something at once severe, sweet, and gracious. Eligible Mason indeed. Had better make dispatch at present, lest Papa be getting on the road before him! Bielfeld delivered a small address, composed beforehand, with which the Prince seemed to be content. And so, with masonic grip, they made their adieus for the present, and the Crown Prince and Wartensleben were back at their posts, ready for the road along with his Majesty.

* * * * * * *

"The Captain Wartensleben, fellow recipient of the mysteries at Brunswick, is youngest son, by a second marriage, of old Feldmarschall Wartensleben, now deceased, and is consequently Uncle, Half-Uncle, of poor Lieutenant Katte, though some years younger than Katte would now have been. Tender memories hang by Wartensleben, in a silent way! He is Captain in the Potsdam Giants; somewhat an intimate, and not undeservedly so, of the Crown-Prince; succeeds Wolden as Hofmarschall at Reinsbarg not many months after this, Wolden having died of an apoplectic stroke. * * * The Crown-Prince prosecuted his Masonry at Reinsberg or elsewhere occasionally for a year or two, but was never ardent in it, and very soon after his Accession left off altogether: "Child's-play and *ignis fatuus* mainly! A Royal Lodge was established at Berlin, of which the new King consented to be patron; but he never once entered the place, and only his Portrait (a welcomely good one, still to be found there) presided over the mysteries in that Establishment. Harmless "fire," but too "fatuous;" mere flame-circles cut in the air, for infants, we know how!

* * * * * * *

"No other result now traceable to us of that adventure in Korn's Hotel, crowning event of the journey to Loo."

It is strange that Carlyle repeats the stale remark employed about every Freemason of noted position, that he followed it in younger years, disregarded it in maturer, and finally abandoned it altogether. This is a glaring falsehood as applied to Frederick. He was an ardent patron of the rite, even to his dying moments. In 1755, the grade of Patriarch Noachite, or Chevalier of Prussia, was arranged in its present form by Frederick the Great, and has become the twenty-first grade of the ancient and accepted rite. The first officer is called Lieutenant, representing Frederick the Great of Prussia. And the only excellent paintings of Frederick the Great represent him decorated with the jewel of the degree.

On the 25th of October, 1762, the King of Prussia was proclaimed the chief of the Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Rite, with the title of Sovereign Grand Inspector General and Grand Commander. The king himself established the thirty-third degree.

On the 1st of May, 1786, the King of Prussia, at Berlin, ratified the Grand Constitutions of the Supreme Council of the thirty-third degree.

"No other results." Nay, Carlyle. These are the results of that adventure in Korn's Hotel. We trace to that adventure the Prince's love of philosophy, his great philanthropies and magnanimities. It made him a busy man, walking "boldly into his grand enterprise of making men happy." It gave him the idea of his new order of knighthood, the *Order of merit*, the great and coveted distinction among Prussians. It urged him to proclaim—"my will henceforth is, if it ever chance that my particular interest and the general good of my country should seem to go against each other, in that case, my will is that the latter always be preferred."

It caused him to set on foot a continuous mode of management for the poor, and to appoint his most intimate and royal friend, Jordon, "Inspector of the Poor," with salary and plan and the requisites of the office. In the following November it set to spin one thousand poor old women, the destitute of Berlin, at his majesty's charge, and new-planked, partitioned, and warmed the vacant houses hired for them in the suburbs. It opened corn-magazines for the destitute. It caused Frederick to abolish the use of the torture in criminal cases. It caused him to build academics of science and protect them. It caused him to reckon "a man seeking truth and love" "precious in any human society." It caused him to proclaim that "all religions must be tolerated and the fiscal must have an eye that none of them make unjust encroachments on the other." It caused him to make the press free, to declare "*la presse est libre*," even when it barked at his door. It gave him benevolence, sympathy for his subjects, and respect for the memory of the deceased.

German poetry received its first true living value, and one of high originality, through this masonic Frederick, says Goethe.

Masonry made the reign of Frederick the Great, the richest period of Prussia's history, and laid a solid foundation for it in the hearts of the people.

Such are the results of "the adventure in Korn's Hotel."

The successors of this great Mason, like their great progenitor, have ever made the institution of Masonry the object of their care, solicitude and encouragement. Under such patronage the masonic lodges of Prussia grant stipends to students, artists, and mechanics, free board to students, to widows, and other needy persons; providing fire-wood for the indigent, and in other similar acts of beneficence.

The following classification of the members of the Prussian lodges is interesting in this connection:

Members of royal families, 19; of the learned classes and professions, 5,457; judicial, State, and other public officers, 2,256; military, 1,280; merchants, music-dealers, and manufacturers, 5,652; artists, 1,774; foresters, 191; miners, 124; hotel and restaurant keepers, 338; agents, 113; proprietors of estates and farmers, 2,289; students, 50; surgeons, 47; navigators and sailors, 129; mechanics of the different trades, 1,243; all other classes, 713.

The lodge of which Frederick was a member, under the name of "To the Three Crowns," No. 53, located at Konigsburg, (once the capital of Prussia,) is in a flourishing condition. It has a large fund for the aid of the sick and needy, founded by Frederick the Great, and augmented by the gift of two wealthy brothers and the Prince of Prussia.

Masonic Congress—Universal and Uniform Marine Signals.

In the September number of the NATIONAL FREEMASON, we adverted to one enterprise appropriate to a universal masonic Congress. We now notice another, on which Masonry, years ago, took an initiative. (See some of the first Nos. of the FREEMASON.) We refer to a universal marine language. The Governments of France and England have agreed upon a system of commercial signals to be used at sea by the vessels of both nations. It consists of eighteen flags, joined 2 and 2, 3 and 3, 4 and 4, so as to obtain 78,000 combinations. By these all the necessary communications at sea, and the signal names of vessels of war and commerce of all nations, in proximity, may be expressed. For distant signals, combinations are obtained by three balls and two flags. The French and English still have each their private signals, understood only by officers and persons in their own naval service.

National jealousies and the embarrassments in procuring international agreement have prevented a general code of commercial signals, by a universal language, used and understood by ships of various nationalities. The English and French have settled this for themselves. English and French sea-captains may converse at sea, make known their wants and receive aid. Being extended to light-houses, by the English and French, it enables vessels at sea to communicate with the shore, thus proving valuable to vessels arriving upon a strange coast. Masonry took the initiative years ago. England and France have fully adopted a common marine language.

Let the United States and other nations adopt the same and make it the universal marine language. The English and French so desire it. It can be practically adopted by the ships of other nations. It will suit every emergency and can be readily used by strangers. It is simple and inexpensive. It will add new guarantees to the comfort of ocean voyagers.

A slight, non-partizan interest on this subject will secure its adoption by the United States. We urge it upon the proper authorities.

The Grand Lodge of I. O. B. B.

Met at Philadelphia in August. This is an organization of American Israelites, of 5,000 members and thirteen grand lodges. The Independent Order B'nai Berith is only twenty years old and has already done immense good to the poor and sick, the widows and orphans. Measures are being adopted to have an orphan asylum in each grand lodge. Library associations are doing well in the cities. The association of this city is the only literary society, we believe, that lives and thrives during the summer months.

Our brother of the *Israelite*, thus discourses:

> The objections raised against this order are its secrets. It is maintained that secret societies have no right to exist in this enlightened age. This is a mistake, however. In the first place, the age is far from being enlightened. A large number of enlightened men live in our days, that is sure; but the generality of mankind cling tenaciously to social and religious prejudices, so much so, indeed, that the most absurd doctrines win the most admirers, and pure reason counts its votaries by individuals only, while absurdity can reckon upon communities. In the second place, it is a mistake that enlightened men should have no secrets. The means of union, if legitimate, must be efficient; it is perfectly indifferent whether they are secret or public. In our particular case, however, the proof of efficiency is conspicuous.

Who is there cannot heartily approve of all the objects specified in the following preamble and declaration of principles, except the last? And who can object to our Israelite friends doing for their religions what all Christian bodies are doing for theirs? Yet we must express our doubt about the expediency of the multiplication of charitable societies, and our conviction that what the Israelites need is more association and admixture with the community generally and societies already established.

The following is the constitution and preamble:

> The Independent Order B'nai Berith, having taken upon itself the mission of uniting the Sons of Israel in the sacred work of promoting the highest interests of humanity, especially to relieve the wants of the poor and needy, to visit and attend the sick, to protect and assist the widow and orphan, on the broadest principles of brotherly love; furthermore, to develop and elevate the mental and moral character of our race by a liberal support of science and art, and the inculcation of the holiest and purest principles of philanthropy, honor, and patriotism; and above all, to promulgate the sublime and eternal doctrines of Judaism among its professors, and to defend, preserve, and diffuse the embodiment of all those dictates of humanity—holds the following cardinal principles:
>
> 1. All men are brothers, sons of one God, and vested with the same inalienable rights.
> 2. While nations and associations must be governed by law—the incarnation of absolute justice—the social relations among individuals should be regulated by the dictates of love.
> 3. Charity and Enlightenment are for suffering humanity the choicest gifts of love: the Sons of the Covenant are specially charged with the practice of the former, and the diffusion of the latter.
> 4. The great interests of humanity are best promoted by the combined efforts of associated philanthropists, and protected against all undue interference of opponents, by wise measures and provisions.
> 5. The divine and everlasting doctrines of Judaism are the basis of all civilization and enlightenment, of universal charity and fraternization: their promulgation and observance, therefore, are but the inculcation and practice of all these great boons of humanity.

The Masonic Mission.

We can never withhold the aid of our paper to give efficiency to the charitable sentiments of our Institution. With this view we invoke continued attention to the efforts of our brethren in New York, to sustain the thirty Masonic missionaries of humanity now in the Army of the Potomac, and to augment their number.

The Masonic Mission realized $500 by the Theatrical Benefit given it in New York. The treasurer, Bro. Jno. W. Simons, P. G. M., N. Y., thus notices it: In behalf of the Board of Officers, we tender our thanks to Manager and patrons, and assure them that our efforts to make the Mission worthy of the name it bears shall be unceasing, and worthy of this noble response to its first public appeal. Will not the managers of other places of public entertainment emulate the kindness of the Old Bowery, its company and its patrons?

Thus far this agency has met the approval of the President, Gen. Grant, the Surgeon General, Sec. Welles, Sec. Stanton, Gen. McClellan, and Mrs. Gen. Fremont, and many Members of Congress. We are pleased to see our good brother, the P. G. M. of Maryland, Rev. Dr. McJilton, interested in this work, and the officers of the Christian Commission ready to encourage. Dr. Valentine Mott, of New York, says that these nurses "are both efficient and practical. Besides being experienced women in the care of the sick, they are actuated by a strong and noble wish to be useful to the wounded and suffering."

The following is a specimen of letters from the surgeons of the army: "Mrs. Edson and the nurses have rendered invaluable aid to our sick and wounded. They have performed their duties with great ability and satisfaction. Let the aid sent on through this source be more increased."

Let this Mission grow; let every brother do something; let every Lodge contribute; let the Masons in the army encourage, and their friends at home employ this agency; let the Masons throughout the country furnish funds; let the Grand Lodges imitate the noble example of Indiana in its contribution of $1,000 to the Sanitary Commission; let rooms be opened here on a plan similar to the Sanitary and Christian Commissions; let permanence be given to this movement, for its agency will be more needed after the war is finished than even now, in relieving the suffering and distress abiding among us for generations, the result of war.

We find that Jay Cooke & Co. have contributed $100 to this enterprise.

Donations may be sent to J. W. Simons, 30 Catharine street, N. Y., or to the Editor, Washington City.

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An Item.—The Duke of Manchester, who was recently installed as Provincial Grand Master of Freemasonry of Huntingdon and Northampton, (England) made a suggestion which will probably startle the brethren. He proposes that discussions should be held in the lodges for the purpose of reconciling the apparent contradictions "between the facts as related in the sacred writings and the facts as discovered by scientific men." Such, he thinks, was once the business of the lodges, and Masons now-a-days "would enter on such discussions with becoming reverence."—*San Francisco Mercury.*

Corner-Stone at Chicago.

The corner-stone of the new Chamber of Commerce at Chicago was laid with masonic ceremonies.

Rev. Dr. Tiffany offered the prayer. Hon. Bro. Grand Master Turner laid the stone and made the addresses. The following is an extract:

> Men and brethren here assembled, be it known unto you that we be lawful Masons, true and faithful to the laws of our country, and engaged by solemn obligations to erect magnificent buildings to be serviceable to the brethren, and to fear God, the Great Architect of the Universe. We have among us, concealed from the eyes of all men, secrets which cannot be divulged, and which have never been found out; but these secrets are lawful and honorable, and not repugnant to the laws of God or man. They were intrusted in peace and honor to the Masons of ancient times, and having been faithfully transmitted to us, it is our duty to convey them unimpaired to the latest posterity. Unless our Craft were good, and our calling honorable, we should not have lasted for so many centuries, nor should we have been honored with the patronage of so many illustrious men in all ages, who have ever shown themselves ready to promote our interests and defend us from all adversaries. We are assembled here to-day, in the face of you all, to build a house which we pray God may deserve to prosper, by becoming a place of concourse for good men, and promoting harmony and brotherly love throughout the world till time shall be no more.

The following odes were sung:

Let Masons' fame resound
Through all the nations 'round,
  From pole to pole:
See what felicity,
Harmless simplicity,
Like electricity,
  Runs through the whole.

Long may our Craft be free,
And may they ever be
  Great, as of yore:
For many ages past,
Masonry has stood fast,
And may its glory last
  Till time's no more.

And—

Accept, Great Builder of the Skies,
Our heart-felt acts of sacrifice!
Each brother found a living stone,
While bending low before Thy throne.

While Craftsmen true their work prepare,
With thoughts unstained, and holy care,
May each be fitly formed and placed
Where Love Divine his hopes had traced.

The wheat, representing plenty, used in the ceremony, was the produce of *seven* foreign nations of Europe, Asia and Africa and from eleven States (North and South) of the Union—a symbolic representation of the universality of the Order. In the masonic part of the procession were representatives of seven foreign nations and from every State of the Union.

Disgraceful Proceedings.—A Correction.

> "Degeneracy of Northern Masons.—The Masonic fraternity have hitherto been of the opinion that the acts of vandalism hitherto practiced by the Federal soldiers in the various Masonic Lodges of Mississippi, were not the acts of Masons, but of hired soldiers, incited by a desire of booty: but we blush to record an instance which shows that they have been mistaken. During the last visit of the enemy to Port Gibson, they visited the Lodge room, stole the regalia and jewels, and tore up and destroyed the records and papers of Washington Lodge, No. 3, and Clinton Chapter, No. 2. They also destroyed the Charter of said Chapter, issued by the Grand Chapter of the United States, September 18, 1826, and signed by De Witt Clinton. And, as if to add insult to injury, one of the party left on the altar a card, on which was inscribed, 'Thomas Price, W. M. of Peoria Lodge, No. 15, Peoria, Illinois.' In the Revolutionary War, when a Charter of a Lodge, and its records had fallen into British hands, they were promptly returned by a flag of truce, under a guard of honor. How different the conduct of W. M. Price, who, by his action, seems to have gloried in destroying the records and papers of an institution devoted to benevolence."

If the above be true we trust that the whole Craft of Illinois will purge themselves of this perjured Mason. The *Courier* declares that this Price is certainly not Master of the Lodge, but "Peter Hopkins." Gen. Butler, in his department, with his unquestioned loyalty and devotion to the Union, issued orders for the protection of Masonic property everywhere, by all in his department. Let humbler Masons, uninstructed and rapidly hurried through Masonic Lessons, learn from this distinguished and honored Mason their duty.

Masonry First in the Temperance Reform.

REPLY.—We have received a very impertinent note about some Freemasons being addicted to intemperance. We regret that occasionally we meet with a Mason who does not strictly observe the law of masonic temperance. Such should leave the Order if they cannot reform and cease to bring reproach upon our noble institution.

We aver that there is no collection of men anywhere of equal numbers, who approximate the consistency of the masonic fraternity in this regard. Liquors are almost universally by custom and law, interdicted from their banquets.

The first pledge of teetotalism in England was drawn up by a Freemason. The first Temperance Society on record was established by the Freemasons of Italy, one hundred and fifteen years ago, 1748, April 28, Pope Clement XII issued his famous anti-masonic Bull against the Order, forbidding its use by Roman Catholics. The Italian Masons continued to meet, and to evade the temporal penalties of the Bull, extending in some instances to the infliction of capital punishment, they changed their exoteric name, and called themselves *Xerophagists*, a compound of two Greek words signifying "those who live without drinking." This title they selected because they introduced a pledge of total abstinence into their by-laws. The Freemasons were the pioneers in this reformation.

Who are the leaders in the temperance reform in this city? Among the clergy who were more prominent than Sir Knight Dr. Sunderland, and among the laity than Sir Knight Cammack, the Grand Treasurer?

From our Masonic Correspondent at Buenos Ayres, S. A.

[A member of Washington Centennial Lodge.]

DR. MCMURDY: We arrived here in safety, after a very tedious passage of sixty days, not seeing land or hailing a vessel from the time we left New York until we made the mouth of the River Plate, or Rio de la Plata, when we saw in the distance looming up the barren sand-banks of Cape San Maria, but, barren as they were, they were the most welcome sight to our landsmen's eyes that only they who have been at sea for the first time, and that in a sailing-vessel, can appreciate our feelings. A sea life, at the best, is a dreary, lonesome one to a landsman; but one in a sailing vessel, how much worse, being entirely at the mercy of the winds and waves—now sailing east when our destination is south, and some days *vice versa*. Our captain was very much afraid of the Brazilian coast and Cape St. Roque, and actually, when we had a good wind for a southerly course, he turned the head of the vessel east to make more easting. We were then four hundred and eighty miles from the coast, but in his eyes we were too near to weather it, and went one hundred and twenty miles further east, or just so much out of our way. * * * *

Montevideo is built after the Venetian style, most of the houses being only one story high, with an open court in the center, and the rooms all around opening into it. This court is generally filled with flowers and tropical fruits, which gave the city the appearance of almost enchantment to our eyes who had only seen blue water and sky so long.

There are very few foreigners here. However, enough have been found to found a lodge under a charter from the Grand Lodge of England, and it is called the English Lodge. I think there is also a German Lodge, and some six or seven native ones. The English had adjourned their communications until March on account of the extreme heat, so I did not have the pleasure of visiting it. I made the acquaintance, however, of several of its members—Americans —of whom I will mention as being particularly kind to us Dr. P. Bourse, surgeon dentist, who has been in South America for twenty years—a perfect gentleman and a warm-hearted Mason.

Bro. Bate and his partner, Bro. Vandevere, one from Connecticut and the other from New York, both treated us with much kindness; also Bro. Hiram Tuttle, American Consul for Uruguay. Bros. Bates and Tuttle have both returned from the States within a short time. After staying a few days in Montevideo, we took the Paraguay steamer, and after one night on the Rio de la Plata, we arrived at this city, (Buenos Ayres,) which we found to be a place of about one hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants. Here we also found an English lodge, but it had adjourned for the same reason as that in Montevideo. There are, I think, some twenty lodges here—one English, working the same way as the one I spoke of before; one French, working under the Grand Lodge here; one Italian, working under an Italian charter; and the rest, excepting one German, working under the Grand Lodge of Buenos Ayres. Masonry has suffered a great deal of persecution here from Jesuitism, and, in fact, now, although this is a republic, no masonic processions are allowed —not even to bury a brother. I visited the English lodge here twice, and they work in regular English style. This lodge is composed almost exclusively of Englishmen, although there are about twelve or fifteen American members, including the clergyman of the American Methodist chapel. There is some talk among them of organizing an American lodge under an American charter. An American, Mr. Livingston, was elected Worshipful Master of the English lodge for the ensuing year on the last communication, and will be installed on St. John's Day of this month (June). I have made the acquaintance of a brother Mason, an old Spaniard, who has taken the 33d. He was once condemned to imprisonment for nine years in Barcelona, Spain, for being a Mason. He has truly been tried by the fire. At the time he was Master of a lodge, and his own lodge and two others were surrounded the nights of meeting and all the members arrested and thrown in prison. But, thanks to Masonry, which can sometimes break the bars of a prison window, they were released very mysteriously one night, and my friend, with others, put on board a man-of-war then lying in the harbor, which before morning put to sea, and was soon out of Spanish waters. That vessel, with her masonic commander, thank God, hailed from the United States, and from her mast-head floated the stars and stripes. I shall visit, (God willing,) on Monday next, the Italian lodge. * * * * * *

Masonry in Asia.

[From our correspondent.]

MY DEAR DOCTOR: * * * The NATIONAL FREEMASON is a welcome visitor in these remote parts.

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The District Grand Lodge of Bengal, India, has just closed, (June 25.) P.·. G.·. M.·. Sandeman and D.·. P.·. G.·. M.·. Brown were present. It is the custom here for any brother being absent to send his apology. "The financial condition of the Order occupied chief attention. It appears that the hall servants of Freemason's Hall, Calcutta, by the introduction of gas have been deprived of their usual perquisites, and their pay being low, the rate of wages was increased for the Sindar bearer, Mates bearer, Durwan, Mehtur, Abdar and Sircar." [Will correspondent explain the duties of these?]

After the close of the meeting there was a fine repast at the banqueting hall. The first toast was the Queen; the second, the M.·. W.·. the Earl of Zetland; the third, the Sister Grand Lodges; the fourth, the Provincial Grand Master R.·. W.·. Bro. Sandeman. There were singing and music by piano between all the toasts. Bro. Sandeman in response to the fourth toast, among other things, said: "The good of Masonry was a matter he had deeply at heart: and although probably the brethren would believe him when he declared himself a tolerably amiable husband, (laughter,) he must confess that he had somewhat tyrannically sought to prove to his wife on all and every occasion that Masonry was other than what the world supposed it to be. He was happy, however, to assure the brethren that his teaching had been successful, and his wife, he was proud to say, was as good and as zealous a Mason and as fond of the Order as any of them. (Hear, hear.) It was only a few days since that Mrs. Sandeman, in writing from England, referred to the very happy occasion when she had the great pleasure of meeting at her house the representatives of Grand Lodge, and she had expressed the hope that, on her return in the ensuing cold weather, she might again have the like pleasure."

The fifth toast was, the Provincial Grand Officers. Bro. Brown in response, among other things, said: "It was true he had worked hard for Masonry, and that probably was partly the reason why he had the honor of holding his present high position in the Craft, thanks also to the generosity of their Provincial Grand Master. But he would say this to the brethren—if all in Masonry would work with the same steadfastness and energy which they brought to bear on the affairs of every-day life, the result could not but be favorable to the Order and to themselves."

Other toasts followed. The piano is used at our banquets here. * * * * * *

On the 4th of July Bro. Hoff was elected an honorary member of the Lodge "Himalayan Brotherhood," Simla. The W.·. M.·. said on this occasion, that Bro. Hoff was the son of a well-known Mason, a high officer of the District Grand Lodge, and he was the Editor of the *Indian Freemason's Friend*. * * *

June 21, a new lodge was organized at Delhi, and with the thermometer at 104 degrees in the shade, brethren went from Meerut to assist. The new W.·. M.·. remarked that he should strictly guard the ancient landmarks against least encroachment, that on occasions when solemnity of deportment is necessary, he would not tolerate the nearest attempt at levity, and that he should expect every member to qualify himself to perform the duties of any office in the lodge whenever called upon to do so. * * * *

Speech of Grand Master Paige, of New York, at laying a Corner Stone at Buffalo, N. Y., September 2, 1864.

BRETHREN AND FRIENDS: It is with heartfelt thanks to the pastor and members of this society, that we, the speculative architects of a passing hour, have been permitted to share, however humbly, in an undertaking which reflects so much credit upon them as a society, and when completed, will add so much to the beauty and adornment of this the Queen City of the Lakes, a city already noted for its churches, its schools, and all other enterprises tending to the improvement and happiness of the human race. It has been deemed appropriate that the Freemasons of our day, as they have done in all civilized countries of the earth for centuries past, should lay the foundation stone of public edifices, and in the quaint old style of the Craft approve the beginning of such enterprises as this, and crave blessings on their successful completion. The rules of architecture have been applied to this foundation stone, and it has been laid according to the rules of that ancient science. There is no mysticism in such an act. The square, the level, and the plumb, have each to us their intrinsic and speaking lessons, and their "language has literally gone throughout the earth, and their words to the end of the world." I need not here repeat them, for they have become as familiar as household words. But the curious may inquire why Freemasons should participate in such an undertaking as the present, and sympathize with its objects. The first lesson we are taught in Masonry is perfect faith and reliance upon God, the Supreme Architect of the Universe, and the first object presented to our view as we enter its asylums, is the volume of His revealed will, and what enterprise of the day should claim so ready a sympathy from us as the erection of a Temple to be dedicated to His worship. And as Masonry regards the human species as one great family, bound to aid and support and protect each other, it unites men of every tongue, creed, sect, and opinion, and leaves each untrammelled to search as he will, to resolve as he may, all questions of religious faith, while *he* turns a listening ear to the "still, sad music of humanity." It leaves to other associations the higher and holier duties of religion; and while acting in harmony with them, is content to distribute among men its *own* homely treasures, its corn, wine, and oil. My brethren, the tools of our Craft are each of them teachers and preachers of moral truth. Let not their familiarity cause our ears to grow so dull as to convey no impulse to the soul. Let us ever act upon the square, walk by the plumb, and tread with careful footsteps upon the level of Time, toward that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns. Sectarian distinctions have never yet divided us; political strife among us has never invaded our quiet retreat. Let nothing mar the beautiful proportions of our great *spiritual temple*, which the storms of worldly contention have hitherto assailed in vain. So let us live that when we come to die, and kind hands shall consign our remains to the grave, that our surviving brethren may bend over us and say, "The corner stone of his moral and masonic edifice was well laid, and found to be true, tried, and trusty," and he has become fitted as a living stone for that Temple of God—a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

RATHER PROUD OF IT.—Since his election by the Grand Orient, M.·. W.·. Bro. Magnan seems to be rather proud of his position, and to acknowledge the unnatural relations held by him under the Emperor's appointment, for he now signs himself, "Magnan, of France, *Elected* Grand Master of Masons."—*Dispatch.*

"What, then, is Masonry?"

From the Univers Maconnique.

We reply, it is much; it is of the utmost importance, or it is nothing at all.

It is nothing to the vulgar man or to the wicked. It is much to the sensible and the virtuous man. It is nothing, any more than colors to the blind, music to the deaf, poetry and fine arts to brutes, to the ambitious, to the avaricious, the egotistical, the untrue. It is much to the sensible, sincere, and generous man, who knows the ills of humanity and would remedy them.

She is neither a *plot*, a *faction*, or a *party;* she serves the ambition, the cunning, or the cruelty of no one.

She is order and truth in all things; she is the hatred of vice, the love of virtue; she is the living voice, saying: "*Do not unto others that which you would not others should do unto you;*" on the contrary, "*Do as you would be done by.*" She is the calm amid the tempest, a light-house in shipwreck, consolation in misfortune, the antidote against every kind of tyranny, fanaticism, and lies. In a word, she is the true bond of nations, the preserver of that moral balance the wicked would destroy. Thus, she is everything to those who understand her, nothing to those whose souls are dead, or, rather, she is the mirror in which they dare not look.

What was she, in ancient times, for *Tiberius*, for *Caligula*, for *Nero?* Just what she is now for those who resemble them.

Some one has said that Masonry was a *religion*. That is true, if we may apply the name to an institution that leaves no doubt after it, that opens no door to argument on her principles and precepts. It is the clearest, the simplest of all religions—that which has the nearest affinity to the good sense with which Heaven has endowed us, and on this account it is not to be confounded with the others. Read and judge. All religions take charge of a man at his birth, and keep him in charge till he dies. Masonry, on the contrary, only accepts a man when he has arrived at mature age, and when his intelligence enables him to appreciate the value of things. A given ceremony makes an infant a portion of a given church, as, for example, *circumcision* or *baptism* make him a *Jew* or a *Christian* before he is in any way capable of understanding the prescribed *dogmas* of those sects. The *baptism* of Masonry is *science* and *virtue*—the initiate hears and understands what is said to him; the lamp of reason is placed in his own hands. By the aid of *science* he is taught everything that God has designed man should know to distinguish good from evil, the true from the false, liberty from license, courage from cowardice, honesty from fraud, generosity from cruel egotism.

By *virtue* he learns to subdue the obstacles arising from ignorance or dishonesty. It is the baptism of honor and knowledge; it is initiation in the dignity, the grandeur of humanity; certainly no religion can lead us nearer the Deity.

Men are so curiously organized that nearly every one believes his neighbor's *religion* to be *false*. Yet no man, except through ignorance or folly, can make the same accusation against Masonry, for she is the touchstone of all truth, as every one who knows her must be convinced. Religions, whether true or false, are protected by sovereigns, and sustained by the treasure of the people. Masonry depends upon herself, and upon God who created light. Religions lead their chiefs to *power*, *opulence*, and to *greatness*. Masonry confers neither greatness, riches or power; it is the only priesthood that *costs the people nothing;* it is the only army that makes war at its own expense, hence it may be justly called *the army of the good against the bad, of the brave and true against the cowardly and perfidious*. Such soldiers look not for their reward at the hands of men; they find it in the consciousness of well-doing, which is, after all, true happiness.

In conclusion, we repeat these words, becoming daily of greater truth, "*Teach and propagate true Masonry, and you will have rendered the world a greater service than all its legislators.*"

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An Honorable Vocation.—A somewhat amusing case was argued before a committee of the Grand Orient of France, on the appeal of a lodge as to whether a candidate could be objected to on the ground that, being a waiter in a tavern, he was not in the practice of a *free* and honorable profession, and, therefore, under the constitution could not be initiated into Masonry. No question was raised as to the honorable character of the candidate. The committee, after a long dissertation, arrived at the conclusion that the profession of waiter is not necessarily dishonorable, and that those who practice it are sufficiently free to entitle them to initiation when otherwise properly qualified. —*Dispatch.*

Proficiency.

One of the requisite qualifications for advancement to a higher Degree is suitable proficiency in the preceding. Unfortunately this qualification is not sufficiently insisted upon, and candidates are too often rushed through the degrees in a brief period of time, without having acquired an adequate knowledge of the fundamental principles of the Order, and without having the slightest conception of the meaning of the ceremonies through which they are constrained to pass. The theory is, that the applicant for advancement to a higher degree must pass an examination in open lodge touching his proficiency in the preceding degrees, and if this theory were rigidly put in practice the evil would in a great measure be remedied. But the examination of the candidate is too often conducted in a loose and unsatisfactory manner, frequently being carried on in so low a tone that scarcely a member of the lodge can hear a word that is uttered, and of course cannot be competent to judge of the qualifications of the applicant and must be guided entirely by the report of the brother who conducts the examination.

This is all wrong, and is doing an injustice both to the candidate and to the Order. If less haste and more care were manifested in the examination of candidates it would be better for all concerned. Lodges should look more to the quality than to the quantity of their members. A few skillful brethren will accomplish a far greater amount of good than a large number of ignorant ones. Let us do our work faithfully as we proceed, and let each stone when raised to the Temple be thoroughly fitted for its place.

The proficiency of officers is also an important requisite. No brother should accept office in a lodge unless fully qualified to perform its duties. An ignorant master and unskillful wardens reflect discredit not only on their own lodge but, by their incapacity to explain the peculiar tenets of the Craft, on the whole Fraternity. In 1844 the Grand Lodge of Ireland adopted, on this subject, resolutions declaring that no brother should be considered eligible for, or admissible to the office of Junior or Senior Deacon until, by strict examination, in full lodge, he had proved himself able to administer the mysteries of initiation to a candidate in the first degree, nor for the office of Junior or Senior Warden until, by like examination, he had proved that he was able to pass a candidate to the second degree, nor for the office of master until he had proven his ability to enter, pass, and raise a candidate through the three degrees.

A regulation of this kind ought to be adopted by every Grand Lodge in the Universe.—*Mercury.*

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The Prince of Wales.—Among the gossip contained in several of the late English papers, we see it stated that His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, heir apparent to the throne of England, "has made the formal application preliminary in all cases to a person becoming a Freemason;" which in common masonic parlance means, that he has petitioned some lodge—the Grand Master's we presume—to be initiated. If his character be found good and his record clear, we trust the prayer of his petition will be granted, for he is descended from a royal line the most distinguished of which have been eminent Craftsmen. His grandfather Edward, Duke of Kent, was an enthusiastic brother, and a Past Grand Master; while his grand-uncles, George the Fourth, William the Fourth, the Duke of Cumberland, and the Duke of Sussex, were not only patrons of the royal art but promoted its interest on every proper occasion. The latter estimable brother, it will be remembered, was, from the 12th of February, 1812, to the time of his death, March 21, 1843, Grand Master of England, and was absolutely a working member of the Fraternity.

We presume that shortly after the reception of the degrees by the Prince of Wales, we shall hear of his assuming the title of Grand Protector of English Masonry, if he be not elevated to the masonic throne.—*Courier.*

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I Don't Believe.—I don't believe in Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes nor Sunday-go-to-meeting religion. No more do I believe in "lodge Masonry." By that expression I mean the sort of Masonry that keeps a man straight on the night of a lodge meeting, but lets him play the antiquated diabolus with his brethren during the week days. Do you? I think when a man has been obligated as a Master Mason it fits him like a wet shirt, and he can't get it off. Don't you?—*Dispatch.*

TIDINGS FROM THE CRAFT.

Grand Council of Connecticut—Met at New Haven May 10. The M.·. P.·. Grand Master, in his address, deplores the want of uniformity of work in his jurisdiction, and narrates his visit to Boston, and his reception of the "Super Excellent Master's" degree, with power to confer it upon Royal and Select Masters. The Grand Master says:

"The degree of Super Excellent Master is comparatively unknown in our State, and has never been recognized by this Grand Council. The degree is now, however, conferred and recognized in the Grand Councils of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New York, and seems to be coming into general use; and wherever it has been introduced, it is thought much of, and considered a great addition to the Council degrees. From these facts, and from my knowledge of it, I would recommend that this degree be placed among the degrees recognized by the Constitution and By-Laws of this Grand Council."

Proceedings of Council of Connecticut.—The degree of Super Excellent Master was adopted and recognized by the Grand Council.

Bro. Gould was elected M.·. P.·. G.·. Master, and Bro. Hunt, G.·. R.·.

G.·. Commandery Knts. Templar of Penn.—Met at Carlisle, June 13, A. O. 746. We extract from the address of G.·. C.·. Goodwin:

"The order of Knights Templar has seen and survived the rise and fall of many nations, and the birth and death of many generations of men: fixed upon the Rock of Ages, and firmly grounded upon the eternal principles of the religion of Christ, it has come down to us through many centuries of time, pure and unspotted from the world. Let it be our most diligent care and earnest endeavor to transmit it to our successors, and to generations yet unborn, with its doctrines and practices of patience and perseverance, of constancy and courage, of faith and humility, and all the manly and Christian virtues here so beautifully taught and exemplified, untarnished and unsullied.

"I have been called upon during the past year to make but one official decision—it was the following: "That it is right and proper to confer the Orders of Knighthood upon any number of applicants at one and the same time."

* * * *

Sir Knt. Stanley was re-elected G.·. C.·., and Sir Knt. Creigh, G.·. R.·.

There are seven record monuments to the deceased Sir Knts. of the last year, appended to the Journal. They are in exquisite taste. We give the words of the first:

"This record monument is inscribed to the memory of Rev. Sam'l E. Babcock, of Pittsburg Commandery, No. 1, who died April 1, 1864.

The avenues that led
To immortality, before him lay
He saw, with Faith's far-seeing eye, the fount
Of life—his Father's house—his Saviour, God.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Grand Commandery of New York.—Met September 13, thirty-two Subordinate Commanderies represented. The Grand Commander, Orrin Welch, in his excellent address, says:

"In all the varying fortunes of our Grand Commandery, there has been no time when greater union has prevailed in our counsels and more abundant harmony and concord in our ranks; no time when the Divine favor has been so manifestly extended to us, no season when greater prosperity has attended our labors, and when we were more earnestly called to bow in humble adoration and thanksgiving at the footstool of Him whose mercy endureth forever."

The following thirteen decisions were ratified by the G.·. C.·.:

"I. That it is proper for a commandery to confer the orders of Knighthood upon a Royal Arch Mason, not a contributing member of a lodge or chapter, provided that he has regularly received the degrees from E. A. to R. A., is not suspended or expelled from the rights and benefits of Masonry, and is not at the time under censure.

"II. That the right to call for the reconsideration of a favorable ballot, at any time previous to conferring the orders, lies with the Sir Knight desiring the same, and not with the commandery or Commander."

"III. That it is the duty of the Commander to receive and act upon a demand for the reconsideration of a favorable ballot, when made by a Sir Knight in good standing under his command, whether the same be made in the commandery or out of it.

"IV. That an expelled Sir Knight may be restored to the rights and benefits of Templar Masonry by a majority vote of the commandery by which he was expelled; but that he cannot be restored to membership in the commandery, except by petition, after such restoration and unanimous ballot, as in the case of any other non-affiliated Sir Knight.

"V. That a visiting Sir Knight filling temporarily an office in a commandery, is not thereby entitled to vote in its proceedings, though, on request, the right of speech may be accorded him as a matter of knightly courtesy.

"VI. That the orders of the Commander must at all times be obeyed; the remedy for an apparent wrong not being in disobedience, but an appeal to higher authority.

"VII. That honorary membership confers no absolute rights, and is but the expression of a compliment to the learning, skill, and service of the recipient, and that hence a Sir Knight may be an honorary member of as many different commanderies as may choose to confer that honor upon him.

"VIII. That there is no provision of law regulating the interval to occur between the reception of the orders; but it is earnestly recommended, as a measure of prudence, that not more than one order should be conferred upon the same candidate on the same day, except in cases of emergency.

"IX. That in all ballots in a commandery, the rules that govern are identical with those that apply in a Blue Lodge.

"X. That a non-affiliated Knight in good standing may, on petition, be received a member of any regular commandery, without regard to residence.

"XI. That a commandery U. D. has the same territorial jurisdiction over candidates as a warranted commandery.

"XII. That when a commandery fails, from any cause, to hold its election at the time appointed by the Statutes and Regulations, it cannot proceed to elect at a subsequent period without a dispensation from the Grand Commander.

"XIII. That when an application for the Knightly Orders has been rejected, the time required to elapse before the presentation of another petition is to be fixed by the By-Laws, or in the absence of any provision in them, by a vote of the commandery."

◆

CONGRESSIONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY BRO. B. B. FRENCH.

[Continued from page 46, vol. II.]

The truth of this remark has been established almost to the letter, for within a very few years after the burning of the office, a very large number of the models were replaced by the inventors, and, with the new ones added, would have gone very far toward filling a building of the size indicated.

On the 4th of March, 1837, Martin Van Buren was inaugurated as the eighth President of the United States. The day was perfectly clear, the ground white with snow, and the weather chilly. The grounds on the east front of the Capitol were densely crowded with people. At 12 o'clock the President (Jackson) and President elect entered the north gate in the carriage then recently presented to the former, made of wood from the old frigate Constitution, drawn by four white horses, and escorted by the Washington City Dragoons, and several companies of light infantry. They were received with immense cheering. After repairing to the Senate Chamber, as usual, they appeared with the Senate, Supreme Court, &c., on the platform erected on the front portico, and Mr. Van Buren delivered his inaugural, and the oath was administered to him by Chief Justice Marshall. So commenced the administration of "the Little Magician," as he was popularly termed, but who, as it turned out, had not magic enough in his nature to insure a re-election to office.

Chapter V.

The troublous times through which the nation was passing at the commencement of Mr. Van Buren's Administration, soon made it necessary that he should issue his proclamation calling together the Twenty-Fifth Congress, which he did in May, 1837, calling upon the Senators and Representatives to assemble in Washington on the 4th day of September of that year.

On the latter day quorums of both Houses were present, and commenced business. James K. Polk, of Tennesse, was elected Speaker of the House, and Walter S. Franklin, of Pennsylvania, Clerk. There being much doubt, in consequence of the springing up of a party calling themselves "Conservatives," who would be elected Speaker, the election of Colonel Polk was regarded as an Administration triumph. On the following Thursday, however, by the union of a few Democrats with the Conservatives and Whigs, Thomas Allen was elected Printer, and the *job* was at once turned over to Gales & Seaton. This placed political matters in a somewhat uncertain position, and everybody seemed to be at fault as to what was actually to be done. Both branches soon came to a determination to do no other business than that for which the session was specially called. For seven weeks both Houses labored well, speeches were made *ad nauseam*, a grand effort was made to pass a bill establishing a Sub-Treasury system of keeping and disbursing the public money but it failed in the House by a majority of thirteen votes. Congress, however, legislated, as they believed, and as it turned out sufficiently to enable the Administration to weather the suspension storm, and adjourned on the 16th day of October.

Two features worthy of remembrance, marked this extra session; the secession of Hon. Wm. C. Rives of the Senate from the Administration, and the support of its policy by Hon. John C. Calhoun, who thus placed himself in direct opposition to his colleague, Hon. Wm. C. Preston.

There were many night sessions during the time of the extra session, and as the description of one will answer, with very few alterations, for a description of all, I will copy one which I wrote during that session, and which will be recognized as truthful by any person who happened to be present during the time occupied by such an effort to legislate by one party against the will of another.

"The vast Hall of Representatives, perhaps the most magnificent room in the world, is brilliantly lighted by astral lamps and candles.* The beautifully painted roof, the vast pillars supporting it, which entirely surround the Hall, the crimson drapery about the Speaker's chair and between the columns, the splendid gilded lamps upon the Speaker's and Clerk's tables, all appear richer, if possible, by artificial light than by the light of day, as it is introduced into that Hall. The galleries are usually crowded during the evening session, particularly the ladies' gallery, with much of the gentility of Washington. The members of the House are usually nearly all in their places, and, by a recent rule, they sit uncovered, which adds very much to their personal appearance; and as the Senate is not often in session at night, 'the potent, grave and reverend seignors' may be seen scattered about the Hall.

"If the House happen to be *in good humor*, and some interesting subject is under debate, I know of no more imposing spectacle than an evening session. But when eleven or twelve o'clock arrives, the spectators begin to thin off, and the members drop away one after another; those who remain become tired and sleepy; the spit-boxes seem to acquire the faculty of locomotion; many members are suddenly seized with bad coughs; loud yawns may occasionally be heard, as if some sleeper were dreaming he was crying 'fire.' By one o'clock the debates get angry, motions to adjourn are made every five minutes, only to be negatived; the noise and confusion becomes so *conspicuous* that the Speaker is compelled to notice it, and he calls 'Order! order,' at the top of his voice. For two minutes, perhaps, stillness will be restored; then a single spit-box will begin to move; and in another instant all is again confusion. The Speaker calls upon the House to *assist* him in preserving order, and the *House*, usually having tolerable control over the *House's legs and arms and lungs*, will assist the Speaker, and order will be again restored. By this time members may be seen sleeping in their seats, or stretched upon the sofas and chairs, and even upon the carpet in the rear of the collonade, under the ladies' gallery, and behind the Speaker's chair.

"At two o'clock or thereabouts, some one will move a call of the House, and, if it is agreed to, the Clerk calls over the roll, and all who do not answer upon the first call, are again called. The doors of the Hall are then closed, a list of the absentees is made out, and the Sergeant-at-Arms is dispatched *to arrest* them and bring them before the House. At about four a. m., this officer begins to report the names of those members who are in custody outside the door; they come into the Hall wrapped in their cloaks or overcoats, with their toilets unattended to, looking as little like 'the first gentlemen in America' as possible. Their names are called as they appear, and their excuses taken; some are fined, some excused, just as the caprice of the house happens to dictate. Some are very angry that they have thus been called out of their comfortable beds, others take it as a capital joke and laugh it off as such. By daybreak a quorum is in attendance, and after wasting the night, a little after sunrise, perhaps the House, in its wisdom, adjourns!"

Beneficial results seldom arise from a night session, and followed, as they formerly were, night after night, they were terribly wearing upon the constitution and health of those who were compelled to sit them out. When I write this (1846) the rules of the House have been so modified that a vote can be reached upon a measure without resorting to the old fashion of "sitting out a debate," as was necessary when there was no limit to speech making, as there now is by the hour rule.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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*1859. The House left the old Hall two years ago for the new Hall in the south wing of the Capitol extension. The new Hall, although larger and more gaudily fitted up, lacks the imposing appearance of the old Hall. The new Hall is lighted with gas, as was the old one several years after the above was written.

THE WORLD MADE FOR MAN.

(By George Herbert, a Divine and Poet of the Seventeenth Century.)

For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow;
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed:
Night draws the curtain which the sun withdraws:
Music and light attend our head;
All things unto our flesh are kind,
In their descent and being; to our mind,
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of duty:
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat;
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty?
Then how are all things neat!

More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of. In every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan
O mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since, then, my God, thou hast
So brave a palace built, O, dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee, at last!
Till then afford us so much wit,
That, as the world serves us, we may serve Thee;
And both Thy servants be.

A True Lady.

"I cannot forbear pointing out to you, my dearest child," said Lord Collingwood to his daughter, "the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all people on all occasions. Never forget that you are a gentlewoman, and all your words and actions should make you gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear, good mother—say a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper, but, my darling, it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than anything I ever undertook."

◆

None so Blind as Those Who Will not See—is an old adage often confirmed in daily life, and well exemplified in the following from a French country newspaper: "An inhabitant of Besancon, Mr. Viel Picard, has recently presented the municipality with forty thousand francs to aid in the construction of docks; last year he gave thirty thousand francs to aid in extending a Catholic asylum for the poor of the city. If anything can add to this munificence on the part of Mr. Viel Picard it is the fact he is an Israelite and thus giving his means without regard to religious belief, he demonstrates his perfect understanding of charity."

The true secret of the matter and one which in a spirit of unfairness, the newspaper in question forgets to state, is that Mr. Picard is a *Mason*, belonging to Sincerity Lodge at Besancon, and as such has learned to do good according to his opportunity without regard to religious belief or political opinion.—*Dispatch.*

◆

Gody's Lady's Book.—The October number has more than its usual variety of embellishments. The Young Draught Player is an admirable piece. Among the literary articles we notice, Taking Boarders for Company, The Minister's Wife, Beauty and the Beast, Heroism, and '59. The Lady's Book, owing to the enormous increase of the price of paper, will advance its price. Notice of what the increase will be in the November number.

Arthur's Home Magazine for October has a fine engraving "The Maitherless Bairn" and fashion plates. Among its pieces we notice The Summer in Brimfield, Rachel, The Victor, Kings and Queens of England, Go Forward, and Life.

The Lady's Friend for October contains "Peep," a beautifully executed steel engraving of a mother and her little girl. There are numerous engravings. Among the literary contributions we note Scatter Blessings, Two Years Lost, Life is Good, The Imported Hen, A Turn in Fortune's Wheel, Why I did'nt Mary Grant Hueson, and Castles in the Air.

Working on Sundays.

We commend the following, from the *Courier*, to some good friends, companions and Sir Knights, who sometimes meet unnecessarily, on Sunday, to confer degrees. Let this cease among us, and let such go to church with their families:

There can, in our opinion, be nothing more hurtful to the cause of genuine Freemasonry, than for a lodge or chapter, as such, to hold a meeting for the purpose of work on the seventh day of the week, which, by the laws of the land, has been set apart as the Sabbath of the nation. Any irreverence or disrespect shown to religion, on the part of any society, must deservedly lower it in the eyes of a Christian community. The Grand Lodge of New York, many years since, prohibited it; but, we believe, the Grand Chapter has not legislated on it. The time, however, has arrived when it should do so, for, on Sunday, 21st August last, a chapter, meeting at 8 Union Square, held what they termed an adjourned meeting—an illegality in itself—and conferred the Arch Degree on three candidates.—The whole proceeding was shameful.

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ROBERT McMURDY, D. D., LL. D., GRAND PRELATE OF GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF U. S., EDITOR, BOX 982.

MASTER MASON'S ODE.

BY WEBB.

Music—*Russia.*

Ah ! when shall we three meet, like them
Who met last at Jerusalem ?
Though three there were, yet one is not ;
He lies where Cassia marks the spot.

Though poor he was, with kings he trod ;
Though great, he himself knelt to God.
Ah ! when shall those restore again
The broken links of friendship's chain ?

Behold ! where mourning beauty bent,
In silence o'er his monument,
And wildly spread in sorrow there,
The ringlets of her flowing hair.

The future sons of grief shall sigh,
While standing round in mystic tie,
And raise their hands, alas ! to heaven,
In anguish that no hope is given.

Then whence I come, or whither go,
Ask me no more, nor seek to know;
Till three shall meet, to form like them,
The Grand Lodge of Jerusalem.

—*Trowel.*

THE ERRING.

BY JULIA A. FLETCHER.

"Charity never faileth."

Think gently of the erring !
Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came
In some unguarded hour.
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus they fell.

Think gently of the erring !
Oh ! do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet.
Heir of the self-same heritage !
Child of the self-same God !
He hath but stumbled in the path,
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak kindly to the erring !
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace are gone
Without the censure rough ?
It sure must be a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear,
And they who share a happier fate,
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring !
Thou yet mayst lead them back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet may be,
Deal gently with the erring one
As God has dealt with thee !

THE LAW OF LOVE.

2 Kings, iv : 3.

BY TRENCH.

Pour forth the oil—pour boldly forth ;
It will not fail, until
Thou failest vessels to provide
Which it may largely fill.

Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run ;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above ;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have;
Such is the law of love.

ROYAL ARCH OPENING.

BY BRO. J. M. WHITFIELD.

O Thou, our great High Priest !
Kindle the Sacred Fire,
Let every heart in Love increase,
And burn with pure desire.

While to our heavenly King,
We bring hearts filled with love,
Let every tongue unite to sing,
And praise the Word divine.

May Scribe, and Priest, and King,
And true companions join,
In harmony thy love to sing,
And praise the Word divine.

Let each a tribute bring
Unto the sacred Word;
And every heart responsive sing,
Holiness to the Lord.

Honors to God belong,
Let us unite in praise,
And fit our hearts by prayer and song,
The Royal Arch to raise.

HUMANITY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KINKEL.

"*I see but brothers.*"

Upon the hoary earth already
Have countless nations been enroll'd,
And holocausts to gods been offer'd,
Enthroned on altars manifold.

Again the pious will hereafter
To God still fairer altars build,
And sorrows yet unknown be suffer'd,
And with new joys the heart be fill'd.

It blinds me not ! With love's affection
The strife of time I gaze upon,
'Mid changing destinies and nations
Humanity rolls smoothly on.

I know that ne'er a day hath broken
Which gladden'd not one single breast ;
That ne'er a spring hath follow'd winter
But with a song the world it bless'd.

I know that from the goblet's torrent
Conceptions vast, creative, rise ;
I know that in a woman's kisses
A gentle fount of vigor lies.

I know that everywhere the heavens
Now darkly frown, now smile so bright,
That everywhere an eye believing
Beholds the starry host by night.

Thus 't is the same, the same forever,
That thrills through every human breast;
I see but brothers wheresoever
Mine eyes upon the earthball rest.

A link of that great chain which bindeth
The future to the past am I ;
I snatch from out the struggling surges
The jewel of humanity.

THE FOREST HOME.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

"There is no help for Brooks, I suppose."

"None in the world."

The first speaker shook his head. "It seems hard," he said, "to have a man's possessions swept from him in any such way ? Why was he fool enough to put his name to those papers ?"

"Because he has a kind, good heart, I suppose," responded the other, "and will at any time do almost anything to accommodate a friend."

"And this is what he gets for it. For my part, I'd rather not be quite so good natured," and, with something like a toss of the head and a derisive laugh, Miller turned down the street and entered his office.

"Yes," mused Willis, the speaker, still standing in the street—"hatred for love, ingratitude for kindness, and slander for well-doing—this is what a man often gets in this world. But what of all that ? upon us all is laid an obligation higher than any imposed by mortals. 'Be ye kindly affectioned one toward another,' is the command of Heaven, and I had rather meet with some reverses of fortune—experience a few of the ups and downs of life, than to go to the grave's verge close fisted and suspicious ever of my kind."

As he said this he walked on and overtook Judge Horton. "Brooks's property is all advertised to be sold at Sheriff's sale, I'm told," said the portly Judge, sticking his thumbs into the arm-holes of his vest, and turning square around with an anxious expression upon his face.

Willis bowed. "I'm sorry," continued the Judge, "sorry as though my own brother was the sufferer. What on earth is he, with his family, to do ? There's Mrs. Brooks who never did a day's hard work in her life, and Edith, his daughter, who is too sweet faced and lovely to blush unseen, and his two boys, Dick and Harry, smart, intelligent lads, who ought soon to be in College. What is going to become of them all ? Brooks ought not to have gone Green's security for such an amount ; but it's just like him—he'd go his death for any of us whom he calls his friends."

Willis did not reply and the Judge stood mute for a moment.

"I'm going to do all I can for them," at length he said, "and the fellow will have the sympathy of all his fellow craftsmen. The Masons must and will do their duty. But when we are in distress, we sometimes need something more tangible than a look of pity and a kind word—though these strengthen a man often times as a giant is said to be strengthened by wine. I've got a house and lot on Third street, where he is at liberty to live, rent free for the present, if he'll accept of it ; and I'll get him a situation as clerk in our office into the bargain. His boys will have to help him scuffle for a livelihood for a while, and Edith can give music lessons."

Willis started and blushed. He was a young man, and Edith Brooks had long held a favorable position in his eye. He had never been on any particular footing of intimacy with the family, but he had been in the habit of seeing Edith almost daily, and somehow her image was often uppermost in his mind. The idea of her being now condemned to the drudgery of teaching was repulsive to him. He struck his walking stick so decidedly into the sand at his feet that some of the shining particles flew up and struck his hand. But he was still silent, and the two passed on up Broad street together.

Everywhere before the stores, and at the corners, little knots of men were talking over Brooks's misfortune. Many of these were Freemasons, and all expressed regret and sympathy. But where had Peter Brooks meanwhile hidden himself?

He sat in the parlor at home, with his elbow resting on the table, and his hand supporting his head. His face was grave to sternness--his cheeks were sunken and pallid—his hair was dishevelled, and on his forehead there were furrows which seemed to be the imprint of years, but they had in reality been planted there by the relentless finger of care.

"Alice!" at length he said in a hoarse voice.

His wife, a sweet faced woman, some thirty-five years of age, arose hastily and stood beside him.

"My head aches very badly," he said, looking up with faded eyes into her face, "I believe this security affair will kill me. It is too bad! too bad! all that we have embellished and loved, depended upon, and worked for, must go now. Our children will be portionless—we ourselves, in our old age, little better than beggars."

Mrs. Brooks's face, to his great surprise, was very calm--almost serene. She passed around to the back of his chair, laid her soft, white hand upon his throbbing temples, and drew his head to her bosom. There was balm in her gentle touch, as well as music in her soft voice.

"It is a great blow to us all," she said quietly.

"Yes, Alice, the greatest that could possibly have fallen upon us. Heaven help us to bear it."

"I do not look upon it as being quite as bad as that, Peter. I had rather, a thousand times over, lose this pleasant home where we have all been so happy together, than to lose you or one of the children. We are all alive, and can still love, comfort, and help one-another."

"True, true, Alice. I had not thought of that. We have still something to be thankful for."

"O yes," continued the wife in the same hopeful tone. "Much, much to call forth gratitude, if we but look at the matter aright. We are all in the enjoyment of excellent health. I had rather lose my property than to have one of us smitten by an incurable disease. There are paralysis, cancers, palsy, and epilepsy, any one of which might have struck us down, and made us drag dying, miserable bodies about during the residue of our lives. But we are all well. The children have cheeks as ruddy as apples. We are remarkably vigorous, too, for people who will soon be in the decline of life."

"Yes," said Mr. Brooks, musingly.

"And, then, Dick and Harry are such promising boys, and Edith is so affectionate and amiable! How many boys give their parents anxiety and care, and end, perhaps, a course of dissipation by getting into the penitentiary. But our boys have not been given in the least to sowing wild oats. What a great blessing that is."

"Yes," again responded the husband, while a glance of pride and affection shot from his kindling eye. "Dick and Harry are fine fellows—I wanted to do a good part by them; educate them and set them up in business, but the game is up now," and again he sighed.

"They will not mind making their own way in life, as hundreds of smart men have done before them, I dare say," continued Mrs. Brooks, still cheerfully, "and Edith bore the news of your failure *so* well. She doesn't seem to mind going to live in a cabin in the forest in the least. She said that it would be delightful living in the country, and raising chickens, cultivating flowers, and supplying the table with vegetables of our own raising; and she said that she would have a little school, and board at home; and I don't know what plans she has not laid out for the future."

"God bless her!" fervently ejaculated the sire. "God bless her sweet face now and forever more! But the world, Alice! I dread the sneers of the world; business men will coldly shrug their shoulders, and say that I have been short sighted and verdant to be taken in any such way; but I always liked Green, and I had no idea that he would run away and leave me with his debts to pay."

"No," said Mrs. Brooks, "I know that you have a good, kind, unsuspicious heart, and we all love you the better for it. I had rather live in a cabin with you than in a palace with such a man as Miller, for instance. When he dies he will be rich, perhaps, in gold coin; but he can take none of it with him, while the niggardly, cross-grained dispositions and affection that he is culturing here will go with him to the Judgment. How poor he will feel there, my dear husband! No! no! I like my husband all the better for his open hand and generous heart, and there is One above who likes him, too;" and Mrs. Brooks bent her head over and touched his cheek with her lip.

Gradually the bankrupt's brow cleared up. He took his hat and went out into the street.

"There goes Brooks!" said Willis touching Horton's arm. "He looks cheerful enough. I don't see how he can take his misfortunes so coolly. He don't seem at all dispirited, only a little pale, perhaps. Let us pass over and speak to him." The two crossed over and warmly grasped his hand.

"Brooks, 'pon my word you are bearing this little clap of misfortune like a man—very little worsted by it, I see. Well, I'm glad to see it. I was just telling Willis of a little business I had with you this morning. I want you to take a clerkship in our office, and there's my house on Third street, which you are perfectly welcome to."

"Thank you! thank you! Judge; a friend in need is said to be a friend indeed. I cannot accept of your house, for I am going to move my family to the country; but I'll take the clerkship. I expect to earn my bread now by the sweat of my brow. Every morsel is to be honestly, perhaps painfully, but I trust nobly earned. He who gives me the opportunity of labor will confer a benefit upon me and mine."

"Well, the clerkship is yours, and I will aid you in any other way that I can. I know of a hundred men who will stand by you, too, in almost any emergency. A fellow with such friends as you need not be downhearted," and the Judge wiped his eyes with his coat-sleeve and passed on.

Almost everywhere, Peter Brooks met with unexpected sympathy—his heart grew light, almost gay, over these manifestations of friendship.

Time passed on, and a little log cabin in the wilderness received the family, who had before scarcely known what it was to have an ungratified want. Everything, almost, that they had once called their own had gone under the hammer. Costly pictures, plate, furniture, carpets, window shades, books, all were gone. As Brooks watched the cherished mementoes of other days disappearing one after another, the cheerful air of his family was hardly sufficient to dispel his gloom.

"Alice," he said again, "this is too bad! too bad! If this property were going for debts that I had contracted—for luxuries which we had purchased and enjoyed--I should not mind it so much; but it is going for what never afforded us any pleasure. Others reaped the benefit of what is now passing away from us forever."

Mrs. Brooks simply said, "yes," and then went on her way as quietly and cheerfully as before.

The little log cabin was very dark and very rough. No windows of glass admitted the golden light of Heaven. But Edith Brooks's laugh rang out there like bird music, and the boys came in with sparkling eyes and noisy tongues, declaring simultaneously that such fish never were seen as could be found in the stream which went foaming and dashing, and anon sleeping in quiet hollows far down in the depths of that wide old forest. The months, God's ministers, sent to talk over with us the sweet and instructive lessons of Nature, sped swiftly away. June came in with her dewy feet and rose garlanded brow. August, with his sultry breath and dust besprinkled robe. October like a warrior just returned from the field, with his trailing garments crimsoned with blood, and last of all, December, with his icy breath and ruddy fires.

Through all these, the Brooks family went cheerfully on their way, and God sent to their souls a new baptismal of *peace*.

To the imaginative spirit of Edith, it seemed that the Divine Hand had written the country all over with "living epistles" of goodness and mercy—epistles to poor, starving, and blinded humanity. She listened to the wind rustling the green leaves, and watched the birds building their nests among the boughs as she sewed by the door. Dick and Harry worked like giants, paling in the garden, clearing away underbrush, and raising vegetables and flowers for market. Never had they seemed happier in their lives. Their shouts startled the hare from its hiding place, and the thrush from her nest building.

The low, dark walls of the cabin were white-washed with perfect neatness. The floor was scoured until it was as stainless as the pine table which stood against the wall. Roses and althea, pansies and jessamine, were taught to bloom in the yard, and the wilderness assumed a new and lovelier aspect.

Mr. Brooks pursued his vocation in the Clerk's office with great diligence. As Judge Horton had foreseen, a host of friends clustered around him, ever ready to lend him a helping hand, and Plenty came into the Forest Home.

One night—when September had come with its golden days and cool nights—its aster flowers in the woods and golden rod nodding by the fences—when the fire flamed and flickered, and blazed up the ample chimney—Peter Brooks came in from his daily horseback ride to the village, threw off his overcoat, and sat down in the rocking chair which Edith had placed for him before the hearth. He looked around upon the tidy cabin and its cheerful inmates with a smiling air.

"Wife," he said, at last, "I believe we have lived in this out-of-the-way place three years, or so; havn't we?"

"Yes; three years come December."

"Things look a little more cheerful than they did when we first came; don't they?"

"Yes; somewhat more so, I will acknowledge," said Mrs. Brooks, smiling.

"Do you know, Alice," he said, "that I have often blessed God for making me a poor man?"

"No, I did not. On the contrary, I thought you took the matter rather sadly at first."

"So I did, Alice. But I am now convinced that there is one, even God, who knows what is best for us. Had I never met with reverses of fortune, I should never have known what treasures I possessed in you and the children—I should never have known what firm and reliable friends a parcel of Freemasons can become when misfortunes assail a fellow—I should never have known how deep a baptism of *quiet* rests upon an humble country life. Now when we move back and take our old stand in society, I shall understand all these things."

"When we move back, father? Pray, are we ever going to move back?" cried Edith, in surprise. "I didn't think we would ever get rich enough to move back."

"I have bought our old place again, to-day, and the pictures, and the piano, and most of the furniture has been re-purchased, daughter. Next week we will leave our forest home and try village life again. I must send Harry and Dick to college, and Mr Willis, I think, will welcome my daughter with a hearty good will back to Greenville." At this remark, Edith blushed deeply.

"How have you been able to do all this, husband?" said Mrs. Brooks, with surprise. "How could you re-purchase our old lot in Greenville?"

Mr. Brooks drew from his pocket a long letter, announcing the fact that a relative in England had died, leaving him an unencumbered estate.

"Here is the secret of it all, Alice," he replied.

"I did not know that you had a relative in the Old World," said Mrs. Brooks, thoughtfully.

"Neither did I, but Horton, who heard of this heirless estate, traced it all out and established my claim beyond a doubt. We are rich again, Alice—rich in dollars, but richer in a quiet confidence and trust in one another—a confidence born of affection and baptized in tears."

Seven years have passed since that night—Edith Brooks is now the wife of Mr. Willis. Dick and Harry are both successful lawyers, practicing their profession in an inland town, and Mr. Brooks and his wife are quietly going down the vale of life together.—Side by side they met the storm and out-lived the tempest. Their feet will soon go up the purple mountains to the far heights of the "White City" whose maker and builder is God. Mingled with the anthems which will then flow from their tongues will be a strain of thanksgiving that while on earth they were chastened and disciplined, restrained, strengthened, and guided by the unerring hand of infinite love. They will clearly see, amidst the brightness of the day that never dies, that not one drop of affliction could have been spared from the cup which they were made to drain. Oh! Blessed are the lessons of adversity! By quiet, patient endurance, as well as daring action, the Great Father is glorified, and those who tread with unfaltering steps and unmurmuring lips onward, right *onward*, where the narrow path of duty leads, shall at last sit down in peace beside the Crystal fountains and pluck the golden fruitage of a happier life.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

WALK with the beautiful and with the grand;
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her.
Walk with the beautiful!

I hear thee say, "The beautiful! what is it?"
Oh, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure
'T is no long, weary road its form to visit,
For thou canst make it smile beside thy door.
Then love the beautiful!

Ay, love it! 't is a sister that will bless,
And teach thee patience when thy heart is lonely:
The angels love it, for they wear its dress,
And thou art made a little lower only.
Then love the beautiful!

Sigh for it! kiss it when 't is in thy way;
Be its idolater as of a maiden.
Thy parents bent to it, and more than they
Be thou its worshipper. Another Eden
Comes with the beautiful!

Some boast its presence upon Helen's face;
Some in the pinion'd pipers of the skies;
But be not fool'd. Where'er thy eye might trace,
Searching the beautiful, it will arise.
Then seek it everywhere!

Thy bosom is its mint! the workmen are
Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee. Believing
The beautiful is master of a star,
Thou mak'st it so; but art thyself deceiving
If otherwise thy faith.

Dost thou see beauty in the violet cup?
I'll teach thee miracles. Walk on this heath,
And say to the neglected flowers, "Look up,
And be ye beautiful!" If thou hast faith,
They will obey thy word.

One thing, I warn thee: crook no knee to gold;
It is a witch of such almighty power
That it will turn thy young affections old.
I reach my hand to him who, hour by hour,
Preaches the beautiful!

Theology of Masonry.

Our attention has been called to the position in which we placed and left the Mason's creed in our last number, it being suggested that while every Mason will understand and approve it, yet inquirers without might infer that we were simply an association of Deists. Nothing can be more untrue or unfair, nor will any portion of that article bear any such construction, for we took especial pains to say, that what we gave as the Mason's creed were affirmative portions thereof, leaving the inference clear that there were other portions still; and further, that the creed, so far as stated, was a common ground upon which Masons could meet.

To make the matter clearer, however, we say, that what we stated as a Mason's creed every Mason must assent to, and from thence each may go his way; the Hebrew, Christian and others, each worshipping God in his own way; each teaching and holding such doctrinal views as suits him best, and each adhering to such forms of religious worship and government as best suits his views and belief.

We are much pleased to have the endorsement of P∴ G∴ M∴ Jonas, who says that he cannot see wherein our article furnishes "any grounds for fault-finding by any class of religionists."—*Trowel.*

NO REST.

BY J. H. BROWNE.

There's work—there's work to do!
Work for the willing heart and hand,
Life's fleeting period through;
I must not loiter—must not sleep,
Save in the friendly night,
Which hideth with her mantling shade
The labors of the light.

Oh no! I cannot rest to-day:
The human heart and mind,
In many a dark and sterile spot,
Is groping, halt, and blind;
And there are burdens to be borne,
And fetters to be broke,
And trees of evil to hew down
With many a tiresome stroke.

Oh no! I cannot rest to-day,
The foes are all around;
And some concealed in ambush lay,
And some dispute the ground.
Then let us gird the harness on,
To wrestle or to toil,
Assured the laborer yet shall reap
A timely generous spoil.

What! shall the Almighty hand prepare
A world-broad ripened field,
And we, who live and move thereon,
The sickle shun to wield?
Then labor—labor every day,
Forgetting selfish sorrow:
This harvest-hour alone is ours,
The storm may come to-morrow.

Then let us rest upon a day
When nothing's to be done,
If e'er such unexampled time
Should dawn beneath the sun.
And when the night of death comes down,
We'll join the sleeping number,
And in the green and quiet grave
The weary heart shall slumber.

But oh! the undecaying part!
Will it not plume its wings,
And labor upward—on and on,
'Midst immaterial things?
The soul—the never tiring soul—
Will it not work for ever,
And find its rest, its joy, its heaven,
Where labor ceaseth never?

Caution in Election of Candidates.

An ancient tradition informs us, that our brethren at the Temple were so circumspect in the choice of the materials intended for that stupendous edifice, that no stone was permitted to be received until it had passed the rigid examination of at least three overseers. The consequence of such a scrutiny was seen in the beauty and perfection of the building, which when completed, seemed, as our lectures inform us, to be the handiwork of the Supreme Architect of the Universe, rather than of mere human hands. Borrowing, as we do, all the symbolism of our speculative science from the operative art of our ancient brethren, it were well if we should remember that as the material stone, which could not pass the scrutiny of the overseers' squares at Jerusalem, was rejected and thrown aside as unworthy to form a component part of the House of the Lord, so should the candidate, whose moral qualifications are defective, be rejected by our lodges because unfitted to occupy, as a living stone, any portion of that symbolic Temple, "that house not made with hands," which is the constant labor of every Mason to erect.

The Masonic Secret Betrayed.

Brother *Punch*, we regret to observe, has, in his criticism of "This Year's Pictures," violated his masonic obligation to keep the masonic secret closely tiled within his heart. Noticing a picture by the famous Jolloper, Bro. *Punch* says: "Jolloper has executed but one picture, but it is very fine! It is called the *Masonic Lodge*, and he has represented, with the utmost fidelity, all the costumes, emblems, and signs of Masonry. The scene has dramatic interest. An intrusive waiter at the Freemason's tavern has forced his way into the lodge just as a new Brother is going to be made, and has instantly been cut down by the sword of the Tyler, while the Grand Master, waving the red hot gridiron, denounces the profane miscreant. The terror of the novice can be seen through the white nightcap drawn over his face."

We no more believe in the existence of Jolloper than we do in that of Sairey Gamp's "Mrs. Harris!" We do not believe that such a picture as the *Masonic Lodge* appeared in the last Exhibition! It is Bro. *Punch* himself who must be held responsible for confirming, with the weight of his authority, the popular belief in the important disclosure made many years ago in America, by Morgan, that the Freemasons use the red hot gridiron! He has shown even less discretion than a peon formerly in the service of Lodge *Humility with Fortitude*, in Calcutta, whose son, by the way, is to this day employed by *Chapter Hope.* The anecdote was related in 1855 in the old series of the *Indian Freemason's Friend.* When the meetings of the lodge used to be held in Fort William, Paunchoo was kindling coals for toasting muffins on the occasion of the ballot for a candidate. The latter, being left alone in the outer hall, walked about nervously for a time, and then, going up to the peon, asked him softly, "can you tell me, my good fellow, *why* you are preparing that fire?" Paunchoo, who knew the masonic secret, and was afterwards discovered to be in the habit of making money by conferring masonic degrees on his native fellow servants and friends and acquaintances generally, replied—"I hear a sahib is to be made a Mason to-night, and on such occasions I am *always* ordered to heat a small bar of iron; but for what purpose the iron is required I cannot say."—"Whew! they wont catch *me*," thought the candidate, congratulating himself on his sagacity. So buttoning up his coat, his mare was soon in a trot homewards, while his heart was no doubt in a gallop. The ballot turned out to be favorable; but great was the surprise of the brethren when they found that the candidate had vanished, a result which Paunchoo had never expected his joke would have produced. Explanation followed, and in a few days afterwards the candidate was initiated, and "Brother Paunchoo" was suspended for one month.—*Indian Freemason's Friend.*

The Moral Obligation of Masonry.

BY BRO. HOWE, OF CONN.

There is a great mistake concerning the true character of Masonry, even among Masons. If a Brother speaks no evil of another, either before his face or behind his back, and is ready to extend him a helping hand in every time of need, he is too ready to think that his duty as a Mason is done. Everything beside being friendly and ready to assist one another, everything else in Masonry is regarded too much as a mere form. In opposition to this error, let me speak somewhat of our moral obligations. These are shadowed forth in every emblem upon our carpet; they are impressed by the sight of our working tools; they are spoken in the charges given us at the various steps on our way to the position of Master Mason; they shine in the three great lights; they are typified in our masonic garments; and they are bound upon us in our sacred obligation. I need not remind you, my brothers, that our *lamb-skins* teach us *purity;* that by the *twenty-four inch gage*, we are taught so to divide our time as to find a portion for the service of God; that by the *common gavel*, we are taught "to divest our hearts and consciences of all vices and superfluities of life, thereby fitting our minds, as living stones, for that spiritual building, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" that "by the *plumb*, we are admonished to walk uprightly:" by the *square*, "to square our actions with virtue;" and by the *level*, "to remember that we are traveling upon the level of Time, to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns."

Reverence for God, Truth, Justice, Fortitude, Industry and Temperance, are just as much parts of our duties as Masons as is the relief of worthy and distressed brothers. Would that it were in my power to impress upon the mind of every Mason who hears me that this is a *moral*, yea, in no narrow sense, a *religious* institution; for such is the fact.

Of course, I have not time this evening to dwell upon all the virtues enjoined upon us as Masons. I desire, however, to speak particularly of two, *reverence for God*, and *Temperance*.

In the charge given us when we became Entered Apprentices, we were told, "There are three great duties, which, as a Mason, you are charged to inculcate—to God, your neighbor and yourself. *To God, in never mentioning His name but with that reverential awe which is due from a creature to his Creator*," &c. When first, as Fellow Crafts, we entered the inner chamber of King Solomon's Temple, the first thing which attracted our attention was the letter G, the initials of Deity, before whom, as we were taught, all, from the youngest Entered Apprentice to the W.·. M.·. in the East, do most reverently bow. He, then, who utters an oath, is as truly guilty of unmasonic conduct as he who slanders or cheats a brother Mason.

Again, as Entered Apprentices we were charged "to avoid all *irregularity* and *intemperance*, which may impair your faculties, or debase the dignity of your profession. We come here to learn to subdue our passions and govern our appetites. As Master Masons, we receive the charge that, "to preserve the reputation of the fraternity unsullied, must be your constant care;" that "your virtue, honor and reputation are concerned in supporting with dignity the character you now bear," as Master Mason. He, then, who gives himself over to intemperance, as I said in reference to profanity, is as guilty of unmasonic conduct as he who utters a slander against his brother or defrauds him of his rights. I have not the time, nor is there need, to notice now the abhorrence with which God looks upon profanity and intemperance; nor the evil consequences of these vices. I call your attention to the fact, that he who indulges in these, does suffer harm to come to a brother Mason; yea, not only suffers it, but he himself inflicts the harm, and, therefore, violates his sacred obligation.

In all societies of men, each member suffers on account of the wrong-doing of every other member. This is especially true of secret societies. Now, one profane, licentious, intemperate Mason, brings a reproach upon the whole masonic Order, and, to a certain extent, destroys the influence and good name of all brother Masons. Let me dwell here a little and illustrate the point I am making. Here is one who is habitually profane. Even in public, it may be, he will fill the air with such oaths as make one sick of human nature. "Ah," says an enemy, "there is Masonry." "That is the man you call brother." "That thing which you consider so moral and noble, permits this, does it?" Even your friend wonders how a good man, one who reverences his God, can associate on brotherly terms with such. And thus it happens, that the upright and moral brother is brought under suspicion by the oaths of the profane. Men think—and I for one cannot blame them for the thought—that if one is willing to call such a man brother, his moral convictions cannot be as strong as they ought to be. Every oath, then, falling from the lips of a Mason, involves not only disobedience to the charge given on entering here, and is not only a sin against respectable society and a crime against God, but also a violation of the obligation which makes us Masons. The profane swearer wrongs his brother. I suffer in my good name and in my influence as a man, a Christian, and a preacher, on account of oaths uttered by brother Masons; and not I alone, but so also, to a greater or less extent, does every other brother. Masonry is thus made a reproach, and this reproach falls upon all its members. I have a right to demand of every brother, from the youngest Entered Apprentice to the W.·. M.·. in the East, that he cease from all profanity; a right to demand it, not only on the ground of reverence toward God, and regard for society in general, but a right to demand it on the strength of our sacred obligation. No man has a right thus to disgrace Masonry and so wrong every brother. Take my money, if you will—cheat me in this respect, and I will forgive the dishonesty, for it is a little thing of which you deprive me; but when you strike a blow at my good name and influence, you do me a deep wrong—you take from me that which is beyond the value of gold.

The same argument applies to intemperance. Said one who dislikes Masonry and a certain member of this Lodge in about equal degrees, "The difficulty with him is, that he is in with all these drunken Masons." Said a lady of intelligence and refinement in a neighboring town to a clerical brother, "What! you a Mason!" adding immediately, "Well, I don't know anything about Masonry itself, but the Masons here are a drunken set." Since that time one, at least, has been expelled from the Lodge in that town. If, in that neighboring Lodge, there are a "drunken set" of men, it was but natural that a pure and noble lady should be surprised to find a minister of the Gospel among such. It were not strange that those who know nothing of our principles and our rules should lose confidence in one who voluntarily associates intimately with such.

I, for one, am willing to bear all the reproach which comes through Masonry as such, but I am not willing to bear the reproach which comes through the abuse of Masonry by its own members. Look at this matter. I am traveling with friends who know me to be a Mason, and the letter G goes winding and staggering through the car. My friend says, "Oh, a brother Mason!" Or behind us sits one bearing the badge of our order, who fills our ears with oaths. My friend looks around and says, "Ah, a brother Mason!" This staggering man has no right to that badge, and if I could remove it I would do so, and send it to the Lodge of which he is a member, with an account of his unmasonic conduct. That profane traveller has no right to that badge. It is a falsehood for him to wear it. He is not a Mason in his heart, and he acts not the Mason in his life. This is what I urge here, that by immoral conduct the Mason brings reproach and suspicion upon our Order, and thus injures the whole brotherhood.

I have dwelt upon these two vices—profanity and intemperance—because it is by these, I think, that we suffer most at present, and from these we are generally in the greatest danger, for they are common, and to a certain extent, fashionable vices.

I do not believe that any merely human society can make a fairer show of virtue, honor and integrity than this our Lodge. I am not ashamed, rather I am proud, of my association with Masons. The father of a pure and noble boy, if he detects a spot upon his character, or a danger which threatens it, is led by his very affection and honest pride to correct the one fault he does see, or to warn of the one danger which threatens; and, in doing this, he would speak to him plain, earnest words. From similar motives, though not a father, but only a younger brother, I have uttered these plain, earnest words. I am sure of this, however, that a due regard for the truths uttered will secure us, as a body, against threatening danger, and render us nobler men and better Masons. Hence, in closing, I again enjoin upon you the duty of guarding well the door by a faithful employment of all the varied tests of character which are committed to your hands, giving your names only to those worthy, patiently and careful investigating, honestly and frankly reporting, and proving faithful at the ballot-box. Let it henceforth be, that no man who is not in very deed worthy and well qualified, shall ever there wait the orders of the W.·. M.·.

And then, my brothers, by pure and upright lives, by the constant practice of every virtue and resistance of every vice, especially those dangerous ones of irreverence and intemperance, let us challenge the admiration of our enemies, or at least compel them to silence, and thereby also prove ourselves faithful to the noblest part of Masonry, and faithful to our obligations to God, our fellows and to each other.

Thus doing, and humbly trusting in the Son of God, our Redeemer, for the pardon of all our sins, may we, one and all, be at last received into that *Temple* above, where all is purity, peace and joy, and where *Charity*, the queen of graces, shall live and reign, when her earthly companions, Faith and Hope, having done and well done their work, shall have taken their flight forever.

So mote it be.

ADVERSITY.—Ask the man of adversity, how other men *act* towards him: ask those others, how he *acts* towards them. Adversity is the true touchstone of merit in both; happy if it does not produce the dishonesty of meanness in one, and that of insolence and pride in the other.—*Lord Greville.*

Masonic Secrecy—The Young Freemason.

Doubtless in the early experience of the young Freemason there is often perplexity in determining the dividing line between the features covered by the veil of secrecy and those which may become matters of conversation with those who are not members of the Order. Uncertainty on this point may cause serious embarrassment to the young Mason, especially if exposed to subtle questions or humorous railleries from familiar associates. If this perplexity is felt now when so much is published on the general subject, it may be supposed the difficulty was far greater before the era of Masonic magazines and monthlies. Perhaps to such as are passing through the early years of Masonic experience, a leaf from the memory of an older brother may be acceptable.

We will go back to the year 1826, and to an evening party in a quiet country village, before manufacturers had introduced the innovations of later years. There is a joyous group assembled for an evening party amid the beauty and fragrance of the last of June. They had been children and schoolmates together, and grown up in such social relations that for one of the number to go outside of the charmed circle and do what others had not done, was sure to bring on him a host of comments and critics. It was known that one of the circle had joined the Freemasons in a neighboring town, and he was not one of the aristocracy of wealth. His money must have cost him hard-handed toil—and he had but just reached the age that would admit him to the Fraternity. Then there were none of the "upper class" in the whole town that were Freemasons. Popular prejudices were strongly set against the Order, and the public mind was just in a fit condition to be captivated by the anti-masonic crusade, soon to burst forth with the "Morgan abduction."

As the circle increased in numbers and in social intercourse the flying comments on Freemasonry and its gridirons and leather aprons became the new sensation. It must have its day. When the jokes and the comments—sometimes ill-natured—had become almost threadbare, a pair of large laughing blue eyes—the more brilliant as they belonged with rose red cheeks of the fairest mould—were fastened fully on the young Freemason, and a rich musical voice gave out its challenge direct.

"Brother ——, I have heard Freemasons say that a good Mason must be a good Christian, and they claim the Bible as their Great Light. The Bible teaches us that the good Christian should be always ready to give a reason for the hope that is in him. Now, I would like you to give the reason of the hope of Freemasonry that is in you."

The challenge came with all the elegant dignity of that fair girl, the idol of the circle, the granddaughter of the old pastor who had baptized the young brother, when, a six-year-old lad, he was led to the sacred altar with a group of brothers and sisters. Not at all disconcerted by the fair challenge he quietly replied:

"Your demand is a very reasonable one, but Freemasonry is not obtrusive. It is manifestly improper to impose this subject upon the crowd, and it is therefore altogether suitable that in answering your question we should occupy a separate apartment."

Her confusion was at once apparent, but the clamor of the crowd came promptly to her relief. "We all want to hear." "No dodging, now." "Come, tell us about the gridiron and riding the goat." "Why didn't you wear your leather apron to-night?" The brother waited in silence till the clamor had nearly subsided, and then quietly remarked:

"Freemasonry teaches us that certain qualifications are necessary to entitle one to receive masonic trusts, and that there is required a reasonable *preparation* before receiving masonic light. I do not yet perceive the needful qualifications or preparation, so that you must wait a time with patience."

The clamor gave place to the ordinary gossip of such a party till the "refreshments" were brought in. The day of temperance reforms, pledges, and societies was not yet, but the young brother had silently abandoned the use of intoxicating drinks, prompted thereto by two causes; the doctrine of temperance as inculcated in the initiate's degree, and by witnessing the insidious progress of intemperance in the youthful circle. Now, as the "waiter" came in with brimming glasses, sparkling with the various colors of the tempting fluid, the brother quietly remarked that the preparatory work seemed now in progress, and the possibility of masonic light was now apparent. Taking a glass of "sangree" he faced his fair questioner, and that corner of the room was speedily thronged by the expectant "candidates," each sipping his glass, mainly of the stronger stimulants, and the clamor was at once renewed. Some glasses, quickly drained, were exchanged for a second, and words were scarcely distinguishable in the mingled voices as the excitement increased. "Come, now about the gridiron?" "Did you have to climb a greased pole?" "Was the goat rampant?" "Come, let us know—don't the spirit move yet?"

"Move! Yes, too freely for a proper preparation for masonic light. Temperance is a cardinal virtue, and present indications are that most of you must needs be 'black-balled.'"

This reply was followed by a renewal of the clamor of excited voices. When the noise was sufficiently confusing, with a clear voice and rapid utterance, the brother said: "My hope in becoming a Mason was that I might learn to subdue my passions, receive insults with fortitude and composure, and improve myself by the mysteries of an art which you will better understand when you adopt proper methods to discover them."

So rapid was the utterance and so general was the excitement that no one caught the entire sentence, while each perhaps seized a single expression. The efforts of several voices to reproduce the sentence were sufficiently ludicrous, but many caught enough to feel a curiosity in relation to what was wanting. "Subdue passion, and learn a mysterious art!" said one, repeating it two or three times as if thus to recall the lost sentences.

"La," says the maiden with the rosy cheeks, "I hope I can learn to subdue my passions without going to a masonic lodge for it!"

"So thought many of your sex, once fair and beautiful, and full of confidence as yourself, but now in ruins," was the calm reply, most deliberately expressed. The noise and clamor subsided and gave place to silent attention, glasses partly drained remained *in statu quo*. The brother proceeded:

"I spoke of subduing my passions. You all know me to have like passions with the rest of you. Have I not subdued them? I must confess to a passion, a pressing temptation to salute the rosy cheeks and ruby lips that so archly demand of me the secrets of Freemasonry, but I have subdued my passion. You all exhibit a very active passion for the sparkling glass. Have I not the same? Yet some of you have disposed of the second glass, and of the stronger stimulants, while my glass, chosen as the mildest of them all, remains untouched; I freely offer it to whoever will accept. Have I not subdued my passions?" Silence was the impressive answer. After a long pause the brother proceeded: "I spoke of receiving insults with fortitude and composure. It is hardly needful for me to say, excepting the well-put challenge of the fair sister, whose question deserves a candid answer, scarce an expression has been uttered by you that was not an insult to an institution venerable with age, whose records embrace the noblest names of our Revolutionary heroes, and multitudes of the living who are worthy of all reverence. These thoughtless insults have been addressed to one who is but a child in the study of masonic mysteries; have I not maintained entire fortitude and composure? And as to improving myself by the masonic mysteries, that is yet to be determined. You will be judges in this matter. If you desire a knowledge of those mysteries, the great light of Masonry lays down the common law, 'Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.' This is the law of all mysteries and all wisdom; we reach them only by appropriate efforts; we must seek them by right methods; we must go in by the entrance door, and *every one must ride his own goat*. He that climbeth up any other way the same is a thief and a robber."

All this was said with so much quiet good humor that silence was the general consent. The brother rose and made his way through the silent ring, and deposited his glass untasted by the side of those drained or partially drained, and mingled so genially in the circle that the whole matter soon subsided, save that an unusual degree of quietness and courtesy controlled the rest of the evening.

As all were preparing to retire, the brother's attention was arrested by the pressure of a gentle hand, and turning to discover its owner, those same blue eyes were fixed most imploringly, and the lips parting with tremulous beauty, said, "Pardon my rudeness. I want to ask your forgiveness. I was very rude, but it was thoughtlessness."

"You have no reason to ask pardon; the question was a fair one, and shall have an honest answer. The time and place were not favorable for that, but you shall have it in writing."

Before sleeping that night the answer was written in honest sincerity. The principles of the Order were briefly stated. Its more significant emblems and "working tools" were briefly explained, and their moral uses indicated, as were also its cardinal virtues. Explanations were of course limited to the range of monitorial instructions, and the letter closed with words following:

"You will thus see that in the range of masonic instruction and discipline there are elements and motives for human improvement. Do not our young men need this improvement? Do not our aims need elevating and our lives require to be moulded by nobler models and a higher art? For one I have long felt this, that our present standard is quite too low and our lives almost aimless. In the masonic teachings to which I have referred, and which are published and open for all who may choose to read them, no secrecy is applied to the principles and effects of the Order—these may be known and read of all men. But secrecy in relation to the methods of inculcating these lessons—as a means of recognition, as a means of access to the fellowship and mutual benefits of the Fraternity—is in its proper place and has most important uses. Nor must it be objected to the Order that its secrets are limited to our rougher sex. You of the gentler sex are sure to keep pace with or in advance of us with all the aids we can gain by this additional discipline which our lot in life requires. Whatever advantages we may gain by this discipline you are sure to share, as your sex has always done by the progress of divine revelation and Christian civilization. Masonry has no secret royal road to a nobler manhood. We are summoned to that same divine revelation that was long unfolding by the labors of prophets and apostles, and which is evermore to be the light of the world. That is the *great light in Masonry*. The obligations and instructions at masonic altars are fitted to impress this conviction, and to bring upon us a higher sense of responsibility and of divine aid in meeting it. Thus much I may admit, whatever shall be its issue. I know my duty in this matter; whether it shall be manfully met is the problem yet to be solved, and of which you and others will claim the right to judge.

"Yours, fraternally,"

The letter was mailed the next day as the brother was on his way to the lodge to receive the third degree. Some misgiving followed that writing. It betrayed more of secret feeling than he had been willing to disclose. Some six years of most perplexing scepticism had kept his lips sealed upon such topics, and locked up all so closely that no ingenious efforts of Christian fidelity had been able to penetrate beneath the surface. Here was a betrayal of hidden fires already beginning to be kindled at masonic altars only to excite anew the conflict with the latent scepticism. The lessons of the master's degree were adequate to the emergency. The master of the lodge was a devout Christian, deeply penetrated with the lessons of the great light. The struggle that followed was intense, but was terminated in about ten days in a way to lead him to an open profession of religion.

The result was to startle for a day the indifference of the circle, and require a somewhat resolute effort to settle down in its old channels, and to withstand the earnest efforts which sought to lift them to a better standard and to nobler aspirations. Soon it was a matter of notoriety that another member of the lodge, who had been no honor or ornament to it or the community, was leading a new life. He was alive in his business, long sadly neglected. With his family he was at meeting on the Sabbath. He had become the owner of a cow, and it was whispered that the larger part of her purchase money was a gift from the Masons. Then it was rumored that the lodge had banished all intoxicating liquors from its table of refreshments, while their use was still common in all social circles, not excepting ministerial associations. But these wonders had not subsided in the naturally quiet community, when a greater one occurred.

It was the alleged abduction and murder of William Morgan for publishing the secrets of Freemasonry. So rife was the excitement on that subject that in the spring of 1827, when the brother was proposed for admission to the church in his native town, it was deemed necessary to appoint a committee of strong men to labor with him and require him to renounce all connection with Freemasonry before admission to the church. This committee were most faithful and devoted in their labor, but were not successful. He could see no reason for abandoning the Order or denouncing it because of persecution and unmerited reproach. He could not admit the right of the church to interfere in that matter. It was a question between himself, his Maker, and the fraternity, with which they could not rightfully intermeddle.

So the discussion terminated by his admission to the church, and in process of time to the ministry. Yet twice in that process was the pressure renewed to induce the renunciation of Freemasonry, but with like results. Time has brought its changes both in the Order and in the churches, which for a time deemed they were doing God service by actively opposing Freemasonry. The spirit of denunciation and proscription has passed away. The brother, having entered the ministry and quietly passed the ordeal of anti-masonic opposition in a distant State, returns, after a quarter of a century, to the scenes of early life. He has occasion to preach in the old church amid warm welcomes, and to administer the sacrament to many who were participants in that evening party in 1826. Among the communicants were men of grey hairs. Two of them, then venerable deacons, were well remembered as members of that committee, whose duty it was in 1827 to require a renunciation of Masonry as a prerequisite to the communion. The old lodge which had lain dormant for nearly half a century had been revived, and was in active operation. The reports of the Grand Lodge, written by the preacher, were matters of comment in like reports and masonic journals in all the States. But neither the evening party nor the labors of the committee had passed from memory. They were among the amusing recollections which remind us that the world is moving but does not sever its connections with the mystic tie, nor dash down the barriers between its public and its private lessons. Intelligent Masons, though young in experience, will not be likely to stumble at this barrier now, if careful to observe first lessons and study fixed principles.—*Masonic Monthly.*

Fanti Chu.

In several provinces of China exist the relicts of a society called "Fanti Chu," or Dough-heads. Its founder was *Morgong*, a priest of Fo, in the great temple of Pekin. He died about one hundred years since, in an extraordinary and mysterious manner. Morgong was of the fraternity of Ancient Masons; but was expelled the order a few years before his decease, in consequence of abandoning himself to opium eating, and in his delirium exhibiting the signs and revealing the secrets of the Craft. After his expulsion, he daily smoked and ate opium, so long as he could hold his pipe and wag his beard. By such excessive indulgence he lost nearly all resemblance to a human being, and retained no more brains than a calf. His body became extremely emaciated, his eyes retreated into his head, his nails curved over his fingers' ends like the talons of a parrot, and (what in China is the last disgrace) his long queue came off. However, Morgong contrived to fasten it to the iron girdle which encircled his loins, and cutting a hole in the back of his robe, suffered it to trail majestically behind. His usual seat in the temple was at the feet of the great Idol, where he reclined in stupid inaction, till at meridian he was roused to eat the sacred lizards in honor of Fo. One morning his seat was vacant; he had disappeared during the night, and search for him was unavailing. A great excitement, commencing with the priesthood, immediately agitated every part of the sacred city. It was reported that the *Masons* had entered the temple at night, abducted and probably murdered him. One of his sandals had been found in the porch, and his opium-box in the avenue to the temple. For several months his remains were undiscovered; but at last as certain priests were cleansing an immense "tank" of holy water, a body, retaining some imperfect likeness to a man's, was raised to the surface. It was, in fact, the body of a baboon drowned long b[illegible]re in the tank. But so violent was the exciteme[illegible]he time of its discovery, that 110 priests, 25 c[illegible] together with Morgong's wife and children, al[illegible] positively before a mandarin that it was the [illegible]cal body of the lost Morgong. A cunning priest having plucked the hair from its face, and rounded its claws, all the friends of Morgong at once recognized it as the opium eater. They identified it by the long tail, the huge ears, and the absence of a front tooth. The priests howled over it like jackals, the widow embraced it with agonizing frenzy, and went into an hysteric with it in her arms. The little children shrieked about the tank like bullfrogs, and the sober citizens were stupified with amazement. *One*, less mad than his brethren, suggested that the *tail* seemed incorporated with the substance of the body, and that no marks of the iron girdle were visible, and doubted its identity; but he was instantly routed by a general shout of rage and a whirlwind of bamboos. A body, therefore, being found, and proved to be Morgong's by the oath of 135 witnesses, no doubt remained that he had been murdered by Masons on the night of his disappearance from the temple. Whereupon, the Chief Mandarin, with a moderation and clemency highly to his honor, ordered only the small number of 500 Masons, in each province of the Empire, to be impaled alive.

On this discovery of Morgong's body, the Fanti Chu, or Society of Dough-heads, was established. Its agents, men of unprincipled lives, were dispersed into every quarter, stirring up the people and hawking about handbills detailing the horrid crimes of the Masons. Multitudes of the ignorant and vicious joined the society; and even some of the Masons, void of courage and principle, foreswore themselves and abandoned their order. The Masonic priests, particularly, were found to consider the loss of temporal gain superior to their most sacred obligations, and readily renounced them at the will of the majority, and became the most violent of persecutors. There were, however, many honorable exceptions. Notwithstanding the real body of Morgong was soon after found in the vaults of the temple, into which he had fallen in a fit of intoxication, yet this did not at all allay the excitement nor suspend for a moment the measure of the Fanti Chu. In a few years, there was not a province in the Empire into which it had not penetrated. Ambitions men and disgraced public officers had succeeded in placing themselves at the head of the society, and directed its power for their own aggrandizement. Wealth, drained from the purses of the ignorant and infatuated, flowed into their coffers, and enabled them to purchase high stations in the government. These leaders, the more effectually to control the energy of their followers—the great mass of Dough-heads—soon found it necessary to imitate the persecuted Masons, by instituting *secret signs* and *mysterious meetings.* A tremendous oath was administered to new members, and degrees of rank in the society established. The sign was, raising the right hand to the mouth; the word was *gin-sling.* Degrees were marked by the figure of a tail, and the greater the number of tails, the greater the dignity of the wearer. Thus Fun Joe, the Chief of Norfowlk Branch, signed his name thus: Fm. Joe † † † † †, designating himself as a Dough-head of *five tails.*

The oath of the initiated was dreadful indeed. He swore never to learn to read or write; to imitate the ignorance and brutality of a baboon; never to eat meat when he could get opium; never to speak the truth, unless when it would be received as a lie, and to obey the Fums in all things. The penalty for violating this oath was, being split in the back, broiled on a huge gridiron, and eaten by the Fanti Chu.

The conclusion of the oath was thus:

Hoam rimski, fum ram si,
Bohum hippo, nippi di, &c.

As the Chinese have peculiar notions of Hades and the Devil, (who is the guardian of the Fanti Chu, in regard to his *tail,*) it is extremely difficult to render the above lines into English; but it will be remarked that they are peculiarly solemn and impressive.

Within ten years after its organization, the Fanti Chu embraced vast numbers and wielded great power. The benevolent Masons would have been extirpated, had not the vices and ignorance of their enemies counteracted their malevolence. The Fanti Chu, instituted for political purposes, had adopted every characteristic of Masonry which it had originally condemned, and rejected the just and charitable principles on which Masonry reposed. The Fums exercised an arbitrary sway over the inferior members—plundering their wealth, instigating them to crimes and insensible to their miseries, violating with impunity their domestic sanctuaries. Multitudes perished by starvation, by opium eating, and by the hands of the executioner. Justice had long winked at these enormities, and at last descended on the Fanti with retribution. Fum Man-kin of Norfowlk attempted to pollute the courts of the Empire, by filling the seats of the judges and umpires with members of the Fanti Chu, sworn to decide in favor of the Dough-heads; and thus to sacrifice without mercy the lives and fortunes of the other children of the Emperor. This reached the ears of the august brother of the Sun and Moon, and caused his sacred hair to bristle with wrath. The Fums Man-kin, Fish-kin, Asop, and Joe were seized by his order, their houses burned and their families and servants driven into exile. The Fanti Chu was abolished and its officers converted into singers for the temples. As to the aforesaid Fums, they were put into cages and carried into every city and village of the Empire, with heralds marching in front, bearing banners, on which was the following inscription:

"They who mislead the people and excite their jealousy against the benevolent are unworthy of the blessings of society; they are but wild beasts, and a cage their proper receptacle."—*Boston Bulletin of* 1829.

The Late Gen. Wadsworth.

The late Gen. Wadsworth was born in South Hero, Vt., November 19, 1800, and he has always lived in this county, (Grand Isle,) where he has been a man of mark and influence, not only in business and trade on both the North and South Islands, but has also taken a prominent position in the political movements of the time, and been raised by his fellow-citizens into responsible official stations. He represented North Hero in the General Assembly of this State in the years 1839, 1840, and 1841. He was Senator in 1854 and 1855. He was also Representative from South Hero in 1857 and 1858; making eleven years of service in the two branches of the Legislature. He also occupied a high position in the State militia, having held the commission of Brigadier General for the last twenty years. It is the verdict of his fellow-citizens who were associated with him in all the relations of life, and who had the best opportunities to know his character, that his integrity was unimpeachable, his honor unquestioned, and his generous and benevolent disposition proverbial. The appeal to him for aid, or for indulgence and lenity, and sympathy in behalf of the poor and needy, or of any one in distress, was never made in vain. It may be said of him as of Goldsmith's Village Pastor:

> "His pity gave ere charity began—
> Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
> And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side."

The plea put forth by Job in self-vindication would make a not inappropriate epitaph on Gen. Wadsworth's tomb-stone: "I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame; I was father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out."

The deceased was ardently attached to the order of Free and Accepted Masons, and at his death was Master of the Isle of Patmos Lodge, whose meetings were held in a hall on his premises. The Fraternity were sensible of his many excellent qualities as a man and as a Freemason while he lived, and now come with an unusually large delegation, from this and other Lodges, to join in these funeral solemnities. By his Brethren of the mystic tie he was not merely respected for conformity to the rules of the Order, but he was honored and beloved for his large, warm, and generous heart, his ready benevolence, and practical charity, in every walk of life and throughout the circle of his influence.

He was married on the 11th of November, 1832, to Miss Juliet Keeler, who died in March, 1863, without issue. And now with little warning, after a brief sickness, he has been summoned to follow her to the world of spirits, to leave the scene in which he has borne so active and conspicuous and honorable a part, to lie down in the dust and become food for worms. But though you may never more greet him on the shores of time, he will live in the affectionate regards of his friends and fellow-citizens; his spirit will live, for, contrary to the dictum of the poets, I believe that the good that men do is not interred with their bones; the good that they do lives after them. Their works survive the dissolution of the body. Men are immortal on earth by virtue of whatever force of character, whatever degree of moral excellence they possess, by the influence which flows into society from their lives and labors. Their bodies may moulder in the dust, but the good name they leave behind them is an imperishable treasure to the world, a monument more enduring than brass or marble. The example of a good man in any sphere of action is a blessing to the world, which never exhausts itself, but multiplies and extends its influence and its benefits, and is a perpetual benefaction to his friends and the human race.—*Sermon of Rev. J. O. Skinner.*

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Admit only Good Men.—A most fallacious and unmasonic motive seems to influence the masonic world at this time in the admission of candidates; it is, that if the applicant is of loose habits and falls short of the standard of Masonry, admit him, for Masonry may make him a better man. This is a violation of solemn duty. Masonry was made for no such purpose; it is intended only for the good man—one who discharges faithfully and diligently every duty of life; one who has a heart to love—a heart to feel for, soothe, comfort, support and relieve the sick and afflicted; a head and a mind to work; a man that has and will maintain his good name, and sustain the character of our beloved Institution; one that will level up and not level down; one that will do credit and not bring reproach to the name and character that he bears. This is the man that Masonry needs, and can justly admit as one entitled to enjoy her privileges, and one she can use to disseminate and perpetuate her mission of love.—*Com. Cor. Va.*, 1858.

The Door of Freemasonry Battered in by a Lady's Fan.

The Italian Freemasons have acted with a gallantry that should put all our brethren in England to the blush. They have determined upon admitting ladies into their different lodges. There are now sister matrons, venerables, great mistresses, &c. This is but right and fair. It is a well known rule in all houses, as well as lodges, where love is to prevail, that brothers never conduct themselves so well as when they have their sisters with them. Besides, is it not the natural and graceful sphere of a woman to wear an apron? What beautiful patterns the darling dears will make, to be sure! Freemasonry will indeed be an Order, now that ladies will be present always to maintain it.

It will be their special duty to attend to the music, and to make the coffee, and to see that the gentlemen do not drink too much, for we have heard strange stories, founded on strong female authority, about Masons, who had undoubtedly taken several degrees of we will not say what, experiencing the greatest difficulty, on returning home rather late, in fitting the keyhole with the latch-key. They could open a lodge in less time than they could open their own door.

The gentlemen, too, will have to look to their ornaments, handsome as the latter unquestionably are, and to rub them up with greater pride than ever, for if there is one article that women care and understand about more than any other, it decidedly is jewelry. What moving firmaments of glittering stars the lovely creatures will turn out on grand installation occasions. Not a Masonic spade then but will turn up diamonds! Each lady's apron will be a walking jeweler's tray. In fact, it will become doubtlessly requisite to put some limit to this extravagance, for what man or brother could possibly refuse to part with his hammer, or his compass, or his trowel, let them be ever so valuable, when the request was prettily prefaced with the musical inquiry, "am I not a woman and a sister?" We beg to congratulate the Italian Freemasons upon beautifying their lodges by having wisely added to them these beautiful chaste wings, (angels' wings, as worshippers we call them.) Their classic walls will shine all the more resplendently for being surrounded by the animated series of "Lodges' Portraits," framed in the rarest Italian beauty.

For more reasons than one are we greatly delighted to hear of the lovely Signoras having beaten down those long-standing barriers of selfish seclusion. First of all, because the example may be imitated in England. The time has gone by when gentlemen should continue to meet in secret, like a lot of tippling monks or sour-minded conspirators. Another reason is, that now probably we shall very soon learn the awful secret that has been so jealously guarded for hundreds of centuries. At all events, the admission of our sisters into the mystic ceremonies of Freemasonry will put boldly to the proof the old-disputed question as to whether woman can really keep a secret? Even if this foul aspersion is only removed from the fair sex, it will be a great point gained by this new masonic move, and it will be an additional ostrich feather of triumph in the ladies' caps.—*London Punch.*

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Names of Lodges.—Some brethren, (in choosing designations for lodges,) not satisfied with one good quality, have adopted two combining an antithesis. *Independence with Philanthropy, Courage with Humanity, Humility with Fortitude,* and *Fortitude and Old Cumberland* are examples of that genus. In fine, there is scarcely a commendable idea, bearing on the precepts of the ancient Order, which has not been chosen as the representative of one or more masonic constituencies in England. I cannot bring myself to believe that any Native Brother of 641, *Harmony,* so far forgot his O. B., or the title inscribed on the banner of his lodge, as to countenance the atrocities of Cawnpore.—*Bro. R. Mitchell, late P. G. Secretary of Glasgow.*

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Masonic Ball at Constantinople.—Not the least noticeable of the entertainments given at carnival time in Constantinople was the annual Masonic Ball at the Palais de Crystal. The arrangements were superintended by the *Italian, Oriental, Bulwer, Union d'Orient, Deutscher, Bund,* and *Germania* Lodges. After vocal music by the Italian artists of the Theater, dancing was commenced, and was kept up till daylight began to dawn. Some fantasias on the piano were admirably executed by Mr. Jorry, the Hungarian Pianist. The attendance numbered fully five hundred, and after defraying all expenses, a substantial sum will remain for the furtherance of the benevolent object for which the Ball was given.—*Levant Herald.*

Address of Bro. Dr. Jno. Grant, to the District Grand Lodge of Bengal, India, Asia, 1860.

* * * * * * *

In the presence of our younger brethren, I may be excused for saying a few words upon the principles of Masonry, which some among us have evinced a disposition to depreciate. A newspaper in Upper India, for instance, has, for reasons best known to itself, put itself into a hostile position towards the craft, which, perhaps, it would not do were it more conversant with its principles. Masonry, however, no more than any other system, need not expect to escape calumny; nor must Masons hope for exception in their favor from censures, the truth and candor of which may be perfectly upon a par. I found the following extract the other day in a Calcutta paper, being a reprint from an English periodical, on Freemasonry:

"The chief defect of its principle of unity and brotherhood seems to be that the kindly affections are only at the disposal of a brother, but do not embrace the whole human race. The benevolent regard is avowedly partial, and intended to be held forth, not to the innocent and deserving, but to those only who chance to be within the pale of membership."

Now, what injustice is here? Will any one point out—christianity itself, of course, excepted—a system that more comprehensively embraces the whole human race than Masonry? No man is excluded from its privileges on account of his religion, provided he believes in the Divine Architect of heaven and earth, and practices the sacred duties of morality. So says our Book of 'Constitutions. 'Christianity itself declares that we are to do good unto *all* men, especially to those of the household of faith. Masonry humbly endeavors to walk in this track, and claims no more than to do all the good it can to all men, especially to them of the household of Masonry. 'I need not go far for an illustration; and so singularly enough, I found it in the same Calcutta newspaper in which the extract from the Up-country paper, reflecting on Masonry as idle or useless, also appeared. I mean the simple fact that, within twelve hours of the lamentable wreck of the ships *Lord William Bentinck* and *Castlereagh* at Bombay, the Masons of the place, led by their philanthropic Grand Master, had realized sixteen hundred rupees for the relief of the sufferers.* Did those who were no Masons anticipate this noble act? If they did not, we blame them not; but do not let us be told that the Institution, whose principle it is to foster acts like these, is idle or useless. Did the dispensers of this bounty, think you, pick out and select their objects of relief? Did they say—this our contribution shall be confined to Masons and the relatives of Masons who have been shipwrecked? Are you not, my brethren, from your knowledge of the craft, and experience of its catholic charity, ready indignantly to exclaim, no! For aught my Right Worshipful colleague of Bombay and his brethren knew, there might not, at the time of their making their prompt contribution, have been a single Mason or relative of a Mason among them. What is it, then, that has marked the progress of Masonry from first to last? I answer—Sympathy with the whole family of man. Whether Terence was a Mason or not, I cannot determine; but that was a true masonic sentiment of his, which brought down thunders of applause in the Roman Theater.

"Homo sum, humani nil a me alienum puto."

But "what is Masonry?" I may be asked. It is not an easy matter to define some things, especially such as, in their comprehensiveness, cannot be readily crammed into the nutshell of a definition. Who shall give me a definition of Poetry, or of Life, or of Death? The task has been attempted, and may be attempted again; but it will prove a failure. I will not, then, endeavor to define Masonry; but I will venture to assert what it is not. Whatever is shifting, hollow, and insincere, is not Masonry. Whatever is factious, coarse, contentious, litigious, brawling, unkind, or subversive of legitimate authority and order, is not Masonry. Whatever sets no value on the feelings of others, or is ungenerously selfish—whatever is base in principle, or trenches upon licentiousness of morals, or merges into intemperance of the cup, or breaks into uncurbed ebullitions of temper, is not Masonry! What is it, then? I must borrow the words of the sacred penman:

'Ean tais glossais ton anthropon lalo kai ton aggelon, agapen de me eko, gegona kalkos ekon ekumbalon alalazon.

True Masonry, in a word, is the comprehensive *Agape* of which *elemosune* is but a sign or part. It includes the profoundest veneration of the Divine Architect and perfect philanthropy. It reverently responds to the angelic chorus—"*Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax in homines benevolentia.*" It is the principle that opens simultaneously the heart and the purse, and binds together, as with a strong but golden band, men from every quarter of the globe, and of every degree. Where on earth, I ask, can any one witness an assemblage like a masonic lodge, where the peer and the shopkeeper, the ermined judge and the mechanic, meet in orderly and fraternal communion upon the broad basis of moral equality? A masonic lodge, in a word, shadows forth high and mystic analogies, and points impressively to that dark and dread portal where stands the great Tyler, DEATH, to admit to the celestial lodge those who have the benefit of the true password, the '*Agape*, in all its deep and eternal truth!

There is one present whom we have met to honor, and it was but proper that I should endeavor to manifest to his satisfaction the principles by which his colleague of Bengal would fain guide his masonic course. I am embarrassed by that person's presence, thrice welcome though he be; for were he not present, I could say much more about his claims to our respect and affectionate regard than I can now with propriety do. Then might I tell of one exalted to a station which received rather than conferred honor by his acceptance of it. Then might I speak of one who, to the most courteous and winning manners, united the solid qualities of the good heart, and the abilities of the understanding that mark him for no common man. Then might I refer to a kindly, generous, and active spirit, that deeply sympathizes with humanity in all its conditions. Then might I point out a model to Masons, as uniting in himself the merits of the pillars that stand in their mystic place, and ever will stand. I would, in a word, propose the health of Bro. James Burnes, Provincial Grand Master of Bombay.—*Indian Freemason's Friend.*

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*The ships alluded to were wrecked on the 18th June, 1840. A Masonic subscription was commenced, which amounted in eight hours to 1,600 Rs., and in a few days to 2,500 Rs. Bro. the Rev. George Pigott, Chaplain to Lodge Perseverance, was the principal instrument in distributing this charity, and he nobly supported his Christian and Masonic character by remaining at the port during the pelting of the pitiless storm, rescuing the living and burying the dead, for both were thrown ashore in a churchyard. Till the last moment his services continued to be useful.

Masonic Tombstones.

We desire to obtain descriptions of Masonic Tombstones for publication in the *Casket*, and will consider it a great favor on the part of any Brother who will send us such descriptions. We have a few such already in our possession, and will give them to our readers as opportunity offers.

Old Mortality gives us the following description of three, the result of his search in the New Haven cemetry. Old Mortality is a Bro. Mason.

The Stone erected to the memory of Bro.
JUSTIN REDFIELD,
died
Feb. 26, 1850,
Aged 54 years.
"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Enclosed in a circle is a cross on which hangs a serpent, surrounded with the words, "In Hoc Signo Vinces." Underneath this circle is the Square and Compasses.

The Stone erected to the memory of Bro.
LEVI BALDWIN,
died
Apr. 23, 1858,
Aged 82 years.

On the top of this stone is the Square and compasses.

The Stone erected to the
Memory of
BRO. HENRY GIBB,
Native of North Britain, who departed this life
Sept. 10, 1789,
Aged 44 years.

On the top of this stone is the Square and Compasses.

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OLD LODGE CHARTER.—When the Grand Lodge of Scotland was constituted in 1736, Lodge No. 32, which was incorporated by an authentic charter from King Malcolm Canmore, in 1057, refused to come under Grand Lodge control, and continued in that perverse mood until within the last few years. I have seen the original charter, at all events the skin on which it was engrossed, the writing itself being illegible. An exact copy was obtained from the books, or chartulary, containing the records of the See of Glasgow, and along with a translation from the Monkish Latin, is printed as an appendix to the Bye-laws of the Lodge.—*Bro. R. Mitchell, late P. G. Secretary of Glasgow.*

Masonry.

BY POLLOCK.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.
—*Psalm* cxi, 10.

CHAPTER I.

The Sacred Duty has but one Thought, to do Good; b one Banner, that of Humanity; but one Crown, it for Virtue.

Do not forget, my brethren, that Masonry has f its base the existence of God, the immortality of tl soul; and for its aim the practice of benevolence, tl study of universal morality, of the sciences, the art and the practice of all virtues. It is the school religious tolerance, the union of all beliefs, the goo between all men, the symbol of agreeable illusions hope, preaching faith in God who saves, and in cha ity that maketh us blessed. School of wisdom M. nourished of good examples sacred among men, sl disdains the difficulties that separate the peopl All virtues are of her domain; all actions noble ar generous find an echo in her temples. Her mission the study of wisdom, that serves to distingui truth. She is a beneficent work, the development reason and intelligence; she is the worship of all goo in the human heart and the repression of all vice Her worship is God; her mysteries, light and reaso her precept, charity; and her recompense, self-estee and the love of the Brethren. In short, she wishes a to be enlightened; for the more reason there is, tl less errors there will be, and the less to prejudg The more we know, the less we shall err. The mo men are learned, the more they will draw near. It by these means that the rough stone is polished a becomes a social ornament.

Masonry, my brethren, carries her salutary tou into the midst of social life; she disengages the rel gious of their absurd or rude dogmas; she destro the prejudice, she blots out the rivalries of people people; she purifies the manners, she covers the su face of the earth with her émanations all divine; sl throws, with love, over men the holy alliance of sacred Fraternity general.

Brethren, practice virtue, and a brilliant future in store for our sublime institution.

Freemasonry is a science, or mysterious languag Her sanctuary is difficult to approach: she has plac her temple in the midst of the desert, so that no pr fane can arrive there without having been prepar by long voyages. There wants more zeal to penetrat there wants a steady will, firstly to find the road, a then an unremitting courage to reach its end. O su lime power of virtue, how great is the empire th thou practicest over hearts devoted to thy worshi thou fertilizest the generous sentiments which th inspirest; it is thee that awakenest to man all h dignity, in the midst of vicissitudes of life, in revea ing to him an immortal destiny.

An American Indian Mason.

At page 155 of the 2nd Volume of the *Indian Fre mason's Friend*, old series, an incidental allusion w made to an Indian Mason, "the Sachem of the Six N tions, a lineal descendant of the famous chief Re Jacket, and a graduate of Yale College, who spol with the accomplishments of a scholar and the el quence of the aborigines." Our London contempora has reprinted from the *Boston Masonic Journal* a po tion of a speech made by this interesting member the craft, at a masonic banquet given in Chicago, September last. On the conclusion of his speech, Br Parker (for that is his name) showed a relic of form days to the brethren, and furnished the following i formation regarding it:—"I have in my possession he said, "a memento which I highly prize. I wear near my heart. It came from my ancestors to me their successor in office. It was a present from Was ington to my grandfather Red Jacket, when our n tion was in its infancy. You will be glad to see a handle it, and I should do wrong not to give you t opportunity." As he spoke thus, continues the r porter, "he removed the wampum from his neck, a drew from his bosom a massive medal in an oval for about seven inches by five, and it passed from hand hand along the tables. On one side of this med were engraved, in full length, the figures of two chie —Red Jacket, in costume, presenting the pipe peace, and Washington with the right hand extende as in the act of receiving it. On the other side t masonic emblems, with the date 1792.—*Indian Fre mason's Friend.*

The National Freemason.

WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER, 1864.

Letters of business, and containing money, and correspondence, should be addressed Dr. McMurdy, Box 982. Printed matter should be directed National Freemason, Lock Box 18, Washington city.

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OFFICIAL.

To the Brethren, Companions, and Sir Knights of the several jurisdictions; We, as Grand Master of Knights Templar in the United States of America, Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, send greeting:

We not only regard with favor the enterprise so generally approved by the Craft, to establish a National Masonic Journal at the metropolis of the nation, but we are impelled by a deep sense of its importance to urge upon you the most vigorous exertions to give to this much-needed instrument for good a healthy and vigorous life.

Let each masonic body, in corporate capacity, subscribe for as many copies of the National Freemason as may be expedient for circulation among the widows and orphans of Masons, and among the sick and indigent Masons in hospitals, thereby exercising a high charity. Let each Mason take as many copies personally as he can afford, and induce his neighbor to do the same.

We are satisfied, from the well-known high educational, literary, and masonic character of the Rev R. McMurdy, D. D., LL. D., Grand Prelate of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, that the National Freemason will be conducted in a liberal, faithful, national, and catholic spirit, and will tend to increase and diffuse light within and without our sacred precincts, and promote harmony and good will among the brotherhood.

The moderate terms of its publication, $2 00 per annum, make it accessible to the masonic masses.

We urge you all, brethren, to prompt action in sending names of subscribers, paying in advance, to Rev. Dr. McMurdy, Washington, city.

B. B. FRENCH,
Grand Master Knights Templar, U. S. of A.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand High Priest of Grand Royal Arch Chapter
of Maryland and District of Columbia.
Y. P. PAGE,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge
of the District of Columbia.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Maryland.

◆

Discontinuance.—Where there is no order for discontinuance we suppose that the brother wishes to remain a subscriber, and will send us the money in advance for the second volume at the earliest moment. All discontinuing must state post office address, and, if in the city, the locality where the paper has been received.

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We have four hundred complete sets of the first volume, for such as desire the first volume.

Agents and subscribers will please send us "greenbacks" in payment of subscriptions.

◆

Alexandria.—The papers for this point will be found at Brother O'Rear's store on King street, near Washington.

◆

The advanced price of everything compels us to ask two dollars for the National Freemason, in future. Clubs of twelve will be charged $1 80; of sixteen, $1 70; of twenty or more, $1 50.

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Removal.—The Editor can be seen daily, before 8, a. m., and from 5 to 6, p. m., at 403½, 9th street, between H and I, west side.

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The Covered Head—"Why do Masons in some foreign countries always sit in the Lodge with covered heads, and forbid swearing with uncovered heads?"

Reply.—The reason of covering the head on taking any obligation is derived from the command given to the High Priest when performing the religious service; "And thou shalt put the mitre upon his head, and put the holy crown upon the mitre."—*Exodus*, xxix, 6. The mitre was composed of folds of fine linen about the Priest's head, like a turban.—It thus became the custom among the Israelites and the Israelitish Masons to be covered in the performance of any religious duty in Synagogue or Lodge.

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Self-forgetting love and *self-relying thought* are the elements of masonic manhood. The mind must be *free* to truth and *bound* to duty.

A ministry of sympathy must our Order become. This is most needed in our land. We will have various societies for eleemosynary purposes, but, with pity, there is little sympathy for the poor.

To be born a beggar—to ask continually and be refused—to feel forever upon the spirit the cold hand of repulsion—never to know perfect confidence and trust, what a birthright is this! To lack food and clothing, to be cold and hungry and naked, this alone is not the whole sorrow of the poor. It is not, either, the contrast between the palace and the desolate hovel, the thought of the luxuries which the rich enjoy, and which they, being poor, are denied. All this is not so intolerable. But to be shut out from what is genial and bright—to feel that there is in life no hope, for to the poverty-stricken even the stepping-stones to a higher life are taken away. Without education they cannot hope for profitable labor, much less for comfort and luxury, and the sympathies of the refined and intelligent.

Hundreds of these little boys and girls who are begging in the street have all the elements of the highest and noblest in science and literature and the arts; and they are all the time conscious of possessing natures which were designed for a better state of existence. It is the fetters upon their souls which they feel to be so galling, and this is the case with every species of slavery.

Let our Order become a *ministry of sympathy*, given up to study the hearts of the poor and afflicted and to administer consolation.

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"Love the Brotherhood; Fear God; Honor the King."

What more masonic maxim can be found? Reverence for the sacred name and character of Deity is perpetually taught by precept, rite, and symbol, through the entire masonic journey from the remote west to the distant east. The candidate ought to realize this, and no one who does not wish to be a disciple in such a school should apply to enter the masonic temple. It is this feature, among others, that secured the gifted christian hearts and minds of the sainted Bishops Griswold, Chase, George, and Dr. Milner to a devotion to Masonry, second only to that for our holy religion.

Reverence for Deity and love of all mankind, especially of the Brotherhood; the essence of all goodness—the twin masonic virtues. Let the love of our race and our brethren abound more and more.

To honor the king—the ruler—one who is placed in power to govern, whether president or governor; this is a great masonic virtue. It lies at the foundation of the preservation of the State and civil society. No Mason, true to his principles, can be concerned in plots or conspiracies. He is ever a faithful and good citizen.

This is hallowed as the text of the first masonic address ever delivered in America.

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Stones for the Temple.

The Temple of Charity is supported by the Pillars of Beauty and Wisdom. Its material should be perfect Ashlars; its stones, plumb, level, and square.

Let every brother recommending, and every lodge receiving, see to it that the good and true, they who are desirous of work and labor in and for this temple, only are received; see to it that not only the vicious, but also the indolent are excluded.

As the curiously wrought stone was rejected on account of the ignorance and prejudices of the workmen of a former day, so also at the present does it sometimes occur that the wisest and best are excluded.

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Rob. Morris says that the "Banner (of Masonry) is the *Square* and *Compass*; its weapons are the *Guage*, the *Gavel*, and the *Trowel*; its cannon, the thunders of the moral law; its field of action, the world."

The Book of the Law.

Masons have great respect for the Bible, apart from its moral truths and its being the chart to a better land. It is the *oldest book*; Herodotus and Thucydides, the oldest profane historians, wrote 1,000 years later, and Homer and Hesiod, as poets, 600 years after Moses. The Pentateuch (the first five books of the Old Testament) was written more than 3,000 years ago.

Cities, kingdoms, empires, fade away. Where are Numa and Lycurgus? Their books and laws? The Bible survives unconsumed, not modified by tradition, and not corrupted by heresy.

The Bible was preserved by the Jews through all the oppressions of their rulers, who hated them and it alike. In the Babylonish captivity, although the temple was burned, the ark destroyed, and Jerusalem laid waste, yet the copy of the law was preserved. Antiochus, when he took Jerusalem, decreed death to any one with a book of the law, and the burning of every copy, yet it was preserved. Jezebel attempted the destruction of the sacred book, but Hilkiah, in Josiah's reign, found a copy of the Scriptures in the house of the Lord. The Samaritan Pentateuch agrees with the Jewish copy, (yet these two people were bitter enemies,) with the Greek Septuagint, and the Christian Bible. Josephus informs us that a Jew would prefer death to a change of a single point of Scripture, and his sin was made unpardonable who made the slightest alteration.

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We noticed in our last No. that a person calling himself Barbelheimer, of Philadelphia, without authority and without making any returns, had been collecting money for the National Freemason. At Salem, Ohio, this same swindler called himself McIlhany, of Brooklyn. He bore another name at Reading, Pa., and his real name is —— ——. We shall be obliged for information that will tend to bring this swindler to justice.

It is surprising that lodges and brethren can be imposed upon by a man carrying no commission from us, whose name is not on our list of agents and is personally unknown to the brethren subscribing. No individual is allowed to act as *traveling* agent without a written commission.

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Our Visit to the Army.

Appointed with our esteemed brother Walter H. Shupe, Esq., of New York city, by the Masonic Mission, as a Commission to visit the army, we found every facility afforded us by general and subordinate officers, whether military or civil. The President of the United States and the Secretary of War acted promptly and cheerfully. The visit was as thorough and extensive as time would permit. Gladly were we welcomed by the fraternity of the army. Everywhere we met hearts and tents opened to receive us. The non-masonic officers and soldiers were no less cordial. The Lieut. General of the army exhibited such traits as make the Mason of the heart. The General in command of the Army of the James, Benj. F. Butler, 33d, spoke as a Mason. He was *in medias res* in a moment, prompt, ready to advise and assist.

The General's assured us that whatever can be done, consistent with the regimen and plans and usages of the army, to fulfill the purposes of the mission, will be. We obtained valuable suggestions from the officers of the staffs of the Generals, who are courteous Masons and to whom we render thanks. The surgeons met us with the hearty proffer of their good will.

To commend is but the faintest expression of the truth.

All agreed that the chief masonic want of the army is masonic reading. Our large supply of National Freemasons was soon exhausted.

I need not remark that we found Masons in every position and portion of the army, under the perpetual fire of the enemy at the Dutch Gap Canal and in the trenches before Petersburg. Our word of cheer at the extreme front or at the hospital in the rear was gladly welcomed, and the urgent request sent forth to come again.

There was a convention of Masons in the army, so far as they could be notified, at the Brick Church, General Grant's Headquarters, City Point. Views and sentiments were interchanged, and theories and plans of usefulness discussed. It was an instructive meeting—a masonic feast. * * * *

We were pleased with an incidental statement made by a noble and eminent surgeon, suggestive of the propriety of some masonic mark in the army. He said that he wore a pin, so that, going through the ward, while all felt that he was the medical officer, and a co-patriot, yet there were some who would feel that he was also a brother, and that the masonic interchange of fraternal feeling would be welcome. He would neglect none; but there was to the masonic brother a masonic greeting, the calling to mind the Mason's home, and the precious words of instruction and fraternity in the lodge far away.

A brother, in sending notes from the army, thus notices some of the brethren of the convention and officers and members of the Lodge at City Point:

Col. T. B. Gates is Colonel of the 20th N. Y. S. M., and Commandant of the Post and Defences of City Point, where he has general supervision of the immense depots of the army and of the lines of communication, the reception and distribution of recruits, and the general police and defence of that point, so vital to the army as being its base of supplies. His command consists of three regiments, and is very important.

Col. Gates is a good illustration of the patriotism and energy of which this war has furnished so many examples. At the very outbreak of the rebellion he abandoned a valuable and increasing practice in his profession, the law, and on the 25th of April, 1861, the first month of the war, was in the field as Major of his regiment, it being the fifth regiment to answer the call of the President, from the State of New York. Returning home with it, he aided in its re-organization and returned to the field as Lieutenant Colonel—the Colonel being our lamented Bro. George W. Pratt, on whose death, at the second battle of Bull Run, he succeeded to the command.

Possessing all that would make life at home desirable, a charming family, a fine social position, and brilliant prospects in his profession, Col. Gates cheerfully surrendered all to share, for the past three years, the privations of campaign life with the Army of the Potomac, and the perils of all its battles. He has been repeatedly commended for bravery and distinguished services in battle, and at Gettysburg, he, with his regiment, received the thanks of their commanding General in orders, for having "materially contributed to the repulse of the greatest and, it was hoped, the final assault of the enemy." It is by such conduct on the part of her sons that Masonry illustrates the wisdom and beneficence of her teachings.

We found Col. Gates surrounded by quite a masonic family. The Lieutenant Colonel, Major, two Surgeons, Chaplain, Adjutant, five Captains, and a Lieutenant of his regiment, are "brethren of the mystic tie," and share with him and their comrades in their affection for the Craft and interest in its prosperity.

Dr. Van Steenburgh is Surgeon of the 120th N. Y. Vols., and Surgeon in Charge of a division of the 2d Corps Hospital. He is an excellent surgeon, a *good man*, and an enthusiastic, zealous working Mason. He is proposed as W.·. M.·. of the Lodge at City Point, a position he has repeatedly filled at home with honor to himself and credit to the Fraternity.

Lieut. Col. Parker, of Gen. Grant's staff, is another proposed officer of the Lodge. He is a gentleman of the highest type, with all the native, high-bred courtesy of his race, (Col. Parker is chief of the Indian tribes of Central New York,) of immense wealth, thorough education, and eminent military abilities.

Lieut. Col. Duff, Inspector General to Gen. Grant, is a *soldier*, one of the finest examples of an old regular officer; chivalric, brave, courteous, and above all, loyal. He has served with the General ever since the latter had a command, and possesses his entire confidence and regard.

Capt. D. D. Riley, in charge of the Commissary Depot, is one of the most energetic, capable men, and one of the most refined gentlemen that the war has produced.

But the honored gentleman from whom the Lodge is named, Provost Marshal General Patrick, is "the noblest Roman of them all." Years of long and faithful service have whitened his hair, and the exposure of many campaigns in all climates have broken his health, yet still he discharges, with wonderful fidelity and success, the arduous and trying duties of his post. His form is never seen nor his voice heard by his soldiers but with reverent affection, albeit the latter is a well-known "terror to evil doers." Long may he be spared to receive the love of his "youngsters," as he delights to call his subordinates, and the honor of his country!

Since writing the foregoing, in the recent conflicts at the front several of our brothers have paid their full debt to their country. Our old friend, Major Gen. Birney, has ceased from his labors.

[Bro. Shupe's promised article giving a detailed account of the visit to the army has not been received.]

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The conduct of Bro. Jefts as an agent not being satisfactory to us we revoke his commission.

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Suffering—God's Goodness—Its Uses—Masonic Teachings.

Suffering enters largely into every life. It is one of the chief elements in our lot. It is interwoven with the whole texture of our existence. Life has heavy burdens and deep wounds for each. When the outward life is smooth and prosperous, then are its vehement affections, unrequited friendships, wounded pride, unappeased thirst for happiness, fountains of bitter grief.

Suffering is not accidental. It is designed. It has its great work. Let us comprehend its uses.

It is said that God has created nothing for the purpose of pain; that the teeth are for mastication and not to ache, and the lungs to inhale air and not to ripen the seeds of consumption. While this is truly a kind purpose of our Creator, it is also true that every organ, by its delicacy of structure and susceptibility of external influences, becomes an inlet of acute pain; that we know the inward organs chiefly by the pain they have given. The science of anatomy has grown almost wholly out of the exposure of our frame to suffering. A single nerve thrills as with agony. Sleep, food, and friends are robbed of their power to interest. What avails a strong body against whirlwinds, waves, and flames; against the pestilence of the night or the inhalation of the day. Pain comes from God's provisions for the animal frame, and from the spirit, powers, and affections of our nature. Our reason is darkened by the prejudice of early years. It also sympathizes with a suffering body. Then our love, thirsting for sympathy and confidence, is repelled by coldness, wounded by neglect, or tortured by inconstancy, and its faith in virtue shaken by the turpitude of those in whom it trusted. When true love finds true requital, the uncertainty of life mixes trembling with its joy, and bereavement turns it into anguish. Suffering cannot be thrust into a subordinate place in life's picture. It is the chief burden of history, the solemn theme of one of the highest departments of literature—the tragic drama. It gives to fictions their deepest interest and wails through our poetry. It leaves its trace on the countenance, and affords the most vivid recollections of life.

Suffering is the intention of our Creator. Nothing more is necessary to prove this than that we are created with a susceptibility of pain, and severe pain. This is as much a part of our nature as our own susceptibility of enjoyment. God has implanted it. We cannot escape it. The pain is not in the fire, sea, or sword, but begins and ends in the soul. Outward things are only the occasions. The fibres, blood-vessels, bones of the hand, do not endure the pain of the rack. They are merely connected by the Creator with the springs of pain in the soul. Here is the only origin and seat of suffering. God might have willed it that the piercing of the heart with a dagger would occasion exquisite delight. In the heat of battle the wound is not felt, and men dying for their faith by torture expire with triumph. The lacerations of the body do not reach the absorbed soul. The great deep of suffering is in the human breast. Agony has the start of joy. Every soul has its night, and the darkness all from within sometimes, when all else is bright as noon-day.

To diminish this weight of suffering is one great end of human toil and care. A thousand arts are plied, and our own institution has borne its part in alleviation. But there must be a deep working which the busy multitude seldom dream of.

It may be said, how can God's goodness be vindicated with this sombre picture? It needs no advocate. The profoundest sense of God's goodness is found in those who are afflicted, depressed, and forsaken. Who are the selfish, exacting, cold-hearted, and doubting? They who are laden with life's goods, who have luxurious tables and pillows of ease. But it may be well to briefly suggest a reply how it is so much suffering is experienced under a Being of perfect goodness.

We are told that men enjoy more than they suffer. True. Health is the rule, sickness the exception. Only few are blind or deaf. Labor is invigorating to the many and breaks down but a few. We have pain from malignity and wrongs of our fellow men, but how much more good from sympathies and kind offices of familiar friends and neighbors. The world is not an hospital, alms-house, or dungeon. Flowers and fruit deck the fields. A beautiful sun shines and a reviving atmosphere surrounds us. And yet there is pain; and how reconcile this with *perfect* goodness?

What is the vindication? That benevolence has a higher aim than to bestow enjoyment, and this can only be secured by suffering. Masonry, borrowing from religion, solves the mystery of life, showing by its instruction and ritual that pleasure is not the great end of benevolence; that earth is not a paradise, and that God has something better for us than gushing streams or profuse indulgence; that we have something beside capacities and desires of pleasure; that amidst the selfish and animal principles of our nature there is an awful power, a sense of right, a voice of duty, and the idea of perfection—the seal of divinity on us, the sign of our descent from God. This gift shows the benevolence of God. The conception of moral goodness and the power to strive after it,

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Will the Secretary read this in his Lodge?

To the W.·. M.·. and Secretary and Brethren of each Lodge in the United States:

Some lodges in Pennsylvania and Ohio and elsewhere have been grossly swindled by an individual calling himself Barbelheimer, McIlhany, &c., and professing to act as agent for our paper, without authority, and appropriating the receipts to himself. This notice is designed to ptotect your lodge from swindling. If you have been swindled, we ask that you will furnish us with information concerning him, and give the names of the brethren swindled, sending receipts. Do you not, brethren, see the importance of your lodge being in possession of the NATIONAL FREEMASON that you may be informed of these traveling imposters?

The NATIONAL FREEMASON furnishes a large amount of valuable masonic reading matter. It eschews political controversies. It has nothing to do with what is not acknowledged everywhere and by all to be accredited Masonry. It promotes conferences and not controversies. It deprecates divisions and vituperation. It advocates no particular ritualism. It aims to develop and organize masonic charity. It is national in its character, and is not the organ of any jurisdiction exclusively. It has met with unprecedented masonic favor.

Are you not disposed to encourage this unselfish enterprise at the national capital? How many copies will your lodge take to preserve in its archives for binding? Will you say two copies of the first volume and two copies of the current volume, each $2? How many copies will your lodge take for the widows of the same? How many copies by the lodge to be sent to the masonic soldiers of the army through the masonic mission or otherwise? How many brethren will each take a copy? Will you, dear brethren, see that the lodge acts distinctly on each proposition? Will you take a sheet of paper and make several columns, one for the name of each subscriber; another column for his post office address; the third for the time to commence the subscription; and the fourth for the amount paid? Send it to the address of Dr. McMurdy, Box 982, Washington City.

I have performed my labor, editorial and mechanical, for now nearly two years, without any compensation, giving away to soldiers and others thousands of copies. Will you not do a little for yourselves, your lodge, and the Masons of the army and hospitals, who imploringly ask for our paper?

the power of self-conflict and self-denial, of suffering for the right, true, and good, it is thus in endowing us, and not in giving us capacities of pleasure, that God's goodness shines; and, of consequence, whatever gives field, excitement, exercise, and strength and dignity to these principles of our nature, is the highest manifestation of benevolence.

May all our brethren understand the difference between excellence and indulgence, conscience and appetite, right-doing and prosperity, strivings after perfection and strivings for gain!

Who does not see in the whole machinery of Freemasonry that the end of our being and of it is to bring out the divine principles of our nature, to enthrone God, to teach us to honestly and resolutely seek for and communicate truth, to promote the triumph of disinterested love and impartial justice over selfishness and wrong, to strengthen reverence for ourselves and fellow creatures, and, above all, for God?

Do we wonder that we suffer? Is it not our own true school? Does not our moral excellence grow brighter and stronger by it continually?

Suffering ministers to human excellence, calls forth sublime virtues, nourishes the tenderest sympathies, raises us to energy and power, and yet infuses meekest dependence on God, stimulates toil for the goods of this world, and yet weans us from it. It admonishes the heedless, reproves the presumptuous, humbles the proud, rouses the sluggish, infuses courage, force, and faith, and the hope of immortality.

The wail of the mourner comes from every region under heaven and from every habitation, from the ocean and the battle-field, and from the fierce flame; but the soul is mightier than the pitiless elements. One retracting word would have saved many a martyr from the slow fire of persecution, but amidst protracted agonies of limb burning after limb, the celestial flame within prevailed. The devouring ocean has been to the ship-wrecked often the most glorious spot on earth. And what is suffering, then, awakening the energy of the soul's highest sentiments? I shed tears over human griefs, but they strengthen my faith in God.

May we all by our sufferings be ennobled and rendered heroic! May we all feel that God's rational, immortal creatures are worth living for and dying for, and may we all become strong in our devotion to humanity, truth, and God, and then will our sufferings have not been in vain!

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A Masonic Day.

The *National Thanksgiving*, on the last Thursday of November, is at last recognized all over the land. It is one of the *three National Masonic Festivals.*

The 22d day of February is first in order, reminding us of the patriot and Christian Mason, Washington. The second in order is the Fourth of July, reminding us not only of the fundamental principles of our government, but proclaiming that great masonic truth, "all men are created free and equal.' The third in order is the last Thursday of November, honoring labor, promoting social affection, and cultivating thankful hearts to the kind Father in Heaven.

Here we have nothing political—a religious, domestic, masonic holiday, where woman presides.

Our older masonic brethren, at their great National Festival, the "Feast of Weeks," were bidden to eat the fat and drink the sweet, *and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared.* May there be no maimed nor helpless nor war-worn brother, in hospital or camp, no widow nor orphan, no destitute Mason, nor man nor individual, who shall not have something prepared and who may not join in this holiday.

Brethren, lay aside your business, hush your strife and join in emotions of good will to all. Our knights of the Middle Ages had their solemn festival, called the "Truce of God," and on this day war everywhere ceased. May peace return to our land to bless it ever more!

Masons Hoarding up their Wealth Condemned—Charity towards the Rich.

The greatest obstacle to masonic progress is the wealthy entering our Order, and preserving their intense love of greed, or expending their riches upon themselves.

The rich Masons of former days, dying, left large bequests to the Order. From this source chiefly have arisen the magnificent halls, temples, and asylums of our Order over the world. Who hears of such bequests now?

What say you, my wealthy brothers? Have you, in your will, laid aside securely in your safe, remembered according to your means an Order to which you owe so much?

This better than naught. Yet we esteem it wiser for a benevolent rich man to expend his own charities, to himself build a hospital and set it properly at work, instead of leaving that duty to others whose errors of judgment may sink an undue portion of a grand bequest in extravagant furnishings and useless decorations, and wasteful salaries of agents, instead of its entire devotion to utility and benevolence.

A man is sometimes condemned as a miser, living in penury, discounting notes, dealing in stocks, and hoarding his wealth to gratify his unbounded avarice. How death and a will illustrate occasionally his heroism, when we learn the active good he has been doing quietly and the prospective good he intended after his decease! A rich man is born with wealth, amasses more, bestows petty charities, and escapes censure. Another rich man, with mistaken judgment, devotes himself to securing a fortune by self-denial and apparent poverty, gives nothing to the poor, hoards and dies immensely rich. Everybody despised him for his avarice until he died. Take an example:

"The city in which he lived was situated in an arid plain. The water which supplied its inhabitants had to be brought a long distance in carts, was grievously expensive to the people, and at times great suffering, particularly to the poor, was the consequence. On opening the will of the deceased miser, it was found that he had devoted all his wealth to the purpose of bringing the water of a stream some miles distant to that thirsty city, and pouring it in free and upstinted abundance to every living creature within it. He, too, was a hero, to bear the obloquy of men through life, and a benefactor, to give them for all time such an unknown blessing."

Another:

"He left a million of dollars to endow a hospital! It was his own. None of his rich relations needed it, and he had a full right to give it. What other rich man in America has done so much, or even a tithe as much, to furnish a home and a refuge for the poor, the diseased, the outcast, and the wretched? If ever a charity, distinctly blessed of God, emanated from the soul of man, a free hospital is that charity."

This man was condemned, but his death showed that the crowning purpose of his long and self-denying life was to alleviate the sufferings of his fellow-creatures.

Masonic charity says wait, wait to see what the end of a man's life is, before you condemn. It cannot be that the rich Masons are satisfied with what they are now doing. There must be some grand bequests at the close of life. If not, we point you to the need of a hall, of an orphan asylum, of schools for the poor, of homes for masonic soldiers, rendered feeble by the campaigns of battle, of homes for Masons and their wives and widows, of the great present good to be done by the masonic mission of New York.

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One of Many.

MIDDLETON—Killed at the storming of Chapin's Farm, on Sept. 29, Lieut. Benjamin F. Middleton, son of B. P. Middleton, of Brooklyn.

His friends and those of his father, also members of Fortitude Lodge, No. 19, F. and A. M., also the members of the Brooklyn 14th N. Y. S. M., are respectfully invited to attend his funeral.—*Tribune.*

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The youthful Crown Prince of Austria has received the Order of the Black Eagle from the King of Prussia.

The Church and Freemasonry.

The increasing prominence of the masonic fraternity makes its relations to the Church a matter of some importance. Just now the announcement of the laying of a corner-stone of a Methodist church with masonic ceremony has called attention to the great increase of this fraternity in the Church.

We do not propose any tirade against the Order either on account of its principles or its secrecy. If they are objects of suspicion or animadversion the Order must answer for that. And we apprehend there are too many Christian men among Masons to admit of any successful assault upon their principles and general objects, however much individual practice may be open to censure. But the practical and important question is, What relation ought the Church to hold toward Masonry?

We think she ought to ignore it altogether, so far as any official recognition is concerned, and this for the following reasons:

A proper self-respect requires this. Here is an institution coming forward like some masked warrior of old, entering the lists, challenging the highest place and the chiefest honors. It does not present proofs of its antiquity or its worthiness, but simply gives its dates, and claims illustrious names of religious and Christian antiquity as among its founders, patrons, or progeny. It does not publish its principles or its practices. On the contrary, it hides them under the strongest pledges of secrecy, and resents inquiry into or divulgence of them in the strongest manner. On the other hand the Church, a divine institution, proclaims her principles, makes her practices most public, and invites all to examine. A statement of these opposites in theory is enough to show what self-respect requires of the Church.

There arises in this connection a question whether the Church does not compromise herself by recognizing an institution of whose principles she can have no knowledge, and whose practices, so far as they are visible to eyes profane, would be scouted as barbaric nonsense if they were not shielded by fabled antiquity.

Masonry is not a Christian institution. Whatever it may be, mechanical, moral, protective, or eleemosynary, it certainly has nothing distinctively Christian about it. It does not name the name of Christ, and it is one of its boasts that it is so broad in its charity as to receive to its bosom Christian, Mohammedan, or any other deist. Why, then, should the Christian church patronize it? Nay, the "craft" does not accept patronage. It claims homage. It accepts no second place; and hence to recognize it is to give it the first place, and to dance attendance upon it.

With what propriety, then, can the Church call upon such a fraternity to lay the corner-stones of its houses of worship? By what authority and with what significance is such a ceremony permitted in the foundation of a Christian church. The ceremony is not Christian—has nothing Christian in it. So far as that is concerned, it might be performed by a band of Parsees. In the case referred to there was scarcely the recognition of a church; there was no place for her ministry in the ceremony nor on the premises, and they might have been seen standing like idle spectators in the streets surrounding the enclosure.

Similar to this is the position of the fraternity in funeral services. Whose services shall be used in the burial of our dead, the Christian or masonic? Or shall we use both, with double form committing dust to dust? No minister other than a Mason has failed to experience the inconvenience of this diversity of practice as he has been invited to step aside and let other and often lay officials complete or supplement his service. It is by no means an unheard of thing for the Fraternity to notify the minister that they will take charge of the body of a member of the Church after the service at the house. And what shall we say of the substitution by our ministers of the masonic ritual for that of our discipline?

It is time for the Church to dismiss Masonry to its proper place. If it is a religious association it is not Christian, and cannot be recognized by the Church. If it is simply a benevolent association, then let it take its place among mechanic charitable societies.

PHILECCLESIAST.

Thus writes a correspondent of the Christian Advocate and Journal of New York.

The craft never solicits permission to lay a corner-stone, nor volunteers to bury the dead. The corner-stone is laid at the request of the Church, and a brother is buried by the Masons at his own request made before his death, or by the desire of the family. If either party wishes the service of the Order, who may complain? If invited in either case to perform their ceremonies, it is expected that the Masons will perform masonic service.

The custom of masonic services at laying the corner-stones of edifices is immemorial. Very appropriate that the artificers should with form and ceremony pronounce the stone truly laid, and that the craftsmen should honor their undertaking and invoke the blessing of God thereon. This custom arose in the love of science and pious disposition of those who in former days were builders. If undevout astronomers are mad, temple-builders in former days generally feared God. This custom is still continued in these days by those who understand and appreciate the past—who receive the sufficient evidence that the masonic associations are the true successors of the craftsmen of olden time, and labor to propagate the same sentiments and truths. The employment of the Fraternity on such occasions exhibits the good taste and love of the beautiful of the past upon the part of bodies engaged in building. The cathedrals of St. Paul, Canterbury, and Westminster, and of Continental Europe, and the sacred temples of America, with few exceptions have been begun under masonic auspices, to say nothing of almost every public edifice in the world. Who objects that Gen. Washington, with his apron and gavel, laid the corner-stone of the Capitol of the nation?

Every brother should be buried according to his own desire. But we express a sentiment frequently uttered that the masonic burial service were so modified that it would conform to the fitness of things. There is a certain part belonging to the master, but the hortatory and precatory are clerical and appertain to the chaplain. We are pleased to see that one Grand Lodge has taken action.

Our Methodist brother is mistaken. The tenets and principles of our Fraternity are as patent as those of any church. All business transacted is carefully recorded, and in the case of Grand Lodges published to the world. Each clergyman and church can and ought to know what masonic principles and purposes are. Strange that the clergy and the church cannot recognize their best friends.

Masons in Congress.

Bro. French, writing to the *Masonic Review* about the death of Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, says:

"Bro. Giddings attended our Lodges in Washington often. Robert P. Dunlap, of Maine, Joseph R. Chandler, of Pennsylvania, Sam. Houston, of Texas, Wm. C. Dawson, of Georgia, Jesse Speight, of North Carolina, Gen. James Shields, Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire, were constant attendants while in Washington, of the Lodges, and some of them of the Chapters and Encampment.

"Howell Cobb, of Ga., W. R. W. Cobb, of Ala., and Geo. W. Jones, of Tenn., often visited our Lodges and Chapters. James Wilson, of N. H., I have met in the Grand Lodge, and John C. Breckinridge in the Lodge of Perfection, the Consistory, and the Senatorial Chamber of the 33d. Milton S. Latham, of Cal., James Buffinton, of Mass., and Charles Hudson, of Mass., also attended our masonic bodies in years gone by, and of the present Congress I have seen Schuyler Colfax, of Ind., Killian V. Whaley, of West Virginia, John W. Longyear, of Mich., and Godlove S. Orth, of Ind., in some of our masonic bodies.

"I have often wondered that of all the Freemasons in Congress, and I believe any Congress for the past thirty years would average one third, so few attend our Lodges—especially those who stand high among the Fraternity at home. Of the members of the present Congress, I know between thirty and forty who are Freemasons, and I do not, probably, know one-half; and of those whom I know, I have met *four* in masonic bodies here."

We might add to this list of Masons in Congress the names of Senators Chandler, Collamer, Garrett Davis, Hicks, James H. Lane, McDougall, Richardson, and others; and in the House, the names of Ancona, Arnold, Ashley, Bennett, Gooch, Grider, Mallory, Smith, Wallace, Long, Segar, Chandler, Perham, Miller, Ross, Boyd, Deming, and others.

The Continental for November is replete with interest.

Masonic Odes and Poems, by Bro. Morris, is just issued. The paper, typographical execution, and binding are in the highest style of art. It is a beautiful and attractive volume of 200 pp., and an appropriate present for the holidays. The poems are all creditable, and some of the odes will live forever in masonic Lodges and hearts. We find in Bro. Morris's poetry the quality most essential to song. The first requisite appears to be a decisive tone of feeling, whether joyous or melancholy, tender or heroic. In the next place, the versification, we think, should be free from all forced inversion—a species of construction which saves the trouble of the writer by increasing that of the reader; which checks the flow of sympathy even at its crisis, and renders the representation of nature a distortion of her features, and not a reflection. One more quality is essential—that of brevity.

The "Level and the Square," read by Bro. Deming, M. C. from Connecticut, at the banquet given to the Grand Encampment of the U. S., at Hartford, is the third piece. This will live as long as American Masonry endures. On page thirty-five is the

HYMN OF THE MASON SOLDIERS.

[In camp, hospital, and on the march, the "friends of the Square" in the Union armies were wont, during the campaigns of the fall and winter of 1863, to enliven the sad hours by singing this "Hymn of the Mason Soldiers," as arranged by Professor Henry Tucker's unequalled melody, "When this Cruel War is Over."]

Brothers met from every nation,
Far away from home,
Men of every rank and station,
Round this altar come.
Bring your hearts, so full of feeling;
Join your hands, so true;
Swear, ye sons of truth and honor,
Naught shall sever you.

Chorus—War's dark cloud will vanish—
Joy to east and west,
Oh, Brothers!
Though the land is full of weeping,
Masons, Masons still are blessed.

Come, forgetting every sorrow,
Level bring and Square,
Leave all trouble to to-morrow;
Each the Compass bear;
Pass the Trowel o'er each discord;
Wear the Lambskin white;
Brothers, one more happy meeting
In our Lodge to-night.

In the circle here extended,
Shadowy forms appear;
With our loved spirits blended,
Dead ones, ah, how dear!
Dead on many a field of battles,
Lost to friends and home,
Yet in Mason's love surviving,
Round this altar come.

When to distant homes returning,
We shall say farewell,
And shall cease the tender yearning,
Now our bosoms feel—
Prattling lips and sweet caresses,
All the joys of home,
Will bring back the loving circle;
Round this altar come.

On page sixty-nine is the following

TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON.

Ho! Brothers of the mystic tie,
Come round me if you please,
Lay down the Gavel and the Square,
And let the Trowel cease;
The work may stop a little while—
The Master will not blame,
While I from memory sing of one
Right worthy of the name—
A True old-time Freemason
Whose name was Washington.

Of every superfluity
He did his mind divest;
He would not set a timber up
Unless it was the best;
He plumbed and squared and levelled well
His blocks, and set them true;
Then turned his apron Master-wise
And spread the mortar due—
This true old-time Freemason
Whose name was Washington.

When bloody war at foreign hands
This country threatened sore,
He thought it *right* to take the sword
And guard his native shore;
He stood where bravest hearts are found,
He struck for liberty;
But when the conquered foemen sued,
A man of mercy he—
This old-time Freemason,
The glorious Washington!

Upon his apron was no stain;
His work had no defect;
The Overseer accepted all;
There was nothing to reject.
He lived in peace with God and man,
He died in glorious hope,
That Christ, the Zion, Judah's pride,
Would raise his body up—
This true old-time Freemason,
Our Brother Washington.

Music—Handel's Messiah.

Do not the modern craft too much neglect the collection of masonic music? Why not have in each of our cities one or more masonic bands, and one or more masonic choirs? In connection with the masonic mission in its operations in this city, in visiting the hospitals, why should not our masonic singers make this an attractive feature? Who will take the lead, and organize the movement?

How interesting the following, from the New York Observer, to masonic and templar hearts:

"Doubtless, indeed, Handel's many misfortunes and disappointments in operatic speculations were but so many blessings in disguise, for they directed him into a channel of composition by which he became one of the most illustrious benefactors of his race in pure and religious art. The sublime Oratorio of the Messiah was composed under a powerful devotional influence. One might fancy that the glorious master's pen was guided by angel fingers. When he was questioned as to his ideas when writing the magnificent Hallelujah Chorus, which is a burst of joy and adoration throughout, he replied in his imperfect English: "I did think I did see all heaven before me and the great God himself;" and a friend calling on him when composing the music to the mournful words, "He was despised and rejected of men," found him absolutely sobbing. Music produced in such a frame must be immortal. But amid all the thrilling and impassioned pieces of the Oratorio, "I know," is the gem. The melody appears simple, yet it is a work of consummate genius. The rise and swell of the voice on the word know, which it clenches as with a mighty faith, and the lovely fall of a sixth, like balm dropping from the Tree of Life, evince a mastery of art appreciated in full only by the classical musician. The closing part, as it soars up, up, on the words—"For now is Christ risen from the dead"—is like the triumphal carol of a newly enfranchised bird as it mounts upwards to the realms of light and liberty; disdaining the aid of intrinsic embellishment, the melody is a miracle of beauty—the harmony, the marrow of classic art. Handel's music appeals to the nobler cast of mind; no shallow or ignoble soul can either love or comprehend it. In fact, it might be made a test of intellectual quality.

"We know not if the songs of our pilgrimage will be repeated in heaven, but if so, surely will this strain be deemed worthy to resound through the groves of Paradise. It is fitting that the first phrase—words and music—is engraven on the monument of the immortal composer in Westminster Abbey. The song itself is a noble monument of consecrated genius."

The Masonic Choir: a collection of hymns and tunes, original and selected, for the use of the Fraternity, by Sir. Knt. Dadmun; arranged for male voices by Bro. Brown.

We hail the appearance of this work with great pleasure. We devote too little attention to music as an order, and to singing in our lodges. At lodge meetings, dedications, installations, let us have more music of the right kind. Bro. Dadmun has furnished hymns for the Lodge, Chapter, Encampment, and Council—chants for various degrees, funeral hymns and marches.

We heartily commend this work.

The Freemasons of Italy decline choosing a Grand Master since the resignation of Garibaldi. They have elected Professor de Lucca Regent for Garibaldi's term.

Mrs. Lincoln Phelps, under the sanction of the State Fair Association of the Women of Maryland, for the benefit of the U. S. Christian and Sanitary Commissions, has issued a National Book of original articles in prose and verse, by American writers. The work is styled, "Our Country in relations to the Past, Present, and Future." The object is noble and the work well executed.

We give a few lines of the piece styled, "The Mississippi," contributed by Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, the widow of one well known in our Temple Hosts. The invocation is masonic:

"Father of Waters"—whose far-reaching arm
Binds West to East like brothers, heart to heart,
And through thy bounteous tributary streams,
Our Country's healthful arteries of life,
Dost send, on either hand, thy blessings free,
Alike to Southern gulf and Northern lake,
Great river of America for all:—

Our Country lifts thy waters to her lip,
In reverent thankfulness and patriot hope,
As pledge of peace and bond of unity—
And prays that God who made our fathers free,
And crowned them with a diadem of stars,
One name encircling all—"Our Washington"—
Would pardon all our sins and keep us one:
In heart and name, in law and language one;
To worship Him and do His will as one,
Till earth's great day of peace and rest shall come.

◆

Masonry in the Advance for Popular Education.—The early originators and friends of the public school system were Masons; among them was *De Witt Clinton*, who was the first President of the first Board of Trustees for the establishment of a free school in this country, and who delivered the address at the opening of the first school building of the Free-School Society. De Witt Clinton, in his address, described the origin and progress of the association, and portrayed the great benefits which might justly be expected to flow from the diffusion of knowledge among the great mass of the people.

◆

The Present War.

BY SIR KNT. JAMES H. HOPKINS.

Parties have divided and grown envenomed; churches have separated and become vindictive; society has been rent and is intolerant; and if Masons, remembering their obligations, and avoiding personal bickerings and reproaches, can meet in the bonds of fraternal love and calmly reason together, it might prove the dawning from the dark night of horror which has so long enveloped us in gloom. But this must be the work of individual Masons, and not of the corporate bodies. And to the end that this individual influence may prove effective, we must cultivate the spirit of Charity in its noblest and most comprehensive sense. The duties and obligations of Masonry sit lightly upon us when all is peaceful and prosperous. But it is in times like the present, when men are tested, and it is found whether our impulses, our passions and prejudices are stronger than our masonic and knightly vows. Let us steadfastly adhere to the principles and purposes of our Order amid all excitements. Then, when the tempest is past, if so be, the temple of our liberties should be buried in the common ruin by its swoop, we can look with grateful pride upon its pillars unshaken by the storm, and rising in solemn grandeur amid boundless desolation. But if—and God in mercy speedily grant it may be so—when carnage shall cease, and the smoke of battle shall roll away, we see a constellation without one wandering star, a Union undissolved, a people still enjoying the priceless, blood-bought legacy of constitutional freedom, then among Templars there will be no painful memory to mar the universal joy.—*Report on For. Cor., June* 13, *Penna.*

◆

Gen. Thumb and wife sailed for Europe on the 29th instant, to appear no more in public after the present engagement. The General (Bro. Chas. S. Stratton) is worth over a half milion dollars. He is a Knight Templar, and has taken all the various degrees under the patronage of the Grand Orient of France. The General will extend his tour to Egypt and the Holy Land, also to Naples, Rome, and Russia; Bro. Stratton is a perfect gentleman, a good scholar, and an upright, devoted Mason. He is lavish with masonic charities.

At the dedication of the new Masonic Hall, Nashua, N. H., Rev. Bro. Gorman read a masonic poem, and Rev. Bro. Alger made the address. Bros. N. P. Banks and Emerson, of the army, and Bros. Barrett and Hunt, of the G.·. L.·. of N. H., made remarks at the banquet in the evening. The following is a synopsis of Bro. Alger's address:

Mr. Alger first alluded to some of the insignia of the Order of Masonry, and to the principles of which they were typical, saying that no sign or movement of the Order, however inexplicable to the uninitiated, was destitute of similitude to some phase or condition of human life. The speaker declared his subject to be the simple language of emblems, particularly the emblems of human life.

Once, said he, there was an Icelandic maiden who had two lovers. In the autumn she said she would accept him who in the spring could show the fairest hands. One of them put on gloves and abstained from toil. The other wielded the axe and fought the battles of his country, and became hardened and brawny. At last the time for the decision came. The maid said to the first, "Well cared for have been those fingers; little roughness have they seen." The other lover drew up his sleeve and exposed his arm covered with golden rings to the shoulder—trophies taken from his enemies. The maid said, "These hands are the fairest!" This anecdote illustrates that there was no duty like the duty of performance.

In ancient times moral lessons were depicted on tapestry, and a general who sailed from Barbary against the Corsairs had his vessel decorated with pictures, which should carry some useful lessons to him in whatever direction he might turn his eyes.

The use of emblems had been universal; every word in the dictionary and every letter in the alphabet was a symbol. The ancient priests employed a system of hieroglyphics known only to themselves. Pythagoras also used a variety of symbols. Plutarch had said that the Egyptians made the crocodile the emblem of the Deity, because, having no tongue, it represented the Almighty, who governed all things in silence. The whole world was crowded with analogies and emblems.

The speaker continued at some length in illustration of his text, drawing similies from mythology and from history. In his closing remarks he said that to different persons life in this world was a contemplation in an observatory; a task in a work-house; a penance in a prison; a struggle in the arena; a service in the church; a poetic reverie; a horrid dream or a holy martyrdom. But to all of them life was alike in the most important respects. To every one of them life was a trust full of duties, full of risks; something to be cared for, to be worshipped, and to be expended in all rightful contemplations and in unison with the constitution of the world and the will of God.

Such at least was what should be said to Masons on the subject of simple emblems, particularly the emblems of human life. And he would commend to their attention and practice, especially in connection with the dedication of their hall to-day, this lesson—that there was another building which they should all erect—the building of character—a temple of Divinity which should shine with glory when all material structures had been dust for millions of years.

◆

The New York Business Mirror thus notices the National Freemason:

"We have received the fifth number of the second volume of this valuable masonic journal, and take great pleasure in calling to it the attention of Masons everywhere. It is a large sixteen-page paper, handsomely printed, devoted to masonic matters and general literature. The low price of the subscription—$2 per year—places it within the reach of every one. Every Master Mason, and everybody who feels an interest in matters pertaining to the fraternity, should at once become subscribers."

◆

Ruskin defines (masonic) economy as the wise management of labor, and it means this mainly in these senses, namely: first, *applying* your labor rationally; secondly, *preserving* its produce carefully; lastly, *distributing* its produce seasonably.

◆

Arthur's Home Magazine, published by Arthur, 323 Walnut st., Philadelphia, proposes a new department, to be called "The Home Circle." It will be increasingly welcome to the family group. The November number has its usual interest.

Masonic Reform in Italy.

The W.·. M.·. of "Insubria" Lodge, Milan, Italy, thus discourses: (we are indebted to *Dispatch.*)

"Masonry employs *internal* means to carry on the secret work of the lodges, and *external* means to act on the profane world. The internal means consist of certain symbols and rites of a sacred and mysterious character. With these Masonry has pursued the road which was prescribed for it by the psychological condition of the people, and, later, by the political condition of the State. The symbol is the primitive expression of thought—it is the original character of all religions and institutions in which we find the child-like expression of popular knowledge or consciousness. In obedience to this law of nature, Masonry in the beginning was symbolical, and in the future adhered pertinaciously to its symbolism, because on it depended its secrecy, and, consequently, its very existence. But when the necessity for this secrecy was done away with, thanks to the progress of education and liberty, what value could these rites and symbols continue to possess? None other but to alienate from Masonry those men who might have been its chief ornament and support—the hardiest and most comprehensive intellects, the most celebrated and ablest protectors of knowledge. These men, passing their lives in the earnest search of truth, either refuse to take part in Masonry or enter the institution merely to gratify their friends, without concerning themselves further about a society which speaks to the children of the French Revolution in the language of the time of Solomon. Symbols and rites are merely signs, and valuable only for what they signify. Symbols thus have a certain value so long as they enable us to perceive truths which reason, in its simple conception, unaided, fails to grasp. When, however, the feeling of intuition, of fancy, gives place to that critical, scientific, philosophical consideration, which knows how to separate the idea from the sign, the truth from the image, then do symbols and rites lose all dogmatic (doctrinal) value. Even if we consider them still as of some importance for the history, archæology, and exegesis of Masonry, yet they have none for rational knowledge. It would, therefore, be as absurd to desire to force them upon science as it would be to require adults to speak the language of children. Have not the fundamental principles of Masonry, hitherto concealed under its rites and symbols, long since ceased to be symbols? Are they not now the principles of social philosophy and public justice? The attempt, then, at this day, to translate these principles back again into symbols, would be to oppose a rational and scientific progress, as much as it would be to endeavor to trace back the sciences of Astronomy, Geology, and Physics to a mythological cosmogony of some ancient, long-forgotten religion.

◆

Somebody, in a female hand, has tried our patience with a dozen stanzas, of which the following are specimen bricks. If the Craft in *that* lady's vicinity can get "cigars, oysters, and wine" at their lodge in these hard times, we will thank them to make us an honorary member forthwith!

"Oh, what do they do at the Lodge so late?
Oh, why do they tarry so long?
    To smoke the cigar
    And poison their hair,
And to drink what is naughty and strong.

Oh, why do they go to the Lodge so much,
Oh, why do they hurry from home?
    To guzzle and dine
    On oysters and wine," etc., etc.

This will be intelligence to our readers.—*Voice of Masonry.*

◆

Godey's Lady's Book, edited by our masonic sister, Mrs. Blab, proposes the following terms for 1865:

1 copy one year, $3, 2 copies, $5 50, and 4 copies, $10. Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine, both for $4 50 for one year. Godey for November will be sought for by the ladies.

◆

We have just received Bro. Simon's work, "The Principles of Masonic Jurisprudence." We shall notice it in the December issue.

◆

The Lady's Friend, by Mrs. Peterson, (Philadelphia,) has a most touching steel plate, "The Empty Cradle," and other engravings, pretty and useful to the ladies. It improves monthly in interest.

CONGRESSIONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY BRO. B. B. FRENCH.

[Continued from page 78, vol. II.]

The second session of the 25th Congress opened on the first Monday of December, 1837. It was a most eventful session. One of the events never to be forgotten was the fatal duel between William J. Graves, of Kentucky, and Jonathan Cilley, of Maine. The history of that duel has been fully written and fully published. It was founded on a peccadillo, and never should have occurred. I knew both the principals, and all the seconds and friends, well. Mr. Graves was the last man I should have selected, of all the members of the House, to fight a duel. He was a good-natured, pleasant man. Mr. Cilley was far more of an excitable temperament, as I supposed, and came to Washington with the endorsement *that he would fight.* He said sharp things and bore the character of a fearless and honorable man. A brief statement of the facts, as known to me, may not be out of place. On the 12th day of February, 1838, Mr. Cilley, in a speech made in the House, used language in relation to Col. James Watson Webb, of the *New York Courier and Enquirer*, which he (Webb) considered of such character as to demand notice or explanation. He accordingly applied to Mr. Graves, as *his friend*, to bear a letter to Mr. Cilley, asking him if he were correctly reported in the *Globe* newspaper. Mr. Cilley declined to receive the note and gave reasons therefor. Mr. Graves addressed a note to Mr. Cilley, asking him if he did not base his refusal to receive the note on certain reasons assigned by him. Mr. Cilley replied in a manner that Mr. Graves did not deem satisfactory; a further correspondence ensued, and a regular challenge was sent by Mr. Graves to Mr. Cilley, by the hand of Hon. Henry A. Wise, on the 23d of February. It was accepted on the same day, and, on the 24th, the parties proceeded over the Anacostia Bridge into Maryland and fought with rifles, and on the third fire Mr. Cilley was shot through the body and died immediately.

From the time the difficulty commenced, it was well known about the Capitol that a duel was in progress, but with nothing definite. The last time I ever saw Mr. Cilley, he was sitting at the Clerk's table in the office, writing a note. It was very brief, and I then supposed it had reference to the duel, and afterward supposed it was the acceptance of the challenge, as it was on the day of its acceptance, (February 23.) I saw Mr. Cilley the evening previous at the Birth-night ball, of which he was a manager, and there was no one there who appeared to enjoy it more, or who seemed freer from all care and trouble.

TIDINGS FROM THE CRAFT.

MAINE.—Grand Council met in Portland, May 4, 1864. M.·. I.·. Timothy T. Murray was elected G.·. P.·., and R.·. I.·. Ira Berry, G.·. R.·. The following was adopted:

Grand Council—Officers and Stations.—The Most Puissant Grand Master—*in the East.*

Right Puissant Grand Master—*on the right of the Most Puissant Grand Master.*

Puissant Grand Master—*on the left of the Most Puissant Grand Master.*

Deputy Puissant Grand Master—*on the right of the Right Puissant Grand Master.*

Grand Chaplain—*on the left of the Puissant Grand Master.*

Grand Treasurer—*on the right in front of the Right Puissant Grand Master.*

Grand Recorder—*on the left in front of the Puissant Grand Master.*

Grand Master of Ceremonies—*in the West.*

Grand Captain of the Guards—*on the right of the Grand Master of Ceremonies.*

Grand Conducter—*in the South.*

Grand Steward—*at the door, inside.*

Grand Sentinel—*at the door, outside.*

Insignia.—The collars of the officers to be of purple velvet, trimmed with gold lace; aprons the same, with the appropriate jewels wrought in the center.

Jewels.—The jewels of all the officers are to be of gold, or a metal resembling it in color, suspended from the collars, and contained in a triangle, surrounded by a wreath; the wreaths of the first two officers to be surmounted by crowns. In the triangle worn by the Most Puissant Grand Master, are suspended the square, compass, and trowel; in that of the Right Puissant Grand Master, the square, level, and trowel; in that of the Puissant Grand Master, the square, plumb, and trowel; in that of the Deputy Puissant Grand Master, the square and trowel; in that of the Past Most Puissant Grand Master, the compass extended on an arc of 60 degrees, with the trowel in the centre; in that of the Grand Chaplain, the trowel and Holy Bible, open; in that of the Grand Treasurer, the trowel and cross-keys; in that of the Grand Recorder, the trowel and cross-pens; in that of the Grand Master of Ceremonies, the trowel and baton, crossed on the scroll; in that of the Grand Captain of the Guards, the trowel, sword, and battle-axe, crossed; in that of the Grand Conductor, the trowel and cross-swords; in that of the Grand Steward, the trowel and sword; in that of the Grand Sentinel, the trowel and scimeter, crossed.

Subordinate Councils—Officers and Stations.—Each Subordinate Council shall consist of a Thrice Illustrious Master, Right Illustrious Master, Illustrious Master, Treasurer, Recorder, Master of Ceremonies, Captain of Guards, Conductor of Council, Steward, and Sentinel. There may also be a Chaplain. The stations of these officers are like those of corresponding rank in the Grand Council.

Insignia.—The collars of the officers to be of velvet, trimmed with gold lace, and of a color corresponding with their respective dresses. The collars of the members, as each Council may determine. The aprons of officers and members to be white and appropriately trimmed.

Jewels.—The jewels of the officers are like those worn in the Grand Council, except the wreath. The jewels of the members as each Council may determine.

Dresses.—The Thrice Illustrious Master is clothed in a robe of royal purple, trimmed with gold lace or ermine, a crown upon his head and a scepter in his hand; the Right Illustrious Master, in a robe of scarlet, trimmed with gold lace or ermine, a crown upon his head and a scepter in his hand; the Illustrious Master in a robe of blue, trimmed with gold lace or ermine, a turban on his head and a gavel in his hand; the Master of Ceremonies in a purple tunic and turban, with a baton in his hand; the Captain of the Guards in the ancient military costume of the Eastern nations, with a sword in his hand; the Conductor and Steward in purple tunics and turbans, with a sword in the hand. Each officer and member should be furnished with a trowel, and the officers may all wear swords.

THE DRUNKARD'S SOLILOQUY.

BY T. S. SCOVILLE.

[I enclose a little poem which I thought, in these days of increasing intemperance, might do some one good, and perhaps lead them to think, and change their course. These thoughts were called up by having, for a few days, the care of a young man who was bound to his cups. Though but about thirty years of age, he was a perfect wreck, suffering from delirium tremens, and who, within one short week after I bid him adieu in the cars, was dragged from the stile to the grave. And who knows where his immortal spirit has gone? And yet thousands on thousands are going, and no arm is stretched out to save. What a loss to the world, that so many noble, human craft should be sunk, even before their voyage of life is fairly begun.]

Parody on Song —" I'm sitting on the stile, Mary."

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright and well-remembered morn
When first you were my bride.

I'm sitting here again, Mary,
When years have rolled away;
And Oh, how changed in all respects
From that bright happy day!

But now I'm old and sad, Mary,
I'm grown both thin and gray;
I'm almost blind and deaf and dumb,
But taste is strong to-day.

An awful taste it is, Mary,
That dreadful taste for gin—
That you so often told me, dear,
Would sink my soul in sin.

And Oh, how sad the thought, Mary,
That you are in the grave,
Because I would not quit my cups,
Myself and you to save.

And Oh, how dreadful now to think
Of little ones so dear;
All starved and frozen too, by drinks,
Their ghostly forms seem near.

Oh, would to God I'd lived, Mary,
As you advised me then;
Now you'd have been alive, Mary,
And I a man 'mongst men.

Spirits in the bottle, Mary,
Were stronger than you, then;
And now ten thousand, good as you,
Can't bring me back again.

But now I'm lost and gone, Mary
I'll never see you more;
The past brings back old horrors gone,
That blackens all before.

Perdition's in my road, Mary,
And downward I must go;
There's no salvation now for me,
But I must go below.

I see the church-yard now, Mary,
And spirits coming near;
How shall I get away, Mary?
My soul is filled with fear.

They're coming! coming!! see that hand!!
Blood-red as it can be!
Oh, see! those pale, wan faces, too,
Were starved to death by me!

And there, too, comes that blackened man,
With horns and hoofs, beside;
Oh! Oh!! he drags me off the stile,
To hell, where he abides.

Take him away!! Oh do! Mary!
Oh, God! and must I go?
Oh, catch me! save me! for I fall!
To everlasting woe.

MORAL FOREWARNING.

To those who seek the bottle now,
I'd say, in time beware:
Or you'll fall too, from off the stile,
The drunkard's fate to share.

Man is not Competent to Judge his Fellow Man.

A member of the masonic society ought always to be governed by the most generous impulses, and judge mildly of the faults of his brethren, and by gentle measures endeavor to inspire the erring with noble and just sentiments.

A Freemason ought not on any occasion to speak disrespectfully of his fellow in his absence, no matter what the fault may be or the grievance.

It is unworthy at all times to speak evil of the absent; no generous, no masonic mind will be guilty of an act so base, and no man who has bowed at our mystic altars, who appreciates his obligations, and the honor of his connection with the institution, will so far forget himself as to speak in detriment to the character of another, who has also knelt at the shrine of Freemasonry.

It is not always that those are in the wrong whom we suppose so, and none but a higher power can know the struggles the weak and erring may have in combating circumstances and inclinations which compel them to err. There may be more virtue on the weak restraining their desires, the man of strong passions fighting against indulgence, the hungered in abstaining from appropriating the goods of others, than in large contributions of the wealthy for benevolent purposes. The man whose means place him above the temptation of want, whose education and affinities prevent him from associating with the depraved, or those whose will and determination are sufficiently strong to hold their passions in subjection, may never know, may never be able to appreciate the moral and mental struggles of those differently organized or circumstanced.

The poor brother unable to pay his lodge dues, to pay small debts, incurred perhaps to sustain life, to pay even his subscription, may possess a noble spirit, and be true before God and angels. Man is scarcely competent to judge his fellow man, because he is unable to fathom the secret arcana of motives and inward impulses which prompt him to act. We do not speak of the open violaters of the law, those who set at defiance the rights and obligations of man and society; for such are not, cannot, and never were Freemasons. But as Masons are only men, and no one ever entered the portals of Masonry without having at least one friend, a guide, and therefore must have possessed some good traits, let us at least be merciful in our judgment; if misfortune has robbed such a one, the humblest among us, of his wealth, and he is reduced to poverty and want, or if unable to resist temptations against which he may have long and ardently struggled, he finally was overcome and yielded, let our judgment be tempered with mercy; do not scorn him, do not spurn him from society, do not crush him so that he may not rise again, Masonry is charity, heaven-born and sympathizing charity; and the noblest and most acceptable of its duties, those which are rewarded with the highest meed in the court of angels and seraphs, are the kind words spoken, the gentle admonition and good counsel, the timely aid, and the ennobling inspirations to elevate, improve, and arouse the drooping energies of the lowly and fallen. Man is not competent to judge his fellow-man.—*N. Y. Courier.*

Freemasonry a Universal Cosmopolitan Society.

It is one of the peculiar features of the fraternity of Freemasons that it is a society which distinctly holds itself aloof from all political, national and religious aims. Politics, nationalities and religions comprise certain forms of society, which, though they constitute a bond of union among their members, yet have the effect to create divisions among mankind. The more powerful and the more protective these communities become, the more sharply and the more clearly defined become the divisions and separations between men. Men, thus separated politically, nationally or religiously, are prone to consider and to act toward each other with a haughty disdain, from which mood is too frequently born a fervent and deadly hate, resulting in acts of violence, oppression and persecution. The members of these different sodalities are too apt to become slaves to a selfish and narrow-minded prejudice, and yetthis feeling does not spring from personal illiberality, but from their consciousness of a connection with a great whole. In this two-fold character thus presented by these communities, requiring on the one hand union and harmony among their own members, and on the other an exclusiveness, a separation from the rest of mankind, lies the great universality of man, for the collective organization and culture of mankind. That these forms of society, these separating communities, must of necesity exist, is evident; but it is also evident on the other hand that a society which can embrace all these separating communities—whose purpose it is to remove the evils caused by these divisions, without in any way interfering with the causes themselves—must be equally necessary. Freemasonry constitutes this all embracing society, uniting within itself men of all politics, nations and religions. States, nations and religions are societies of men, Freemasonry is a society of mankind. Freemasonry is intended to unite not merely individuals, but all men, it matters not how widely they may be separated by the existing forms of society. Freemasonry is unity in multiplicity, equality in the diversity of mankind, the bond of fellowship and communion in the divisions of political, national and religious societies. It unites within its fold those men of all nations, of all religions, who are imbued with purely human and cosmopolitan ideas, based on moral efforts; it fortifies and strengthens them in these ideas, and thus qualifies them to go forth into the outer world, there to promote by word and act the object of the fraternity. This fraternity is therefore a universal society of man on a small scale, contemplating the future realization of the great society of mankind on a grander scale, the final establishment of which will complete the mission of Freemasonry.

The erection of this great society of humanity we compare to the building of a temple, of a dwelling-place of God in the spirit, where all men "shall be no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God." Our society, however, we compare to a lodge, situated on the great building-place, and near the temple which we build. Here we assemble at the Master's call, receive our working-tools and instructions, and then go forth into the world to labor, and with square and compass, with level and plumb and rule, we work in the walls of time, our stones the souls of living men. —*Dispatch.*

Hiram Abiffs.—During a recent visit to Clinton Lodge, No. 453, so worthily presided over by Wor. Bro. F. Widdows, the following suggested itself:

Why may each candidate in Clinton Lodge be likened to Hiram Abiff? Because he is a *Widdow's* son. —*New York Courier.*

Masonic Unity.

Masonic unity does not depend upon absolute absorption and conversion into identity—does not depend upon conformity and uniformity in all things, from the first to the last degree and from the first to the last question of the masonic Catechism. There is the organic life of our institution, and we must have a conscientious regard for it. The history of Masonry in all ages and in all countries sustains our position. The French, the Italian, and the Scottish Freemasonry are not identical with us, yet they are recognized by having all that is essential to unity with us, on the basis of the ancient organic life. They recognize and profess the masonic creeds of the Fraternity and provide for the perpetuation of historic Freemasonry. This organic life was disregarded when Bro. Poinsett created a York Grand Lodge in Mexico, where a French Grand Lodge already existed. This organic life will prevent any encroachment on the jurisdiction of Grand Lodges, however they may err. This organic life was found among the Essenes and still more ancient orders in their discipline, principles, rules, and symbols. Let us be one with all who desire to hold and speak masonic "truth in love." Let us sincerely cherish as masonic brethren all who love masonic "truth in sincerity."

Let the corner-stone of our organic unity be found in our great and fundamental principles of universal love, relief, and truth, confessed with one mouth, and glorified with one heart—and an adherence to landmarks and the universal symbols, assured that the invention of modern societies for partial good have no organized life and no connection with primitive Masonry—a mere aggregate of discord and associations mutually confounding and annihilating one another.

With this spirit we will seek conferences instead of controversies, among brethren, and anticipate confidently the time when all who agree with our historic truths and our masonic creed will be found fully and wholly one with us. Until that time we have no angry word of contention, but the spirit of forbearance and love.

Symbolism.

The great and fertile field of the Symbolism of Scripture was more familiar to the early Church than to Christians of our times. Has not the modern Church lost greatly by it? The craft would do well to study the Symbolism of the first three centuries.

31.

This number is associated with the ineffable name Jehovah. It is *three*, the sacred triad, multiplied by *ten*, the sign of infinity, with the addition of *one*, the well known type of unity. EL., a common abbreviation of the name of God, makes 31. 15 and 16 compose that form of the sacred name which the Jews never dare to utter, and separately, each of those numbers spells one of the two abbreviations of that holy name. Hence the Jews, in the case of 15 and 16, do not render these numbers by letters. Instead of 5 and 10, or 6 and 10, the regular way, they say 9 and 6, or 9 and 7.

A Reminiscence of the Kearsage.—From the last number of the *Latonia* we learn that two officers of the United States sloop-of-war Kearsage, then lying at anchor near Vrissingen, in the Netherlands, were initiated on the 10th of June last in the lodge Star of the East. The initiation took place in presence of several officers of the Kearsage and a large concourse of visiting brethren. The ceremonies were performed in the English language by Bro. Fagy, Orator of the Lodge at Middleburg, and were succeeded by a sable lodge, which is said to have been of a most brilliant and interesting nature. The banquet hall was elegantly decorated, the Stars and Stripes being entwined with the flag of the Netherlands. Throughout the proceedings our brethren of the Low Countries seem to have been actuated by the most fraternal feelings toward our brave boys of the Kearsage, who, no doubt, look back upon the festive evening passed in the Lodge at Vrissingen with unalloyed pleasure.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

An Important Document.

Bro. Holmes, the Deputy Grand Master of the G.·. L.·. of N. Y., has sent a "Letter of Instructions" to the several District Deputies under his supervision. It enjoins, (1,) that the Constitution be read in open lodge; (2,) that none but the standard work and lectures, as sanctioned by the G.·. L.·., can be used; (3,) that the name and rank (if an officer) of a member, and these and the No. and name of his Lodge, if a visitor, must be announced by the S.·. D.·.; (4,) every member present must vote in balloting for any of the degrees; (5,) the by-laws of Constituent Lodges must be made conformable to the decisions of the G.·. L.·.; (6,) that the question of physical qualification must be decided by the Master and the Lodge; (7,) that the attention of the Masters and officers of the Lodges must be drawn to the jurisprudence of the jurisdiction of New York as found in the decisions of the Grand Master, and of the Committee of Masonic Jurisprudence; (8,) to avoid the scandal of trials when advice and conciliation may prevail; (9,) to call the attention of each lodge to the claims of the Hall and Asylum fund; (10,) to require all questions for masonic ruling to be submitted in writing; (11,) if there be doubts about a decision, reserve it until the meeting of the local grand officers; (12,) to exercise authority in a courteous, calm, and fraternal, but inflexible manner.

A Mason's Treatment of Woman.

Do not some of us sin concerning the reputation of women? Do we not heedlessly speak of them, and magnify a petty indiscretion into the veriest crime, until we embitter their whole existence? Let Masons ever defend women. Let no word of suspicion, even, still less of slander, proceed from a Mason's mouth concerning any woman. If she sin, save and restore to the path of virtue.

We commend the following from the October number of the Lady's Book:

"Never use a lady's name in an improper place, at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, or allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and her heart broken by a lie manufactured by some villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes the poor, unconscious victim.

"Respect the name of woman, for your mother and sisters are women: and as you would have their fair name untarnished, and their lives unembittered by the slanderer's biting tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, or the wife of some fellow-creature."

The Lodge.

A lodge is an organized subordinate union of Freemasons. A Freemason is a member of the Craft universal. His relations to a lodge are special and transitory; that to the brotherhood, strict and eternal. He owes indefeasible fealty to the mysteries. He owes nothing to a lodge when he ceases to be a member of it. The right of a lodge to make a Freemason is inherent. Its power to do so co-exists with its organization. This right and this power are circumscribed only as to qualification of applicants, not to individuals. A lodge in Russia has the authority to make a Mexican a Mason if he has the necessary prerequisites. Once in the Order, he is everywhere recognized where the Order is to be found. The brotherhood of Masons embraces subjects and citizens of all nations. The language is understood and spoken by all people. Nationalities are as nothing in the commonwealth of the Craft.—*G. L. Penn.*

Inebriety.

When this vice has taken fast hold of a man, farewell industry, farewell emulation, farewell attention to things worthy of attention, farewell love of virtuous society, farewell decency of manners, and farewell to even an attention of person. Everything is sunk by this predominant and brutal appetite. In how many instances do we see men who have begun life with the brightest prospect before them, and who have closed it without any ray of comfort and consolation. Young men with good fortunes, good talents, good tempers, good hearts, good constitutions, only being drawn into the vortex of the drunkard, have become, by degrees, the most loathsome and despicable of mankind. In the house of the drunkard there is no happiness for any one. All is uncertainty and anxiety. He is not the same man for any one day at a time. No one knows of his out-goings or his in-comings. When he will rise, or when he will lie down to rest, is wholly a matter of chance. That which he swallows for what he calls pleasure, brings pain as surely as night brings morning. Poverty and misery are in the the train. To avoid these results we are called upon to make no sacrifice. Abstinence requires no aid to accomplish it. Our own will is all that is requisite; and if we have not the will to avoid contempt, disgrace and misery, we deserve neither relief nor compassion.
—Masonic Dep. San Francisco Mercury.

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To this end, we solicit you to forward to us any or all cases of such character you may from time to time have presented, and, as is our custom, we will furnish you with all necessary blanks, and, when required, instructions.

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ROBERT McMURDY, D. D., LL. D., GRAND PRELATE OF GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF U. S., EDITOR, BOX 982.

FREEMASONRY.

Hail, hail, benignant MASONRY!
A glorious boast is thine—
That in the wreath that decks thy brow,
No tear-stained twigs entwine;
Though heroins of victories
As countless as the sands,
No crime attaches to thy name,
No blood is on thy hands.

Thy name and fame alike the same
In farthest East and West—
Hail, hail, benignant MASONRY!
The blessing and the blest.

The fame of conquering warriors,
By blood and carnage won,
In strife where battle ends in wrong,
As 'twas in wrong begun—
Not such is thine, FREEMASONRY!
Thou honor'd of all time;
Though great the warrior's victories,
Thy conquests are SUBLIME!

Thine is the nobler triumph,
Which blesses and is blest—
To visit scenes of human woe
And succor the distress'd;
To cheer the orphan's loneliness,
Dispel the widow's fears,
Bid cheerfulness resume its place,
And wipe away their tears.

Thy deed, though ne'r emblazoned
To gain the world's applause—
Though noiselessly perform'd, as meet,
In CHARITY's blest cause,
Have still a higher fame than e'er
To warrior's deeds were given
Enshrin'd in grateful hearts on earth,
And registered in Heaven!

Hail, hail, benignant MASONRY!
The blessing and the blest;
Thy name and fame alike the same
In farthest East and West.

—*Freemason's Magazine.*

THE BIBLE.

[Written by Lord Byron in the blank leaf of a Bible. His masonic teaching was not wholly forgotten:]

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!
Thrice happy they of human race,
To whom our God has given grace,
To read, to mark, to learn, to pray,
To lift the latch and force the way:
But better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

MASONIC SEEDS.

A wonderful thing is a seed—
The one thing deathless forever!
The one thing changeless—utterly true—
Forever old and forever new,
And fickle and faithless never.

Plant blessings, and blessings will blossom;
Plant hate, and hate will grow;
You can sow to-day—to morrow shall bring
The blossom that proves what sort of thing
Is the seed, the seed that you sow.

TEMPLAR ANTHEM—THE NATIVITY.

Arise! and shine, Zion, the light of thy glory
Hath risen upon thee, in Bethlehem's story;
The Conqueror cometh, in triumph to sever
The fetters of darkness, for aye, and forever.

How dark was the night that His smile is dispelling;
How fair is the Day star, all splendor excelling;
Which Gentiles behold, thro' Earth's lowest disguising,
While kings hail the brightness that heralds its rising!

They gather together, thy sons and thy daughters,
As gather the rills, to the seaward bound waters;
As gathers the band, long estranged from each other,
To breathe, as in childhood, the prayers of a mother.

Then this shalt thou see, with thine heart inly swelling,
While love, hope, and fear, of its raptures are telling,
As cluster the flocks of Nebaioth and Kedar,
And Lebanon bows, in the pride of its cedar.

They fly as a cloud to the portals of Heaven—
As doves to the windows, with coming of even;
And naught from those portals the faithful shall sever—
The gates of Thy temple shall ope, and forever.

And ships, snowy-winged, from far Tarshish shall gather,
Thy sons bringing gifts to the house of their Father;
Yea, sons of the stranger, High Heaven compelling,
Shall build, on Moriah, the walls of Thy dwelling.

Then on swept the glance of the heavenly dreamer—
He cometh in judgment, once, mighty Redeemer;
When Earth, that Sin, Sorrow, and Time hath made hoary,
Shall rise, Phœnix-like, to millenial glory.

—*North West Ch.*

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

BY BISHOP COXE.

The dead in Christ—they rest in hope;
And o'er their sleep sublime
The shadow of the steeple moves,
From morn to vesper chime:
On every mound, in solemn shade,
Its imaged cross doth lie,
As goes the sunlight to the west,
Or rides the moon on high.

TEMPLAR TRUTH—BE JUST AND FEAR NOT.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

Speak thou the truth. Let others fence,
And trim their words for pay;
In pleasant sunshine of pretence
Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact; though cloud of night
Down on thy watch-tower stoop;
Though thou shouldst see thine heart's delight
Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind. Though safer seem
In shelter to abide,
We were not made to sit and dream;
The safe must first be tried.

Where God hath set His thorns about,
Cry not "The way is plain;"
His path within for those without
Is paved with toil and pain.

One fragment of His blessed Word,
Into thy spirit burned,
Is better than the whole, half heard,
And by thine interest turned.

Show thou thy light. If conscience gleam,
Set not the bushel down;
The smallest spark may send his beam
O'er hamlet, tower and town.

Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent
Because he fears the truth.

Be true to every inmost thought,
And, as thy thought, thy speech;
What thou hast not by suffering bought
Presume thou not to teach.

Hold on, hold on—thou hast the rock;
The foes are on the sand;
The first world-tempest's ruthless shock
Scatters their shifting strand;

While each wild gust the mist shall clear
We now see darkly through,
And justified at last appear
The true, in Him that's TRUE.

The Horn of Egremont.

A KNIGHTLY LEGEND.

The ruins of Egremont Castle, in the parish of that ilk, occupy an eminence about two hundred yards to the southwest of the town which bears the same name. They bear strong and unmistakable marks of antiquity. It is believed to have been of Danish origin. The principal remains are a square tower, entered from the southwest by a semi-circular archway, with a grained roof; and a part of the wall which probably divided the inner and outer wards, in which are two windows, and a gateway with grooves for a portcullis, of a more recent date, with pointed arches. The moat is still to be traced, nearly circling the castle; and a stream of water by which it was formerly supplied flows on the eastern side. The side of the ancient court room, in which the lords of the barony sat as judges of life and death, is still distinguishable; and near it is a cockpit—the scene for many years of a barbarous sport, now happily almost abolished as a popular, though not a patrician pastime. The great families of the De Mechenes, the De Romleys, the Fitz-Duncans, the Lucies, the Multons, the Percies, the Seymours, and finally the Wyndhams, have been successively lords of Egremont. The following singular tradition has reference to the Lucie family.

It is a long time ago, in the dim light of the twelfth century, that the Lucies were lords of the stronghold of Egremont. It was owned at the time when the legend commences by Sir Eustace Lucie, and never in Cumberland or England was braver or gentler knight. Smitten with a desire to recover the Holy Sepulchre, like many thousand brave knights of his age, he resolved to follow the King of England, the iron-hearted Richard, to Palestine. His brother Hubert, inspired by the same sentiment, resolved to be his companion, to share his dangers, and to win for himself renown in the ranks of chivalry.

It was in May, 1190, when the brothers, clad in armor, and followed by their stalwart retainers, issued from the gateway of the castle. Sir Eustace paused for a moment ere the drawbridge of the castle was passed and directed the attention of Hubert to an ancient horn, suspended by a rusty chain to the gateway.

"See'st thou that horn, my brother?"

"Ay, I do," answered Hubert, carelessly. "The old horn—the worthless old horn—it might have been converted into a useful drinking cup a century ago, but now it is weazened as an old apple. As for the chain, I doubt whether Wieland Smith, or good St. Dunstan, could hammer a handle out of it for old Maude's porridge pot."

"You speak lightly, my brother, but let us ride on, and I shall tell thee of the horn of Egremont."

The brothers set spurs to their steeds and bounded away southward, followed by their men, all bearing on their breasts and banners the white cross of England.

After an hour's ride through a lovely country, Sir Eustace slackened his speed. Hitherto he had been silent, wrapt up in his own thoughts; and now turning on his saddle, he beckoned Hubert, who was riding some distance behind him, to come to his side. Hubert, on his part, the while was thinking what possible interest his brother could attach to the old horn of Egremont.

"Thou art still young, my brother," began Sir Eustace, as soon as the latter had joined, "and hast not yet been told probably what value is attached to the horn of Egremont."

"Not too young to learn," returned the latter, gayly.

"Know then, my brother, that the horn has hung for many years where it now hangs."

"And it is not likely to hang much longer, unless Harry, the smith, finds a new chain for it."

Not heeding the interruption, Sir Eustace proceeded:

"On that horn, no one on living ground can sound a note."

"Beshrew, I should think not, unless he has the wind of a score of smiths' bellows!"

"No one upon living ground can blow that horn, according to ancient and undoubted testimony—

> "'Save he, the rightful heir,
> To Egremont's domains and castle fair.'"

"Indeed," said Hubert. "I have never heard of that before. Proceed, my brother; perhaps I shall find interest in the old horn, after all."

"What I speak of the horn is for thy better memory. Hear, and forget not what I say, at this time, and on this spot. Ride slowly on, my men," he commanded, addressing his troop; "we shall overtake you anon. Halt for the mid-day meal at Santon."

Sir Eustace and his brother Hubert were alone on a gentle eminence, from which could be distinctly seen the lofty towers of Egremont in the distance, when the former gravely addressed his brother:

"Brother Hubert, we are now setting out on a far journey, full of peril by land and sea, and it may happen that Christ our Saviour doth demand my sinful soul. God wots I am ready to fight for the honor of His cross; but the swords of the Saracens are keen, and good Friar Anselm hath often told us that neither is the race to the swift nor the battle to the strong."

Sharing or assuming his brother's earnestness, Hubert replied, "The Holy Virgin and all angels shall surely shield true soldiers of the cross; but what would ye of me, brother Eustace?"

"That if I fall, pierced by lance or sword, or am smitten down by pestilence, then, if alive that day, you shall straightway return hither, and sound the horn, that we may still have a living house in thee."

"I am thy father's son, brother Eustace, and by God's favor all thou askest of me shall be done. But may the day be far distant when Hubert shall have to return to wind the horn of Egremont."

Sir Eustace raised his spear, and pointing it to the towers of Egremont, said simply, "Remember!"

"And, so God and all saints help me, I shall!" added Hubert, piously.

The brothers rode on silently, and soon overtook their little band, which had haulted at Santon, a small village a few miles further on.

About the end of June, 1190, when Sir Eustace with his followers joined the camp of Richard at Veselia, the Lucies, ever famous for their courage and bravery, were well received by Richard, who was here joined by Philip Augustus, the French King, and here the two monarchs reviewed this magnificent and formidable host. Among the countless multitude of armed pilgrims who were scattered over the surrounding hills and valleys, the French bore red crosses, the English white, the Flemings green. Among the gay banners which flaunted in the summer breeze, none was more respected than that of the Lucies. In September, 1190, the French and English armies reached Messina; but it was not until April of the following year that Richard set sail for the Holy Land.

Wherever Richard led, the Lucies followed; wherever a Lucie's sword descended, a Saracen fell. Side by side fought the Lucies; side by side, in the September after the capture of Acre, they fought their way through the armies of infidels which surrounded the Europeans.

Sir Eustace and Hubert appeared to be inseparable; the latter being often saved from death by the stronger arm of the former.

But all this time the word "Remember!" was ringing in the ear of Hubert, and haunting his waking thoughts and nightly dreams. The lands of Egremont were wide and fair, and the castle was of great renown. Strange that thoughts of murder should spring up in a brave man's mind! but how powerfully demoralizing, brutalizing, is the love of wealth and estate!

It was on the eve of Richard's return from the Holy Land, about three years after his departure from England, that the two brothers sat under their tent, in that portion of the camp of the Crusaders which lay upon the banks of the Jordan. Sir Eustace was speaking cheerfully of home and home friends, and the remembrance of a fair lady, whose love token lay on his bosom—a raven tress from the brow of Lady Mabel. Hubert was less disposed to be sociable. He was abstracted, and his thoughts were dwelling on other matters than home. It was about midnight when a Flemish soldier, a man of huge build, and in the guise of a Brabant, entered the tent, and announced to Sir Eustace that Guy of Lusignan, who had been made King of Cyprus by Richard, desired his presence to share a banquet with his nobles. Sir Eustace thought the message strange, as latterly there had been some unpleasant passages between Guy and him; but not desiring to be churlish, or to appear to retain animosity, he intimated to the Fleming that he would do himself the honor to attend the King with all despatch.

Hubert affected surprise and jealousy that he had not been included in the invitation, when Sir Eustace gently reminded him that only leaders and chiefs were summoned to royal entertainments.

"Console thyself, Hubert," he added, "since I know for certain that our good King Richard intends to confer upon thee knighthood and the golden spurs before his departure."

With these words Hubert feigned to be satisfied, and announced his intention to remain and watch until the return of his brother.

"Nay, get thee to rest, good Hubert, and pray to God and the Queen of Heaven to hold Egremont, and all our kin there, in safe keeping."

Sir Eustace left the tent.

Why does Hubert listen and start? Why stands that cold sweat on his manly forehead? Why does this man tremble who has faced undaunted legions of Saracenic foes?

It was three hours in the morning when the same Fleming entered the tent where Hubert sat and watched in unspeakable agony, the Fleming this time accompanied by two companions as huge and forbidding as himself.

"Speak!" said Hubert, gasping, and his parched tongue cleaving to his mouth, almost denying him utterance; and while the foremost ruffian was preparing to answer, he almost emptied a wine flagon which stood on his table of its contents.

"Sir," said the Fleming, stolidly, "your brother lies deep in the Jordan's floods!"

'Nay, but what assurance have I of this?" he inquired, trembling more violently.

"This!" said the ruffian, shrugging his shoulders, and showing a ring, which he knew to be his brother's, but which he no more dared to touch than he would have grasped a bar of red-hot iron.

"Here, take your earnings," he gasped, pointing the ruffians to a sack of golden byzants, which stood in a corner of the tent, who were not slow to clutch the money and withdraw.

Night broke into day—day's shadow shortened to noon, and lengthened in the setting sun, and Sir Eustace returned not, and Hubert had not dared to leave his tent. He walked to and fro in the narrow tent, and the burden of his oft muttered wish was, "Oh, could I have *seen* my brother die!"

The guilty man still dreaded that his fratricidal behests had not been carried out by the ruffians who had been bribed to give him a false invitation to Guy of Lusignan's banquet, and on his way to surprise and murder him. What heart pangs must have urged the terrible words, "Oh, could I have *seen* my brother die!"

King Richard departed for England, and we know that in December, 1192, he was overpowered by the Duke of Austria, and made prisoner, and remained in prison until he was discovered by his minstrel, Blondel. Hubert tarried for some time in Palestine. Months passed on, and no Sir Eustace made his appearance, and now the murderer, bold as day, steered back to England.

It was a bright May-day when he again stood upon the hill where Sir Eustace had pronounced so emphatically the word "Remember!" and well did he remember! Again he beheld the towers of Egremont, and he thought of the ages-old horn which hung at its gateway, and the old saying that none could sound it—

> "Save he be rightful heir
> To Egremont's dominion and castle fair."

This May day was bright as the one when last he beheld the castle from the same hill; but his soul was darker.

"And, yet, am I not the rightful heir?" he inquired of himself. "To-morrow I am Lord of Egremont."

And yet he approached its walls, and when the night came, went up to the gateway. The horn still hung there, but vain were his attempts to sound it. But, according to the legend, he got into the castle, but at what hour of day or night nobody could name:

> "No one's eyes had seen him enter,
> No one's ears had heard the horn."

But now master, he lived in glee, and month after month went on smilingly. He had a beautiful wife, was surrounded by fair children, and sat at his table as good men sit, and every day his estate flourished more and more. But, as the old books say, once in open day,

> "A blast was uttered from the horn,
> Where by the castle gate it hung forlorn."

Only the breath of good Sir Eustace could blow that horn—Sir Eustace come to claim his estate. Hubert trembled. Yet, had he not dungeons in which to confine his brother? But so astounded was he that he had not power to issue his commands. Deserted by his servants, he slunk in dismay from the castle by a postern.

Long he was unheard of; but at length one day he returned, and made confession to his brother, and asked forgiveness:

> "And by all the saints of heaven,
> And by Eustace was forgiven;
> Then in a convent went to hide
> His melancholy head, and there he died."

And what of good Sir Eustace? The old books say, as Wadsworth hath sung:

> "But Sir Eustace, whom good angels
> Had preserved from murderers' hands,
> And from pagan chains had rescued,
> Lived with honor on his lands.
> Sons he had, saw sons of theirs,
> And through ages heirs and heirs,
> A long posterity renowned,
> Sounded the horn which they alone can sound."

And such is the legend of the Horn of Egremont Castle.

◆

THE PROGRESS OF FREEDOM.

"Truth gaineth the victory."

BY HENRY WARE, JR.

> Oppression shall not always reign;
>   There comes a brighter day,
> When freedom, burst from every chain,
>   Shall have triumphant way.
> Then right shall over might prevail,
>   And truth, like hero armed in mail,
> The hosts of tyrant-wrong assail,
>   And hold eternal sway.
>
> What voice shall bid the progress stay
>   Of truth's victorious car?
> What arm arrest the growing day,
>   Or quench the solar star?
> What reckless soul, though stout and strong,
>   Shall dare bring back the ancient wrong,
> Oppression's guilty night prolong,
>   And freedom's morning bar?
>
> The hour of triumph comes apace,
>   The fated, promised hour,
> When earth upon a ransomed race
>   Her bounteous gifts shall shower.
> Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell!
>   Bid high the sacred banner swell!
> Let trump on trump the triumph tell
>   Of Heaven's redeeming power!

◆

Truth.—What is there more beautiful than truth, and what more potent talisman is there existing between man and man? "He speaks the truth at all times; and under all circumstances." What greater recommendation could be given? What number of other virtues can garnish over this, that is often said of a person: "He speaks the truth if it suits his interests." Nothing should be dearer to a person than truth; it is the foundation on which the superstructure of every other virtue is raised. No one can be really a Mason or Templar unless this virtue underlies the structure that is raised by formalities, and that serves as a passport through the better portions of society. If "the truth should not be spoken at all times," do not speak at all; better be silent, though that silence offend, than offend Deity and all the attributes of christianity by speaking falsely. Be honest, be charitable, be *truthful.*

◆

Grand Orient of Denmark.—The Grand Mastership of this jurisdiction, having become vacant by the death of his Majesty Frederic VII, the Grand Council of the Order, on the 15th of April last, conferred on Ill. Brother Brastrup, the high dignity of Grand Master of Danish Masonry, or as they term it in Copenhagen, *Vicar of the Most Wise King Solomon.* The installation will take place as soon as the requisite preparations are made.—*Dispatch.*

Epitaph of the Black Prince.

During my recent visit to Canterbury I amused myself by taking a very careful copy of the Epitaph of the Black Prince, which is beautifully engraved on brass plates in raised letters round the verge of his tomb, and though the characters cannot be very closely imitated in modern types, I will request you to insert it in your pages, as a literal copy may be acceptable to some of your readers; particularly as (not to speak of mere capitals or other trifling variations) there are errors in all the printed copies,—the last, in Blore's Monumental Remains, containing four incorrect words in the prose part alone, and at least three errors of importance, besides many minor inaccuracies in the verses. I will first remark that the letter *s* is generally written f, unless it is final; that there are two forms of *r*, answering to those still used in printing and in writing, employed indifferently; that the letter *y* is always surmounted by a (.), but the letter *i* as frequently written without a point as with. I trust the English translation I affix will be pardoned, as an attempt as close to the original as rhyme will allow.

Cy gist le noble Prince mons' Edward aisneȝ filȝ du tresnoble Roy Edward tiers iadis Prince daquitanie de Gales duc de Cornewaille et Counte de Cestre qi morust en la feste de la Trinite qestoit le .viij. iour de Juyn Lan de grace Miltroiscenȝ septante sissme lalme de qi dieu eit mercy. Amen.

Tu qi passeȝ oue bouche close:
Par la ou ce corps repose:
Entent ce qe te dirai:
Sicome te dire le say:
5 Tiel come tu es ie au tiel fu;
Tu serras tiel come ie su:
De la mort ne pensai ie mye:
Tantcome iauoi la vie:
En t're auoi g^{a}nd richesse:
10 Dont ie y fis g^{a}nd noblesse:
Terre mesons & g^{a}nd tresor:
Draps chiuaux argent & or:
Mes ore su ieo poures & cheitifs:
Per fond en la t're gis:
15 Ma g^{a}nd beaute est tout alee:
Ma char est tout gastee:
Moult est estroit ma meson:
en moy na si verite non:
Et si ore me veisseȝ:
20 Je ne quide pas qe vous deisseȝ:
Qe ie eusse onqes homme este:
Si su ie ore de tant changee:
Pur dieu prieȝ au celestien Roy:
qe mercy ait de larme de moy:
25 Touȝ ceulx qe pur moy prieront:
ou a dieu macorderont:
Dieu les mette en son paray^{s}.
ou nul ne poet estre cheitifs.

Translation.

Whoe'er thou art, with lips comprest,
That passest where this corps doth rest,
To that I tell thee list, o man!
So far as I to tell thee can.
5 Such as thou art I was but now,
And as I am so shalt be thou.
——little did my thoughts employ
So long as I did life enjoy;
On earth great riches were my fate,
10 With which I kept a noble state,
Great lands, great houses, treasure great,
Hangings and horses, gold and plate.
But now I am but poor and base,
Deep in the earth is now my place,
15 My flesh is wasted all away,
Reduced my splendor to decay;
My house is very straight and short,
Forsooth in me is utter naught,
Nay, such a change has passed o'er me,
20 That, could you now my features see,
I scarcely think you aught could scan
To show that I was once a man.
For God's sake pray the heavenly king
That he my soul to mercy bring!
25 All who for me their prayers shall spend,
Or me to God shall recommend,
God make his paradise their home,
Wherein no wicked soul may come.

[J. G. NICHOLS.]

Notes.—In the prose portion, the word *daquitanie* is so engraved, incorrectly, for *d'aquitaine;* and the word *de* is omitted before *l'alme.*

The six first verses form one line on the south side of the tomb, and the rest follow in long lines according to the width of the sides of the tomb.

In line 21 the word *homme* is expressed with a contraction, which passes through the first letter, *h'ome.*

In the last line but four *larme* is incorrectly engraved instead of *l'alme.*

The shields of arms round the tomb (when complete) were alternately, 1, France and England quarterly, and, 2, Three ostrich feathers, each piercing a scroll inscribed *Ich diene.* The same motto on a label of brass surmounted each of the shields of feathers; and the motto *Houmout* each of the shields of France and England. The latter is printed Houmont in Blore's Monumental Remains, and if I rightly recollect that is the usual reading. I beg to say it is incorrect, and to request an explanation of *Houmout.*

I might repeat the same request for *Ich diene,* without forgetting how often it has been stated that it was derived, with the Black Prince's "crest," from the King of Bohemia, slain at Crecy: for, as I fully believe there is no foundation for the idea that the ostrich feather had any relation to the king of Bohemia, so also it is probable that *Ich diene* will admit of explanation which it has not yet received.*

Before I conclude I may mention that, during the occupation of the Cathedral of Canterbury by the British Archæological Association, an examination of the actual surcoat and crest of the Black Prince, still suspended over his monument, was made by Mr. Hartshorne.

The surcoat was found to be of one-piled velvet, embroidered with the heraldic bearings. It was gamboised with cotton, and lined or quilted with linen. What was particularly interesting is, that it resembled precisely the surcoat represented in the effigy, the number of fleurs-de-lis and their position (the coat of France, it will be recollected, is *semée de fleurs-de-lis*) being identical: thus showing that ancient sculptors probably copied the very dresses of the deceased, as well as their features.

The Crest of a Lion (which was unfortunately separated from its cap of maintenance, which still adheres to the helmet, during a visit which the Duchess of Kent paid to the Cathedral some years since) is very light, being hollow, formed of pasteboard, lined with linen, and covered with some kind of composition, afterwards gilt, each lock of the lion's hide being apparently stamped by one lozenge-shaped mould. The tail is very long, as in the crest represented in metal under the head of the effigy.

These relics, together with the Prince's helmet, shield, and gauntlets, are particularly interesting as contemporary trophies of the victor of Crecy and Poitiers. His sword is said to have been removed by Cromwell.

Yours, &c. J. G. N.

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[*] I am happy to hear from Sir Harris Nicolas that he has obtained some definite information on the origin of the Royal Badge of the Ostrich Feather, which he will shortly communicate to the public. I had myself the satisfaction to show, in the XXIXth volume of the Archæologia, that the king of Bohemia's crest was not a plume of ostrich feathers, but a vulture's wing. To call the plume a "crest" at all is a vulgar error; the Prince of Wales' crest still being, as in the days of the Black Prince, a lion passant. The ostrich feathers seem to have been first combined into the plume of three when King Edward the Sixth was Prince of Wales.

◆

Dies Iræ.

The following translation of the "Dies Iræ" was written by Thomas de Celane:

Day of wrath! O day of mourning!
See once more the Cross returning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

Oh! what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth!
Through earth's sepulchres it singeth,
All before the Throne it bringeth.

Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking;
To its Judge an answer making!

Lo, the Book, exactly worded!
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding?
When the just are mercy needing.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reck'ning day's conclusion.

Guilty, now I pour my moaning;
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning!

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

'Tis Christmas-eve! the tireless clock is tolling the hours away,
And my household all are sleeping, dreaming of Christmas-day.
My countless varying duties are finished, one by one,
Still, there's always something left—my work is never done;
So I sit down by the cradle, my little one to rock,
And while I sing a lullaby, I knit for him a sock.

I've filled some little stockings with candy and with toys,
And hung them by the chimney-piece to please my darling boys.
There sleeping sweetly in their cribs, I've tucked the clothes in tight,
I've heard them say their evening prayer, and kissed them both good night.
I know that ere the daylight shall through the curtain peep,
Their Merry Christmas wishes will wake me from my sleep.

I've many, many thoughts to-night, and they are sad to me:
Two stockings only hang, this year, where three were wont to be.
The tears are falling thickly as I think of the day
When I laid that little stocking forevermore away;
For the happy one that hung it there but one short year ago,
In yonder graveyard quietly sleepeth 'neath the snow.

How many little stockings, that on last Christmas-day
Were filled by darling little ones, have since been put away!
How many smiling faces, that to our nursery door
Came wishing "Merry Christmas," will come again no more!
Their waxen hands are folded upon each quiet breast,
And the Shepherd, God, has gathered those little lambs to rest.

How many pleasant visions, and, oh, what sad ones, too,
With each succeeding Christmas-eve come vividly to view!
I see again my childhood's home, and every loved one's face
The stockings hanging, as of yore, around the chimney-place,
From the wee red one of baby's to grandpa's sock of gray,—
Each in its own accustomed place, not even one away.

But the pleasant vision passes, and one of darker shade
Reveals how many changes each Christmas eve has made;
For those whose stockings hung there so closely side by side
In happy days of childhood, are scattered far and wide!
A few still linger here to see this Christmas-eve pass by,
But many, many more to-night within the churchyard lie.

The baby's sock is finished—'tis sprinkled o'er with tears:
Where will his tiny footsteps wander in future years?
Perhaps this innocent will live to see, as I have done,
The Christmas-eves of childhood steal onward one by one:
But, whether a life of sorrow, or whether a life of joy,
I feel that I can trust with God my much-loved baby boy.

The clock has struck the hour of twelve! I've put the sock away,
And by the baby's cradle I now kneel down to pray—
To ask that loving Saviour who on Christmas morn was given
To save our souls from sin and death, and fit us all for Heaven,
That He would guide our footsteps, and fill us with his love,
That we may sing together a Christmas hymn above.

◆

THE KNIGHT'S EPITAPH.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

This is the church which Pisa, great and free,
Reared to St. Catherine. How the time stained walls,
That earthquakes shook not from their poise, appear
To shiver in the deep and voluble tones
Rolled from the organ! Underneath my feet
There lies the lid of a sepulchral vault.
The image of an armed knight is graven
Upon it, clad in perfect panoply—
Cuishes and greaves, and cuirass with barred helm,
Gauntletted hand and sword and blazoned shield.
Around, in Gothic characters, worn dim
By feet of worshippers, are traced his name
And birth and death, and words of eulogy.
Why should I pore upon them? This old tomb,
This effigy, the strange, disused form
Of this inscription, eloquently show
His history. Let me clothe in fitting words
The thoughts they breathe, and frame his epitaph:

"He whose forgotten dust for centuries
Has lain beneath this stone, was one in whom
Adventure and endurance and emprise
Exalted the mind's faculties and strung
The body's sinews. Brave he was in fight,
Courteous in banquet, scornful of repose,
And bountiful, and cruel, and devout,
And quick to draw the sword in private feud;
He pushed his quarrels to the death, yet prayed
The saints as fervently on bended knees
As ever shaven cenobite. He loved
As fiercely as he fought. He would have borne
The maid that pleased him from her bower by night
To his hill-castle, as the eagle bears
His victim from the fold, and rolled the rocks
On his pursuers. He aspired to see
His native Pisa queen and arbitress
Of cities; earnestly for her he raised
His voice in council, and affronted death
In battle-field, and climbed the galley's deck
And brought the captured flag of Genoa back,
Or piled upon the Arno's crowded quay
The glittering spoils of the tamed Saracen.
He was not born to brook the stranger's yoke,
But would have joined the exiles that withdrew
Forever, when the Florentine broke in
The gates of Pisa, and bore off the bolts
For trophies—but he died before that day.
He lived, the impersonation of an age
That never shall return. His soul of fire
Was kindled by the breath of the rude time
He lived in. Now a gentler race succeeds,
Shuddering at blood; the effeminate cavalier,
Turning his eyes from the reproachful past,
And from the hopeless future, gives to ease,
And love, and music, his inglorious life."

The National Freemason.

WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER, 1864.

Letters of business, and containing money, and correspondence, should be addressed Dr. McMurdy, Box 982. Printed matter should be directed National Freemason, Lock Box 18, Washington city.

Every change of P. O box, or residence of subscribers, should be carefully reported. The past address of the paper should always be stated.

Under the present postal law, no matter can be delivered until postage (three cents per quarter) is paid.

No paper can be stopped until arrearages are paid.

OFFICIAL.

To the Brethren, Companions, and Sir Knights of the several jurisdictions; We, as Grand Master of Knights Templar in the United States of America, Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, send greeting:

We not only regard with favor the enterprise so generally approved by the Craft, to establish a National Masonic Journal at the metropolis of the nation, but we are impelled by a deep sense of its importance to urge upon you the most vigorous exertions to give to this much-needed instrument for good a healthy and vigorous life.

Let each masonic body, in corporate capacity, subscribe for as many copies of the National Freemason as may be expedient for circulation among the widows and orphans of Masons, and among the sick and indigent Masons in hospitals, thereby exercising a high charity. Let each Mason take as many copies personally as he can afford, and induce his neighbor to do the same.

We are satisfied, from the well-known high educational, literary, and masonic character of the Rev R. McMurdy, D. D., LL. D., Grand Prelate of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, that the National Freemason will be conducted in a liberal, faithful, national, and catholic spirit, and will tend to increase and diffuse light within and without our sacred precincts, and promote harmony and good will among the brotherhood.

The moderate terms of its publication, $2 00 per annum, make it accessible to the masonic masses.

We urge you all, brethren, to prompt action in sending names of subscribers, paying in advance, to Rev. Dr. McMurdy, Washington, city.

B. B. FRENCH,
Grand Master Knights Templar, U. S. of A.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand High Priest of Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and District of Columbia.
Y. P. PAGE,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Maryland.

Discontinuance.—Where there is no order for discontinuance we suppose that the brother wishes to remain a subscriber, and will send us the money in advance for the next volume at the earliest moment. All discontinuing must state post office address, and, if in the city, the locality where the paper has been received, and must pay all arrearages.

We have four hundred complete sets of the first volume, for such as desire the first volume.

Agents and subscribers will please send us "greenbacks" in payment of subscriptions.

The advanced price of everything compels us to ask two dollars for the National Freemason. Clubs of twelve will be charged $1 80; of sixteen, $1 70: of twenty or more, $1 50.

The office of the National Freemason will be located very soon either on Pennsylvania avenue or Seventh street, where some person will always be found to receive orders and transact business.

Our first seven pages will prove interesting to Templars, issued in their holiday month.

We design to make the December number hereafter a Templar and holiday number.

Reply.—

"The peer I don't envy, O give him his bow;
I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low."

These lines are found in one of Burns' Masonic Lyrics, "The Cure for all Care." In the same poem occur the words "honors masonic prepare," and "every true brother of the compass and square."

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem. Self-love, vainglory, impatience, pride, pertinacity, these are the bane of our peace. To speak and write of peace is right, but let good Templars everywhere pray for peace.

A Brother asks, "Is it right to confer degrees on Sunday, when there is no emergency?"

For a reply, we refer to the resolutions of the Grand Lodge of Illinois on this subject, under the head of "Tidings from the Craft," page 110.

Who will do Likewise?

In behalf of the Masonic Mission we acknowledge the order (accompanying money) of Sir Knt. Parkhurst for 60 copies of the National Freemason; also, the order of Washington Royal Arch Chapter for 120 copies. We send these to the army by the Christian Commission, taking their receipt therefor. This meets the approval of the President of the Masonic Mission, and this course will be continued until another agency is selected.

The Masonic Press.

The importance of the Masonic Press as an institution can scarcely be over-estimated. It occupies a higher and more tranquil sphere of journalism than that of the secular press. Its influence, however, must not be forgotten in the estimate of the social forces. Unobtrusive in its utterances when compared with the clamorous voices of the political newspapers, its tones, nevertheless, fall upon calmer hearts, and sink deeper into the convictions and life of society. As a medium for the communication of moral and masonic intelligence—an educator, refining and elevating—a fireside mentor, quickening the intellect, expanding the heart, and bearing treasures to myriads, the masonic journal wields an influence which cannot well be dispensed with, and one that no other moral force can well supply.

The masonic Press cannot rely upon the means of gain and sustenance that the popular press does. No rich advertisements, no large sums paid for personal or partisan purposes, no pandering to the frivolities of the hour. The duty of the Mason is therefore plain. He has a duty to perform in extending the circulation and in widening the influence of the masonic Press. He cannot excuse himself from this duty. If he is a Master or officer of the lodge, he may recommend it to his members. If he is no officer, he can urge its claims whenever an opportunity occurs. When will the Fraternity awaken to the importance of more general and decided effort in behalf of the masonic newspaper? Many papers have appeared in the Craft and have languished for a year or two and then expired, after involving the originators in debt. The papers were well conducted and of great benefit to the Craft, but they perished for want of sustenance, withheld by a mistaken indifference on the part of the Craft to the value of masonic literature and the masonic Press.

Voluntary Agents.

Fortunately for our paper and the cause we advocate, there are self-sacrificing spirits in many neighborhoods, sympathizing with our view of doing good and known to their lodge and neighbors, who take it upon themselves to solicit subscriptions for the National Freemason. They have learned that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." By inducing Masons to read the Freemason, they feel that they are conferring favors for which they will one day receive their thanks.

These—among whom are ladies—the soldiers in the field, teachers in schools, clergymen in their parishes, physicians, lawyers, members of Congress, artists, mechanics, all have our warmest thanks, and the greetings and compliments of merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Brethren, how many hungry persons have you fed during the past year, or naked have you clothed? How many prisoners have you ministered unto? How many dead have you buried? How many ignorant persons have you instructed, or doubtful ones have you counselled? How many afflicted ones have you comforted? What young persons have you so interested as to save them from destruction?

Will you not begin to do some good action each day henceforth?

Beaver and Helmet.—The beaver, a part of the helmet, is often used to express the helmet generally. So in Richard III:

"What, is my *beaver* easier than it was?"

In Henry IV, (Part II,) it is used for a part of the helmet. So in Hamlet:

"Their armed staves in charge, their *beavers* down,"

Is it right?—The Lodges in this city are freely bestowing money upon brethren of other jurisdictions. Funerals and their expenses are occurring continually. The indebtedness for expenditures for brethren of other jurisdictions to the Lodges of the District is a very large sum.

Brethren, is it right that the Lodges of this city should bear this heavy burden? They do it cheerfully, but is it right that you should not fraternally offer to refund? The proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Iowa show that Iowa Masons refunded to the relief lodge of New Orleans.

The Lodges of this city have expended during this year $4000 for the relief of brethren of other jurisdictions. The chapters and commanderies have contributed also in their proportion.

Templar's motto—

"For truth, for duty, and for loyalty."—*Richard* III.

Saint John was a favorite among the Knights. His gospel was worn as an amulet by them.

The Courier will receive our thanks for the information he affords us. We can assure our brother that we are grateful for such manifestations of his regard of our masonic intelligence.

Seriously, the brother has made so good an article on the text, that we transfer it to our columns. He says:

In addition to the requirements specified by M∴ W∴ Brother Simons in his "Principles and Practice of Masonic Jurisprudence," under the 4th of his Landmarks, "That new-made Masons must be free-born, of lawful age, and hale and sound at the time of making:" that they "must be good and true men"—"of mature and discreet," not lawful "age," "no bondmen, no immoral or scandalous men, but of good report"—"a perfect youth, having no maim or defect of his body;" "and that he should be descended of honest parents," or in other words no bastard, for an illegitimate child was by the common law of all civilized countries declared ineligible, even as an inheritor of his father's estate. Such a person was as much debarred from being received into our mysteries as the bondman, or those not free-born. The term "lawful age" is nowhere to be found in our ancient laws, and the "mature and discreet age" mentioned in the ancient charge, varies in many of the jurisdictions of the present day. The omissions of M∴ W∴ Brother Simons are important, and were probably through inadvertence.

We hold to a strict, and not a loose construction of our fundamental laws, and should reject a candidate not in the full possession of all his members as unfit to enter into our Sanctum, and be taught our mysteries, no matter whether it be a left thumb or other less material portion of his digits.

If we once admit of a maim or defect, where in common sense, we would ask, is it likely to stop—a quarter, one-half, or three quarters? The 21st chapter of Leviticus lays down the law so clearly, that those who run may read.

Masonry is a great humanizing influence.

Organic Masonry.

We seek as a Fraternity true unity—unity in diversity; not a material unity; not a mere power, intolerant of resistance, seeking to reduce all to a dead uniformity. Moral unity, the unity of love, desiderates and demands differences on non-essential points. Diversity of taste, character, and disposition, as found in a state or nationality, must give rise to diversity in non-essentials in the Grand Lodges of the world.

Mere aggregation is not unity. There is no unity in a stone, or a heap of sand, adding atom to atom, particle to particle. This increases numerical strength, but does not create unity. Unity implies parts, and there can be no parts without a whole. There can be no unity when individualism is the ruling principle. Unity is possible only on the basis of organic law: but unity, to be complete, must be cemented by a common love and held by the bonds of a common fellowship.

Organic Freemasonry alone can ensure the perpetuation of its truth from age to age.

A Legend of Judea—The Temple.

The following is a translation from Lamartine's "Voyage in the East:"

"The site occupied by the Temple of Solomon was formerly a cultivated field, possessed in common by two brothers. One of them was married and had several children, the other was unmarried; they lived together, however, cultivating in the greatest harmony possible the property they had inherited from their father.

"The harvest season had arrived; the two brothers bound up their sheaves, made two equal stacks of them, and left them on the field. During the night, the one who was unmarried was struck with an excellent thought: 'My brother', said he to himself, 'has a wife and children to support; it is not just that my share should be as large as his.' Upon this he arose and took from his stack several sheaves, which he added to those of his brother; and this he did with as much secrecy as if he had been committing an evil action, in order that his brotherly action might not be refused. On the same night the other brother awoke and said to his wife: 'My brother lives alone, without a companion; he has not one to assist him in his labors, nor to reward him for his toils, while God has bestowed on me a wife and children; it is not right that we should take from our field as much as he, since we have already more than he—domestic happiness. If you consent, we shall, by adding secretly a certain number of our sheaves to his stack, by way of compensation, and without his knowledge, see his portion of the harvest increasing.' The project was approved and immediately put into execution. In the morning each of the brothers went to the field, and was much surprised at seeing the stacks equal. During several successive nights the same contrivance was repeated on each side; for, as each kept adding to his brother's store, the stacks always remained the same. But one night, both having stood sentinel, to dive into the cause of this miracle, they met, each bearing the sheaves mutually destined for the other; it was thus all elucidated, and they rushed into each other's arms, each grateful to heaven for having so good a brother. Now, says the legend, the place where so good an idea had simultaneously occurred to the two brothers, and with so much pertinacity, must have been acceptable to God; men blessed it, and Israel chose there to erect the house of the Lord."

◆

Templarism.

BY M.·. E.·. SIR KNT. CLARK.

The orders of the Christian knighthood are founded upon the Old and New Testament—from these the principles both of Masonry and Christian Knighthood are derived; and thus they are recognised as the only infallible rule of faith and practice among Masons. Our principles, our purposes, our morals, being derived from the word of God, and as taught in the Christian religion, they are those which should influence the hearts of all good Sir Knights, inciting them to constant deeds of charity and benevolence; of doing good, fully exemplified by the blessed Immanuel whilst upon earth —principles which, if cherished and practiced by every Christian Knight, would shed light, and joy, and happiness upon all circles in which they move, and finally convert the moral wastes of this world into well-watered gardens. We wage war against oppression, infidelity, and every system of error—our principles, our mission, the relations we occupy, and the requirements of our order, demand that we should blend humility with faith, penitence with courage, and weakness and courtesy with a firm adherence to the truth. Then let us seek a saving interest in the ever blessed Redeemer, and in the volume of Divine truth, that wisdom which is from above, which alone gives us the true philosophy of life, the knowledge of the future, and, in the gloomy hour of death, that peace, consolation and joy which the world cannot give nor take away. Sir Knights, we are the descendants of an illustrious line of heroes of former ages, and should carefully revert to the past, scrutinize our early history, our Ceremonies and our Ritual, in order to transmit to those who shall succeed us the very principles that gave birth to Templarism. We should carefully guard our institution from any innovation or change, but, as far as we can, preserve it in its primitive beauty. It is the brilliant history of our order and her time-honored principles which throw a halo of glory around her name. It is these which have elevated the standard of our order, under which we all love to rally, and to the defence of which our lives are pledged.

Faith.

[To many discouraged laborers in the masonic field, we commend the following beautiful lines of Keble:]

"Lord, in thy field I work all day,
I read, I teach, I warn, I pray;
And yet these wilful, wandering sheep
Within Thy fold I cannot keep."

* * * *

"Back then, complainer; loathe thy life no more,
Nor deem thyself upon a desert shore,
Because the rocks the nearer prospect close."

* * * *

"Go; to the world return; nor fear to cast
Thy bread upon the waters, sure at last
In joy to find it after many days.
The work be thine, the fruit thy children's part;
Choose to believe, not see; sight tempts the heart
From sober walking in true Gospel ways."

◆

Adrian's Address to his Soul, in prospect of Death.

FROM THE FRAGMENTS OF SPARTIAN.

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca—
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, utsoles, dabis, jocos?

Dear little fluttering, fondling sprite,
Comrade and guest of the body here,
To what regions now wilt thou take thy flight?
Colorless, shivering, nude little dear,
Thy wonted jests wilt thou give up quite?

◆

CHARITY—SPEAK NOT AGAINST THY FELLOW-MAN.

BY CHARLES W. BUTLER.

Speak not against thy fellow-man,
Whate'er his lot may be;
But kindly all his actions scan,
In heartfelt charity.
Thou art thyself an erring one,
And prone like him to stray;
Thy wayward feet, like his, may shun
The straight and narrow way.

Speak not against thy fellow-man,
Of high or lowly birth;
If virtue crown his fleeting span,
He is a star on earth.
His life may shed a radiant gleam
Of light around thy way,
Which ever more may gladly beam
Till life's declining day.

Speak not against thy fellow-man,
Nor grieve his trusting heart;
Do thou sustain his waning span,
Nor let thy love depart.
'Tis hard, indeed, the heart's deep love
Should unrequited be:
The voice of friendship e'er should move
Its answering tones from thee.

Speak not against thy fellow-man:
Thy heart, as his, may know
The withering scorn of those who scan,
A brother's faults to show.
Be thou a light in this dark vale,
This wilderness of tears;
Thy heart a spring, which may not fail
To cheer thy brother's years.

◆

Last Hours of Rev. Dr. Bedell, noted for his Devotion to Masonry and its Principles.

The following scene took place a few hours before his death. He then sunk into a state of rest and apparent slumber, but in a short time roused again, and as if conscious that the time of his departure was at hand, and that he had already entered "the dark valley of the shadow of death," rallied his remaining powers for a last effort in the cause of the blessed Saviour, and for the promotion of his glory upon earth. Lifting his finger with great solemnity, (as he often did in the pulpit, when about to utter any thing emphatically important,) he said, with a feeble and quivering, but yet distinct and articulate enunciation, "Hear me! I acknowledge myself to have been a most unprofitable servant; unprofitable, not hypocritical. I find myself to have been full of sin, ignorance, weakness, unfaithfulness, and guilt. But Jesus is my hope; washed in his blood, justified by his righteousness, sanctified by his grace, I have peace with God. Jesus is very precious to my soul—my all in all; and I expect to be saved by free grace, through his atoning blood. This is my testimony;" with emphasis, "*This is my testimony!*"

Approach to the "Sacred City."

BY WM. C. PRIME.

[How full of touching interest to the Templar the following:]

We paused a little while again in the valley of Elah, and gathered a few pebbles in the dry bed of the brook where David found his weapons with which to meet the giant of the Philistines, and then everything that was behind and around us faded in interest as we began to realize that from the summit of the hill before us our weary eyes would rest on the walls of Jerusalem.

We pressed our horses rapidly up the steep hill, by a zig-zag path, which in our haste we sometimes cut across, and thereby nearly broke our own and our horses' necks in several instances. There was a party of Latin nuns, on sleek and beautiful horses, riding slowly before us. We passed them at a rattling gallop, and hastened on, up the rough path, now over masses of loose, rolling stones, on which our horses could with difficulty find footing for a half-mile, and as a cold wind swept over the bleak and desolate hills wrapped our cloaks around us, and drew our hoods closely over our faces. The appearance of everything was desolate in the extreme. For many miles, we had seen no evidences of human existence. Wild rocks were everywhere, ragged and fierce in their utter barrenness, and hill and valley were alike apparently cursed with the curse of God.

At length there was a short space where the road admitted of a gallop, our horses plunging over the stones and finding footing as none but Syrian horses could, and here S——, and Whitely, and myself pressed forward, as swiftly as the zig-zag path, winding around rocks, and turning short to the right or to the left, or often even in an acute angle backward, would permit. Reaching the summit of the ascent, we beheld a distant view of desolate mountains, lit in the rays of the setting sun, with dark, wild gorges between them, all tending downward to a deep valley, wherein we knew must lie the Dead Sea. But we could not yet see the city of our desires.

A few steps forward, our worn-out horses stumbling rather than galloping over the rocky path, and a hill, crowned with a mosque and minaret, was before us in the distance, which my heart knew by instinct was the Mountain of the Ascension. I raised myself in my stirrups, and, turning to Miriam, shouted, "The Mount of Olives!" and waved my hand toward it—and then, as I looked again, before me, in all their glory and majesty, I beheld, magnificent in the light of the setting sun, the walls of Jerusalem.

I had thought of that moment for years, in waking and sleeping dreams. I had asked myself a hundred times: "What will you do when your weary eyes rest on these holy walls?" Sometimes I thought I should cry out aloud as did pilgrims of old times, and sometimes that I should kneel down on the road as did the valiant men who marched with Godfrey and with Richard. But I did neither.

My horse stopped in the road, as if he knew that all our haste had been for this, and I murmured to myself, "Deus vult," and my eyes filled with tears, and through them I gazed at the battlements and the towers and minarets of the city. One by one the party rode up, and each in succession paused.

There were our Mohammedan servants, a Latin monk who had joined us a little way back, two Armenians, and a Jew in our *cortège*, besides ourselves who were Protestants—and all alike gazed with overflowing eyes on that spot, towards which the longing hearts of so many millions of the human race turn daily with devout affection. We spoke no word aloud. One rushing wave of thought swept over all our souls.

I stood in the road, my hand on my horse's neck, and with my dim eyes sought to trace the outlines of the holy places which I had long before fixed in my mind, but the fast-flowing tears forbade my succeeding. The more I gazed, the more I could not see; and at length, gathering close around my face the folds of my confea, I spang into the saddle, and led the advance toward the gates of the city.

FIRST MORNING IN JERUSALEM.

The first morning in Jerusalem was a time forever to be remembered. When the sun came up above the Mount of Olives, I was standing on the eastern side of the city, without the walls, on the brow of the valley of Jehosaphat, looking down into its gloomy depths and up to the hill that was hallowed by the last footsteps of Christ.

I could not sleep. It was vain to think of it or attempt it. Broken snatches of slumber, dreamy and restless at the best, but mostly broad awake thoughts, fancies, feelings, and memories occupied the entire night. Weary and exhausted as I was by the previous day's travel, I could not compose my mind sufficiently to take the rest I actually required.

It was but a little after the break of day that I strolled down to the gate of St. Stephen, (so called now, though formerly known as the gate of the Lady Mary, because of its leading to the Virgin's tomb,) and finding it open already, passed out among the Moslem graves that cover the hill of Moriah, outside the walls, and sitting down on one of them, waited in silence the coming of the sun. And it came.

I had seen the dawn come over the forest of the Delaware country, in the sublime winter mornings,

> "When last night's snow hangs lightly on the trees,
> And all the cedars and the pines are white
> With the new glory."

I had seen the morning come up over the prairies of Minnesota, calm and majestic along the far horizon. I had seen it in golden glory on the sea, in soft splendor in Italy, in rich effulgence over the Lybian desert.

But I never saw such a morning as that before, nor shall I ever see another such in this cold world.

At first there was a flush, a faint but beautiful light like a halo, above the holy mountain. Right thereaway lay Bethany, and I could think it the radiance of the bursting tomb of Martha's brother. But the flush became a gleam, a glow, an opening heaven of deep, strong light that did not dazzle nor bewilder. I looked into it and was lost in it, as one is lost that gazes into the deep loving eyes of the woman he worships. It seemed as if I had but to wish and I should be away in the atmosphere that was so glorious. Strong cords of desire seemed drawing me thither. I even rose to my feet and leaned forward over the carved turban on a Mussulman's tomb. I breathed strong, full inspirations, as if I could breathe in that glory.

All this while, deep in the gloom of the valley between me and the Mount of Ascension, lay the Hebrew dead of all the centuries, quiet, calm, and solemn in their slumber. The glory did not reach down to their low graves; yet I thought almost aloud, that if that radiance could but once touch those stones, heavy as they were, the dead would spring to life, even the mouldy dead who lie in that valley of tombs.

Alas! for the dead whose grave the morning radiance from the mountain of the Lord's ascension will never reach! Alas! for the sealed lips of earth that will never be kissed to opening by those rays!

Then came the round sun; it seemed but an instant after the morning-star had sunk into the blue, and then the full sun-light poured across the hills of Judea, on the battlements of Jerusalem.

Then once more I bowed my head. It is no shame to have wept in Palestine. I wept when I saw Jerusalem; I wept when I lay in the star-light at Bethlehem; I wept on the blessed shores of Galilee. My hand was no less firm on the rein, my finger did not tremble on the trigger of my pistol when I rode with it in my right hand along the shore of the blue sea. My eye was not dimmed by those tears, nor my heart in aught weakened. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume here, for he will find little to his taste in my journeyings through Holy Land.

GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

It was on the very foot of the Mount of Olives, yet elevated some thirty or forty feet, perhaps more, above the brook Kedron. We passed around it, to the rear or mountain side, and found a low door in the wall, at which we knocked.

It opened, and a Latin monk, habited in the dark robe of the Franciscans, bade us enter, and bowing our heads very low, as all must do perforce, and as all should do on entering a spot like this, we stepped within the hallowed enclosure of Gethsemane.

It is a simple garden, laid out in beds, bordered with lavender, among the old olive trees. An arbor or trellis-work on one side supports a large vine of the passiflora. In the walls are marked fourteen stations for prayer. It was silent, and we were alone. The good father vanished to his cell in the corner, as if aware that we desired no guide to tell us the story that has thrilled the heart of man in every land and age—the saddest and sublimest story on all the rolls of eternity.

Verily he was right. The whispering leaves of the olive trees told us the story; the winds that swept over the lofty battlements of Mount Moriah, three hundred feet above us, told the story; the blue, far sky above the Mount of Olives, the sky He clove with His departing glory, and that shut him away from His disciples and our longing gaze, told the story; the heavy beating of our hearts—slow, solemn beating—we could hear them in the stillness of the garden—told the story of the bloody passion, and the agony that made the crown of thorns and piercing nails as nothing afterward.

In the blue sky far up above us a solitary eagle floated on the air above the deserted shrines of the temple of the Lord, and on the sides of Moriah, among the Moslem graves, some women, dressed in white, sat by the tombs and wept. But no voice of human grief or human joy reached the deep valley to disturb the profound stillness of the garden of the Passion. The olives on the mountain waved their flashing branches in the gentle breeze, but those within the enclosure scarcely moved The lavender, that bloomed with the utmost profusion, made the atmosphere heavy with perfume, as we sat down on the ground and endeavored to realize the midnight scene of the agony and the betrayal.

* * * *

I need not say that the garden of Gethsemane was a favorite spot with me during my stay in Jerusalem, and that scarcely a day passed without finding me seated under the old olive trees within its enclosure. Here, over and again, I read the accounts of that memorable night, and of the suffering of the Man our God. Here I saw the declining sun go down behind the battlements of Moriah, and here not infrequently the round moon, coming up over the holy summit of Olivet, silvered the leaves of the old trees, and shed that radiance on the spot in which, best of all, I could realize the scene that so thrills the hearts of Christian men.

Did the moon shine on that last night of the life of the Lord before the sacrifice? Did the full moon, in whose light young maidens love to hear the words of young love, behold that love which would not put away the cup of agony, though countless angels stood ready to seize the chalice and dash it down to hell?

I never thought of it before. In all the scenes of all the centuries that I have imagined the moon beholding, and of which I have striven sometimes to gather some intelligence in those cold calm rays, I never before imagined that on that still orb, in the blue sky of Judea, the tear-dimmed eyes of the Lord gazed through the rustling leaves of Gethsemane.

O friend of mine! in your old home by the distant Hudson, where in grand nights of western moonshine, or still, calm star light, we have sat together on the rocks and asked the hosts of heaven to tell us stories of the Chaldeans that worshipped them on plains of Orient; O friend, look out on the sky to-night, the holy sky, the radiant sky whose azure might befit the floors of heaven, and know, of a verity, beyond a doubt, beyond a peradventure, that on those stars, those very shining groups, on white Capella, flaming Sirius, on the brow of Orion, and the cold star of the pole, the weary eyes of the houseless wanderer who was yet a God rested in childhood above the ancient Nile, or when as a boy He climbed the hills of Nazareth, or when in those cold Syrian nights He walked the long way from Galilee, or when He slept in the dewy air of Olivet with the stones of the hill-side for a pillow to Him who had no other on which to lay His head.

Never again tell me it is childish to love the moonlight and the stars. Sole objects in all the universe on which I may look with perfect confidence that He looked on them, yea, and with a longing for the heaven beyond them, which He knew as His home, and which I but doubtingly dare call mine, I will gaze on them in all the nights of my wanderings on earth, and sleep quiet sleep when you shall lay me where they will shine on my covering.

ST. AGNES' WELL.

BY DIMOND.

A story there runs of a marvelous well,
Near fair Florence city, (so travellers tell,)
To St. Agnes devoted,
And very much noted,
For mystical charms in its waters that dwell.
With all new-married couples—the story thus goes,
Whichever drinks first of the spring that there flows,
Be it husband or wife,
That one shall for life,
On the other a yoke of subjection impose.

Young Claude led Claudine to the Church as his bride,
And wedlock's hard knot in a twinkling was tied,
But the clerk's nasal twang,
"Amen!" scarce had rang,
When the bridegroom eloped from his good woman's side.
Away, like a hare from the hounds, started he—
Till reaching the well—dropping plump on his knee,
"Dear St. Agnes," he cried,
"Let me drink of thy tide,
And the right to the breeches establish in me."
He quaff'd till nigh bursting—again turned to quaff,
Till the bride, in pursuit, reached his side with a laugh—
Lifting briskly his head,
To the lady he said,
"I'm first at the well, spouse, so bow to the staff!"
The dame to her hubby replied with a sneer—
"That you're first at the well after marriage is clear—
But to save such a task,
I fill'd a small flask,
And took it to church in my pocket, my dear!"

Look About Us.

Winter is upon us, and its cold blasts will pierce the scanty shelter of many a poor wanderer of the earth, and chill the heart of many who are our neighbors. The direful arm of war has swept away many of the hardy sons of toil, and left their widows and orphans without their strong right arm and the means of sustenance that it once provided them. It would be unkind and unwarrantable to say that the country they have so honored will not, at no distant day, relieve those who have become orphaned in its defence. But we must not forget their present wants. Many of them are the widows and orphans of Masons, and while we are bestowing on them our charity, let us not forget that there are others who need our aid, if they are not so directly entitled to it.

We do not believe that a Mason's charities should be confined to the widows, orphans, or indigent Masons, or that there is none charitable outside the Order. This appeal is to all, knowing that Masons will set a worthy example for others to follow, and that with unity of action much good may be done in our midst. Much could be done by a charitable unity to break down the high prices of everything that is requisite for the support of life, as also to keep up a better price for the labor that thousands are ready and willing to perform, if life could thereby be sustained. We have wealth in our midst, abundant wealth, and we will not believe but that a large amount of charity dwells in the heart of this wealth, and that with a simple ,unostentatious unity, it could be lightly spread over the bare spots of society, and thereby drive away the lank form of hunger from many a door.

THE SOUL'S PILGRIMAGE.

"Give me my scallop-shell of quiet
My staff of faith to walk upon;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation;
My gown of glory (hope's true gage,)
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.
Blood must be my body's only balmer
Whilst my soul, like a quiet Palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven;
No other balm will there be given."

THE FOURTEEN ANGELS.

"When at night I go to sleep,
Fourteen angels are at hand,—
Two at my right their watches keep;
Two on my left to bless me stand;
Two hover gently o'er my head;
Two guard the foot of my small bed;
Two wake me with the sun's first ray;
Two dress me nicely every day;
Two guide me on the heavenly road
That leads to happiness and God."

The Masonic and Templar Gentleman.

He is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to a mean fraud. He invades no secrets in the keeping of another. He betrays no secrets confided to his own keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He takes selfish advantage of no man's mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of innuendoes. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident he comes into possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter in at his window, or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He professes no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted, himself out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. He insults no man. If he have rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, and manly. He cannot descend to scurrility. Billingsgate don't lie in his track. From all profane and wanton words his lips are chastened. Of woman, and to her, he speaks with decency and respect. In short, whatever he judges honorable, he practices toward every man.

Templar Masonry.

BY ABR. C. L. ARNOLD, LL. D.

In the twelfth century, when the nations of Europe were yet young, and the piety of the church possessed all its primitive ardor, the universal heart of Christendom turned with affectionate reverence toward the East, and longed to pour forth its expressions of gratitude and of penitence at the tomb of the Crucified. Urged by this devout impulse, thousands every year set out on this pious pilgrimage to the Holy City, encountering indescribable difficulties, and exposing themselves to innumerable dangers. Moved by the enthusiasm of the age, and by the laudable desire to protect the Christian pilgrim on his journey through Palestine to the Holy Sepulchre, eight Christian knights established the society of the Templars. Subsequently the objects of the Order increased, and included the general defence of Christianity against the encroachments of the Mohammedans. The members took the vows of chastity, of obedience, and poverty, like regular canons, and lived at first on the charity of the Christian lords in Palestine. King Baldwin II, of Jerusalem, gave them an abode in that city on the east side of the Jesuit's Temple, from which circumstances they received the name of Templars. Pope Honorius II confirmed the Order in 1127, at the council of Troyes, and imposed upon it rules, drawn from those of the Benedictine monks, to which were added the precepts of St. Bernard de Clairvaux, who was an earnest friend of the fraternity.

The Order grew in popularity, and in a few years came to be the most powerful corporation in Christendom. By the principle of secrecy, the members were bound together in the closest unity, and cemented in the bonds of a mystical friendship.

The Templars were divided into three classes, viz: knights, squires, and servitors, to which were added, in 1172, some spiritual members, who served as priests, chaplains, and clerks. All wore the badge of the Order—a linen girdle. The clerical members had white, and the servitors gray gowns. The knights wore, beside their armor, simple white cloaks, adorned with octangular blood-red crosses, to signify that they were to shed their blood in the service of the Faith. From the class of the Knights the officers were chosen by the assembled chapters. They consisted of, first: *Marshals* and *Bannerets*, the leaders in war; second, *Drapiers*, the inspectors of wardrobes; third, *Priors*, the superiors of single preceptories; fourth, *Abbots Commanders*, and *Grand Priors*, rulers over provinces; and fifth, the Grand Commander, who was the chief of the whole Order. He had the rank of prince, and was considered the equal of the sovereigns of Europe.

Being entirely independent of all secular authority, and nearly so of all ecclesiastical, it exercised an absolute jurisdiction over all the affairs of its own members. Uniting thus the privileges of a religious order with great military power, and always prepared for service by sea or land, it could use its possessions to more advantage than other corporations, and also make conquests on its own account. The principal part of its possessions was in France; most of the knights were also French, and the Grand Master was usually of that nation. In 1244 the Order possessed goods, bailiwicks, commanderies, priories, and preceptories, independent of the jurisdiction of the sovereigns of the countries in which they were situated.

Its members were devoted to the Order, body and soul, and by their solemn initiation they abjured all other ties. No one had any private property. The Order supported all.

After the expulsion of the Templars from the Holy Land, they fixed their chief seat in Cyprus. There the Grand Master resided with a select body of knights, officers, and brethren, who exercised themselves by sea against the Saracens.

So powerful at length became the Order that its alliance and support were eagerly solicited by many Christian nations, when they went to war with each other. And the knights too often, unfortunately, by an unwise policy, were led to take sides in many of these struggles; and to this policy is to be attributed their downfall.

In the quarrels between Philip the Fair and Pope Boniface VIII, the Templars engaged for the Pope against the king. In consequence of this, Clement V, Philip's friend, under the pretext of consultation for a new crusade, and for a union of Knights Templars with the Knights of St. John, summoned, in 1306, the Grand Master Molay, with sixty knights, to France. After their arrival, these and all the other knights present were suddenly arrested by the king's soldiers. This occurred on October 13, 1307. Philip seized upon the estates of the Order, removed his court into the temple—the residence of the Grand Master—in Paris, and ordered the trial of the knights to be commenced without delay, by his confessor, William of Paris, inquisitor and Archbishop of Sens. He endeavored, however, to justify this arbitrary procedure by the horrible crimes and heresies of which the Order had been accused. Historical records represent the accusers as some expelled Templars, who calumniated the Order at the instigation of its enemies. The charge of apostacy from the faith could not be substantiated. The other allegations, such as that they worshipped the devil, practiced sorcery, adored the idol called *Baphomets*, contemned the sacrament, neglected confession, and practiced unnatural vices, were, according to the general opinion of historians down to the present day, malicious misrepresentations or absurd calumnies. A gold box of relics, which the Templars used to kiss, according to the custom of the Catholics, was what gave origin to the story of the Baphomet; and because, in an age previous to the general reception of the doctrine of transubstantiation, they practiced the ancient manner of celebrating the mass, viz: without the elevation of the host, this was called contempt of the sacrament; their confessing exclusively to their own clerical members was the ground of the charge; that they received absolution from their own temporal superiors; and the bond, Friendship, Love, and Truth, by which they were united, gave rise to the imputation of unnatural practices.

In those times of general persecution against heretics, every one whose ruin was resolved upon, and who could not be attacked in any other way, was accused of heresy Accordingly, Philip, being determined, before any inquisition took place, to destroy the Order, for whose wealth he thirsted, the inquisitors employed, who were entirely devoted to him, and for the greater part Dominicans, enemies of the Order, used these means to excite public opinion against them. By means of the most horrid tortures, confessions of crimes which had never been committed were extorted from the prisoners. Overcome by long captivity and torment, many Templars confessed whatever their inquisitors wished, since a persevering denial of the crimes with which they were charged was punished with death. Clement V at first opposed this arbitrary treatment of an Order which was amenable only to the church; but Philip soon prevailed on him to join in its suppression. Two cardinals were sent to take part in the examinations at Paris, and other clergymen were united to the courts of inquisition in the provinces, in order to impart a more legal appearance to the procedure. Though little was, in fact, proved against the Templars, the Archbishop of Sens dared, in 1310, to burn alive fifty-four knights who had denied every crime of which they were accused. In other dioceses of France, these victims of tyranny and avarice were treated in a similar way. The other provinces of Europe were also exhorted by the pope to persecute the Templars. Charles of Sicily and Provence imitated the example of Philip, and shared the booty with the pope. In England, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Germany, the Templars were arrested, but almost universally acquitted. The inquisitions at Salamanca and Mentz also resulted in the justification of the Order. Nevertheless, the pope, at the council of Vienna, in Dauphiny, solemnly abolished the Order by a bull of March 2, A. D. 1312, not in the legal way, but by papal authority—*per provisionis potius quam condemnationis viam*. The members of the Order were, according to this bull, to be punished with mildness when they confessed the crimes imputed to them; but those who persevered in denying them were to be condemned to death. Among the latter were the Grand Master Molay, and Guido, the Grand Prior of Normandy, who were burned alive at Paris, March 13, 1314, after they had cited Philip and Clement to appear before the judgment-seat of God within a year and a day. The pope died, in fact, April 19, in the same year, and the king November 29th.

The estates of the Order were conferred, by the council of Vienna, upon the Knights of St. John, and its treasury, in money and precious stones, was assigned for a new crusade. But in France the greatest part fell to the crown, and the pope kept considerable sums for himself. In Spain and Portugal some new military orders were founded and endowed with the estates of the Templars. In other countries the Knights of St. John acquired the rich inheritance of their rivals. The Templars maintained themselves longest in Germany, where they were treated with mildness and justice. At Strelitz some were found as late as 1319. The members who were discharged from their vows entered the Order of St. John.

Such was the unhappy destiny of this great and powerful fraternity, whose valor and devotion and achievements form so brilliant a page in the book of European history.

For many years this great fraternity was one of the strongest bulwarks of the Christian faith—the most efficient defender of the pious pilgrim—the ablest champion of the Cross. The literature of all lands has celebrated its deeds—romance and song have immortalized its virtues and recorded the story of its wrongs.

That the Templars were earnest, sincere, and worthy men, is plain, but that the ostensible objects of their society were the sole ends which they aimed to accomplish is by no means certain. On the contrary, it is evident from what appears on this subject, that behind the veil of mystery which concealed the interior of the Order from the profane eye, the Templars conceived vast and magnificent plans for the social and religious regeneration of Europe—that their esoteric doctrines embraced notions far in advance of the age. It is certain that, at a very early period, rumors were extensively spread that the Templars meditated plans that embraced the political unity of Europe, by the universal overthrow of monarchy and the founding of an immense republic, and the complete purification and reformation of the Catholic faith.

The very organization of their society, and the character of the government they had adopted, must have suggested to them the ideas of republicanism, as well as the antique models which they constantly had before their eyes. And the favorable position of their fraternity, established as it was, and exercising an extensive influence among all the nations of Christendom, must have suggested to them at least the possibility of success. Composed of men of all nations, and through their members allied to the most powerful families in all countries, and though existing in the territory of the various kingdoms of Europe, yet exercising an independent jurisdiction like a sovereign State, it would have been strange indeed if the idea had not sometimes come to them of the feasibility of destroying the political divisions of Europe, and blending all the States together in one vast republican fraternity similar to their own, and governed by similar constitutions and laws.

While the society of Templars was secretly antagonistic to the existing political institutions, it was also at variance with the doctrine and policy of the church at Rome. The calumniations of Catholic writers allow us to refer to this. In the charge that they worshipped Mohammedan relics, and cultivated Pagan philosophy, we can see only this—that in their fraternity they respected the rights of conscience and tolerated all religious opinions.*

But in the realization of these vast schemes, and in propagating these ideas, the Order was not successful, and finally fell by treachery before the united powers of civil and religious despotism. But the last moment of its life was one of sublime magnificence. James Bernard Molay, the last Grand Master, ascended the scaffold prepared for him by the pontiff of Rome and the king of France, and died with the fortitude and calmness of a Christian hero. But in dying he announced the future dowfall of all despotisms: "I summon you, tyrant of Rome, and you, despot of France, to meet me in one year before the Eternal Throne!" It was humanity, bleeding and torn, and outraged in all its sacred rights, summoning all despotisms, whether spiritual or temporal, before the judgment throne of future ages, to receive their condemnation, and to witness the inauguration of the divine sentiments, Justice, Fraternity, and Equality.

Although the schemes of the Templars were unquestionably Utopian, and their notions confused and ill-defined, the ideal which they worshipped was prophetic of those institutions which, in a subsequent age, should secure the civil and spiritual freedom of man. The positive ideas of the society could not perish; but from the tombs of the murdered Templars they marched forth with a supernatural force to renew their contest with the tyrants of the earth. Mingling with the thoughts of other reformers, and taken up by other societies, they advanced through the centuries, disenthralled the human mind from the abuse of kingcraft and priestcraft—brought kings themselves to the scaffold—and laid the foundation of a more promising future for man.

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THE NUMBER 12 is *four* times *three*, essential multiplied by organic perfection, and is the symbol of organized fraternity, of national or ecclesiastical brotherhood.

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* Vide Magaz. Encyclop., 1806, tome vi; also, Monum. Histor. Relatifs a la Condemnation des Chevaliers du Temple. Raynouard: Paris, 1813.

THE GOOD LIFE—LONG LIFE.

BY BEN JONSON.

It is not growing like a tree,
In bulk doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred years,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sore;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night:
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

The Golden Fleece, or Argonautic Expedition.

The first notice which we obtain of the Golden Ram, the bearer of the renowned Fleece, is in this wise: Helle, the daughter of Athamus, King of Thebes, flying from the fury of her cruel step-mother, attempted, with her brother, to escape by swimming across a strait that divides Greece from Phrygia, on the back of the ram, but unfortunately fell off and was drowned. This occurrence gave name, (so say the poets,) to the pass or channel of Hellespont, or the sea of Helle, now known as the Dardanelles. The brother of Helle having escaped, afterwards, by the aid of some Phrygian bandit, sheared the ram and carried the fleece away to Colchis, where it was hanged on a tree, and by the sorcery of Medea, the king's daughter, a dragon and four brazen-footed bulls were set to guard it. The subsequent history of the Golden Ram, as also that of his origin, is to me unknown.

About this period, Æson, king of Thessaly, died, and left Jason, his son, to the care of Pelias, his brother, and uncle to Jason. Pelias proposed to Jason, his nephew, to undertake a voyage to Colchis, ostensibly for the purpose of restoring the Golden Fleece; but secretly with the design to get rid of him, thinking he might be lost, or fall into the hands of the pirates, by whom the shores and islands of the Euxine were then known to be infested. Jason having accepted the proposal, a splendid ship was built and launched at Pagassæ, a seaport of Thessaly, amply fitted out and manned by fifty-four young men, the flower of Thessaly. She was named the Argo, and her crew, with Jason at their head, were called Argo-nautes, or Argo-nauts.

The voyage was successful; and, on the arrival of Jason at Colchis, Medea, daughter of Esis the king, fell in love with him, and taught him to tame the brazen-footed bulls which guarded the fleece; to cast the watchful dragon into a deep sleep: by which means Jason captured the fleece, which, with Medea, the princess, and a large amount of treasure, he brought away with him, and returned in safety to Thessaly.

This legend, like most other narrations of Grecian and Roman story, comprises a mixture of truth and fable. Whether the fiction of the Golden Fleece was the invention of Pelias, in order to induce Jason to engage in the expedition, or a fabrication of Greek or Latin poets with a design to render the theme more poetic, or whether it symbolized the vast treasures that Jason became possessed of, in consequence of his fortunate love adventure with the princess, is wholly conjectured. But that such a voyage was performed by Jason at the time spoken of, in a ship called the Argo, and with a crew such as before stated, is a fact of sober history. It was productive of the most important results, as the opening of commercial enterprises and foreign traffic between the States of Greece and foreign countries, both in Europe and Asia.

Ancient Colchis was situated at the eastern extremity of the Euxine, or Black Sea, and between that and the Caspian Sea; lying on both sides of the Caucassian chain of mountains. The portion on the south is now Georgia, and that on the north Circassia; both, I think, subject to the sway of the Emperor of Russia; peopled at present with a mixture of Russians, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, at best but semi-civilized. The voyage of the Argonauts must have extended to the distance of at least 1600 miles—a long voyage for those days. The route of the Argonauts, it will be observed, lay in a north-east direction through the northern Archipelago, the Hellespont, or Straits of Dardenelles, the Propontis, or Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, or Straits of Constantinople; thence nearly east through the entire length of the Black Sea, 800 miles, to the country of the Colchians.

As before observed, the expedition was an event of the greatest importance to the Grecian countries. It was an era of new vigor and energy in ship building and maritime pursuits, and opened to them intercourse with nations of whom little before had been known. It appears to have been an event of signal moment, as was the discovery of America to the nations of Western Europe.

Some collateral facts exist which give truthfulness to the account, as above, of the expedition. Orpheus, a Thracian, a learned man and most excellent poet and musician, was one of the adventurers. He wrote an account of the voyage which, it is thought, is still extant. His narrative is referred to by some of the early Latin authors as a record of great events. Again, the plan of the voyage was marked out by Chiron, the contemporary astronomer, who formed also for the use of the seamen a scheme of the constellations, accurately fixing the solstitial and equinoctial points. This circumstance has enabled Sir Isaac Newton to reform the ancient chronology, by calculating the regular precession of the equinoxes from that period down. (See Blair's Chronology.)

This enterprise took place 1263, B. C., and about 259 years before the dedication of King Solomon's Temple, at Jerusalem.

In conclusion, I have to notice that a Fraternity known as the "Order of the Golden Fleece" was instituted by Philip, the king of Spain, A. D. 1429. It is said by Dr. Reese to have had its name and origin from an immense revenue derived from the production and sale of wool, of a very superior quality. The members wore the emblem on their collars. They were composed of the most honorable of the courtiers, and were limited to thirty, with the King at their head as President. To this latter order is reference made in masonic books and rituals.

Love, the Grand Remedy.

The late report of the Grand Sire of the Odd Fellows thus concludes:

Hope bends lovingly toward you as she points to the future: Faith, with her clear eyes, as she scans the horizon, never looked firmer than now; while, supreme above all, Charity, with her angel face, smiles the triumph that awaits you, if but dutiful and faithful to her high behests. A great brotherhood scattered over a continent, and even dwellers upon the isles of the sea, annually await the results of your deliberations. Nay, for weal or woe, the human race will be affected, immediately or remotely, by your actions. You meet to promote the welfare of your fellow men. Assert, therefore, by word and deed, not only during this session, but during your lives, that "Love is the grand remedy for all social evils." Plant yourselves firmly on that great truth. Let no influence drive you from that impregnable position. Stand up for Humanity. Let hand grasp hand with fraternal warmth; from heart and soul let there be poured forth an overwhelming tide of affection for the great principles that underlie our organization, that, in the ocean of Love thus created, everything shall be submerged except the now mighty structure of Odd Fellowship, whose apex is towering toward the skies, and whose inscriptions, golden as they are, will shine like characters of living light, sending joy to the heart, and peuetrating down through the avenues of time, cheering millions, who will rejoice, as we do this day, in the Unity of the Brotherhood.

Masonic Burial, Symbolic and Chivalric.

Thus reports the Committee on Foreign Correspondence of the G.·. C.·. of Maine:

Several Grand Commanderies are dissatisfied with the adoption of the Templar burial service, while we believe a majority are pleased with it; the Grand Commandery of New York, with whom it originated, have felt it necessary to prepare a defence of the service.

The objection is, that the object of masonic burial appertains by immemorial right to the Master Mason's degree.

We agree that none but a Master Mason is entitled to masonic burial; but we have yet to learn that the Master Mason's Lodge has a claim upon the body of a departed brother, or a right to perform its services exclusively. So far different have we been taught, that we had supposed the motion should always come from the brother himself, the lodge performing its rites when requested, and never otherwise. So in the Templar burial service: if the brother requests it, Christian Knights perform the Christian rites around his grave. Can it be that, on becoming a Master Mason, a brother loses his right to christian sepulture, but must take masonic rites instead? Such would be the logical result of the objection to our services.

We believe the matter is safer where both rites place it—in the desire of the dying brother. We certainly hope that neither lodge nor commandery would presume, uninvited, to perform their rites at the grave of a departed brother.

MISERERE DOMINE.

BY A. A. PROCTOR.

The tempest rages wild and high,
The waves lift up their voice and cry,
In answer to the angry sky—
Miserere Domine!

'Mid the black night, and driving rain,
A ship is struggling, all in vain,
To live upon the angry main—
Miserere Domine!

The thunders roar—the lightnings glare—
Vain is it now to strive or dare;
A cry goes up of wild despair—
Miserere Domine!

The stormy voices of the main,
The driving wind, the pelting rain,
Beat on the nursery window pane—
Miserere Domine!

Warm-curtained was the little bed,
Soft-pillowed was the little head;
"The storm will wake the child," they said—
Miserere Domine!

Cowering amid the pillows white,
He prays, his blue eyes dim with fright,
"Father! save those at sea to-night!"
Miserere Domine!

The morning shone out, clear and gay,
On a ship at anchor in the bay,
And on a little child at play—
Gloria tibi Domine!

The Tomb of a Crusader.

[Extract from a letter written from and of the Westminster Abbey:]

I paused to contemplate a tomb on which lay the effigy of a knight in complete armor. A large buckler was on one arm; the hands were pressed together in supplication on the breast; the face was almost covered by the morion; the legs were crossed in token of the warrior's having been engaged in the holy war. It was the tomb of a crusader; of one of those military enthusiasts who so strangely mingled religion and romance, and whose exploits form the connecting link between fact and fiction—between history and the fairy tale. There is something extremely picturesque in the tombs of these adventurers, decorated as they are with rude armorial bearings and gothic sculpture. They comport with the antiquated chapels in which they are generally found; and in considering them, the imagination is apt to kindle with the legendary associations, the romantic fictions, the chivalrous pomp and pageantry, which poetry has spread over the wars for the sepulchre of Christ. They are the relics of times utterly gone by; of beings passed from recollection; of customs and manners with which our's have no affinity. They are like objects from some strange and distant land, of which we have no certain knowledge, and about which all our conceptions are vague and visionary. There is something extremely solemn and awful in those effigies on gothic tombs, extended as if in the sleep of death, or in the supplication of the dying hour. They have an effect infinitely more impressive on my feelings than the fanciful attitudes, the over-wrought conceits, and allegorical groups, which abound on modern monuments. I have been struck, also, with the superiority of many of the old sepulchral inscriptions. There was a noble way, in former times, of saying things simply, and yet saying them proudly; and I do not know an epitaph that breathes a loftier consciousness of family worth and honorable lineage, than one which affirms, of a noble house, that "all the brothers were brave, and all the sisters virtuous."

DEVOTION.

BY W. I. LINTON.

Not for itself
The flower is fragrant;
Never for pelf
Beauty is vagrant;
Each one for all!

Ever God herdeth
The profitless flowers;
God's moonlight girdeth
The silentest hours;
Love loveth all.

Love is not hired;
Love seeks no guerdon;
Love is untired;
Love hath God's burden;
Love cannot fail.

Companions, we shall no more hear the voice or enjoy the society and counsel of him whose delight it was when with us, to promote the highest well-being of our Order. His pilgrimage on earth is ended, and, though we deeply feel and deplore his loss, it behooves us all to bow in submission to the will of "Him who doeth all things well." Let it be our aim to imitate the many virtues which so beautifully adorned his life and character, that we may be prepared to join him in that world where all tears are wiped away and where sorrow never enters.

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go, not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

THE NIGHT OF THE NATIVITY.

A COMMEMORATION.

BY WESTWOOD OF BRUSSELS.

Silence, deep and solemn and unbroken,
Like a death-hush, fallen from the sky:
As of some dread mystery the token,
Seemed that silence, breathless and unbroken:—
Pale and wan the stars looked out on high.

'Twas as though, unseen, some mighty spirit,
High dispenser of Heaven's minist'rings,
Had come down a mission to inherit,
And that earth, in awe of that great spirit,
Struck to torpor all her vocal things.

"Tree," I said, "that standest ghostly, hushing
All thy thousand pulses, and thou stream,
Through the misty meadows mutely rushing,
Say, what means this ominous, strange hushing?
Is earth trance-bound in some mystic dream?"

Then a sound, so low it was scarce spoken,
Blended voice of wind and stream and tree,
Answered, "Leave our quiet still unbroken;—
At this hallowed hour no word be spoken;
Silence suiteth best its sanctity.

For one night like this—O, love eternal!—
Wafted downward 'mid ecstatic strains,
Came the angels from their courts supernal,
Came to tell their tale of love eternal,
To the shepherds on the Syrian plain.

In the moonlight hovered the white legion,
Heaven revealing to the mortal ken,
And the echoes of the lonely region
Keep e'en yet the words of that bright legion—
'Peace on earth,' they said, 'good will to men!'

Ay, and not the Syrian echoes solely;
All earth holds that memory undefiled;
So when time brings round, in advent holy,
This blest eve, we hear those accents solely,
Angel accents, murmuring meek and mild.

And the stars shine pale and wan with wonder,
For they hear afar rich melody,
Rolling, wave on wave, a rhythmic thunder,
Deep and deeper, sound of awe and wonder—
All God's seraphs shouting joyfully.

For this cause we keep mute watch, O mortal!
Do thou likewise—to our task incline;
Enter straight thine heart's unfolded portal,
Hush each clamoring utterance of Earth's Mortal,
Hearken only unto God's Divine!

Lusts of life, thy true vocation shaming,
Thrust them forth from consecrated ground!
Hear instead the angels still proclaiming—
Hear them say, each angry passion shaming,
'*Peace on earth, good will!*'—O, blessed sound!"

Ceased the voice. 'T was true—a mighty spirit,
High dispenser of God's gifts to men,
Had come down, a mission to inherit,
And I bowed before that awful spirit,
And I wrestled with my nature then.

Wrestled, praying. God above the glory!
Still this tumult—let my soul take in
All the meaning of that olden story,
All its simple truth, and chastened glory,
Too long lost 'mid Babel strife within.

And not this night only, but forever,
Aid *me*, too, to hold its memory fast,
For a holy spell to calm life's fever,
Till the restless flame dies out forever,
And the peace of heaven is won at last.

TIDINGS FROM THE CRAFT.

GRAND LODGE OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

[We are indebted to the G.·. S.·. for the following:]

The petition for the restoration of the charter of Columbia Lodge No. 3 was called up, but was again laid over, until the 27th of December, for further consideration; also a petition for a charter to form a new lodge, to be called King Solomon's Lodge, No. 20, was disposed of in a similar manner.

M.·. W.·. Grand Master Holmead, first thanking the brethren for the honors conferred upon him, declined a re-election.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

Geo. C. Whiting, P.·. G.·. M.·., Grand Master; R. B. Donaldson, re-elected D.·. G.·. Master; W. E. Hutchinson, Sr.·. G.·. Warden; W. H. Rohrer, Jr.·. G.·. Warden; C. Cammack, Sr., re-elected G.·. Treasurer; W. Morris Smith, re-elected G.·. Secretary; Jno. Lockie, G.·. Vis.·. and Lec.·.; R. M. McMurdy, Revd.·. G.·. Chaplain; J. Tyler Powell, G.·. Marshal; H. C. Ellis, Sr.·. G.·. Deacon; A. H. Gawler, Jr.·. G.·. Deacon; J. H. Hood, G.·. Pursuivant; J. W. D. Gray, G.·. Sword Bearer; T. Creaser, G.·. Tiler.

The annual communication was held on the 1st of November, at 4 p. m., and was the fullest representation of the Grand Lodge I have ever seen—only one of the Grand Officers being absent, and every lodge in the jurisdiction was represented.

Series of resolutions were adopted, expressing the sense of the Grand Lodge on the death of the W.·. M.·. of Washington Naval Lodge, No. 4, Bro. John Clapham; also of Bro. George Thompson, R.·. W.·. Past Grand Treasurer, and of Bro. Thomas H. Monroe, R.·. W.·. and Revd.·. Grand Chaplain; and memorial pages were ordered to be set apart, suitably inscribed, in the record.

Union Lodge U. D., Alexandria, Va., again petitioned for an extension of their dispensation, which was granted to them, until an examining committee should report on their affairs and working, on December 27th next.

The R.·. W.·. Grand Treasurer's report showed the gross amount in the treasuries of the several lodges to be $12,707 93, (twelve thousand seven hundred and seven dollars and ninety-three cents,) and the gross amount disbursed for charity during the past year was $3,996 33, (three thousand nine hundred and ninety-six dollars and thirty-three cents.)

The Grand Lodge was then called off until the 23d of November, to consider the report of the committee on the revision of the constitution.

MARYLAND G.·. CHAPTER.

[We are indebted to the G.·. S.·. for the following:]

At the recent annual convocation of the Grand R.·. A.·. Chapter of Md. and D. C., nothing transpired of interest outside of the jurisdiction. The meeting throughout was decidedly harmonious; the subject of a division of the jurisdiction, and formation of a Grand Chapter for the District of Columbia, was freely discussed, and eventually referred to a committee of one from each chapter represented, to report at some subsequent date.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Comp. Jno. L. Yeates, G.·. H.·. Priest; Jas. G. Smith, Dy.·. G.·. H.·. Priest; J. H. Medairy, G.·. King; W. G. Parkhurst, G.·. Scribe; F. Fiekey, Jr., G.·. Treasurer; W. Morris Smith, G.·. Secretary; Rev. John McCron, G.·. Chaplain; R. A. Holmes, G.·. Capt.·. of the Host; E. T. Owens and Jas. Logue, Trustees.

The Grand Chapter was then closed until the second Monday in January next, at which time a committee on work is expected to report.

IOWA.

Grand Lodge met at Des Moines, June 7. The G.·. M.·., Bro. Guilbert, opened his address with "hail and welcome to the general brotherhood here assembled," and reminding them that "it is very meet, right, and proper, yea, it is our bounden duty" to "render hearty thanks" to the G.·. A.·. O.·. T.·. U.·. He then adverts to the harmony existing in the jurisdiction, reproves mercenary and vituperative Grand Officers, and alludes to the country and the old flag, and continues:

"A Grand Master, Past Deputy Grand Masters, Past Grand Wardens, other Past Grand Officers, scores of Masters of Lodges and companies of brethren, have already entered the service, and have dealt stalwart blows

——'for their altars and their fires,
For the green graves of their sires,
God, and their native land.'

"Many of them, peace to their ashes, 'sleep their last sleep' in the trenches of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, on the plains of Louisiana and Arkansas, and by the still, clear waters of the far Tennessee. Thank God, never has one of them been shot in the back, 'and, verily, they shall have their reward.' The turf shall be green above them, and their memory shall be fragrant in the Lodges. Many have returned to us maimed, but ennobled, and each scar they bear is the mute but eloquent witness of 'the faith that is in them.' Let the heroes be honored as they deserve to be. Let us salute them with a reverence we would not vouchsafe a mere king, for they are ours and the nation's pride and boast. And now another call has come, and, impelled by a sense of duty, which rises above and subordinates every selfish business instinct, your Grand Master and his accomplished Senior Grand Warden go with the large numbers of the Craft who have left their plows in their furrows, have closed their shops, have stopped the wheels of mechanical endeavor, and have rushed to the various places of rendezvous, to swell 'the noble army of martyrs' which will soon be in the field."

The address thus concludes, bearing date from Camp McClellan, Davenport, Iowa:

"And now, brethren, in conclusion, I exhort you to be fraternal and united. Remembering what vast concerns hang upon your action, let no disorganizing strife over minor matters be stirred up, but with an eye single to the momentous interests of the Order, resolve to do your whole duty here and elsewhere, deliberately, patiently and well. Thus

——'will your walk be close with Truth,
Calm and serene your frame.'

Let us so work and speak as that in the future, as the past, the brethren of other jurisdictions may point to us and say, 'Behold, how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in *unity*.' Such is the parting wish of your Grand Master, whose every heart-throb is dedicated to the good genius of Masonry, and who yields to no man in attachment to the Order, or in confidence in her wondrous capacity for good. She is the world's marvel and her children's pride and hope. God speed her efforts to humanize and fraternize the discordant elements around her, and may God make *us* worthy of the colors we wear."

The Grand Lodge recommended the Masons in the military service to special sympathy and prayer, and pecuniary aid, where needed, appropriated $100 to the Northern Iowa Sanitary Fair, and $100 per annum for five years to the Iowa State Orphan Asylum.

The G.·. M.·. decided that a protest of a brother necessarily absent at the night of balloting, and the protest spread on the minutes against a brother's initiation, must be respected; and, that a Warden can confer the degrees in the absence of the W.·. M.·., in case he is not a Past Master by service.

The Grand Master also decided that a brother initiated in one lodge and passed and raised in another lodge, and not signing the by-laws of either, may be a member of either lodge, as he may elect; also, that a Warden filling the East during the absence of the Master, for months even, is not entitled to the Past Master's degree—he must have been regularly elected Master of the lodge; also, that the election of a brother to the East who has never served as a Warden would be void, unless by dispensation of the Grand Master; also, that a Master or Warden can neither resign nor dimit during term of office; also, that a brother refusing or neglecting to watch with or take care of a worthy brother who is sick, after being duly notified, should be put under charges.

Bros. Guilbert and Parvin were re-elected G.·. M.·. and G.·. S.·.

OHIO GRAND LODGE.

From proceedings, so far as furnished, kindly forwarded by the Grand Secretary, we notice as follows:

G.·. L.·. met at Cleveland, October 18. There were representatives present from more than 200 Lodges. Bro. Sparrow was elected G.·. M.·., Bro. Matthews, D.·. G.·. M.·., and Bro. Caldwell G.·. S.·.

Bro. Sparrow, the G.·. M.·., in his address, noticed the increase of the number of lodges from 12, at the organization of the G.·. L.·., to 300 in a half century.

Brother Sparrow says:

"The 'Charges of a Freemason,' which our constitution recognises and adopts as containing the fundamental laws of the fraternity, declare—

1. "That 'a Mason is obliged, by his tenure, to obey the moral law;' that he is to be governed by 'that religion in which all men agree;' that is, to be good men and true, or men of honor or honesty.

2. "That 'a Mason is a peaceable subject to the civil powers, wherever he resides or works, and is

never to be concerned in the plots and conspiracies against the peace and welfare of the nation, nor to behave himself undutifully to inferior magistrates.'

3. "That 'no private piques or quarrels must be brought within the door of the lodge, far less any quarrels about *religion*, or *nations*, or *state policy*, we being only, as Masons, of the catholic religion above mentioned; we are also of all *nations*, *tongues*, *kindreds* and *languages*, and are resolved against *all politics*, as what never yet conduced to the welfare of the lodge, nor ever will.'

"The principles involved in these three propositions have made Masonry the 'center of union and the means of conciliating true friendship among persons that must have remained at a perpetual distance.' They have been the sources of our strength in the past. A strict adherence to them in the future administration of the institution will, no doubt, perpetuate its existence until that millennial period foretold in prophecy shall arrive, when wars and bloodshed shall cease, and universal peace and brotherhood prevail among mankind.

"The popularity of the fraternity of late years has induced many to apply for admission into its mysteries. The roll of its membership has been greatly enlarged—never more rapidly than during the past year. It is customary to make this fact a subject of congratulation. It is, however, well to pause and inquire—Has this rapid increase of members strengthened the tie of brotherhood, which is 'the foundation and cap-stone, cement and glory of this ancient fraternity? Has it made us more industrious in furnishing the corn of nourishment to the hungry; the wine of refreshment to the sick; or the oil of joy to the afflicted? Has it sharpened the glorious strife of excelling each other in all the qualifications which should characterize our professions as Masons? Has this vast enlargement of the edifice added to its strength or symmetry? Has its interior been made to correspond in harmony and beauty with the magnitude and splendor of its external appearance?

"It has been well said: 'They mistake the nature of the Masonic Institution who estimate its strength by its numbers, or measure its prosperity by the length of the roll of its initiates. These are not the standards by which either one or the other is to be determined. *Its strength is in its principles, and its prosperity in the character of its members.*'

"It is worthy of inquiry, whether a long probation and a more extensive range of studies should not be prescribed before advancement—whether a knowledge not only of the rituals, but of the history, laws, and usages of Masonry should not be required before any candidate should be permitted to reach the sublime degree of Master Mason."

In another portion of the Address Bro. Sparrow continues:

"In August I learned that the harmony of Snow Lodge, No. 193, was likely to be permanently disturbed by a difficulty between two of its members, resulting in the preferment of charges against one of them. I immediately requested Bro. Howard Matthews, R.·.W.·., Deputy Grand Master, to visit the Lodge, and subsequently, by special proxy, authorized him to take such action and make such order in the premises as the circumstances of the case in his judgment might warrant. He attended to the duty assigned to him with characteristic promptitude and ability. After two visits, by judicious management and fraternal admonitions, he succeeded in effecting an amicable adjustment of the difficulty. The two brethren met upon the level before the altar of Masonry, and there, with true masonic charity, in the presence and amid the tears of his companions, reconciled their differences. Harmony was restored; strife was lulled into peace; animosity converted into friendship. I mention this case, not because it requires any action on your part, but to commend it to future imitation.

"In a world like this, where evil is so often called good, and good, evil; where bitter is put for sweet, and sweet for bitter, it is a consolation to know that there is one place into which the Prince of Peace can enter without a sword. Let it never be forgotten that our obligations create 'an everlasting bond of holiest brotherhood.'

"Oh! might we all our lineage prove,
Give and forgive, do good and love,
By soft endearments in kind strife
Lightening the load of daily life!"

Again he continues:

"In June I received from a committee appointed by a convention of the Masonic Brotherhood assembled at Fairmont, West Virginia, on the 22d February, a letter asking my opinion as to the propriety of forming a Grand Lodge for that State. To this communication I ventured to reply:

1. "That it is a settled principle of masonic jurisprudence that the brethren of every separate independent political organization have the right to form a Grand Lodge whenever there is the requisite number of private lodges within its jurisdiction.

2. "That the Craft of West Virginia need a Supreme authority to draw designs on the Trestle Board and direct their work.

3. "That I had no doubt, that should the brethren of West Virginia organize a Grand Lodge, this body would recognise it and welcome it into the sisterhood of Grand Lodges."

Again:

"It should be distinctly understood by the officers of subordinates—once for all—that lodges are created for the benefit of Masons and not for the accommodation of candidates; that there are no cases of emergency in this jurisdiction, and that no lodge has the power to make them; that every petition must take its regular course: be presented at a stated meeting—be referred to a committee, and lie over to the next stated meeting, when the candidate may be balloted for, and if elected, initiated; that the ballot cannot be passed for the second degree until the next stated meeting after his initiation, nor for the Master Mason's degree until the next stated meeting after he is passed; and that previous to advancement candidates must be examined in open lodge in *all* the lectures of the degree which they have taken, and be found to possess a thorough knowledge of it."

The following may prove useful to the Craft, taken from the proceedings:

Rules necessary to be observed in order to obtain a Dispensation to form and open a Lodge.

1. A petition drawn in form, as laid down on page 82 and 83 of Book of By-Laws and Rules and Regulations of Grand Lodge, which petition must be signed by not less than eight Master Masons, one of whom must be a Past Master, (having been elected and installed Worshipful Master of a regular Lodge of Master Masons,) which fact must be *officially certified*.

2. The Officers of a Lodge must not be petitioners for a new Lodge during their continuance in office.

3. The consent in writing, under seal, of all Lodges, (whether chartered or under dispensation,) whose territorial jurisdiction will be affected in any degree by the establishment of the proposed Lodge, which consent must be obtained at a stated meeting of the Lodge, or at a special meeting called for that express purpose, and must be *by ballot*, and so expressed in the certificate of consent.

4. One of the consenting Lodges (a Lodge under charter) must vouch for the moral character and masonic qualifications of the petitioners, stating in the certificate that the petitioners are qualified, without assistance from others, to confer the degrees of Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, and Master Mason, and to conduct properly the ceremonies and business of a Lodge.

5. The petitioners must produce satisfactory evidence that they have secured a safe and suitable Lodge room in which to hold their meetings, and not in use or to be used by another society or order.

6. The dimits of all the petitioners who are not members of the consenting Lodges must accompany the petition.

7. The Dispensation fee of $50, or the receipt of the Grand Secretary therefor, must accompany the petition.

8. The form of petition for Dispensation and form of certificate of consenting Lodges may be found on the 82d, 83d, and 84th pages of the Book of By-Laws and Rules and Regulations of the Grand Lodge, as published with the Book of Constitutions in the year 1861, by order of Grand Lodge.

ILLINOIS.

Grand Lodge.—Bro. Tanner was re-elected G.·. M.·. and Bro. Reynolds G.·. S.·.

The G.·. L.·. approved the following opinions:

1. "That there is no law requiring the payment of dues by non-affiliated Masons.

2. "If a brother obtains a dimit through fraud or misrepresentation, he may be dealt with in the manner prescribed by Sec. 21 of the By-Laws.

3. "No Entered Apprentice or Fellow Craft is bound to advance, except of his own free will and accord; and every Lodge possesses the inherent right to refuse them advancement.

4. "A Lodge may receive the petition of a candidate who has resided for twelve months in Illinois, without regard to the time he has resided within the jurisdiction of the Lodge.

5. "In cases of Masons whose Lodges are broken up, or who have fled to Illinois for asylum, it is competent for Lodges to consider other Masonic tests and evidences, in case of inability to obtain dimits in the usual way.

6. "Where a Lodge has expelled a member without notice, it is competent to reconsider, unless notice has been sent to the Grand Secretary.

7. "A Lodge cannot charge a suspended member with dues during the period of his suspension.

8. "There is no ancient regulation which requires the Junior Warden to become a common prosecutor. The charges should be preferred in writing by the brother aggrieved.

9. "The ballot should not be spread for the advancement of a candidate without his consent.

10. "That an E.·. A.·. or F.·. C.·. after being rejected, can renew their application for advancement at every regular meeting, unless charges are preferred, and the Lodge can give them a ballot whenever they deem it expedient at any regular meeting."

Also: "If objections are made in open Lodge by a brother, then the Lodge, in the opinion of your Committee, may judge of the validity of the objection; if made to the W.·. M.·., and he deems them sufficient, in that case he may refuse advancement."

Also: "The Master of Wilmington Lodge No. 208 permitted the ballot to be spread upon the restoration of a suspended Mason, without proper notice; decided that the restoration must stand, but the Master must be censured."

The G.·. L.·. adopted the following, on the Sabbath:

"Whereas the convening of Masonic Lodges on the Sabbath day for the purpose of labor (except as a Lodge of Sorrow) is contrary to the teachings and incompatible with the dignity of true Masonry, and calculated to bring odium upon our institution, whose great light is the Holy Bible; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That this Grand Lodge forbids all Lodges under this jurisdiction from conferring either of the degrees upon the Sabbath day hereafter."

G.·. Chapter.—Bro. Hubbard was elected G.·. H.·. P.·., and Bro. Reynolds G.·. S.·.

G.·. Council.—Bro. Ramsay was elected G.·. P.·., and Bro. Reynold's G.·. R.·.

BOOK NOTICES.

"*A Familiar Treatise on the Principles and Practice of Masonic Jurisprudence*" is the title of Bro. John W. Simons's late work. The first chapter treats of the Law—Landmarks. The second chapter of the qualifications of Candidates, the Petition, and the Ballot. The third chapter treats of the Lodge; the fourth chapter of the Officers of a Lodge; the fifth, of Lodge Meetings; the sixth, of Floor Members; the seventh, of the Penal Code; the eighth, of the Grand Lodge; and the ninth, of the Grand Officers.

We are quite certain that all who have ever known Bro. Simons will desire this work. It will be quoted as authority in future American masonic discussions. There are very few statements or conclusions we should in anywise dissent from.

The following are the sensible views taken of lodges under dispensation at the conclusion of the article on this subject:

"If these premises are correct, then Lodges U. D. are but legalized conventions for the purpose of conferring the three degrees of Masonry, and adding, to the extent of their opportunity, to the army of non-affiliated Masons. From the fifth and sixth propositions above stated we, however, emphatically dissent. Lodges, we have seen, were at first fully warranted by the Grand Master; and it may safely be assumed, that when that power was surrendered to the Grand Lodge, it was in order that the whole Craft might, through their immediate representatives, have a voice in the creation of new lodges; that when the plan of issuing Letters of Dispensation was adopted, it was that, by the acts of the new Lodge during their term of probation, the brethren assembled in Grand Lodge might be able to judge of their fitness to hold a full warrant, and become duly-constituted lodges; that when the Grand Master issues his dispensation for the formation of a lodge, it is after careful examination on his part of all the surrounding circumstances, and with the direct expectation that, unless through some unworthy act on the part of the lodge, a full warrant will be granted at the succeeding communication of the Grand Lodge. They are properly termed *inchoate lodges*, because they are in process of forming, or preparing for a permanent existence, under a warrant, and they are therefore just as competent to decide what particular regulations they will make for their own domestic government, as they would be after the granting of the warrant; indeed, it would seem only later in life he became actuated by human ambition and human passions, which seriously darkened his reputation. Although Arabian history makes no mention of it, I believe that, long before his time and day—his life—there existed in Arabia, and parts of Persia, a spiritual religion of one supreme God, which had its origin in India. It appears in many portions of the Koran, and is distinct from the religion which the Prophet found in the Old and New Testaments. In the absence of a better name, I call this "Oriental Spiritualism," and it is the basis and origin of all of the Dervish orders or sects to which I before alluded. One of their chief principles is, that God is a supreme spirit, from which emanated the spirit of man; that the latter came from the former, and returns to it after the death of the body. This principle of faith is comprised in one of the series of the Koran, and is certainly neither in the Old nor the New Testaments.

The Dervish Orders, though differing with ordinary Mussulmen in the interpretation of the Koran, are, nevertheless, all Mussulmen, and would be grieved to be thought otherwise. All of their rites, symbols, and costumes are commendative of the prophets—or rather of the 4th Caliph, Sali; and though they do not trace their history beyond them, I have every reason to believe that their peculiar belief and rites are of a far more remote origin. Almost all of the Dervish Orders came from Persia, and to the present time this country is filled with the strangest of mystical ideas about the Deity, and the means of being reabsorbed in it through prayer and direct mediation. Ecstatic mental excitement is considered as inspiration; and whilst under its influence, man becomes possessed of great spiritual powers, so as to change nature's laws and perform miracles. The minds of some men are often overawed, or, as it were, fascinated by the superior energies of others; some give themselves up voluntarily to the guidance of those whose principles please and gratify them, quite without consulting their own judgment as to their earnestness, and in time become so wedded to them as to sacrifice even their own existence for their sakes. In most of the Dervish Orders, the most implicit obedience to the Superior is required, under the severest vows, and the novitiate giving himself up, body and soul, to follow blindly the injunctions and influence of his Spiritual Director.

The preceding will serve as a short preface or prelude to whatever I may hereafter communicate to you regarding the initiation, the signs, symbols, and principles of the Dervish Orders, and you can then decide for yourself how far any of these resemble Freemasonry, or belong to any of the degrees of the Craft. It would not be suitable for me to offer any comparisons or parallels between them; and yet they may not be without interest to yourself, or your readers. I nevertheless feel some hesitation in writing you on such a subject, which though a new and novel one, may not meet with favor. In that case you will oblige me by apprising me of the fact at your early convenience.

In the meantime I remain, dear sir and Brother, fraternally yours,

JOHN P. BROWN, P.·. M.·.

Masonry in the Army.

[We transfer to our columns the following from the pen of Bro. Shupe, who accompanied us on our late tour to the army:]

During a recent visit by myself and a friend to the armies of the Potomac and the James, we were much impressed with the plenitude of Masonic pins, and also with their evident high appreciation. Particularly among the surgeons was the per centage of Masons large, and very happy are the results which flow from that fact, as many of the sick and convalescent bore witness.

A person who has never been in the army would find it difficult to understand how the finer and social feelings of the men are disregarded in necessary discipline—how completely machine-like, one of a large lot of the same sort, a soldier becomes and is. No antecedent relations of officer to privates is permitted to work disrespect of discipline; there is no bond of sympathy, no level upon which shoulder-straps and stoga shoes meet, save one, and that one is not disregarded. The Masonic tent only is where men, without distinction of rank, "meet upon the level and part upon the square."

People who witness this in our national armies can understand why it has been remarked that in all times of civil commotion and turbulence the institution of Masonry has flourished more vigorously than ever, and that all others during such periods have declined—even the Church. The present specially prosperous condition of the Fraternity in this country furnishes the most conclusive proof of the truth of the observation. It is because its teachings are uniform and simple, and practically inculcate principles of unity, equality, honor, brotherly-love and truth.

In visiting the various hospitals it was surprising how quick invalid eyes detected our Masonic emblems, and how glad and relieved all who could read them seemed to be. At City Point we noticed a sick man upon his pallet so thin and wan that we did not think it proper to annoy him by conversation, and were walking past his bed when he spied a Masonic paper in our hand, and starting up to rest on his elbow he exclaimed, "What paper is that?" "Are you able to read?' we asked. "Yes, if I had anything to read," he replied. Handing him the paper he seized it with thanks, and oh, with what eager eyes did he scan it! He gave his name as Bro. Clark, of Worth Lodge, No. 210, of New York City. *Claiming of us his fraternal right*, he made known his immediate wants, and they were attended to.

In one case, at Point of Rocks' Hospital, we found a poor old German, who was so near death's door that he could not speak, but he pointed to a masonic pin in the writer's neck-tie, and in masonic language told us that he was one of us. Need we say that he was ministered to?

I might indefinitely add instances of such cases; a great number of truthful, unselfish, fraternal attentions on the part of surgeons, officers, and nurses are to be found at every hospital, and should be collated as part of the records of the war.

The great want with all the men, and more particularly the Masons, who, as a class, at home are much accustomed to reading, is the scanty supply of reading matter; nothing could be more grateful to all grades of men, particularly when in hospital or winter quarters, than a good supply of reading matter, to relieve the tedium, and prevent the irksome necessity of counting the pegs in their boots or the stitches in their shirts, for want of something better to kill time.

Our errand to the army led us to particularly inquire into the condition and needs of the sick and wounded; and with this class more than any other was found evidence of the genuine work of Masonry, and the greatest need of reading matter. If you, Bro. Editor, or the reader of this, could stand by the bedside of one who is compelled to lie upon his back for weeks and sometimes months, and see no one but the regular nurses and physician, with an occasional curiosity hunter, in the shape of a visitor, you could realize that your old papers and read magazines would be by him a thankfully received gift, more prized than a hundred times its value in green-backs. If any reader has been away from his home and native scenes for a long season, and by accident met one familiar with his early haunts, he knows how much relief it afforded him to talk of the old and perhaps common tramping ground, discussing various scenes and remembrances, and how his heart warmed toward that quasi friend—that reader can, particularly if he be a Mason, understand how near, how warm and brother-like, will be the intercourse of those in the army who can commune upon the reminiscences and scenes upon that checkered floor upon which both have been equals, upon which both hope again to be equals, upon which all, from the prince to the peasant, must be equals. As a class, no better men, either as officers or privates, can be found in the army than the worthy Freemasons there. Obeying implicitly, ordering considerately, faithful and true, always and everywhere. These are some of the observed effects of Masonry in the army.

The Funeral of Col. Welch, of the 16th Michigan infantry, at Ann Arbor, in October, was one of the largest masonic funerals ever known in this country. The papers state there were 10,000 persons in attendance; among them, lodges from eight or nine places. The number was not diminished by the refusal of the Presbyterian preacher of Ann Arbor to allow his church to be used for the occasion.

Our Knight, Brother Lane, a Templar of this jurisdiction, preached the sermon. We make one extract:

And to you who were united to him in the bonds of the mystic brotherhood—to you I have a few words also. How short is the time since, in your mysterious rites, was the lesson of the untimely end of man at the call of death brought before our departed brother, in the person of one dear in memory to every Mason's heart! How little did either you or he expect then his sudden and equally untimely end! And does it not convey a lesson to your minds? When you see the emblems of the hour-glass, and the spade and the coffin, especially in their mystic uses, let them be to you what the founders of the Order intended them to be—lessons of the immortality of man and the certainty of death, that when our end approacheth "we may welcome the grim tyrant, Death, and receive him as a kind messenger sent from our Supreme Grand Master to translate us from this imperfect to that all-perfect, glorious, and celestial lodge above, where the Supreme Architect of the Universe eternally presides." "So mote it be!"

MASONRY IN DIXIE.

Bro. Editor: Last winter, while in the army, it became the lot of the writer to be stationed in Franklin, La., and while there to make the acquaintance of many brethren of the Mystic Circle; among them was Dr. Gandy, who had presided over the Franklin Lodge for forty years. He is a model man and Mason. The brethren told me that he had carefully led them through the great troubles of the country, without leaving a stain upon the Order. In a conversation with Dr. Gandy, and in reply to the question if ever politics had entered his lodge during the present great struggle, he said it never had, nor anything akin to it, but once. He said that at one time, when the war first broke out, several of the brethren were about leaving for the army, when one brother arose and offered the following resolution, viz:

"*Resolved*, That this lodge, and the brethren thereof, wherever scattered, do recognise that in this war their individual rights are at stake, and we will never affiliate with a Mason unless he shall espouse our country's cause, and support the Confederate government; that we will withdraw a Mason's love and charity from all Masons who are found in the United States army."

Said Dr. Gandy: "I arose at once, and informed the lodge that I had been a Mason for forty-two years, and had presided over them for thirty-seven years; and that, in that time, I had endeavored to learn a Mason's duty, and instruct accordingly. I was sorry that my instruction had been so misunderstood; that one of the brethren, receiving Master's wages, should become so lost to the teachings and trusts of our Order as to put forth such a resolution. When Masonry will not recognise a true and lawful brother, wherever found, and extend to him masonic love and charity, I want no longer to be a Mason. If a Mason, although he be in the United States army, should apply for admission to this lodge room, if found true, he should be admitted at once."

"I then put the question to the test," said Dr. Gandy, "when even the brother who had introduced the resolution grew ashamed of it, and voted against the resolution, as did every brother in the lodge."

What an important lesson is here taught, thought I. Upon a very cordial invitation from Dr. Gandy, I attended both the Lodge and Chapter, and found that truly it is sweet for brethren to dwell together in unity. Never was I more courteously treated than while there, although most of the brethren were earnest supporters of the rebellion.

The Master was careful to have my name in full, my rank, and the particular corps to which I belonged, spread at full length upon the record, "to show," he said, "that although men could meet face to face in battle strife, yet, as Masons, they met and prayed around our altar in harmony,"

This simple lesson impressed me deeply; and, Mr. Editor, I thought it too good and too important to be locked up in the breast of a single person, so I give it to the brotherhood.

Let us all emulate the spirit that governed good old Dr. Gandy. Masonry should pursue her work without being interrupted by the hand of ignorance, prejudice, or superstition. She will do more to harmonize the feelings of man to man than any other agent, when free intercourse is offered, under good and wholesome teaching. Masters, especially, should govern their lodge with justice and brotherly love, never forgetting to admonish those who need admonition, and warn those of approaching danger, without fear, who are in need of such warning.

The lesson taught by Dr. Gandy is no new lesson. Christ taught the same when he said, "love your enemies," but the demonstration is in our own age and generation.

O. P. HERVEY.

—*Mystic Star.*

The body of Lieut. Col. Charles Cummings, 17th Vermont Volunteers, from Brattleboro', who was killed September 30th, at the battle of Poplar Grove Church, has arrived at City Point, in charge of Surgeon Edson.

The body, which was buried on the battle-field where he fell, was obtained in the following manner:

An officer of the 7th Rhode Island Volunteers, who was a Freemason, was on duty on the picket line.

He watched a good opportunity, and when he saw a rebel officer he gave the sign of distress among Masons, which was immediately answered by the rebel officer, who happened to be a Mason, and a mutual agreement was made that they should meet as friends between the picket line. Shaking hands, &c., they found each others to be Masons, and our officer communicated the earnest desire of our Vermont friends to recover the body of Col. Cummings, who was also a member of the Fraternity.

The rebel officer could not respond to the request until he went to see the rebel general in command, who, it is supposed, was also a Mason, for the request was granted at once. The grave was found, and the body was disinterred and found in a tolerable state of preservation, and was recognised at once. He had been buried evidently by rebel Masons, for a head-board was placed over his grave, with his name, rank, &c., and evidence of particular care shown in burying him. He was raised from a dead level in the soil of old Virginia, to be again interred among his native Vermont hills he loved so well. May the evergreen of his own State be planted over his grave and mark his last resting place among the Masons of the Green Mountain State.—*Burlington, Vt., Free Press of Oct.* 28, 1864.

ILLINOIS MASONRY has suffered great loss lately, in the demise of some of its useful Masons. Among them we notice Gen. A. C. French, LL. D., who died in Lebanon, September 4th; Bro. Moore, of Central Lodge; Bro. Barton, of Lima Lodge; Bro. Spaulding, of the 112th Illinois Volunteers, who died at Jeffersonville of wounds received before Atlanta; of Bro. Col. Carter Van Vleck, who was also wounded near Atlanta; of Bro. E. Shipley, of 5th Illinois Cavalry, a victim to the fever at Vicksburg; and of Bros. Col. Dollins, Adjutant Hammack, Lieutenant Lippencott, Sergeant Humphreys, and Captain Calvert, who perished in battle.

A brother went to the war as a hospital steward in the Ninety-fourth N. Y. V. He had the misfortune of being captured by the rebels, and confined in the Pemberton prison, Richmond, Va. Being in great distress, he applied, by letter, to Doctor Jones, in charge of one of the hospitals, to be relieved, stating his connection with Masonry, and asked to be assigned to service in the hospital. The letter had the desired effect; the brother was sought, found worthy, and placed in charge of one of the hospitals until the next load of paroled prisoners went North, among whom he was placed, and is now journeying homeward to his family, being discharged with honour from the service.—*Dispatch.*

Our late Sir Knight and Brother, James Stirratt, of Baltimore.

[We regretted not hearing of the death of our esteemed friend in time to pay our respects to his remains, and mingle our sympathies with his stricken household. We can only say, "The Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."]

Whereas it hath pleased the all-wise Jehovah, the Great Architect of the Universe, to remove from our earthly association our beloved companion, James Stirratt, Excellent Grand King of the Grand Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, therefore—

Resolved, (by the Grand Chapter,) That the loss of our companion and excellent Grand King is deeply deplored by his companions of the Grand Chapter, by whom he was most highly esteemed as a friend and associate, and who desire to bear in affectionate memorial the many masonic virtues by which his intercourse with his companions was always characterized, and which, with his devoted attachment to the orders of Masonry, especially the order of Royal Arch Masons, have greatly endeared him to his companions, and that, as a mark of respect, a page of the journal of proceedings, appropriately inscribed, be set apart.

Resolved, That the Grand Chapter most heartily sympathizes with the family and relatives and immediate friends of our deceased companion in their bereavement, and that the companions of the Grand Chapter will attend his funeral at the hour appointed by the family.

Resolved, That the companions of the subordinate chapters of Maryland and the District of Columbia be requested to unite with the Grand Chapter in attending the funeral of our deceased companion.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, properly signed by the Grand High Priest and Grand Secretary, be sent to the family of the deceased, and that the resolutions be published in the "NATIONAL FREEMASON," of Washington city, and in the daily newspapers of this city, and that the Masonic journals generally be requested to copy the same.

JNO. N. McJILTON,
JOHN COATES,
LEVIN J. DRUMMOND,
Committee.

Tribute of Respect to Brother James Stirrat, Deceased.

The following just tribute of respect to the memory of Brother James Stirrat was paid by Brother E. L. Stevens, at the late convocation of the Grand Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, held in Baltimore. By a unanimous vote, a copy of his remarks was called for to accompany the proceedings of the Grand Chapter:

COMPANIONS: You have passed resolutions of respect to the memory of our deceased companion, James Stirrat, which I most heartily endorse, as well as the beautiful and chaste tribute embodied in the address of our Most Excellent Grand High Priest. Circumstances rendered it impossible for me, or the companions of the District of Columbia, to be present when the Grand Chapter was convened on the solemn occasion of his funeral, and I ask the privilege of adding my testimony to that already given to his merits and worth.

The deceased was my cherished friend; from the period of our first acquaintance, some four years since, to the day of his death, there was an interchange of feeling and sentiment between us, by correspondence and frequent personal intercourse and visits, which tended to unite us together by a four-fold cord of friendship, which death alone could sever. I regard it, therefore, a duty as well as a great privilege, on this occasion, to add some slight testimonial to his memory.

When I was absent, some hundreds of miles from here, and learned of his sudden death, I could hardly believe it a reality. But a few weeks previous we separated at the Maryland Institute, after a conversation in regard to this very annual convocation of the Grand Chapter, both looking forward with much pleasure to our meeting here. He charged me, as we separated, to return in time to attend this meeting. I am here, companions, but my friend is absent. Death has removed him forever from our Society and our Assemblies. Thus,

> Friend after friend departs;
> Who has not lost a friend?
> There is no union *here* of hearts,
> That finds not *here* an end.

Companion James Stirrat was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1814, and came to this country in 1833, and settled in the State of Indiana, where he received the first degree of the Order, over twenty years ago. Having formed a strong attachment to the principles of Masonry, he advanced upward step by step to the highest Degrees and Orders. He has repeatedly been elected to the Mastership in the Lodge, and to the highest positions in the Chapter, and has for many years been a member and an officer in this Grand Chapter—being Grand King the past year. He was one of the principal founders of Baltimore Commandery, No. 2, of Knights Templar, and ever since its formation, at every annual assembly, his brethren with great unanimity have selected him as their Eminent Commander. At the last triennial assembly of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the U. S., held in the city of New York, he was elected with equal unanimity to fill one of the honorable positions in that distinguished body. In that department of Masonry known as the "Ancient and Accepted (Scottish) Rite," he received all the degrees to the 33d, was elected to the highest office in the Consistory, and was elected also to receive the 33d—the highest Degree in that order. In all the high and honorable positions to which his brethren have called him, he has displayed those rare qualifications, that tact and ability, which so well adorn the systematic Craftsman, and which are the essential requisites of the presiding officer. It was repulsive to his nature to ask for office. He did not seek the honors of Masonry; they came to him unasked, without solicitation on his part, and when accepted, he labored diligently and earnestly to know all his duties, and to discharge them impartially and with acceptance to all his brethren. His zeal was ardent in advancing the interests of the Order, and at times seemed to know no bounds. When there was work to be done, he was among the first of the workmen at the post of duty, ready and willing to perform his share, and even more than his share of the labor. His attachment to our principles was of no effervescent nature; it was deep-seated, strong and endurable. Masonry with him was an abiding, active principle, manifested not in mere ceremonies, ritualism and outside display, but in acts of benevolence, charity and good will to mankind. If means were required to advance the financial interests of our institution, none were more liberal, willing and ready to give than he. If there was a call to bestow charity upon the widow and the orphan, the poor and destitute who have claims upon us, his heart was immediately touched and his purse opened to relieve their wants, and his active energies put forth to bind up the wounds of the afflicted, and to comfort those who mourned. Such, in brief, was our departed brother as a Mason.

As a citizen and neighbor he was respected and beloved by all who knew him. His genial and affectionate disposition, his benevolent works, his kind heart, beating so responsive to all the woes of suffering humanity, attracted around him a large class of ardent friends who deeply mourn his loss. Although occupying a position where cupidity or a desire for gain would induce many to acts of extortion, and "imposing burdens upon the poor, grievous to be borne," in no instance has he ever been known to intentionally wrong a single human being. He has often, and perhaps too frequently for his own interests, suffered wrong for fear of doing wrong. The poor always found in him a true and benevolent friend, and were never sent from his door unrelieved. Among the public journals of the city that have testified to his merits, one has truly remarked, that "he never cherished an unkind thought toward any one; on the contrary, was almost constantly engaged in doing good." He was ever careful in his intercourse with others not to wound or injure the feelings of even the most humble, and was always ready and free to acknowledge a fault, or forgive a wrong. I visited this morning the beautiful tomb where reposes all that is mortal of our beloved companion—"where the tired pilgrim rests his weary head." I viewed him in his death sleep, calm and natural, as if the spirit had not left its clay tenement. Among the beautiful sentiments that he had caused to be engraved there, I read the following:

"Let all of us adhere to the Christian belief of a purchased redemption, that leads every one to show forth their grateful acknowledgments, in faith and love, by a dutiful and scrupulous adherence in all things to the cultivation of a Christian spirit, and the practice of moral truth and justice.

"Cultivate honestly a charitable spirit toward all men."

All of us can testify that in his intercourse with mankind he ever adhered to these Christian principles and maxims. Errors he had, for "no man liveth and sinneth not;" but no one ever labored more earnestly, or besought aid and strength from the Supreme Grand High Priest above with more fervent zeal to overcome these than he. Over all his foibles it is meet for us, then, to cast the broad mantle of masonic charity. The large concourse of people who assembled on the solemn occasion of the funeral, the many eyes bedimmed with tears, and the sad and mournful countenances, were unmistakable indications that he held a warm place in the hearts and affections of the multitude.

> ——— "Can that man be dead
> Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
> He lives in glory; and his speaking dust
> Has more of life than half its breathing moulds.'

In that sacred retreat, removed from the public eye —the domestic circle—he seemed to pass the happiest hours of his life. His hospitality toward all who enjoyed his society there was almost unbounded. His excellent family shared his joys and his feelings, and every effort of his household was kindly contributed for the comfort and enjoyment of the numerous friends who visited him. It was here, around his own fireside, where his virtues, his genial feelings, and the many excellent qualities of his mind and heart, were displayed in their brightest lustre and beauty. The devoted wife, the children, and the sister, were objects of his most cherished affections; at home and abroad they were uppermost in his mind. Years of happiness and domestic bliss had so strengthened the ties of family affection which united him to them, that when the news came from the city where he was visiting that he had passed from earth, that the King of Terrors had severed those strong ties, it was like snapping asunder the very cords of life itself. Those who have experienced the keen anguish of the heart under such terrible bereavements can sympathize somewhat with our departed brother's family in this hour of their deepest affliction. Our's is the duty to comfort those who mourn—to apply the balm of consolation to the wounded spirit.

"What is the true position for Freemasonry?"

Reply.—To stand aloof alike from civil and religious discord—its old position almost universally observed.

In the crumbling and decay of societies of spasmodic and partial social reform, many, weary and disgusted with the tyranny and turmoil of individualism run mad, turning to us as a refuge, bless God for the peace found, and the order which reigns supreme. They have been brought among us not from controversy, but have been won by the beauty of charity, and the peace within our borders.

Let the Craft, in quietness and silence, in all charitable activities, go about doing good, showing the power of a living masonic faith.

The Two Dispensations of Masonry.

Masonry, like the true religion, has (we write it reverently) its two dispensations—the old and the new; the former and the latter, its legal and its evangelical. The one was a period of mere symbols, introducing the substance or verity of masonic truth, pointing to symbolized life, not possessing life itself, waxing old and passing away, for a temporary end, and foreshadowing a living reality. Let us hold on to the form of sound words, and to our expressive and beautiful symbolism, extending back into the misty past; but let us also enter into the fullness of masonic life, its noble charity, and its discipline of heart and life, its broad and comprehensive humanity, its peace for earth, and its good will to all men. Let this life be exhibited, not by controversies within its fold, or with those who are out of it, but by the faithful observance of its ritualism, a due appreciation of its symbolism, and the life of devotion to its sublime principles. Let it be a realm of beauty shining in a dark world, doing its work in regenerating mankind. If the masonic institution has not proved itself mighty in bringing the masses under its power, it is because the circle of influence has been narrowed by distrust and opposition where sympathy and co-operation should have been extended. There have been petty jealousies and personal controversies within the body. Not too much attention to the form, but too little influenced by the power of Masonry. Let all plans and schemes having the individual for their centre shrink into nothing, and let us be borne upward and carried onward by the order and strength and majesty of Masonry. Let us not be bound by the mere letter, living under the latter, but let us receive the power of our principles, living under the former dispensation.

Partisanship Robs Masonry of its Bloom.

Cecil compared true religion to a plum on the tree, covered with its bloom. Men gather the plum and handle it, and turn and twist it about, till it is deprived of all its relative beauty; the fairest hand would as much rob the plum of its bloom as any other. Cecil says that all that little party spirit which leads men to say, *I am of Paul, and I of Apollos*, is but handling the plum till it loses its bloom. Is not this little party spirit robbing Masonry of its bloom?

The *Indian Freemason's Friend*, Calcutta, India, is sought for examination by almost every brother visiting our office. It is a neat monthly of 120 pp., and is conducted with great dignity and ability.

Shall the Masonic Bodies of this jurisdiction have a masonic edifice in this city which shall be creditable to the Craft? If so, there must be a united and persistent effort. Canvassing may, and, perhaps, ought to exist regarding the site, but it must not be carried so far as to endanger the project itself.

We repeat a remark made months ago, that the Masonic Hall stock, judiciously managed, will be the best stock in the city derivable from rents.

The early fathers were devoted to the study of the symbolism of the "sacred numbers."

Masonry in the Army.

The interest in this department among Masons throughout the world may be seen by the extracts we make from the *Indian Freemason's Friend*, published in distant India, at the city of Calcutta.

Will not our numerous masonic readers furnish us with further incidents illustrative of the benefits of Masonry, thus provoking the Craft everywhere to increased zeal in good works?

We find the following on page 84 of the September No., taken from a long but interesting gossip "on our affairs:"

Peregrine.—What's this? The *National Freemason*, published in Washington, and edited by "Robert McMurdy, D. D., LL. D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S."

Houches.—I have asked the editor of the *I. F. F.* to exchange papers with Bro. McMurdy, who has courteously taken the initiative in the matter. Some time ago, when I noticed the *Boston Masonic Magazine*, I expressed regret that it gave no information regarding the manner in which Masonry was affected by the Federal and Confederate struggle. I wonder if *this* periodical is as bare of allusions to that subject.

Peregrine.—No: almost one of the first paragraphs in it is headed, "General Butler orders Lodge property to be collected and restored."

Houches.—Please read the passage and mark it for me.

The sharpest tongues and the foulest lives generally go together.

The Great Architect of the Universe—Proper Address.

It is a law of the great Architect of the universe, that the force of gravity should diminish "in the ratio of the inverse square of the distance," and also, that "the squares of the periodic times of the planets are as the cubes of their mean distances from the sun." Our supreme Architect works like other architects, by certain fixed proportions of weight, or measure, or number. Science and Masenry correct the bad poetry and worse philosophy about the Supreme mind. Mahan well says—

Though the world is full of arithmetic, they do not like to think of God as the great Arithmetician, but as of a Law, a Chance, a Principle of Development, or (with the Sophist of Aristophanes) a Vortex[*] or grand whirl. So, with a world full of poetry, who dares think of God as a Poet? And when we find everywhere in His world a fancy infinitely luxurious, bound fast to an arithmetic infinitely exact; when the high hills "hop" and "skip," and the fields "laugh and sing," yet their dancing and laughter are modulated by a Dorian severity of measure; when science itself bears witness to all this; when the telescope and the microscope, "the two witnesses" of science, unite in testimony to the fact that the universe is a poem, and that, too, not a prose poem, moving *pedibus solutis*, but one in which high thoughts and low alike are tied down to the strict necessities of number, rhyme, and rythm; when, in short, the two great marks *of intellect* and *personality*—fancy on the one hand, severe judgment on the other—are seen distinctly stamped, and in perfect harmony, upon the minutest details of God's works: yet there are men, nay, "men of science" they are called, who will not think of him as an intellectual Person, a King, a Shepherd, a Poet, an Artist, an Architect, a Handicraftsman, and object to masonic allusions and addresses to Him as such, but deem it more appropriate and "philosophical" to regard Him as a *Primum Mobile*, a "First Cause" of things—a main-spring of a machine, an inexorable, blind fate; anything, in fact, but an actual and divine Person.

Such "philosophy" should be turned out to graze. Many Christians find their faith shrink from the ordeal of the proof of an artist-like "finish" in the details of God's works.

The Palmer Leg.

We take great pleasure in calling the attention of our wounded soldiers and their friends to the advertisement in our columns of the Palmer Leg.

A boy of N. H., ten years old, had a leg crushed so as to require amputation. For ten years he stumped around on a "peg," and then, disgusted with the effect of it on his comely aspect, he tried the crutch, and then B. Frank Palmer set himself to work to contrive a limb—a substitute for the lost. The result was the "Palmer Leg," a great triumph of American ingenuity.

There is also the Palmer Arm, which, with the artificial leg, has received the highest commendation from the highest medical authorities, both in Europe and America.

Discharged soldiers desiring the arm or the leg forward their discharge papers according to advertisement, and they are furnished with mode of procedure to secure a limb without cost. Soldiers in hospitals apply to the surgeon of the hospital for the required note to the Medical Director, who issues the order for the limb.

Our cordial thanks for a magnificent and late edition of Crabbe's Synonymes, an octavo of 600 pages, thus inscribed:

Robert McMurdy, D. D., LL. D.; an humble testimonial of esteem and respect from his friend, J. H. Quintard, New York City, November 21, 1864.

How beautifully is the catholic, masonic sentiment expressed in the following from a W.·. M.·. of interior Pennsylvania!—

I was much pleased with the work of St. John's Lodge in the 1st and 2d degrees. It would have afforded me much pleasure to have witnessed the work in the 3d degree. I found a great deal of difference between your work and that of Pennsylvania; still, as, in the differing faces of men, all are unhesitatingly acknowledged as of the same family, so the essential characteristics of the Fraternity are found everywhere certifying to the oneness of the Brotherhood.

Masonic Mission—its Purposes.

This organization is just entering upon a field of practical usefulness that commends it to the good sense and sympathy of all, and especially to the hearty approval of the entire Masonic Fraternity. It started out upon the idea that a practical good could be accomplished by sending forward competent female nurses to the hospitals in the army; but the experiment has satisfied those who manage the matter that this is at present impracticable.

A committee was sent down to the army from the mission to inquire and report what the society could best do to serve the soldiers, who reported in favor of sending forward reading matter, as a measure more needful than anything else; and upon this report the society is acting, and making rapid headway towards gathering and sending forward abundant supplies of all kinds of reading to every department of the service. Individuals, societies, and lodges are urgently requested to gather up such papers, books, &c., as practicable, and forward to "Masonic Mission," New York. The society will pay all expenses which are incurred after the arrival of the matter in New York, if donors will pay the postage or express charges to the city.

Another and very important feature of the labor of the mission is that of home charity. A temporary building is about to be erected on a piece of ground donated by the city government for that purpose, in New York, in which flour, coal, and wood will be stored, and supplied to the poor families, in small or large quantities, at cost. This in New York is a charity of very great moment, because of the extortionate prices demanded of the poor by the grocers and middle men.

Many of our readers will remember reading in the last March number of the Freemason an article upon practical benevolence, in which was given the details of the operations of a masonic committee in furnishing coal to the poor in New York last winter. The results of that effort were peculiar, and illustrates so clearly a truly masonic idea of charity, that we cannot forbear referring to it again. During the intensely cold weather of the latter half of the winter, the dealers in New York were charging those who bought coal in small quantities sixteen cents a peck. A lodge (Eastern

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[*] "*Strepsiades.—Who gives us rain?* Answer me that!

"*Socrates.*—These (the clouds) give us rain; as straightway I will demonstrate. * * * * * *

"*Streps.*—But, hark ye me, *who thunders?* Tell me that!

"*Socrat.*—These, these thunder * * * *when they collide.*

* * * * * * * * * *

"*Streps.*—And who is he that jowls them thus together but Jove himself?

"*Socrat.*—Jove! 'Tis not Jove that does it,
But the etherial *vortex.*

"*Streps.*—What is he? heard of him; is he not Jove?
Or is Jove put aside and Vortex crowned
King of Olympus in his state and place?

—Aristoph.—*Clouds.*

Stars, 227) appointed a committee, to see if anything could be done to lighten this burden. They established an agency near one of the markets, and sold coal at eight cents a peck instead of sixteen. The result was, that at one place, where the entire business was done by a boy, on the open sidewalk, in six weeks ten thousand pecks of coal were bought and carried away by those to whom the saving was a practical and actual God-send—thus donating eight hundred dollars in the best possible way to those who needed it most.

Eye-witnesses many times were affected by the manifestations of the gratitude of the poor people, who in droves would come to the depot with baskets, bags, buckets, sleds, hand-carts, &c., and, having received their little stores of coal, would trudge homeward with a hearty "thank you," and tearful "God bless the Masons."

Now, if one little depot *on the sidewalk*, engineered by a boy, can save to the poor an average of about $500 per month in the single article of coal, what results may not be accomplished with a general movement throughout the city, and it extended to coal, flour, and wood?

Arrangements are made by the society by which flour is obtained at cargo prices and turned over to the worthy poor at the same prices, thus tunnelling through a mountain of extortion intervening between the producer and the poor in this city.

The committee referred to did not use a dollar in money, did not buy nor sell a peck of coal; its office was simply to find a person who would devote his labor in measuring out the coal, and that person paid the dealer for the coal as received. So the Mission will fill its offices by inducing benevolent retailers to do likewise, and in seeing to it that those who agree to do so actually do it without any cheat or swindle in quality or measure.

Those who have never lived in New York cannot understand the great importance of this movement as can those who have. A very large proportion of the people there live upon weekly salaries, and therefore have only one week's wages at once, and with that must buy enough of each article of consumption for the coming week; so that each parcel is small, and costs about double what it would if bought in larger quantities. Hence by furnishing the staples at cost in small quantities, the Mission actually increases the income by increasing its supplying power, in the donation or deduction of the profits.

We observe that the press of New York are quite unanimous in appreciating and praising the movement, and we trust that our brethren throughout the country will take the reading matter in hand and press it to its fullest fruition, for the course is worthy and the proposition is clearly free from any objectionable or suspicious feature.

We print in another column an article on this subject from the *Dispatch*, contributed by Bro. Shupe, the sagacious and benevolent President of the Masonic Mission.

"Had *Warden* any other meaning, as used in chivalry, besides that to designate an officer, as in our Encampments?" *Reply.*—It was also applied to a kind of *truncheon*, carried by the person who presided at single combats. In Daniel's "Civil Wars," (1595,) "the king casts down his *warden.*" In Shakspeare's Richard the Second, "the king hath thrown his *warden down.*"

We call attention to the card of our Brother, P.·. G.·. M.·. Stansbury, formerly of this jurisdiction. All who know our Bro. regard him as a most excellent gentleman, and of superior judgment and qualifications for business. Bro. S.'s office is 1609 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

The term *Ancient* was used for the *Standard* and the officer who bore it.

Masonry in Egypt.—The Emir Abdel Kader was made a Freemason in the Lodge of the Pyramids, at Alexandria, Egypt, June 19, with full and solemn ceremony, and with much cordiality.

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We learn from the *Indian Freemason's Friend* that the *Parsee* brethren have established a lodge called Rising Star. The editor of the Bombay Magazine writes that "the sincerity, earnestness and application they throw into the work would do credit to the first lodges in Europe. We never saw E.·. A.·.'s and S.·. C.·.'s subjected to such strict examination in any lodge in India. After their labor is over, more social companions cannot be met with at the banquet table. Many of these brethren are scattered all over India now, and not one of them has brought discredit on the order, but are everywhere striving for advancement, and gaining the good will and respect of all with whom they are associated."

The Gossip continues: "I heard the other day of a Parsee Mason having been refused admission into one of our Up-country lodges, because, being allowed the option of taking off either his hat or his shoes, he refused to take off either, on the ground that such condition was not required in Bombay."

It appears that in Bombay, in some lodges, all M.·. M.·.'s wear both apron and sash, and in others only the apron. The Bombay editor asks: "If the sash be worn at festivals, why not in the lodge? It will draw the distinction more prominently between a M.·. M.·. and F.·. C.·. The officers of a lodge are sufficiently distinguished by the collar and jewel of office."

Foreign Correspondence.

[The following letter from our esteemed correspondent, resident in Turkey, in Europe, will be perused with interest. This is promised as the first of a series:]

Constantinople, *October* 12, 1864.

Rev. Dr. McMurdy.

Dear Sir and Brother: With many thanks for your kind attention, I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of the twelve numbers of the National Freemason for 1863, and three for 1864. I have perused them with much interest and instruction, and shall now pass them over to my brethren of the "Bulwer Lodge," to which I belong. It is already in the receipt of a similar periodical from England; but yours will throw open to them a vast field of observation in the New World, of which few of them have any Masonic information. Such publications are very much needed in Lodges so far from more civilized Europe as this capital. Instruction in the history and the benefits of Masonry is difficult here to obtain. Our Lodge is, as yet, few in numbers, and is maintained in strict conformity to the commands of the G.·. L.·. of England. It bears the name of the present British Ambassador here, who is the P.·. G.·. M.·. of Turkey. The P.·. G.·. L.·. has been held in the British Embassy, where, some time since, I delivered an address or lecture on the Islam Dervish sects, which was subsequently published in the English Masonic periodical above alluded to. I then held the office of J.·. W.·. in the P.·. G.·. L.·., and was also M.·. of the Bulwer Lodge. As the existence of Masonry here is somewhat connected with my own, I may add, that I took the three degrees in the M.·. L.·. of Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1850, and on my return here joined with some brethren in establishing a Lodge called the "Oriental." When its members became somewhat numerous, with others, we formed the "Bulwer Lodge;" and, in the meantime, a French lodge, called "Le Bospheri," under the "Grand Orient" of Paris, the "Deitchu Bund," (English,) and an Italian lodge, (French,) called the "Unione," were founded. The most numerous lodge is the Italian; besides Italians, it has members of all nations and religions—Heathen, Christian, and Islam. It has recently established a school for the education of poor children generally, and has, I learn, received aid for this purpose from the Italian government. It has taken a spacious building in a good position in Pera, (that part of Constantinople in which Europeans reside,) called the "Masonic Temple," and has kindly invited us to hold our meetings there, paying as much rent as we felt able; we availed ourselves of the offer. The "Oriental" still meets in its original rooms. In the Italian Lodge there are several Mussulmen; in the Bulwer three, two of whom have been there initiated; the third had already been initiated in Berlin.

There are one or two lodges in Smyrna; one also, I believe, at Beyrout, in Syria; and another in Alexandria, Egypt. An attempt was made some time since to introduce Masonry into Persia, by N. G. Faruh Khan, with whom the American treaty with Persia was negotiated. He had become a Mason in Paris, and with him several members of his embassy. On his return to Teheran, a lodge was formed, and many persons were initiated; but the Shah having heard of it, and objections having been made (why, I cannot appreciate) to his own admittance and initiation, he denounced it, and exiled some of its chief members, among whom, one, Melken Khan, is now here, in exile The present Persian minister here, N. G. Mirzan Ahrund Khan, is a Mason, initiated in an India-English lodge, and so is the secretary of his legation, Neriman Khan. Among the Ottoman officials who are Masons, I may mention N. N. Fuad Pacha, the Grand Vizier, or chief minister, the master of ceremonies of the court; Kiamil Bey, the first governor-general of Smyrna; N. G. Cabooli Pacha, (all private Masons,) and several individuals, who are members of the lodges existing here. The former never visit the lodges, either on account of their various occupations, or in consequence of the prejudice which exists among Mussulmen generally against Freemasonry, which they call "*Fer Mason.*" It has been the desire of the lodges here to receive Mussulmen for initiation, and to remove this prejudice, which has its origin in ignorance of the true principles of the craft. Those hold that Masons are all atheists, and that they do not believe even in the existence of a God! They also suppose that Masons meet in secret to perform the most atheistical ceremonies; and holding this view, to be known as a Mason is to be considered all that is worthy of abhorrence.

I particularly mention this, so as to remove from your minds the idea that there are Masons among Mussulmen. I see in your periodical anecdotes to show that this is the case; and I can assure you that nothing is further from the truth. If there be any, it is only those few who have become so in European lodges, as above mentioned. These may be more numerous than I am aware; but there are certainly no Islam Masonic lodges nor Islam Masons anywhere in the East. That there are orders or sects, with signs and symbols somewhat parallel to those of Masons, I will not doubt; but they are strictly Mussulmen, and exclude all who are not Mussulmen, and will not allow themselves to be even called Masons, for the reason above stated. This I have ascertained from those who have become Masons. They are willing to come to the M.·. L.·., but cannot reciprocate, by allowing other Masons to be present at the secret or strictly Islam ceremonies performed in their own *Tik-kehs*, or Convent-lodges.

You are doubtless aware that the Mussulman world is divided into two branches or sects, one called the *Sunnees*, or orthodox, and the other the *Sheeyee*, or dissenters, and that this division among Mohammedans arose from differences between the followers of the Prophet on the subject of his succession. Although he had many children, many of them died in early youth, and he left no son to inherit his faith and supremacy amongst the Arabs. The latter, on his decease, elected, in succession, three of his eminent friends, as his *Caliph* or successor, and, after their death only, elected his nephew, *Asli*, as the fourth direct successor. This delay in selecting Sali, who, besides being his nephew, was also married to his daughter, gave great dissatisfaction to some of the faithful. These never acknowledged the legitimacy of the first Caliphs—Omar, Abubekir, and Othman—and the ill-will which ensued between the two parties resulted in the murder of Asli, and nearly every member of his family. The feud still continues; the Persians persist in declaring that Asli was the only legitimate Caliph, and that it was the Prophet's design and intention that he should succeed him; whilst the Turks, and the vast majority of all other Mussulmen, recognise the whole four Caliphs by election. The violence committed against Asli has only rendered his memory the dearer to them; they have even deified him, and some declare him superior to the Prophet himself. These are the *Sheeyees;* and the Turks, &c., are the *Sunnees.*

This division led to grave differences regarding certain portions of the Koran; and whilst the Turks interpret them literally, the Persians give to them spiritual and mystical meanings. Mohamed was quite illiterate, and could neither read nor write, Sali was a distinguished scholar, and must have been of great service to the former in the committing to writing and composition of the revelations which he believed were transmitted to him from *Allah*, or "*The God.*" I have a very favorable opinion of Mohamed, as a reformer of his brethren of Arabia, the greater portion of whom were gross idolators, and also as a law-giver. To a certain period in his career, I hold that he was actuated by excellent intentions, and that

that a very important part of their preparation would be the formation of such a code, to be submitted, with the petition for a warrant, as a portion of the evidence of their capability in conducting the affairs of a lodge. If to this we add the well-known rule, that even a warranted lodge must submit its by-laws to the Grand Lodge for approval, the argument in favor of our position would seem to be complete. In like manner, we think that if a Lodge U. D. may initiate, pass, and raise candidates, and thus increase their numbers, they may with equal propriety be intrusted with the power of affiliating such Masons as they may deem worthy. Such is the practice in the State of New York—these powers being specifically conferred in the Dispensation, which is granted to the persons named therein, and not, like a warrant, to the first three officers. No general law can, however, be stated, because Lodges U. D., being a modern and almost exclusively American organization, each Grand Lodge makes such regulations in regard to them as it may deem best suited to the circumstances of its own jurisdiction."

American Phrenological Journal for 1864 has been replete with interest, not only to the believers in Phrenology, but to the people generally, for the excellent advice it affords, and the valuable suggestions it makes for guidance in the various departments of life. Among its contributors are Beecher, Storrs, Bishop Clark of R. I., and others. Price $2 00.

The Lady's Friend for December is very handsome. "The Snow Bird's Christmas Visit" is a gem. The plates, engravings, and literary contents make this an attractive work. Price $2 50; 9 copies, $16. Deacon and Peterson, Philadelphia.

Godey's Lady's Book for December is a choice number. The fine engraving, "The Return," and the picture of the "Nativity," with its six tableaux, are exquisite. The ladies value most highly its fashion plates, and all will find attractive reading for the winter in its pages. Godey's Lady's Book takes a high standard for woman, and we bid it "God speed." Its terms are $3 per annum; 4 copies for $10.

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ROBERT McMURDY, D. D., LL. D., GRAND PRELATE OF GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF U. S., EDITOR, BOX 982.

THE BADGE WE WEAR.

BY BRO. W. SNEWING.

Ere round bold Jason's daring oar
  Approving ocean curled;
Or wonder saw Rome's eagle soar
  Above the prostrate world;
The badge which we as Masons wear,
  Was by our brethren worn;
Then, Brothers, let it be your care
  To shield that badge from scorn.

More ancient than the golden fleece,
  More dignified than star
And garter is the badge of peace,
  Whose ministers we are.
It is the badge of innocence
  And friendship's holy flame;
And if you ne'er give that offence,
  It ne'er will bring thee shame.

◆

SONG OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Oh! I have been running a gallant career
  On a courser that needeth no bridle nor goad;
But he'll soon change his rider, and leave the Old Year
  Lying low in the dust on Eternity's road.
Wide has my track been and rapid my haste;
  But whoever takes heed of my journey will find,
That in marble-built city and camel-trod waste,
  I have left a fair set of bold waymarks behind.
I have choked up the earth with the sturdy elm-board;
  I have chequered the air with the banners of strife;
Fresh are the tombstones I've scattered abroad,
  Bright are the young eyes I've opened to life.
My race is nigh o'er on Time's iron-grey steed;
  Yet he'll still gallop on as he gallops with me,
And you'll see that his mane will be flying again
Ere you've buried me under the green holly-tree.

If ye tell of the sadness and evil I've wrought,
  Yet remember the share of "good works" I have done;
Ye should balance the clouds and the canker I've brought,
  With the grapes I have sent to be crushed in the sun.
If I've added grey threads to the worldly wise heads,
  I have deepened the chesnut of infancy's curl;
If I've cherished the germ of the shipwrecking worm,
  I have quickened the growth of the crown-studding pearl.
If I've lengthened the yew till it brushes the pall,
  I have bid the sweet shoots of the orange bloom swell.
If I've thickened the moss on the ruin's rank wall,
  I have strengthened the love-bower's tendrils as well.
Then speak of me fairly, and give the Old Year
  A light-hearted parting in kindness and glee,
Chaunt a roundelay over my laurel-decked bier,
  And bury me under the green holly-tree.

Ye have murmured of late at my gloom-laden hours,
  And look on my pale wrinkled face with a frown;
But ye laughed when I spangled your pathway with flowers,
  And flung the red clover and yellow corn down.
Ye shrink from my breathing, and say that I bite—
  So I do—but forget not how friendly we were
When I tanned your warm cheek in the soft summer night,
  And just toyed with the rose in the merry girl's hair.
Fill the goblet, and drink as my wailing tones sink;
  Let the wassail-bowl dip, and the revel shout rise—
But a word in your ear from the passing Old Year,
  'Tis the last time he'll teach ye—"be merry and wise!"
Then sing, while I am sighing my latest farewell,
  The log-lighted ingle my death-pyre shall be;
Dance, dance, while I'm dying, blend carrol and bell,
  And bury me under the green holly-tree.

◆

A THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY THE NEW YEAR.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The more we live, more brief appear
  Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
  And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
  Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals, lingering, like a river, smooth,
  Along its grassy borders.

But as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
  And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars that measure life to man!
  Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
  And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,
  Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change
  Time's course to slower speeding?
When one by one our friends are gone,
  And left our bosoms bleeding.

Heaven gives our years of fading strength,
  Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth, a *seeming length*,
  Proportioned to their sweetness.

◆

The Auld Farmer's New Year Morning Salutation to his Auld Mare Maggie,

On giving her the accustomed ripp of Corn to Hansel in the New Year.

BY BURNS.

A guid New Year I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a *ripp* to thy auld baggie:
Tho' thou's howe backit, now, an' knaggie,
            I've seen the day
Thou could hae gaen like onie staggie
            Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide as white's a daisy,
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek, and glaizie,
            A bonny gray:
He should been tight that daur't to *raize* thee
            Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A *filly*, buirdly, steeve, an' swank,
An' set weel down a shapely shank,
            As e'er tread yird;
An' could hae flown out-owre a stank,
            Like ony bird.

It's now some nine an' twenty year,
Sin' thou was my guid father's *meere*;
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
            An' fifty mark;
Tho' it was sma', t'was weel-won gear,
            An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trottin wi' your Minnie;
Tho' ye was trickie, slee, an' funnie,
            Ye ne'er was donsie;
But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
            An' unco sonsie.

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonny *bride*;
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,
            Wi' maiden air!
Kyle Stewart I could bragged wide,
            For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble,
An' wintle like a saumont coble,
That day, ye was a jinker noble,
            For heels an' win!
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
            Far, far, behin'!

The Two Freemasons.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE FREEMASON'S MONTHLY MAG.

PART I.

Two young men—one twenty-two and the other twenty-three years of age—wandered through the principal walks of the wood of Verrieres, absorbed in a very animated conversation, which appeared to interest them deeply. Whether they felt the need of rest, or whether shade and solitude seemed to them more in harmony with the subject which occupied their attention, they penetrated a coppice and seated themselves beneath the green and close branches of a large elm surrounded by a thick enclosure of hazels. Neither of them as yet possessed that unreserved manner, that air of assurance, which stamps the Parisian, and which is only acquired after a more or less lengthy sojourn in the capital.

There was in their manners that sort of constraint and stiffness, in the fashions of their garments that extravagant and unpleasing refinement, which, to the least practised eye, betoken one recently arrived in town. Nevertheless, it was easy to foresee that this provincial exterior, already somewhat effaced, would, without delay, disappear *in toto*. But in all probability, the metamorphose would result in setting in relief, in the one, the superiority of his sentiments clothed in an unaffected and becoming garb; in the other, the propensities of a base mind with the outward appearance of unpolished manners and effrontery.

There was, in reality, a great difference, morally as well as physically, between these two young men, who had leagued themselves together at College, and whose friendship was developed by intimacy. Adrian Dumesnel was tall, well-made, of a remarkable figure. His forehead, broad and noble—his look, at once animated and friendly, proclaimed intelligence, frankness, and benevolence; his physiognomy interested at first sight, and when one had heard him speak, he felt himself drawn toward him by an irresistible movement of sympathy. Short and thick-set, Thierry Morisset had coarse features, a flattened visage, vulgar and awkward movements; the appetite for material enjoyments revealed itself in the greediness of his looks and the thickness of his lips. The faculties of his mind lacked not some measure of development—but there was observable in his manner of speaking, as well as in his deportment, that tameness which denotes a complete absence of noble views and of energy. Dumesnel was a painter; Morisset thought himself a poet. There were, in the first, the constituents of a true artist; and in the second, to say the most, those of a *chevalier d'industrie*.

The conversation of the two friends was continued when they had seated themselves on the carpet of moss and furze, which was spread between the elm and the hazels.

"I tell you again," said Morisset, "your dejection does not savor of common sense."

"I am not discouraged," replied Adrian; "but one is permitted, I believe, to have a thought for the future; and in our situation, it does not present itself in a form sufficiently pleasing to exempt us from uneasiness in considering it."

"Pugh! This uneasiness will not hinder me from sleeping tranquilly this evening, when we shall have returned to Paris; the rather, that since this morning, you have made me endure a fatigue from which I shall not recover for eight days."

"What mean you? A month has elapsed since we have resided in Paris; and all this period has been devoted to visiting the monuments, the libraries, and museums. It is not that I regret this employment of our time; but we have not quitted Poitiers for the sole purpose of abandoning ourselves to the peregrinations of tourists. We are both young, and possessed of no other fortunes than our vocations and our ability to labor; it becomes, then, urgent that we reflect on the means of creating for ourselves a position in society. Now I confess to you that agreeable inspirations have always occurred to me more readily in the midst of fields and under an unclouded sky than in the narrow streets of a city, and amidst the bustle of busy men, who jostle you at every step."

"Upon my honor, permit me, my dear sir, to doubt the efficiency of your scheme. We have come at least four miles through fields, the sky is admirably clear, yet I am not aware that you have made me participate in the least inspiration."

"A plan of conduct which could influence our whole existence is not framed at any time."

"It may be."

"You undertake to tell me, no doubt, that it suffices to have a firm desire to labor. Thank God, I am not wanting in that; but, in my opinion, something more is necessary; and without money and patronage, it appears to me difficult to labor advantageously."

"It is true that money does not compose the heaviest part of our luggage."

"And patrons will not amaze us in a city where we know no one. Your pen and my pencil—these are our whole support, our whole fortune."

"You forget something."

"What then?"

"Our Freemason's diploma."

Adrian burst into a fit of laughter at the mention of these words.

"I speak seriously and sincerely," continued Morisset; "you are welcome to turn my words to jest."

"I will laugh no more, since it vexes you; but I candidly own I should never have imagined that you could have based any hope on such a diploma."

"Take the trouble to reflect, and answer me this question: What is Freemasonry?"

"It is an association of men, animated, no doubt, by the noblest impulses, whose collective beneficence often assuages the misery and the sufferings of the poor; but who, when out of their place of meeting, have quite enough to do in attending to their own affairs, without again devoting their time and their credit to the service of the first comer."

"You have a narrow manner of considering and defining things. Are not all men brothers? And what is brotherly love, but the *duty*, on the part of the rich, of sharing his fortune with him who has none; and on the part of the poor, the *right* of claiming his quota of enjoyments from the wealthy? I surely am not to blame if Heaven has not placed me in the category of those who have the *duty* to discharge; it is unfortunately my destiny to have only the *right* to exercise—and you may rest assured that I shall use it."

"I certainly deceive myself in the interpretation of your design. Why, thou art young—thou enjoyest all thy faculties, and thou canst resolve to live by charity."

"Who speaks of that? I wish for nothing gratuitously. Is there aught but exchange in the commerce of life? He who has money gives me money; I, who am a poet, I will give him verses."

"That is to say, you will impose your works on the Fraternity by virtue of your claims as a brother. A singular deed!"

"Which shall not be without value in my hands, I assure you."

"What of that? I also desire to elevate myself—to carve me out a name and a fortune. To effect this purpose I shall lack neither will nor energy, but shall owe all to my own exertions. I shall not employ my diligence in senseless proceedings and sterile obsessions, from which will result only the irretrievable loss of a time badly employed."

"Have you a mind that I tell you, Adrian, what lies at the bottom of all these fine phrases? Much pride."

"And I, my dear Thierry, I find at the bottom of thine much abnegation."

Concealed behind the hazels, a third person was stretched upon the grass, who had not lost a word of the converstion.

"They are both in the right," thought this latter personage; "but the pride of the one interests me, and I feel only contempt for the abnegation of the other."

In the evening, after their return to the city, Adrian had scarcely quitted Morisset, and ascended the five flights of stairs which led to his little garret, when a man somewhat advanced in years, and whose exterior indicated an elevated station in society, presented himself before the porter of the house, and after asking him a multitude of questions concerning the young painter, withdrew, fully satisfied with the intelligence he had obtained.

PART II.

Adrian, with his elbows propped on his window-sill, and his head resting on his hands, beheld the sun rise pale and obscured by the dense fog, which, at a certain season of the year, envelopes Paris in the morning. Our young hero was in one of those fits of dejection which are difficult to be avoided by a young artist at the outset of his career. He then feels himself plunged in a sort of moral and physical supineness; he distrusts his own powers; he thinks not of the future; he revolves in his own mind whether the prize to be attained sufficiently compensates the victor for a whole existence of labor, privation and strife. Or if in a moment of hallucination, which arouses, transports and electrifies him, he sees himself attain the goal and embrace the triumphal crown amid the plaudits of an enraptured crowd, it is only to relapse afterward into a greater prostration before the existence of the obstacles by which the road is beset.

"O, sun!" thought Adrian, "thou art permitted to persevere in thy course; thou art strong and powerful; it is vain that all these clouds, leagued against thy splendor, combine together to meet thee, and oppose to thy rays their formidable legion. Thou risest always; thou prevailest against them; thou reducest them to dew; thy glory dazzles the world! But I, poor and wretched, what can I do? What is my position to hope to prevail against my rivals? What my power to dissipate the crowd of enemies and the envious which cumbers my path? At my first essay they will overwhelm me. Nevertheless, I cannot persuade myself with the belief that I would be nothing. My heart revolts at the idea of this impotency which my reason exhibits to me. I will resist the suggestions of an effeminate prudence; I will arm myself with resolution and courage; and I will not yield before I have fought."

Then seating himself before his easel, he took his pallet and brushes, and commenced the sketch of a view, the outlines of which he had drawn in the environs of Poitiers. The first picture of a landscape-painter at a distance from his home seldom fails to be a remembrance of his native land.

But his countenance, illumined for a moment by inspiration, immediately became dull and dejected; the hand which held the brushes fell motionless on his knee; his mind entered into that state of vague reverie which differs from meditation in that no distinct image is formed on the brain, and which might, with more propriety, be styled a somnolency of the mind.

Three raps at his door succeeded in awaking him from this species of lethargy. He started up as a man who is aroused in surprise, and found himself, no less embarrassed than astonished, in the presence of an old man, whose features were wholly unknown to him.

"Monsieur Adrian Dumesnel?"

"I am he."

"What I see here sufficiently testifies that I have not been deceived. You are a landscape-painter?"

"It is true, sir. But may I know the name of him who deigns to honor me with his visit?"

"Abraham Foster, dealer in pictures."

No enumeration of titles, however pompous they may be, can vie with the simple appellation of dealer in pictures, in the eye of a painter about to make his *debut*. Therefore, Adrian hastened to offer his visitor a chair, with every mark of profound respect.

"Really," said Abraham, "I accept it willingly. At my age one is easily fatigued, and you lodge rather high, young man."

"What mean you?" demanded Adrian, a little vexed by the remark of Foster. "We painters have need of air and space; and in our narrow streets, it is only by drawing near the sky that one can hope to meet with them. A prison would be worth as much as a room on the first floor in Paris."

"No doubt, no doubt. And, moreover, these prisons have the inconvenience of costing too much. I did not intend that remark for you, young man," continued Abraham, with a smile mingled with archness and good nature. "When one is fortunate enough to possess a talent like yours, it is difficult to remain perplexed with fortune."

"I can see in this compliment, sir, only a proof of your kind politeness."

"You have too much modesty, and I should not have heard your name mentioned with praise if a single glance thrown on that sketch did not suffice me to appreciate your merit. I feel, then, sincerely gratified for having visited you, and I am certain that my confidence will be well placed."

These last words caused the heart of Adrian to throb. Coming from the source they did, their signification could not be ambiguous.

"I am going," continued Foster, "to explain to you briefly what brought me here. The Count de Mareil, one of our most distinguished amateurs, and the wealthiest of my patrons, desires to add to his collection—which is, without exception, the finest I know of—a copy of a landscape from Poussin. He has confided to me the task of selecting the artist who must be entrusted with this work; and this artist shall be yourself, if you consent."

"If I consent!" exclaimed Adrian. "But, sir, you render me a signal service, which I can only repay with thanks."

"You owe me none, young man; although the occasion, I acknowledge, may not be disdained. The Count is an enlightened patron of the arts; and if, as I doubt not, he be satisfied with your talents, you may rest assured that he will not grudge paying the thousand francs which I am authorized to offer you for the work of which I have just spoken."

"One thousand francs!"

"Does this sum appear to you insufficient?" inquired Abraham, smiling.

"Far from it," replied Adrian, naively; "it is twice as much as I should have dared to ask."

"So you accept?"

"With joy; and, if it suit you, I place myself at once at your disposal."

"You manifest a zeal which makes me augur favorably of your future success. I am going to make arrangements for facilitating your entrance to the Museum, where you can install yourself to-morrow. Be pleased," continued Abraham, rising, to accept this rouleau of twenty-five francs, which the Count has ordered me to bestow on you, to bear your first expenses. Should a farther advance hereafter be necessary, you can demand it of the Count, who intends visiting you at times at the Louvre."

Adrian, left alone, mentally inquired if he was indeed awake. Whence could come to him so unexpected a happiness? How had his name reached the ears of old Foster? What strange caprice had possessed the mind of this amateur, who consented to pay one thousand francs for a mere copy? Finally, why, when they could have selected from among so many renowned artists, did they come to him—him, who had scarcely left his native province, and had yet done nothing to be known? It was no easy matter to resolve all these queries, and our young artist saw himself obliged to renounce the attempt.

"Why need I," he exclaimed, "torture my mind to seek the prime cause of the good fortune which has befallen me? I have but one thing with which to engross my attention, and that is to apply myself to business. For that, what is necessary? Perseverance? I lack it not. Talent? I shall have it."

The next day Adrian installed himself at the Museum, and commenced his work with the ardor of a competitor who strives to obtain the first prize.

Eight days had elapsed—during which he had more than once had the agreeable satisfaction of seeing the eyes of virtuosos pause with admiration on his canvass—when the Count came to visit him for the first time. He was a man about fifty years of age, of a calm and benevolent physiognomy, simple in his manners, and warm hearted in his speech. He appeared to take a great interest in the examination of the copy intended for him; made a few critical remarks; found much to praise, and expatiated on the painting like a true connoisseur. Such honorable and flattering commendation should have plunged Adrian into ecstacies; and it was an excellent opportunity for him to express to the distinguished man who promised him his patronage, all the ardor of his gratitude. He indeed attempted to follow the Count in his observations, to canvas his criticisms, to thank him for his praises; but his embarrassment, his blushes, the incoherence of his replies, bore sufficient evidence that he was under the influence of a great timidity or a powerful abstraction. Nevertheless, though not possessing that bold assurance which is the perogative of mediocrity, Adrian was not what is styled a bashful young man. It is then to abstraction we will impute the cause of his trouble; and we will add, that if we would be astonished by this abstraction, and find it misplaced, it is truly necessary that we forget what we were when twenty-two years of age.

The Count had caused his niece to accompany him. Caroline, who was eighteen years of age, had large black eyes, full of expression; a complexion of a dazzling whiteness, and a figure admirably designed. Adrian, on perceiving her, regretted his vocation of landscape-painter; it suddenly appeared to him that the sublimity of art consisted in painting Madonnas, and he envied the pencil of Raphael.

His ecstacy lasted long after the Count had left him; and we are obliged to be candid, by avowing that the copy of the landscape from Poussin received that day some questionable touches, the correction of which was deferred until the morrow.

On returning home, Adrian found Morisset, who was waiting for him with impatience. The form of the latter dilated with pride.

"I have met with complete success, my friend," exclaimed Morisset. "I told you truly that Freemasonry was an excellent mine, and I am further convinced that it will prove an inexhaustible treasure to me."

"What then has befallen you?"

"Listen and admire."

Assuming a deep and pompous tone of voice, Morisset then began to recite the following lines:—

"Fraternal love! thou holy power!
If exiled by mankind,
In his mysterious precincts still
The Mason thee would find."

"What is it?" inquired Adrian.

"You heard it; it is an ode to Brotherly Love, dedicated to all the Masons in the world, preceded by a preface, followed by notes, curious and interesting anecdotes, &c. In two parts, octavo: illustrated cover. Price: five francs to subscribers."

"Ah! I comprehend."

"I have already disposed of two hundred copies; before a month I intend to get rid of two thousand."

"Five francs! that seems to me rather high."

"No doubt. If I had had the simplicity to send them, I should not have received half a franc; but I carry them myself. The presence of an author is a stimulant which does not fail of producing its effect."

"Among the Masons there are those who are not wealthy, and whom you force, by their pride, to be at a burdensome expense. I flatter myself with the belief that this consideration would have deterred you, if it has chanced to have entered your mind."

"Pugh! Five francs less in a man's purse will not impoverish him; and as for myself, I shall live in opulence with ten thousand francs."

"Yes, I know that you love to indulge in the enjoyments of life; therefore, I doubt whether the fruit of your speculation holds out long—and when you have nothing left—"

"I will commence again. When I shall have consumed the proceeds arising from my Ode to Brotherly Love, I will live by a Satire on Selfishness. I have fifty subjects in reserve. So a truce to your moralizing for a time; let us think only of pleasure. I am going to carry you to dine at the coffee-house of Paris."

"Thank you, I am not hungry," replied Adrian, who suffered the sentiment of repugnance inspired by the conduct of his friend to manifest itself in his countenance.

"At your pleasure. I will come again to seek you," said Morisset, who neither divined, nor wished to divine, the secret motive of Adrian. "I am going immediately to Human's, to try on a superb suit of clothes, and make inquiries concerning a young groom who has been offered to me."

When at the foot of the staircase, Adrian heard him still singing, in a tenor voice, his Ode to Brotherly Love.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

The First Preparation.

Man is first prepared to be a Mason in his own heart, and the question is often asked, of what use is it for a man to join the Order if he is in reality a Mason at heart? That there are many outside the Order who are Masons in a moral point of view, there is no denying; and now what answer shall we give to the above question? This can be done by simply quoting, "a little leaven leaveneth the whole." So if there is no other reason why such an one should become a Mason, it may be found in the fact that such a man exercises a beneficial influence upon any society, and not claiming to be immaculate, we can conceive of his being a great help to our Order by the examples he will set, and the warmth he will diffuse into colder natures who may be there before him. Such men as these are always most welcome, but alas! the human family is not made up entirely of such men, and they are needed to counteract the influence that these—more cold and selfish than they—shed around them That the institution is a noble one no one can deny, and for that reason it should have all the noble hearts that the world is blessed with within its pale, that by union a good may be done that could not be accomplished by one man, were he ever so much a Mason at heart and worked alone; and on the principle that "a little leaven leaveneth the whole." Let us have such men within the order as are really Masons within their own hearts.

ANCIENT CRAFT MASONRY.

BY AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, LL. D.

The first societies of antiquity with which Freemasonry appears to stand in direct historical connection are the corporations of architects, which, with the Romans, existed under the name *collegia* and *corpora*. It is related that Numa established the first corporations, if we may so term them, of architects, (*collegia fabrorum*,) with many other societies of mechanics and artificers, (*collegia artificium*,) after the model of the Greek societies or colleges of artificers and priests; he also instituted for them proper meetings and certain religious rites. According to the laws of the twelve tables, the *collegia* had a right to make their own laws, and could conclude certain treaties with each other, if nothing was contained in either contrary to the public laws, which were conformable with Solon's legislation. Such corporations of all kinds, particularly the crafts connected with hydraulics, naval and civil architecture, early became dispersed through all the provinces of the Roman state, went on continually increasing, and co-operated most powerfully in propagating the Roman customs, sciences, arts, and laws. They, as it were, cultivated the soil which the sword had gained. The useful arts are, of course, among the most important gifts which a civilized race can confer on the rude tribes who may be dependent on it. When an Indian tribe first concludes a treaty with the United States, one of the points has often been a stipulation that the latter shall send a blacksmith among them. If we now remember that the Romans were pre-eminently an architectural race, like most conquering nations who have already attained a considerable degree of civilization, and that the sciences and arts, connected with architecture, include a vast range, and are intimately connected with the other attainments of an advanced civilization, we shall easily comprehend that the colleges of architects must have been of great importance. As the *collegia* were established in those early times when states were formed after the model of a family, and the religious and political constitution confusedly mingled, they had, besides their character of a society of artificers, that of a civil and religious institution. This character was retained by the *collegia*, particularly the *collegium* of architects, to the end of the Roman empire, and transplanted into the corporations of architects of the Middle Ages, already mentioned, because the constant mingling of religion in law, politics, and science, by no means ceased in the Middle Ages; on the contrary, in some particulars, a still closer union was effected. As the Roman *collegia* held their meetings with closed doors, nothing was more natural than that they should become, in times of violent political agitation, the place of political parties and religious mysteries, secret worship, and doctrines of all sorts. The Roman emperors of the first centuries limited the *collegia* as much as possible, but the later governments favored them so much the more. In the *corpus jurio* are contained several lists of the Mechanic arts, legally existing and free from taxation, in the third and fourth centuries, among which we find those of architects, ship-builders, machine-builders, builders of *ballistae*, painters, sculptors, workers in marble, masons, stone-cutters, carpenters, &c. There was no town at all important, no province ever so distant, where some of the *collegia*, just mentioned, did not exist to the downfall of the western and eastern empires, with their peculiar constitutions, and having more or less of a political and religious character. The corporations of artificers, whose occupations were connected with architecture, were called upon by imperial orders to come from all parts of the empire, to assist in the building of large cities, palaces, churches, &c. Similar artificers also accompanied each Roman legion. Such corporations also existed in Britain—where the Romans, during their conquests, built a great deal—both in the legions there stationed and in the cities. The same was the case in Spain, France, on the Rhine, and on the Danube. It is true that these *collegia* vanished in Britain, with most of their works, when the Picts, Scots, and Saxons devastated the country; but in France, Spain, Italy, and in the Greek empire, they continued to flourish, and from these countries the Christian Saxon rulers of Britain, particularly Alfred and Athelstan, induced a number of artificers and architects to come to England in order to build their castles, churches, and convents. Although these foreign artists, and the few who had survived the ravages of the barbarous tribes, were Christians, and though most of their leaders were clergymen, yet the corporations which they formed had no other constitutions than those transmitted to them from the Roman colleges, which were spread over all Christian Europe; and the character of which is still to be learned from the *corpus juris Romani*.[*] As the members of these corporations of architects of the tenth century belonged to different nations, and at the same time publicly or secretly to sects, widely differing in their tenets, and often condemned as heretical; in short, as they were very different in faith, customs and manner of living, they could not be induced to go to England, and to remain there, without receiving from the pope and king satisfactory liberties and letters of protection, especially jurisdiction over their own bodies, and the right of settling their own wages. They then united under written constitutions, founded upon the ancient constitution of the Roman and Greek colleges, and the provisions of the civil law. The different tenets of the members, the scientific occupation and elevated views of their leading architects and clergymen, naturally gave rise to a more liberal spirit of toleration, a purer view of religion, and stricter morals, than were common in those times of civil feud and religious persecution.

The lofty notions of Vitruvius (their constant manual) in regard to the dignity of an architect may have contributed to ennoble their character. Their religious tenets being often subjects of suspicion to the orthodox, they were obliged to keep them secret. Secrecy, moreover, was the character of all the corporations of the Middle Ages, and, down to the most recent times, the corporations of mechanics on the continent had what they called *secrets of the craft*—certain words, or sometimes impressive ceremonies, by which they were enabled to recognise each other. To this we must add, that the corporations of architects in the Middle Ages were descended from the times of antiquity; so that their societies had received, in the times when Rome adored all gods, and listened to all philosophical systems, impressions derived from the Greek philosophical schools, particularly the Stoic, united with some fragments of the Greek and Egyptian mysteries, and subsequently modified by notions acquired in the early times of Christianity, particularly from the Gnostics, which led to certain doctrines and sacred ceremonies, clothed, according to the spirit of the time, in symbols, and constituting their esoteric mysteries[†] The watchful eye of the popes induced them to keep these doctrines closely concealed, in connection with the real secrets of their art, and its subsidiary branches, their rude chemistry, their metallurgy, and natural philosophy, and to preserve their knowledge in forms otherwise foreign to it, if they wished to escape persecution.

The great importance which architecture assumed in those times is to be accounted for from the enthusiasm for splendid houses of worship, in which the religious spirit of those times displayed itself to an unparalleled degree.

The history of these corporations, as here given, and their connection with the present society of Freemasons, appears, from what we know of antiquity—from the history of England, and from the agreement of the constitutions, symbols, and customs of the present Freemasons with those of the above corporations.[‡]

The architects, with their assistants and pupils, formed associations called *hutten* or *lodges*. At an assembly held at Ratisbon, in 1459, it was agreed that a Grand Lodge should be formed at Strasburg, as the place of general assembly, and that the architect of that cathedral, for the time being, should be the Grand Master. The society was composed of masters, companions, and apprentices, who had a secret word with signs of recognition. In 1464 and 1469 there were general assemblies at Strasburg; but they were afterward neglected for some time, until the Emperor Maximilian I, being at that city in 1498, granted them certain privileges, by charter or diploma, which were renewed and confirmed by subsequent emperors. These diplomas, together with the regulations and statutes, were kept in the house of the architect of the cathedral, in a chest with triple locks, of which the two oldest Masons kept the keys, so that it required the presence of all before the chest could be opened. These documents were in existence until the French Revolution, when they were destroyed with many other papers, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Jacobinic commissioners. Their rules inculcated the necessity of leading moral lives; submission to the masters, whom the companions served for five or seven years; attention to their religious duties; and charity to the poorer brethren, &c. Among the symbols were the square, the plumb-rule, and the compasses, which are distinguishing marks of the officers of a Freemasons' lodge at this day.

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[*] Vide Histoire du Grand Orient de France. Paris, 1812. Also Thory's Acta Latomorum. Paris, 1815.

[†] Lenning: Frei-Maurer Encyclopadie (Leipsic, 1822;) et Sarsena, Oder der Vollkommene Baumeister.

[‡] Vide Conversations Lexicon, (German,) Art. Frei-Maurer.

Three very ancient historical documents are yet extant which further prove this historical connection, and also give us an insight into the doctrines and customs of those corporations in the Middle Ages.* The eldest of the documents above mentioned is the constitution, confirmed in 926, to all the corporations of architects, by King Athelstan, through his brother Edwin, at York, the original of which, in Anglo-Saxon, is still preserved in York. The beginning reminds the reader immediately of the most ancient Oriental Church. Then follows a history of architecture, beginning with Adam, and comprising quotations from some Rabbinical tales respecting the building of Babel, the temple of Solomon, with mention of Hiram, limited, however, to the information contained in the Bible; then passing over to the Greeks and Romans mentioning particularly Pythagoras, Euclid, and Vitruvius. There the history of architecture and the oldest corporations in Britain is told, agreeably to the accounts of the best historians, and among other things is mentioned that St. Albanus, an honorable Roman knight, patronized the art about A. D. 300, settled the fundamental institutions of the Masons, procured them employment, wages, and a charter from the Emperor Carausius, according to which they should form a society in Britain, under the government of architects. The devastation of the country and the destruction of the edifices by the northern tribes and the Angles and Saxons is related, and how the pious Athelstan had resolved to restore the ancient and venerable society. After this follow the sixteen most ancient laws, which agree exactly with everything that careful investigation can find in the *corpus juris* relating to the college of architects. This constitution was preserved in England and Scotland in its essential features until the fourteenth century, when the societies passed over into the stationary corporations in cities. It is proved by historical documents that in Scotland and England, lodges, laboring according to these constitutions, existed in an uninterrupted series, and often admitted as members learned or influential men, who were not architects, including even kings, (Accepted Masons.)

In 1717 we find four lodges existing, in which the old symbols and customs were still preserved; most of their members were, however, merely Accepted Masons. So far extends the first period of Masonry. Sir Christopher Wren was the last Grand Master of the Ancient Order.

With these facts incontestably proved, who can doubt the high antiquity of Freemasonry? There can be scarcely a question that the Order of Free and Accepted Masons is the legitimate successor of the *collegia fabrorum* of the ancient Romans, and of the corporations of architects of the Middle Ages. Indeed, the possession of the same rules, constitutions, symbols, and rights, would prove this, were there no other evidence.

It is not for us to say whether Freemasonry existed in its present form or not at the time of the building of Solomon's temple. We have reason to believe, however, that the prevailing masonic tradition touching that point is not entirely without foundation. Hiram, king of Tyre, must of course have been acquainted with the Phrygian Mysteries, if he were not, indeed, the chief pontiff thereof, which is most probable. Coming to the assistance of King Solomon in the great enterprise of building a temple for the celebration of the Hebrew Mysteries, it is easier for us to conceive that some kind of organization existed similar to ancient Masonry, than that it did not.

In 1717 an essential change was made by three members belonging to some of the four lodges just mentioned, Desaguliers, James Anderson, and George Payne. They changed the society into one which had nothing more to do with building, but of which "brotherly love, relief, and truth," were to be the essential characteristics. By retaining the name and customs and ceremonies of the ancient fraternity, the new lodges retained the privileges and charters of those societies. They further thought it well to establish a centre of union and harmony in one Grand Master, the eldest Mason, who, at the same time, was a Master of a lodge; to constitute themselves, *pro tempore*, one Grand Lodge; to renew the quarterly communications of the brethren; to hold the annual meeting and the festival; and to elect a Grand Master from among them, until they should have a brother of high rank at their head. In 1721 James Anderson was charged to remodel the old constitutions, and to form thus a general Book of Constitutions, which alone should be valid for all the special lodges in future to be established under the authority of this Grand Lodge. The constitution of York was made by him the basis, though he compared a number of other constitutions. In 1721 his draught was accepted, and, with some changes, acknowledged and printed in 1723. In 1738 a new edition was printed. In the editions of 1756, 1784, and in the latest book of constitutions of the Grand Lodge of Old Masons at London, united in 1813, (of which the second part appeared in 1815,) the traits of the ancient York instrument are always to be recognised. The following are the most important duties (*charges*) of the Masons, as they appear in the edition of 1784 and, with few alterations, in the constitutions of 1815; The Mason is bound to obey the laws of morality, and, if he understands the principles of the society, he will neither be an atheist nor a profligate. Though the Masons of ancient times were obliged to profess the religion of their country, whatever that might be, it is considered now more beneficial to bind them to that religion alone in which all men agree, and to leave to each his peculiar opinion; they are to be men of probity and honor, whatever may be their differences in name or in opinion. By this, says the constitution, Masonry becomes the central point of union, and the means of establishing friendship among persons who, without it, would live in continual separation. The Mason is to be a peaceable subject or citizen, and never to allow himself to be involved in riots or conspiracies against the public peace and the welfare of the nation. No private hatred or feud shall be carried to the threshold of the lodge, still less political or religious disputes, as the Masons, in this capacity, are only of the above-named general religion: Masons are of all nations and tongues, and decidedly against political feuds, which never have been favorable to the welfare of the lodges, nor ever will be. The second of the above-mentioned documents was written under Henry VI of England, first printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1753, p. 427, *et seq.*, and since then has been repeatedly reprinted. The last of the three documents is the ancient mode of admitting Masons, as it is still exercised by all the Masons of the ancient English system. It contains some customs of the Roman colleges, and of the most ancient Christian monks and ascetics.

From this period Freemasonry rapidly regained its ancient dominion, and exercised a new and most powerful influence on the whole moral and intellectual life of Europe. It first gave the world the true import of the words Fraternity, Liberty, Equality. Long before the first French Revolution, its presence, though invisible, was felt throughout Europe. Essentially republican in its nature, and aiming to establish political and social equality and freedom, it constantly presented to the initiated the picture of a new social order nowhere found on earth—the ideal of a society opposed to, and at the same time far more perfect than any existing civil organization. Consequently it became odious to tyrants. "It was anathematized," says an eminent writer,* "at Rome by Clement VII, pursued in Spain by the Inquisition, and persecuted at Naples."

So, in France, the Sorbonne declared its members worthy of eternal punishment! And yet Freemasonry found protectors among princes and nobles. Many of them disdained not to take the trowel and gird themselves with the apron.

For the few years preceding the French Revolution Freemasonry was very active and vigorous through all of Europe. Working in secret like the Cyclops in the forges of Vulcan, it fashioned those thunderous bolts which sent despotism howling to its den of darkness. It contributed largely to the social improvement of our race, and to the establishment of civil liberty, besides making men more social, more humane, more benevolent, and more fraternal.

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Elections.

The present is of special interest to the Masonic Fraternity, and a faithful performance of the duties appropriate to it cannot fail to exercise a lasting and beneficial effect on the Craft. We allude, of course, to the elections for officers in the several subordinate Lodges throughout the country. Masonry is in the world, but not altogether of it. As Masons, we perform acts analogous to those required of us as citizens; but while the form is much the same, the spirit, let us hope, is infinitely different and better Thus in the matter of civic elections, the great mass of the voters go to the polls, drop in the "silent thunder" for men they know nothing of, and return to their avocations under the impression that a patriotic duty has been performed; but that that is nothing beyond a form, the experience of all the past fully demonstrates. If there is any value in the ballot, it is in the fact that the citizen thus gives his voice in behalf of one whose accession to office will be a gain to the community, and it can only be in this sense that we speak of it as the palladium of liberty; how vain, then, to assert that in allowing irresponsible parties to select men for whom we must vote or not vote at all, we are in reality exercising a franchise.

In our association, however, we cannot thus evade a manifest duty. We should know that the brother who is to receive our suffrage for office possesses the qualifications absolutely indispensable to those who accept position, and vote for him only when we believe such to be the case. In the Lodge, the behests of party are unknown, and the right of suffrage is exercised in its best and purest form. In no other way can we account for the present status of the Craft; in no other way could its integrity be preserved amid the din and pressure of outside events. The proof, if proof were wanting, is, that whenever the brethren become careless on this subject and allow persons to be advanced from favoritism or inattention, the Lodge is sure to suffer; nor is the disease long in making its appearance. Bad captains are said to make bad crews, and incompetent officers, beyond all doubt, make careless members, and thus prevent that due progress that should mark the course of all well-governed Lodges.

These hints will necessarily fall under the observation of many of the brethren now engaged in the selection of officers for their respective Lodges, and we beseech them to weigh well the consequences that may ensue from their choice. If you have a good Master, or Warden, or Secretary, keep him by all means as long as he will consent to serve, and if you must change, endeavor to find a brother who is likely to think less of himself than of the proper discharge of his duty.

Masonry is "not for a day, but for all time," and it cannot be made the stepping-stone to the gratification of personal ambitions. Make this idea manifest in your elections, and good will come of it, not only to yourselves, but in the increased respect your Lodges will command in the Fraternity, and in the greater amount of good you will be enabled to accomplish within the circle of your influence.

◆

Solomon's Choice.—A good king once said to his favorite, "Ask of me what thou wilt and it shall be given to thee." And the youth, communing with himself, said: "What shall I ask of which I may not repent? Rank and power I have already; gold and silver are treacherous gifts on earth. I will ask for the king's daughter, for she loves me as I love her, and with her I will obtain all other things besides, and above all, the heart of my worthy benefactor, for by this gift he will become my father." So the youth asked for the king's daughter, and the gift was bestowed. So God once appeared to youthful Solomon and said to him: "Ask what shall be given." And behold, the youth asked neither for gold, nor silver, nor power, nor glory, nor long life. But he asked for God's daughter, Heavenly Wisdom, and with her he obtained all else that he might have sought. To her he consecrated his beautiful songs, and extolled her to mortals as the only happiness on earth. As long as he loved her he possessed the heart of God and the affections of men, and through her, even now after death, he lives beyond the grave.

◆

The Tomb of Hiram.—The plains of Phenicia are strewn with distinct fragments of antiquity. One of these is called the tomb of Hiram, an engraving of which is the frontispiece of Allen's work on the Red Sea. The tomb stands inland, among wild, rocky hills, about three miles from Tyre. It is a single gray sarcophagus, hollowed out so as just to admit a body. A large oblong stone is placed over it so as completely to cover it, the only entrance being an aperture knocked through at its eastern extremity. The whole rests on a rude pedestal of upright hewn stones. The Arabs say it is the tomb of King Hiram, buried at the eastern gate of Old Tyre, which at his time reached down the hill towards the sea.—*Sinai and Palestine.*

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* Vide Die drei ältesten Kunsturkunden der Frei-Maurer. Bruderschaft. (Dresden, 1819.)

* Louis Blanc.

Aspiration for Office.

Aspiration for office is the bane of Freemasonry; and, although disgustingly loathsome to behold, it is nevertheless a conspicuous feature in the disposition of a great many of our zealous and otherwise admirable brethren. It produces nearly every annoying trouble with which we have to contend, and is the source of nearly all our difficulties. It upsets lodges, severs friendships, destroys unity, turns love into hatred, and friends into enemies; it prevents the healthful growth of lodges; it blunts the acute sensibility with which we view our duties and obligations to our brother and to Masonry; it enervates the nobleness of the man, and disfigures in him the image of his Creator; it makes him contentious and rebellious; he is humbled to the character of a sycophant, and finally, if disappointed, becomes a reviler. * * * * Many of the applications for new lodges originate in the disappointment of some aspirant for office, who, when foiled in his efforts to gain the office he seeks, exhibits temper, and, together with his friends, either ceases to attend the meetings or withdraws from the lodge. They then endeavor to obtain a warrant for a new one, for the purpose of placing him at its head. Such conduct is unmasonic and unlooked for among a band of brothers, and should be discountenanced and resisted. It is altogether vanity in a brother to suppose himself to be the only person in the lodge fitted for the office of Master, or that he has claims superior to his fellows for that office; the members of the lodge are far more competent to judge of his capacity and qualifications than he is himself; and if the preference is given to another, he should, as a modest man and good Mason, retire from the contest, wiser and better, to abide his time. ANON.

◆

FREEMASONRY.

BY THE REV. BROTHER W. M. LEGGETT, M.A., LONDON.

HAIL, matchless tie, that so unites the hearts of fellow men,
That nought but crime can e'er dissolve their [illegible]ain!
Whether from Europe's proud domain, or Asia's [illegible] plains,
Or Afric's burning soil, or young America's wild [illegible],
From East to West, from North to South, the still un[illegible]lied robe
Of true Masonic Charity, infolds the mystic Globe!

Its luminous display of truth, antiquity of fame,
And sacred preservation of the *three-one spoken name*,*
The friendly hand, the prudent lip, the well-instructed ear,
The holy memories enshrin'd within the heart sincere,
Are binding as th' eternal hills, that earthquakes cannot tear,
From their antique foundations, for *the arm of GOD is there!*

Freemasonry, the pow'r of old, ordain'd by highest Heav'n
To keep the sacred Rolls, that are for man's instruction giv'n,
Ev'n when a Deluge drown'd the world,† and when, in after days,
All other pow'rs would have consign'd them to the pagan blaze,—
Freemasonry, thou archetype‡ of every truthful creed,
I love thee—O I love thee more, the more I feel my need!

The uninitiated ask whence sprang this matchless tie,—
With awe profound we point them to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, and say
The Architect supreme, by whose behest the world awoke
From chaos—even He who thus omnipotently spoke
"*Let there be light!* and there was light!"—from this Great source we spring.
Our glorious Grand Master is the universal *KING*.

◆

An Oration of the Old Time Masons.

[Our readers will thank Bro. Van Deusen, of Connecticut, for rescuing from oblivion this famous oration, delivered before the Grand Lodge of New York, in 1808. We omit the first five pages.]

Permit me now, in the humble character of a fellow-workman in the temple of Masonry, to apply this address more closely to our Order, and to display the benefits resulting from the masonic institution, which some societies view with derision and contempt, yea, even some who believe in revealed religion ignorantly point their shafts of ridicule at our proceedings. I will in the first place endeavor to explain the correspondence existing between the labors of our masonic temple and our symbols with those of the Christian profession.

Our mysteries, my brethren, receive additional grandeur from the circle of instruction in which the mixed objects of natural and revealed religion are combined. See a demonstration of this in the mixed character of our brotherhood.

At the threshold of nature's God some bow, whilst at the door of the Christian altar alone another will pay his homage. Under the mixed character on the earth, and under the provident auspices of Him who sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust, hath our Order made its way until now; receive more clearly the illustration.

Let us begin with creation; we call ourselves *sons of light*, and so we are. First, belonging to an Order, from which some of its principles received its birth, when God said "let there be light and there was light;" when the sons of God in the invisible world sing at the recollection of the irresistible fiat, which diffused wisdom, beauty and strength on the face of old Chaos; which gave light to the world, and comely proportions to all creation's work; so ought we as sons of light chaunt in choir and celebrate the mighty deed here below.

Have we the resplendent sun in the full blaze of its strength displayed upon the field of our labor? Behold the same in the field of the vaulted firmament; and then let both Masons and Christians together adore the invisible light they both represent.

Doth the ark floating on the mighty deep add to the beauty and variety of our records? Behold an engraving of the Christian's faithful witness in the heavens, and of the ark of Noah, which according to the written word saved him and his house in the figure.

Behold in this invisible record a demonstration of the fact, and learn to pursue the pointings of wisdom to the vast original design.

Have we over the ark the new moon, embracing the face of a man? So behold the new man, the second Adam, overshadowed with the glory that is borrowed, that he might be crowned with glory and honor, and might taste death for every man.

Have we the anchor pendent? Recollect that the hopes of the soul is found in the mysteries which stand above it.

Doth the carpet present us with the figure of the bee-hive? In this behold, first, the hive of the universe, in which all creation labors in subordination of one wise design; secondly, the gospel hive—in which unity of design, fellowship in labor, in joy and sorrow, are marked as indispensable properties; thirdly, the unity and harmony, the extent and enterprise of our masonic fraternity; fourthly, a figure of the unity and harmony which in our hope is soon to fill the whole earth; and lastly, of the most perfect harmony and calm serenity which in the world of glory will consummate the subordinate building of God.

In view of acceptance through a worthy possession of the celestial pass-words at the heavenly gates, how instructive a lesson may be drawn from the diligence and activity of the bee. Doth not this little animal draw his nourishment from bitter flowers? How lively a picture of the sorrows of human life, from whence are drawn the Christian's sweetest joys, even the blessing of redemption and grace.

In the strength of the hive for their own protection, behold the strength of Him who weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance, in defence of those who put their trust *in Him*.

Under the blazing sun doth the unsheathed sword point to the naked heart? See the spirit of the word of truth, even the word of God, which is all "quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of the soul and of the body, of the joints and of the marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

Doth the trowel represent the duty of labor, and express the occupation of an operative Mason? How pressing the call to diligence in our business, that we may not set quiet in our apprenticeship, not to remain content with the title of finished workmen, when we scarcely understand the first rudiments of our calling; for how contemptible, my brethren, stands the quack in physic, the pettifogger in law, the hypocrite in religion? I might now enter into the illustrations and correspondence which the emblems of the higher order in the arch degree bear to the gospel plan, but it would lead us into a field too extensive for our present contemplation; press forward, then, my brethren, who have not yet received this exalted degree, till you find the arch which supports the key-stone, uniting the two pillars, forming in the whole a perfect body, and a perfect work: standing as a fixed monument of the perfect fraternity in which all mankind will be united when the building shall be accomplished.

May God hasten that happy period, quicken us in our work, and when the master of the house shall come to view his temple, he may find us so doing; then shall the wages of the laborer be sure and his reward be applauded from on high. Now, my brethren, view the last and closing scenes of man.

Let the hour-glass and scythe impress your minds with the fleeting moments of time, and the readiness of death to bring the glory of man to the dust; with what activity of heart and hand ought we not to be found, to double our diligence in all the work which our hands may find to do.

At the foot of the masonic edifice are placed the emblems of death; here behold the coffin, there the spade. Is the coffin the narrow dwelling in which we are all to be laid? and is the grave the house appointed for all the living? Surely this Order cannot be charged with neglecting the most cogent arguments to prepare for that solemn event. Let the sign of the cross, supported by the bridge, point out to you the way of crossing in safety the Jordan of death.

In this place it might not be improper to relieve your patience, were it not more fully to confirm the Christian doctrine, from a view of its correspondence with masonic emblems; and the more powerfully to illustrate the analogy of the works of God in general, and thereby to gain increased reverence to His holy name, a little indulgence is craved that the comparison between the Christian and the masonic temple may be a little further maintained. This correspondence is demonstrable.

First. This order of builders hath been supported and handed down to this day, and its mysteries preserved in the hands of men of renown; and have not kings, emperors, statesmen and historians enrolled their names on the records of our Order? So hath the Christian doctrine received support from the efforts of genius, of literature, and of the holy spirit of God, moving upon the pavement of the gospel building.

Secondly. Hath not this Order avowedly preserved certain secrets to the brotherhood? so in the gospel plan, the secrets of the Lord is *with them* that fear Him, and he will show them his covenant; for in the mysteries of the most holy place none can enter but those who approach by the blood of Jesus.

Thirdly. Are not the duties of fellowship, of fraternity, and of universal benevolence, insisted upon by the rules of the Order? How correspondent to the duties inculcated by the principles of our holy religion.

Fourthly. Are the arms of this Order open to all nations, people, tongues, and languages? How wide doth the gospel benevolence expand its arms, and with ardency of desire invite all nations of the earth to come and take repose under the vine and fig-tree, which yield so delightful a shade to all the true worshippers of God.

May the incense of praise, even a pure offering of sacrifice, shortly arise from the altar of every nation, that the knowledge of the Lord may fill the whole earth, even as the waters cover the sea.

Fifthly. Doth our fraternity acknowledge imperfection in the knowledge of their mysteries, and in the conduct of their members? With how great justice may the Christian fold make a humiliating confession of the same.

Have the enemies of the former taken occasion to blast their name from the circumstance? So have the enemies of the latter. We will not in this place make any apology for them.

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The Loving Tie.

Well has the poet sung:

"The loving tie we feel,
No language can reveal;
Tis seen in the sheen of a kind brother's eye,
It trembles on the ear," etc.

Who that feels the heart of a Mason beating within his breast has not felt this? Who has not recognized in the hand-grip, the tones of the voice, and expression of the countenance, of the fellows with whom Masonry enables him to associate, that there is *a reality* in masonic attachment of which the world knows nothing, and which indeed constitutes THE SECRET OF MASONRY? If the reader replies, "I have never felt these things," then let him take it to himself that *he was not first prepared in heart to be made a Mason.*

We said *this loving tie is the real secret of Masonry.* We repeat it. It is the greatest of all mysteries, the mystery of LOVE. It is of the same that animates the mother's heart to die for her child. Who can explain it, yet who has not felt its truth?

The author of "The Masons' Home" labored with this thought when he sang:

"Where hearts *are warm* with kindred fire,
And love *beams free* from answering eyes,
Bright spirits hover, hover there,
And *that's the Home* the Masons prize."

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* The *Incommunicable name* of GOD has been preserved in its three-old sense, by a certain Order of Freemasonry.

† Vide the *Pillars*.

‡ This Religion is of the highest antiquity. Would that all its professed disciples practically observed its precepts! Then every man would do to his neighbor as he would be done unto by him!

The writer has been in many such a "Mason's Home;" in many a secret apartment, high raised above the world, very nigh to heaven, where the LOVING TIE was a tie of might, where the LOVING FIRE was a fire of power, where the LOVING EYES directed from every part of the room upon the "Open Word," in the center, gave, were it possible, additional holiness to the Sacred Volume; where every word spoken was as if a benignant spirit from off the altar had touched their lips with a live coal. He has witnessed the closing of many such a lodge, and felt when he departed thence as the three fishermen of Galilee felt when they left the MOUNT OF TRANSFIGURATION, "sorrowing that they were forbidden to tabernacle there for the remnant of their days." He remembers many such a lodge as the place where souls were fitted through the influence of the loving tie for "the Celestial Lodge above, where the Supreme Architect of the Universe presides."

Oh, brethren, cultivate this LOVING TIE! It is the best of your possessions, the most precious reward that Freemasonry can afford you in return for your time, money, and other sacrifices. It is all that repays you for the heavy bonds you have assumed to become a Mason, the infraction of which brings down on an erring brother such lasting disgrace. Cherish the loving tie, and allow no man or body of men to make innovations upon it. Look with suspicion, as upon a Judas, upon the person who endeavors to introduce confusion into your counsels. Harmony is the first element of brotherly love, and he who displaces harmony for discord is a worse, because a more dangerous character, than Morgan himself.

Vain are the efforts of masonic writers to establish a literature of Freemasonry, vain the attempts of Grand Lodges to give body and form to its jurisprudence, if the LOVING TIE is absent from its meetings. The world will judge Masonry by its *printed professions of harmony and love*, and should the intercourse of Freemasons with one another not correspond with those, the whole system will be condemned as hypocritical and false. Milton powerfully says of the jangling noise of words that followed upon the "Confusion" at Babel:

> "Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
> Among the builders; each to other calls,
> Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage
> As mocked, they storm."

See that such is not the case with you.

The Origin and Spirit of Masonry.

BY REV BRO. CONE.

Few institutions of man survive their age. The present has, indeed, most of the experience and wisdom of the past, but very little has come down in the permanent and embodied form of organized institutions. It could hardly be otherwise. This is not wholly because we are wiser than the men of antiquity, but because there is no sympathy of a common purpose between us and them. We stand on another plane. We are children of another and a higher dispensation. We are fighting the battles of liberty and humanity with quite other engines of warfare, and under a new banner. We love to do things in our own way, and applaud the man who finds out something new still. We are not only on a higher, but a broader plane. The institutions of the past, which we only know by their record in history, were too limited and exclusive for us. We are tending rapidly toward a grand universality. We are beginning to think and to work for all mankind. Our platform is broad, and the men who speak from it seem often inspired to utter words of great meaning, which soon are heard in a score of languages, and applauded by millions on two continents. So the past may give us its wisdom, but we cannot adopt its institutions, and work under its yoke. We gladly welcome to our councils the venerable and great men of the old days of legend, poetry and romance, but we do not thank them to come with their talk about their Jupiter and Juno, their Thor and Woden, nor their Urim and Thummim. They will not be well received if they come with their altars, and censers, and sacrificial knives. But if they have any great truths to tell us we are glad to hear them. If they can throw any light on the gloom that hides their times and their work from us, and tell us how men struggled for God and for liberty in those ancient days, they will be applauded and loved. The Jewish sages and law-givers have handed down to us some great truths which all posterity will love and cherish; but their institutions have passed away, because they were narrow and exclusive. The decalogue with its universal truths survives in the heart of mankind, but the ark of the covenant is no longer borne in procession, and the victim does not smoke on the altar. Rome gives us her experience in her noble histories, her poetry, and her orations. Her eternal law remains with its universal principles for the study and admiration of all ages; but her organized institutions, narrow, national and selfish, are swept away into oblivion.

So is Time destructive of all that has something more than a local or temporary interest or use to recommend it to posterity. The generations of men are looking ahead, as they march on. They take from the past only the eternal truths which will serve them as stepping-stones in their climbing to get nearer the heavens. They love and preserve only such institutions as embody universal truths for all men and for all times. These they carry along with them, and keep with reverence and gratitude. In them they find strength, hope and joy, because they find truths which never grow old.

Such an institution is MASONRY. It is because of the universality of its principles and the grandeur and beauty of its truths that it has been so loved and preserved by the best men in all ages. While temples and thrones have crumbled to dust, while dynasties have been swept away, and whole nations have lost their existence, while works of art and schools of science have been overthrown and trampled in the dust of marching armies, while the greatest productions of poetry and eloquence and history have perished, or been snatched from destruction only to exist mutilated and half ruined, Masonry has been preserved uncorrupted. It has been preserved by the love of great and noble hearts. True and pure men have thrown their protection around it. Patriarchs, sages, divines, and philosophers have carried its precious principles with them, and in the midst of the populous city, and away in the lonely desert, they have set up its pillars of WISDOM, STRENGTH and BEAUTY, and under its starry canopy have lifted up their hearts to the Great Architect of the Universe. Its Great Lights have never been extinguished. They have survived all the night of barbarism, and every shock of revolution; and now the grand old institution comes down to us to-day, advancing from the shades of a dim and unhistoric antiquity, radiant with all its original beauty, no star lost from its canopy, no column broken, no pillar overturned, no truth obscured, no symbol corrupted, and no glory dimmed.

Duty of Ministers who are Masons.

It cannot be denied that, large as the number of preachers in our ranks is, they do but little, as a whole, for the advancement of the cause. When a Lodge becomes old, they do not, as a body, stand up for it. Considering the respect paid them in Masonry—the remission of their fees, dues, and other contributions, and other tokens of regard bestowed upon them—this, to say the least, is ungrateful.

The influence of ministers, when active in the cause of Masonry, is so great, their efforts are so readily acknowledged and rewarded by the Craft, that we should suppose this alone would serve to stimulate them to a higher degree of usefulness than they evince. Their duties in and out of the Lodge may be summed up thus:

1. They should show the scriptural relations borne by Masonic traditions.
2. Most of them travel much; and this will enable them to visit many Lodges, and communicate intelligence largely.
3. They are "peace-makers" by profession; and this points them out as the proper arbiters and daysmen in the difficulties that arise amongst brethren.
4. They are the "exemplars" of good works, and ought to be of masonic works.
5. They ought to be unflinching and indefatigable in dispensing masonic discipline to offenders.—*Voice of Masonry.*

Secret and Public Masonry.

BY W∴ BRO. FENWICK, OF INDIA.

The secrets of Masonry are our own, and with them the outer world has nothing to do; but the principles of Masonry are universal and should be common property. Those principles I neither hesitate nor am I ashamed to declare wherever I go. They are "BROTHERLY LOVE, RELIEF, AND TRUTH." Let the world know them and welcome; they are the grand principles which bind Masons to one another. We are all fallible mortals—all prone to err, all under the curse of Adam and likely to go astray; but if we will only endeavor, strenuously endeavor, to act up to our principles, we may hope, when the last summons shall have been sent us, to ascend to those immortal mansions whence all good emanates.

THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

From the Danish.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

[The following strange and somewhat mystical ballad is from Nyerup and Rahbek's *Danske Viser* of the Middle Ages. It seems to refer to the first preachings of Christianity in the North, and to the institution of Knight Errantry. The three maidens I suppose to be Faith, Hope, and Charity. The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation:]

Sir Oluf, he rideth over the plains,
  Full seven miles broad and seven miles wide,
But never, ah never, can meet with the man
  A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hill side
  A Knight, full well equipped;
His steed was black, his helm was barred;
  He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his Spurs
  Twelve little golden birds,
Anon he spurred his steed with a clang,
  And there sat all the birds and sang.

He wore upon his mail
  Twelve little golden wheels,
Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,
  And round and round the wheels they flew.

He wore before his breast
  A lance that was poised in rest,
And it was sharper than diamond stone,
  It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm
  A wreath of ruddy gold,
And that gave him the maidens three,
  The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the Knight eftsoon,
  If he were come from heaven down;
"Art thou Christ of Heaven?" quoth he,
  "So will I yield me unto thee."

"I am not Christ the Great,
  Thou shalt not yield thee yet;
I am an unknown Knight,
  Three modest maidens have me bedight.

"Art thou a Knight elected,
  And have three maidens thee bedight?
So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,
  For all the maidens honor!"

The first tilt they together rode,
  They put their steeds to the test;
The second tilt they together rode,
  They proved their manhood best.

The third tilt they together rode,
  Neither of them would yield;
The fourth tilt they together rode,
  They both fell on the field.

Now lie low the lords upon the plain,
  And their blood runs unto death;
Now sit the maidens in the high tower,
  The youngest sorrows till death.

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LUKEWARM MASONS.—A correspondent asks us how it is that so many persons, after a zealous connection with Masonry, all at once fall into an entire neglect of it, and not seldom a desertion virtually of the Order. That such is the case cannot be denied. And the solution of the problem may be found in the fact that many enter Masonry without a sufficiently stable idea of its obligations. Others again, from being too zealous at first, find there is not in the Order that food for mere excitement their minds crave, and they then languish.

Whilst another class, good and conscientious men, too, find those things take place in Masonry which they cannot believe conduce to its well-being, and which they feel not to be in accordance with its true principles. Desirous of avoiding a collision of opinion, which might induce strife where only harmony should exist, they withdraw. And thus true it is that Masonry, in our own day, has more deserters than recruits. Let all aid a return to brighter times.—*Indian Freemason's Friend.*

Masonry.

BY BRO. CAMMACK, G.·. T.·.

What is Masonry? It is a sublime system of morals, veiled in allegory, and illustrated by symbols. These symbols are our alphabet; and, unless we study them, learn their meaning, and know what are the duties connected with them, we may be Masons by name, but we shall know nothing of the teachings of Masonry. I was forcibly struck, a short time ago, when our Order went to lay the corner-stone at the Old Foundry Church, by a remark which dropped from the lips of Dr. Ryan, a member of our Order and a Knight Templar. He said: "The sound of the gavel never ceases, from the rising of the sun until the going down of the same." Go where you will, in Pagan or in Christian lands, in civilized or in uncivilized countries, Masonry is there. I thought that this remark might be literally true, that the sound of the gavel never ceased; for we know that when it is midnight here, the sun is shining in another portion of the world, and perhaps there is no period in the whole twenty-four hours when some Lodges are not congregated together. I took that thought upon the subject; but, upon deeper reflection, I found that the remark had a deeper meaning even than that. The sound of the gavel never ceases with a Mason. It is constantly employed on his internal man—his moral nature—that superstructure that he is raising to the glory of that God who made him. Every one of us who are now present has stood in the northeast corner of the Lodge, and we remember what instruction was given to us—that the foundation of every edifice is laid in the northeast corner. And when the foundation of our Masonic edifice is laid in that spot, it is for you, for me, for every one of us, to use this gavel upon our moral nature. We are all rough ashlars in a state of nature: and it is by the constant application of the gavel that these rough edges are to be made smooth—that these deep-seated passions, these morbid appetites, and everything connected with evil in us, must be subdued, or we cannot make a spiritual workmanship that will pass the square of the Great Architect above. My brethren, I love Masonry; and why? Because everything connected with it is drawn from the Divine inspiration. I learn from the Divine inspiration, in the very first sentences of that Book which is the great light of Masonry, that in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth; and there is more in those few simple but comprehensive words than in ten thousand volumes that could be written by man. There is the acknowledgment of a God; and Masonry, to have its due effect upon its votaries, must ever reverence the Almighty. A Mason who is irreverent with the name of God, who takes his name lightly upon his lips, or is guilty of blasphemy, degrades and disgraces the Order to which he belongs. The name of God should always be spoken by a Mason with that holy reverence which is due from a creature to his Creator. I am taught, also, by Masonry, that God alone is perfect, that He is the Great Architect of the universe, that He is omniscient, that He is omnipresent, that He is omnipotent; and the man who denies the existence of a God, or the attributes of God, never ought to enter the door of the sanctuary that we call the Holy of Holies. A blasphemer to be a Mason! It is a degradation to him as a man—it is an insult to his God! Masonry is no respecter of persons.

The Principles of Masonry, as Symbolized in the Remains of the Structural Erections of the Middle Ages.

BY BRO. E. C. BRUTON, ARCHITECT.

The plan of our Christian temples, though in their entirety they were developed in that most sacred of all symbols, the cross, are in their parts composed of parallelograms; complete, they are situate due east and west, while in a convenient position adjoining the western entrance is performed the ceremony of preparation for the admittance of candidates into the brotherhood of the Church. There, by the assistance of those who vouch for his future instruction, is laid the foundation upon which, it is hoped, the candidate himself will rear a temple of honor and virtue.

Proceeding onwards towards the east, we reach—situated in an analogous position with those pillars upon which much of the fabric of Masonry rests—the position of the expounders of the Christian faith. Without the knowledge they teach, we cannot, in either instance, obtain that consolation which all good Masons, as well as Christians, desire, and which is only administered to those who have been found to be worthy recipients of its minor virtues.

But it is rather the consideration of the structural and decorative symbolisms of these temples which is our present object; and first, with reference to *structural* symbolism. The main walls, which have to sustain the thrust of the roof, we find are composed only of such stones as have had their nobs and excrescences rudely removed; they were compactly laid, and cemented together by a composition of hot lime and gravel, and therefore not unworthily represent that Brotherhood who are bound to each other by the warmest ties of friendship and esteem. At the angles of the walls, and in other convenient positions, hewn stones were placed; these were wrought by the chisel with the greatest care, and finished with level beds, upright joints, and square angles, and had occasionally designs of rare beauty wrought upon their face.

The roofs were constructed and tiled in the most skillful manner; their parts were composed of a number of carefully hewn stones, swung together in mid-air, each having a common centre; while at the groin, formed by two or more of these roofs intersecting, beautifully moulded, and occasionally carved, ribs were inserted, the whole forming a network of much beauty. In some examples, too, a carved boss, or sculptured figure of a saint, and sometimes even of an animal, enriched the interior of these roofs.

At the lower point, where the arches were gathered together by the groining, the force was concentrated, and consequently here, then, they placed a strong buttress, which, like a sturdy Brother, kept the whole in equilibrium, while, to mark its importance and value, it was frequently honored by some amount of decoration.

Light was admitted into these temples by openings left in the walls, which openings are like the lights of Freemasonry; cast into this was the point where the greatest resistance was required; such symbolic forms as should best explain the truths they were intended to illustrate. Symbolic illustration was also employed in the glass which was placed in these openings, which, being stained into representation of the forms of the earliest expounders of our faith, beautifully typify, by their resplendent hues, the glorious career of those devout men.

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Again, the representation of the distorted figures to be met with in string-courses may be intended to represent, or symbolically to exhibit, the incidents which continually occur, and which not frequently sever that bond of love and harmony which the string-course aptly represents.

In the choir of these temples symbolic representations of Christian and Masonic virtues were frequently sculptured, while in the painted decorations which usually adorned this portion of the edifice they were abundantly placed; the most frequent being the double triangle, which is said to be one of the most sacred of symbols, and typical of the Trinity.

The tracery of the stalls, and the tesselated pavement, will also prove of much interest to inquiring Masons, as much which will prove the designer's knowledge of the Craft will frequently be found there. The banners, too, and altar-tombs, which occupy this portion of the edifice, and the chapels which are frequently attached, are of much Masonic interest.

Ascending now by the winding staircase which leads to the roof, and then continuing upwards, we reach that chamber where hang those iron-tongued heralds that peal forth, in harmonious cadence, the gratifying intelligence that the doors of this Christian temple are open for the relief of all those who are "weary and sick at heart;" while still higher, and beyond the reach of our footsteps, swings another symbol, emblematic of the watchfulness we should exhibit to prevent surprise; and also typical of the rebuke administered to one who denied the relationship he bore to HIM who suffered to atone for the sins of man.

Beneath these temples was frequently placed another chamber, well worthy of a visit; descending from the churchyard with some caution, for the steps are generally irregular and dilapidated, with a little care, we are enabled to reach the crypt. Once there, and our eyes focussed for the subdued light, our first exclamation is one of wonder at the beauty of the spot, and our next expresses a conviction that, by the care bestowed in its construction, our ancient Brethren were accustomed to make frequent visits to this repository of the remains of their predecessors and contemporaries, and probably returned from the contemplation of the virtues which once adorned its inanimate occupants relieved and chastened by the visit.

An Eloquent Extract.

[A waif from the sea of the past.]

Companions of the Order! Knights Templars, Royal Arch, Past, Mark and Master Masons, Fellow Craftsmen and Apprentices, thousands of your most honored members have heard already the call of the Grand Master above. They have entered, we trust, through the gates of the city—they are before th throne, they are wearing the cincture of Heavenl Masonry. and attending to the instructions of th Great I AM.

We shall soon follow them; one after another wil we go the way of all the living. You will leave you places in the lodge and others will fill up your ranks The procession will be formed—it will walk silentl and sadly to the graveyard. There you will be lai by a brother's hands gently and softly with the silen dead. The solemn services will be pronounced ove your coffin—the spring of cassia will fall lightly o your cold remains, significant of your rising on th last great day.

I cannot raise my hand or voice to address, to imitate, to instal, or to admonish a brother, without remembering Jesus Christ is the chief corner-stone o Free and Accepted Free Masonry, and the keyston of the topmost arch.

I look around to read your thoughts. Infidelity i not here. You will therefore sustain me when I say in God's name, through the Son of his love, we wil this day consecrate ourselves to the sacred and sublime principles of our Order, till each member of th fraternity becomes a temple sacred to virtue and th unsullied elements of goodness. This, brethren, i to be Masons indeed, bringing up not evil report t the disgrace of our order—that when we receive th summons from the Grand Lodge above, we may haste with gladness, clothed in the regalia of the skies, t meet our brethren in the Holy of Holies, to go ou no more forever.

There is a signal known only to the fraternity, a which the breath of every Mason is hushed, and dee silence pervades the Lodge; so, when God rises in th magnificent Temple of the Universe and stretche forth His hand, sleeping millions will start from thei graves, and they shall stand before Him a multitud no man can number. There we shall meet our dea again and give them the signals of our immortal love

Again the same mysterious vision comes boomin across the sea of my imagination, as before, but mor palpable and distinct. It is too big a picture for m soul—yet I must grasp it, while my ear trembles wit strange music, and my eye beholds beings of terribl beauty standing before me, and takes in the flashin banners of an innumerable multitude.

I see the Christian-Masonic procession as it marche through this to the upper world—thousands upo thousands, millions upon millions! Have the Crusaders come again, that they direct all their hopes t the East and travel towards the Holy Land? See they will go back the way of Moriah and Calvary—an yet the procession goes onward still and rises hig above the pinnacles of earth.

I see the hierarchies of soul and intellect, th Sovereigns of the Order, the Knights of the Sun, o the Red Cross, of the Brazen Trumpet and of th East and West—I see the Princes of Mercy, of th Tabernacle, of Libanus and Jerusalem—I see th Templars, the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre and o the Ninth Arch.

I see them come—the Masters, the Craftsmen, th Apprentices—then come the vast army of Martyrs, th true Templars of the Cross, the Pioneers of Redemption, having on them the marks of fire and violence red with their own blood—and then a vast multitud of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people.

What a procession! The loud song of cymbal an harp, the harmony of celestial choirs, ring in m ears—the wind of their banners fan my heated brow

They have washed their robes and made them whit in the blood of the Lamb.

I look higher—far beyond Calvary. I see th everlasting doors of the upper Temple open. "Le there be light!" speaks the great sweet voice of th Grand Master of Eternity. An exceeding brightnes burns upon the head of the great procession. Banner and plume, crosier and cross, are bathed in th ineffable pure white that rolls down its ocean-gush o living purity. I see them no more!—*Maffit.*

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ANCIENT MYSTERIES.—Isaiah, the Hebrew Prophet wrote:—"I will bring the blind by a way they kno not; I will lead them in paths they have not known I will make darkness light before them, and crooke things straight." There is nowhere to be discovere in books, sacred or profane, a better description o the characteristics which were common to all the initiations of the ancient world. The ceremonies in each commenced in darkness and ended in light. Th initiate was blind as to what was before him—in condition of total ignorance as to that of which h sought a revelation—and the result was knowledge, or symbolically speaking, light.—*London Magazine.*

The National Freemason.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY, 1864.

Letters of business, and containing money, and correspondence, should be addressed Dr. McMurdy, Box 982. Printed matter should be directed National Freemason, Lock Box 18, Washington city.

Every change of P. O box, or residence of subscribers, should be carefully reported. The past address of the paper should always be stated.

Under the present postal law, no matter can be delivered until postage (three cents per quarter) is paid.

No paper can be stopped until arrearages are paid.

OFFICIAL.

To the Brethren, Companions, and Sir Knights of the several jurisdictions; We, as Grand Master of Knights Templar in the United States of America, Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, send greeting:

We not only regard with favor the enterprise so generally approved by the Craft, to establish a National Masonic Journal at the metropolis of the nation, but we are impelled by a deep sense of its importance to urge upon you the most vigorous exertions to give to this much-needed instrument for good a healthy and vigorous life.

Let each masonic body, in corporate capacity, subscribe for as many copies of the National Freemason as may be expedient for circulation among the widows and orphans of Masons, and among the sick and indigent Masons in hospitals, thereby exercising a high charity. Let each Mason take as many copies personally as he can afford, and induce his neighbor to do the same.

We are satisfied, from the well-known high educational, literary, and masonic character of the Rev R. McMurdy, D. D., LL. D., Grand Prelate of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, that the National Freemason will be conducted in a liberal, faithful, national, and catholic spirit, and will tend to increase and diffuse light within and without our sacred precincts, and promote harmony and good will among the brotherhood.

The moderate terms of its publication, $2 00 per annum, make it accessible to the masonic masses.

We urge you all, brethren, to prompt action in sending names of subscribers, paying in advance, to Rev. Dr. McMurdy, Washington, city.

B. B. FRENCH,
Grand Master Knights Templar, U. S. of A.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand High Priest of Grand Royal Arch Chapter
of Maryland and District of Columbia.
Y. P. PAGE,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge
of the District of Columbia.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Maryland.

Discontinuance.—Where there is no order for discontinuance we suppose that the brother wishes to remain a subscriber, and will send us the money in advance for the next volume at the earliest moment. All discontinuing must state post office address, and, if in the city, the locality where the paper has been received, and must pay all arrearages.

We have four hundred complete sets of the first volume, for such as desire the first volume.

Agents and subscribers will please send us "greenbacks" in payment of subscriptions.

The advanced price of everything compels us to ask two dollars for the National Freemason. Clubs of twelve to one address will be charged $1 80; of sixteen, $1 70; of twenty or more, $1 50.

Our office, *Room No. 4, Federal Block*, corner 7th and F streets, immediately opposite City Post Office. Entrance next door to Anderson's.

Some authorized person always present to receive subscriptions and attend to orders.

We are indebted for this favor to Bro. Blair, Past Grand Master of Illinois, who has opened in this city an insurance office, both fire and life, where he will be pleased to see his friends.

The *Machias* (Maine) *Union* says:

"The National Freemason is well filled with matter useful and entertaining to the Craft."

Our thanks to Marshall Lodge, of Marshalltown, Iowa, for the cordial, complimentary invitation to be present at their St. John's Festival.

Self-forgetting love and self-reliant thought are elements of masonic manhood. The mind must be as free to truth as the heart is *bound* to duty.

Bro. Crutchfield, of Kentucky, is doing good work as an agent of the National Freemason.

The Mystic Star says:

The National Freemason is a very valuable publication and deservedly popular among the Craft.

The Swindler.

We are inclined to believe that the same person who has been imposing upon the Craft in getting subscriptions for the National Freemason without authority, is doing the same thing for other masonic periodicals and for the *Ladies' Friend.*

The mere fact of offering to take subscriptions for one half our regular price, should convince every Mason that the professed agent is an imposter.

Bro. Crutchfield, of Kentucky, is doing efficient and faithful service for the National Freemason.

Bro. Wolfe's agency has been honorable and energetic, and we trust he will not slacken his efforts.

Bro. Jeft's commission has not been returned to us as requested. We must again repeat that it is revoked, and no one must trust him on our account.

Local agents for towns or Lodges are not mentioned in our paper, because, they being known in their respective vicinities, no endorsement from us can add to their efficiency. We trust not only Masters and Secretaries, but every friend of a masonic paper, established to maintain the principles of our fraternity, will act heartily and earnestly in procuring subscribers.

Our thanks to Brothers Quintard and Rich of New York, and trust they will continue their efforts till every Lodge in that city and Brooklyn has been thoroughly canvassed.

We need efficient agents in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, and cities generally.

Especial attention is directed to the agency of the Knickerbocker Life Insurance Company, established by Past Grand Master (of Illinois) F. M. Blair, at room No. 4, Federal Block, corner 7th and F streets, entrance directly opposite the City Post Office.

We can recommend the Knickerbocker Company, not only from its managers and officers being in almost every case Masons, but, in the language of the *Insurance Reporter* of Philadelphia, because "*The Knickerbocker is sound, solvent, and affluent.*" The premiums of 1864 are nearly double the aggregate of 1863.

Bro. Blair & Co. will be found to be courteous and reliable gentlemen.

Our late Bro., Hon. John D. Willard, of the jurisdiction of N. Y., by will bequeathed $10,000 to Dartmouth College and $2,000 to the Troy Orphan Asylum.

Our wealthy Masons, enjoying the benefits of Freemasonry, who are little given to benefactions while living, will, we trust, remember the widow and the orphan in their bequests at the last.

The *Cedar Falls* (Iowa) *Gazette* says:

The National Freemason, published at Washington City, D. C., is undoubtedly the ablest and most interesting masonic journal published in this country. It should be in the hands of every Mason, for it is a reliable and comprehensive advocate of Freemasonry.

Many thanks to Rev. Father Croes for a copy of the Douay Bible, and Gallatzin's Defence, as Christmas presents.

Christmas and New Year's Present.—We have received several letters inclosing orders for the National Freemason, as a present to friends.

Mr. Bellew, 510 7th street, has a room for rent, suitable for a masonic lodge.

Our thanks to Montezuma Lodge, Santa Fe, New Mexico, for the invitation to be present at the dedication of their Lodge Hall, on December 27, the anniversary of St. John, the Evangelist. Thus does benign Masonry extend her gentle influence.

WANTED—Three good canvassers for Life and Fire Insurance. A rare chance is offered. References required. Call or address Room No. 4, Federal Block. Dec. 20, 1864.

A Word of the New Year.

As we issue this number, 1864 is making its exit and 1865 its advent.

In retrospect how stands the record? Hast thou *lived*, or hast thou only *breathed?* To the best of us, in the words of an old writer, "the web of our life is of mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be grand if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues." Many of us can truly say that the ills we fancied and feared were far greater than those that have fallen to our lot, while our joys have been greater and more than we hoped; let us, then, be grateful to the kind, benignant, and beneficent Father who has guided and guarded, protected and preserved so mercifully for us in the days of the past year. Let us not murmur that our good may be evil spoken of, for it is human to err. Let us forgive those who may have trespassed against us, and thus give evidence of the genuineness of the divine teachings of Freemasonry.

Many mourn the loss of loved ones, and our Order has suffered in the decease of a large number of worthy and wise brethren. Let us hope and pray that 1865 may not close without the restoration of peace and the re-union of the States, as when the Constitution was adopted.

Earth to the instructed Mason is a beloved spot, a beautiful meadow, the scene of childhood's sports and youthful pleasures—the place for earnest labor in and for humanity, yet, strong as is the attachment to it, his eye of faith and trust and hope rests upon a better land when earth's mission is completed.

To some brethren this has been a very eventful year; to others it has differed only in the greater cost of food and raiment.

Let us all mark wherein we have been deficient, or erred, or sinned, and be admonished to greater diligence in the future. Let us no more labor merely for ourselves, but grow in zeal in every charitable work. Let us banish our imaginary sorrows by courage and wisdom, and with cheerful, charitable hope, consecrate our lives to duty and benevolence, curbing and subduing our passions, and improving the better aspirations of our nature, discharging duties first to God, then to our brethren and all mankind, recollecting that good deeds, answering life's great end, make life long.

We wish our brethren a *Happy New Year.*

We have earnest and true Masons who are willing to live and die by the truths and principles of the Fraternity. Such are helping forward the dawning day—*avant couriers* of the morning. God bless such martyr natures. Still there is danger in individual effort, and especially in successful effort. As a master he becomes bound up in his own lodge. His lodge is to him the mass of the faithful. He is forced into a species of isolation, and learns to be satisfied with it. He is content with his own personal success. Here is danger of lodge selfishness and uncatholic individuality. His heart does not expand beyond the limits of his own lodge, and beat responsive to the trials, toils, failures, and burdens of those around him. He is a W.·. M.·., or M.·. W.·. G.·. M.·., or Warden, and believes in the universal brotherhood—in his lodge. If his work ceases to be individual, if he has power, vigor and talent to influence others, he becomes the leader of a masonic section, the founder of a ritualism, the head of a movement. He organizes a party with noble ends in view. Then there is agitation, trouble, work, anxiety.

This is not legitimate growth. It is not the steady, onward movement of masonic life, but hot-house forcing.

All movements among us must be legitimate, sanctioned by authority, and begun by the proper persons. For our work we do not need so much an increase of lodges and Masters, as lodge and Masters themselves, earnest, faithful, devoted to our landmarks and principles, and fully given to good works and good morals.

Brotherhood and the Church Quarterly.

We are pleased to chronicle that the leading Church Quarterly published at New York City is awakening to some appreciation of the influence of Masonry in the past, and the perfection of her brotherhoods as instrumentalities of usefulness. In a note, the review writes of the "Master, and Warden and Brethren," and "the Mysteries," as a masonic expert would. It speaks of the Masonic Corporations in the 13th and following centuries as "numerous and powerful." Thus it continues:

These all proceeded on the principle of combination, union, association, Brotherhood. They were Societies having a corporate life. Their origin goes back before the Norman Conquest; but of that early period of their history we know but little. They were, originally, voluntary fellowships or brotherhoods, combined for purposes of trade, or pleasure, or religion. Most frequently, even when the combination was not purely of a religious character, they took the form of religious bodies, and were placed under the protection and invocation of some Saint. These Brotherhoods took charge of all the interests of their respective trades. They formed a body corporate, with rights, and property, and livery. *They relieved the poor and needy of their members. They took charge of widows and orphans. They made provision for the Christian burial of their dead.* They were, in fact, a wonderful system of Christian Brotherhood, which, while they were banded together for secular purposes, yet gave due prominence to the religious element. They were Societies which combined, in a wonderful degree, *the interests of their trades, the relief of their poor, the social intercourse with their members, the care of their orphaned children, and the whole array of works of mercy;* and this so blended with, and hallowed by, the spirit of our holy Faith, as to make one mourn that we must see, as we now see everywhere, Commerce divorced from Christianity—Trade divided from Religion—Charity consigned to hirelings—Education to the world; and the whole Social fabric, in its business and its pleasures, torn from the blessing of the Church. Surely, with all our boastings of superior enlightenment. we have yet to learn the *secret they possessed of banding men together for the lawful occupations of the world*, and yet imparting to their business and their pleasure, a religious character.

The Review further says·

This whole subject is far too wide and too important to receive only this passing notice. Let it suffice to call attention to it; and to leave on record the conviction that it is by some adaptation of these principles that the Church must work, if she would make herself felt, as a living power, to reconstruct society, and to restore order among the broken elements of the world. Shame is it that the Church, divinely ordered, filled with the life and love of God, commissioned by "the Man, Christ Jesus," to go forth among men, to bless them;—shame is it that she should see society escaping from her control; Education wrested from her grasp; Commerce emancipated from her influence; Charity denied her blessing; amusements fleeing from her presence; and the whole social fabric, with its teeming life and varied interests, divorced from her guiding, purifying, and ennobling power. Shame is it the Harlot World should thus usurp the office of the Bride of Christ, and she stand idly by, silent, unmoved and tearless.

We need not be detained by speaking, at any length, of the feeble efforts in this direction in the 17th and 18th centuries. The history of the Religious Associations during that period is remarkable, as showing the working of a deeply religious life, in an age of flagrant immorality and sin. But they were but weak attempts to revive the secret of associated Christian life, and must be regarded rather as witnesses to a want which they were unable to meet, and as pioneers in a good work which God, in His own time, would revive among His people. Still, their influence was powerful in their day. They were largely instrumental in the establishment of the two great Church Societies, that for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and that for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Dr. Bray's scheme for founding Colonial Libraries was aided by their liberality. The Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy was established during their prevalence. The Tenths and First-fruits were restored, in the form of Queen Anne's Bounty, and fifty new Churches were built in London alone. In fact, all the great institutions which preserved the Church's life and activity to our own times owe their origin to this period, and, in some degree, to the quiet, noiseless influence of these Brotherhoods.

The Virtues of Masonry.

It is not the completeness of the virtues in masonic philosophy, masonic instruction, and (I wish I could add) in masonic practice, but more their even proportion and perfect harmony which distinguish our institution from others. Our fraternity is free from all one-sidedness, the weakness and the strength of modern societies. It is not of one idea, nor of one virtue pre-eminent above the rest. The moral forces, well tempered and moderated by each other—none are exaggerated, none carried to excess, none need modification or re-adjustment. Masonic virtue is healthy, manly, vigorous, yet genial, social, and humane; not austere and repulsive, always in full sympathy with innocent joy and pleasure, effective in good works without noise, very radical, and yet very conservative, fulfilling the letter of the law and yet making all things new,

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The New Year's Day of our Israelite Brethren was October 2, of 1864, according to their reckoning, 5625. All classes on this day make distributions. In Europe, among the higher classes, tickets of colored gelatine, on which good wishes for the coming year are inscribed in gold, are forwarded by post. The celebration of the Jewish New Year continues forty-eight hours to meet the difference of time, so that the festival may be kept at one and the same time all over the world, in united prayers, rejoicings, and chantings of a devoted and grateful, yet scattered nation. The Jewish New Year, it is stated, is a feast instituted by Moses upon the deliverance of the children of Israel from the servile bondage of the land of Egypt, which took place on the seventh month, on the first day of the new moon.

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Our late Bro. Covell—Devotion to Masonry—Alexandria Lodge—Poetry.

We sincerely condole with our highly esteemed Sir Knt. and Bro. Covell, of Jay Bridge, Maine, whose son, our Bro., John Pennell Covell, departed this life at the U. S. Military R. R. Hospital at Alexandria, Va., November 1st, of typhoid fever and dysentery, in the twenty-first year of his age. We also sympathize with our brother's widow, who became his wife February 14, 1864. [Bro. Covell is the sixth member of his lodge who has lost his life for his country.]

During his sickness Bro. Covell received every attention from our courteous and magnanimous Sir Knt., Dr. Griffin, the surgeon of the Hospital, ever fruitful in masonic good works. The Dr. did not wait for any lodge action, but promptly, at his own expense, had the brother embalmed and forwarded to his parents. Union Lodge, U.·. D.·., Alexandria, subsequently reimbursed Bro. Griffin.

This case, with hundreds of others, shows the importance of lodges and brethren being in masonic activity at and near the scenes of suffering and distress.

Bro. Covell was initiated by Oriental Star Lodge, of Livermore, Maine, December 1, 1863, the very day he attained his majority. His devotion to humanity showed that the masonic inner life dwelt richly within him.

A few extracts from his many letters to his home, full of masonic interest, serve to show not only his devotion to Masonry, but to set forth some facts for masonic guidance and opinion.

Under date of September 28, 1864, he writes:

There is a number of good Masons in our company, and we are going to have a room and cultivate the science of Freemasonry.

Under date of October 6, from Alexandria, he writes:

If we stop here to-night I am going to the lodge. I stop my letter to go with Bro.—— to lecture, masonically.

Resuming, he writes:

Tell father (the letter is addressed to his mother) to send some masonic books that he can well spare to the brothers here. This Lodge (Union, U.·. D.·., Alexandria) is doing a great and good work in seeing to brothers from any quarter that are in need, and also in sending the bodies of deceased brothers to their homes. I go this evening to become acquainted with these good brethren.

October 8, he writes:

I attended lodge meeting on Thursday, in the Hall in Alexandria, in which Washington governed as Master. I have been much interested in the various articles in the lodge and museum, associated with that great masonic name. Among other things there is the bier on which the Masons carried him to the grave.

Again he writes:

I attended lodge in this same old hall at Alexandria.

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The Hall is arched; the floor and steps are same as they are in our hall; the Ante-Room and Tyler's are situated the same. Over the Master's chair, and S. W. and J. W. there is a canopy projecting out over the chairs made of net work, some on the same plan as it is over the Master's chair in Ashler Lodge, with the exception of the sides. It is made of wood in this hall. I never met with truer *Masons* than I have here at the lodge. They take all pains one could ask to inform the visiting brethren of all they desire, *but be assured no hasty nor careless Mason can pass* their examination They gave me quite a close run, but I had no trouble in making myself known as a Mason. In some respects they work a little different than in Maine, but it means the same. I think if some of our lodges even in Maine were more strict in conforming to the ancient customs, it would be much better. They do not admit of half-way business down here.

We publish cheerfully the following original poetry sent by Sir Knt. Covell:

THE COVERED BRIDGE.

BY SIR KNT. DAVID BARKER.

Tell the fainting soul and weary form
There's a world of purest bliss,
That is linked, as soul and form are linked,
By a covered bridge with this.

Yet, to reach that realm on t'other shore
We must pass through transient gloom—
We must walk unseen, unaided, all alone,
Through that covered bridge—the tomb.

But we all pass over on equal terms,
For the universal toll
Is the outer garb which the hand of God
Has flung around the soul.

Though the eye is dim and the bridge is dark,
And the river it spans is wide,
Yet faith ever points to the shining mount
That looms on the other side.

To enable our feet in the next day's march
To climb that golden ridge,
We must all lie down for one night's rest,
Inside the covered bridge.

The following is inscribed to the widow of our brother:

TO LUCY M. C——

Thou doest all things well.
We praise Thee, gracious God;
Sore stricken by thy rod,
We bow beneath the same;
For though thy ways we can not tell,
We know thou dooth all things well.

The husband of your love,
So good, so true, so kind,
Has gone to realms above,
Rest from our world to find;
He lives where saints and angels dwell,
Where seraph harps Thy glories swell.

Then while we mourn our loss,
We will our God adore;
'Tis but our earthly cross—
He has but gone before.
He wears the crown with those who dwell
With one who dooth all things well.

Again in realms above,
We shall your husband meet;
And hear Christ's words of love
From off the mercy seat.
Come all ye blest, forever dwell
With God who doeth all things well.

Then, mourners, cease to weep;
Widow, repress the sigh;—
Our dear one doth but sleep,
To wake again on high.
'Mid bliss and joy tongue cannot tell,
With God who doeth all things well.

The Church Guild and its Chapters.

Our principles are becoming more and more operative. We hail with pleasure "*The Church Guild of Chicago,*" which proposes to seek those deprived of church privileges, to encourage their attendance upon church, to furnish them with schools, to aid their practice of virtue and charity, teach the ignorant, succor the distressed, console the afflicted, relieve the poor, comfort the sick, and bury the dead.

This "Church Guild" has branches in the parishes of the State, which branches are called "*Chapters.*" The officers are called "Wardens."

Hon. Salmon P. Chase.

It has been our privilege to know Mr. Chase for many years, and we have admired his piety and his integrity, his humanity and his pre-eminent talents. We notice Mr. Chase here, because of his education and training having been conducted under masonic auspices.

The Chief Justice became an orphan by the death of his father at the age of nine. At the age of twelve he commenced his education at Worthington, Ohio, under that venerable prelate, his uncle, Philander Chase. When Bishop Chase became the President of Cincinnati College, his nephew was prepared to enter the institute, thus receiving from his masonic uncle that discipline and instruction which have at least promoted his success in life.

We gave, in a previous number, a brief masonic history of Bishop Chase, showing that Masonry influenced his life and conduct, and that it was a chief educator of this eminently great and useful prelate. We have also proved that the masonic minds have been mainly the motive power for good, whether in Church or State.

◆

At an installation of a Commandery at Saratoga Springs, last month, Chancellor Walworth referred with pleasure to his masonic career.

Sir Knight Kemp, of Troy, referred to the influence of Masonry on war, in alleviating some of its horrors, and making itself felt on the battle-field and in danger. He thought that it would play no unimportant part in the coming re-construction of our glorious Union. The allusion to captive brother Masons called from Sir Knight Rosseau the recital of the following touching lines:

"Pining in the prison's cell,
Those we've cherished long and well—
Brothers of the Mystic Light,
In the prison's gloom this night—
Brothers of the perfect Square,
On the damp ground, cold and bare—
Far from home and hope removed,
Brothers fondly, truly loved—
When we pray, oh! let our prayer
Be fervent for the prisoner—
As we sing, oh! let the note
Name the absent not forgot—
And while round this festive board we join,
Let us toast them with the wine—
And the toast we love the best,
Captive soon to be released."

◆

P.·. G.·. M.·. Bro. Simons, the editor of the Masonic department of the New York *Dispatch* calls attention to the article in our last number, under the caption, "Is it right?" He writes:

It is probable that just now brethren living at the national capital are being heavily taxed by the frequent calls of sojourners, as was the case ten years ago, when the California fever landed so many victims in San Francisco, to be cared for, and, alas! in too many instances, to be buried at the expense of the lodges and brethren there; but it is one of the penalties of greatness that the purse be a long one. New York has been doing the same thing so long that we have got used to it, and never think of complaining; nay, more, we do not doubt but that the lodges here would cheerfully repay their proportion of expenditure incurred in behalf of worthy brethren hailing from this jurisdiction. We hope they will do so, for the lodges in the District are few in number, and must be frequently called to assist brethren from abroad. A slight donation from each lodge in the States would aggregate a large sum, and be a graceful acknowledgment of the kindness of the Washington craft.

Masonic Mission.

In our last we noticed the purposes of this mission. During the past month the operations of the society in the way of Home Charity in the city of New York, commenced.

John Anderson, Esq., the celebrated tobacconist, now retired from business, has given to the society the use of sufficient money to enable it to go into the market and buy at first hands, in large quantities, coal, flour and wood, while it in turn supplies in small quantities to the poor at the pro rata actual cost. Coal is thus brought to the poor at forty cents a bushel instead of eighty.

The practical results of this movement will be to do more real good to those it is designed to reach, than anything else attempted or accomplished by any other society in the great Metropolis this winter, because it is based on a correct philosophy, and will not only work relief in the way and to those by whom it is most needed, but it has in it a self-sustaining and enduring character that the ordinary spasmodic efforts lack.

While passing down Broadway during a recent visit to New York, we noticed an omnibus horse lying at full side length on that glass-faced-stone-paved road, he, having made ineffectual efforts to rise, lay outstretched, seemingly *content* to be so because he was making the best of what he was powerless to prevent. At this juncture a gentleman stepped to the head of the prostrate animal, and, taking him by his bits, *did not attempt to lift him up,* but indicated to him how to use his own powers to the best advantage in helping himself up; it succeed, and that horse trudged on through his day's duty.

There are thousands of animates, not horses, who trip and fall on the uncertain business and social ways of this world, stopped up and hampered by the cart-harness and fastenings of life's relations, who flounder and struggle in endeavors to rise, till exhaustion, proving their effort a humiliating failure, thus finally resign ambition and hope, and fall into the ranks of the thousands found in all great communities, who, discouraged by defeat and chilled by the cold selfishness of the crowd about them, become more spiritless, brute-like and degraded, as life wears them slowly and miserably away.

To encourage such of those as are not beyond aid, by helping them to help themselves, is the wise philosophy, underlaying what will prove to be the enduring and wide-spread work of the masonic mission, dispensing relief in light to those benighted, hope to the desponding, and brotherly consideration to those who suffer and agonize for the work of the manifestations of these cardinal features of the times—the MASONIC ideal of human characters.

With the new year the managers intend to inaugurate a course of lectures, the proceeds of which, in addition to contributions from lodges, individuals, churches, and benefits from places of amusements, to be appropriated to sending reading matter to the soldiers. Brethren, help on this noble work, it will make the hearts of our brave men in the army throb gratefully, and convince them that—

"When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
When the candles are lit in the parlors,
And the stars in the calm azure sky;
And when the good-nights are repeated,
And all lay us down to our sleep,
We think of the absent and waft them,"

not only a mental "God bless them," but are ready to do, if we have not already done, all in our power to comfort them who are sick, and to render as cheerful and happy as may be, the tedium of the homes of both sick and well, which are cheerless enough at best.

How pleasant to see the hearty unanimity of the fraternity, otherwise divided, concerning the Masonic Mission.

The following is from the *N. Y. Courier:*

Last week we briefly alluded to this most excellent and deserving association, instituted by Masons for the furtherance of not the least of the objects for which the Masonic Society was instituted—CHARITY.

It has been well said, that "Charity extends beyond the grave," but it is in no wise meant by our teachings, that it shall not be exemplified *practically* to the living. So believing, several of the members of our Fraternity have determined to extend the sphere of their usefulness, by quietly and unostentatiously—without hope of fee or reward—attempting to ameliorate the condition of those of our distressed fellow-citizens and their families, during the coming winter. by affording such assistance as will enable them to obtain some of the main necessaries of life *at cost,* entirely free from the percentage usually charged by *middle-men,* which however small—though generally greater than that which is usually charged to the rich—will ensure to their unfortunate fellow-citizens a greater share than they would otherwise obtain of the prime essentials to their health and comfort.

Nor is the sphere of usefulness of the Masonic Mission intended to be confined to those needing relief in their midst. While they purpose alleviating the sufferings of those at home, they also propose to add to the comfort of their brethren and other co-patriots, now engaged in the military service of our common country, by furnishing them gratuitously with reading matter, whereby they can while away many of the tedious hours of the camp, which would otherwise hang heavily on their hands.

The purposes of the Mission are, we believe, as follows:

1st. To collect and distribute reading matter to the soldiers of the army, by inviting all Master Masons, and the public at large, to contribute their spare books, newspapers, and magazines—in fact any valuable reading matter—to be forwarded to those, who while temporarily, as it is hoped, are isolated from us, and thus deprived of the means of procuring such food for the mind, and improvement for the understanding, a supply.

2d. To inaugurate a home charity in this city and its surroundings, by furnishing coal, flour, &c., to the poor at cost; and by so doing save those least able to bear enormous, or even minor extras, the profits, without which the general class of small dealers cannot exist, who have to pay store rent, clerk hire, &c., and who themselves cannot discriminate without giving offense to those who can and should pay. In no wise, we are assured, is it the intention, much less the desire of the Masonic Mission, that the regular trader shall be interfered with, by their furnishing supplies except to the deserving, but through no fault of their own, necessitous fellow-citizens and their families.

To accomplish these desirable results, especially as regards those which come under the *Second* head, we are informed, that the officers of the Mission, whose President is Walter H. Shupe, Esq., have been so fortunate as to secure the services of one of our oldest and most respected merchants of the Corn Exchange, David Dows, Esq., to act as their broker for the purchase of good, sound, and wholesome flour. From the statements made to us, we confidently believe that *one-third* the price charged at corner groceries for this prime necessity, can be saved to poor and indigent purchasers; inasmuch as it will be retailed from their *depots,* when established, at the absolute cost and the slight but unavoidable charges incident to it's distribution, caused by the employment of a reliable person to assist the same.

In the article of fuel, almost of primary importance, we understand that arrangements are being made by which this indispensable necessary will be placed within the reach of the poor and needy on equally favorable terms, and sold in quantities as small as a peck, at cost price.

It is also gratifying to announce, that from indications already given by the Common Council of this great city, certain portions of the unoccupied public lands will be set apart, whereon to establish the necessary depots.

To carry out these great objects of universal charity, every Master Mason can become an almoner, his certificate being merely necessary to certify that the applicant for the benefits labors for his living, is not a dealer, and is not wealthy.

SUCCESS OF THE MASONIC MISSION.

It is with much gratification that we announce that the Masonic Mission, the objects of which we referred to in our last two issues, is a success.

In response to the appeals which have been made through our columns and elsewhere, a sufficient sum of money has already been subscribed to enable its officers to commence operations, as a buyer for the poor, where flour may be bought by the barrel or package, and coal by the ton or peck, at cost.

Prominent among those who have so nobly come forward to enable the Mission to carry out the views of its projectors, are John Anderson, Esq., who has given his check for $1,000, and Messrs. J. B. Hawkins and H. D. Gundle, $100 each. We understand the membership of Lafayette and other Lodges propose to co-operate in this noble and really worthy charity.

On Monday morning next the first depot will be opened at the Five Points, where the building is now being constructed on ground appropriated by the Common Council, and the Society have been relieved to some extent by the donations of those who furnished materials, the firm of Seymour & Co., not only selling the nails at wholesale prices, but donating one-half the bill.

[From the pen of the President, to the *Dispatch*:]

Bro. Editor: It is due to the Fraternity whose name this mission bears, that its purpose be definitely explained to them, and with your permission I will do so as briefly as possible.

The articles of its incorporation provide for two main purposes—to send female nurses to the army and to dispense general masonic charity. The first feature has been found impracticable because the sentiment of the army officers and surgeons is against it, and therefore the society intend to go no further in that direction. Under the second department it is pressing forward in two directions. 1st. To send reading matter to the soldiers; 2d. To aid the deserving poor at home.

In gathering up reading matter, all are invited to co-perate with us by saving the papers, books, magazines, &c., of every kind that they may have on hand and to spare, even if they be of old date. Lodges could gather large quantities of such matter, and it is hoped ladies will volunteer to act as agents in making such collections. All kinds of reading matter is desired, from the lightest to the gravest. The Cosmopolitan Library Association has furnished to the Mission a room at No. 545 Broadway, in which to do the necessary storing, packing, and mailing of matter furnished. Contributions may therefore be sent to Masonic Mission, No. 545 Broadway.

2d. *Relief to the Poor.*—This part of our labor, it is felt, is of the greatest importance at this time, and the special consideration of the Fraternity is invited to our plan of operations which is very simple, and has already been demonstrated a success. The history of its details and tests are as follows: During the extremely cold weather of the latter part of last winter, a committee was appointed by Eastern Star Lodge, to see if any relief could be afforded the poor in the reduction of the price of coal. They found that the grocers were charging sixteen cents a peck for it when they could buy it for eight dollars a ton of 2,000 lbs. or 100 pecks of 20 lbs. each—thus doubling their money upon a class who bought by the peck because they could not pay for more. The committee found a gentleman who would receive the coal from the dealer at $8 per ton, pay him on delivery, and donate his time in measuring out the coal at eight cents a peck (cost) to those who desired it. The arrangement was kept up six weeks, and during that time one boy thus delivered to the poor *ten thousand pecks*—making a saving of eight hundred dollars to the very class and in the way most serviceable.

It will be seen that the committee used no money, nor assumed any business relations with any one, because it was not necessary, and the end sought was best attained without doing either.

In the light of this experience, the Mission intend to carry out a similar plan this winter, including the entire city, and, if our brethren there will assist, including Brooklyn and Jersey City, as also to extend its operations to wood and flour.

The difficulty with the poor in the city is, that the amount of pecuniary power which each possesses is so small that he is easily kept in the traces of imposition by men whose interest it is to have it so. The only way to remedy this is to *mass* the mites of power possessed by each individual of the million in concentrating the orders of all into one. If a thousand men were to fire simultaneously as many guns loaded with bird-shot at an object half a mile distant, no effect but waste of powder and lead could be produced, but if all the bird-shot were massed in a cannon-ball and projected at the same object, the effect might be different.

So, if a man who can only buy a barrel of flour, goes to the Corn Exchange, his offer to buy is unheeded, but if one goes upon Change and says to a receiver, "I am the representative buyer for two thousand families, and am prepared to take a cargo," he is at once sought by those who have cargoes to sell *at cargo prices!*

Upon this idea, the mission propose to appoint a buyer for the poor of New York, to represent their *massed mites*, and by virtue thereof to approach the lowest possible point in prices. To illustrate: Arrangements have been made with the well-known flour house of David Dows & Co., by which the society can purchase all flour needed at the same rate that a cargo of it sells for on Change, which is several dollars per barrel less than at retail. This done, any one can by satisfying the actuary of the Mission that he is a worthy laboring person, obtain a barrel at the cost prices with, say five or ten cents added for handling. The five or ten cents, when aggregating more than a day's wages to the actuary will be reduced, or the excess be applied to the Soldier's Reading Fund.

Arrangements are also in progress to furnish flour in small quantities at the same, or *pro rata*, barrel prices. In handling flour it will be necessary for the person doing the business to use about $1.000, to receive and pay for say 100 barrels at once, otherwise a running account and its risks must be kept up. To raise this fund it is not necessary to ask a contribution, but it is necessary to ask such as are disposed to *give the use* of any sum convenient to spare for such time as it can be spared. That is, if any gentleman or lady chooses to give the use of $100, or any other sum, it can be called for and repaid at any time when needed. In coal or wood this is not needed, as the dealers will deliver them and get pay as delivered.

The Society is now ready to go to work, and will speedily proceed to erect the necessary buildings. Meantime it is hoped, Bro. Editor, that every Mason will be awake to the subject, because every individual of the fraternity will be constituted an almoner of charity to his worthy poor neighbors, and are agents for the collection of reading matter for the soldiers. Further details will be given from time to time. S.

Knights Templar—Shakspeare.

The third scene, of Act I. of Shakspeare's Richard the Second, is interesting to our Order. Here we see all the gorgeous array of chivalry. Shakspeare founded this picturesque scene of the act upon Hollingshed's description. The Duke of Aumerle, that day being high constable of England, and the Duke of Surrey, Marshal, planted themselves between them, well armed and appointed; and when they saw their time, they first entered the lists with a great company of men, apparreled in silk sendall, embroidered with silver, both richly and curiously, every man having a tipped staff to keep the field in order. About the hour of prime came to the barriers of the lists, the Duke of Hereford, mounted on a white courser barded with green and blue velvet, embroidered sumptuously with swans and antelopes of goldsmith's work, armed at all points. The constable and marshal came to the barriers, demanding of him what he was; he answered, "I am Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford, which am come hither to do mine endeavor against Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, as a traitor, untrue to God, the king, his realm, and me." Then, in continently, he swore upon the holy evangelists, that his quarrel was true and just, and upon that point he required to enter the lists. Then he put by his sword, which before he held naked in his hand, and, putting down his visor, made a cross on his horse, and, with spear in hand, entered into the lists, and descended from his horse, and set him down in a chair of green velvet, at the one end of the lists, and there reposed himself, abiding the coming of his adversary.

Soon after him entered into the field, with great triumph, King Richard, accompanied with all the peers of the realm, and in his company was the Earl of St. Paul, which was come out of France in post to see this challenge performed. The king had there about ten thousand men in armor, least some fray or tumult might rise amongst his nobles, by quarreling or partaking. When the king was set in his seat, which was richly hanged and adorned, a king-at-arms made open proclamation, prohibiting all men, in the name of the king, and of the high constable and marshal, to enterprise or attempt to approach, or touch any part of the lists upon pain of death, except such as were appointed to order or marshal the field. The proclamation ended; another herald cried: "Behold here, Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford appellant, which is entered into the lists royal to do his devoir against Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, defendant, upon pain to be found false and recreant."

The Duke of Norfolk hovered on horseback at the entrance of the lists, his horse being barded with crimson velvet, embroidered richly with lions of silver and mulberry trees; and when he had made his oath before the constable and marshal that his quarrel was just and true, he entered the field manfully, saying aloud, "God aid him that hath the right;" and then he departed from his horse, and sate him down in his chair, which was of crimson velvet, curtained about with white and red damask. The lord marshal viewed their spears to see that they were of equal length, and delivered the one spear himself to the Duke of Hereford, and sent the other unto the Duke of Norfolk, by a knight. Then the herald proclaimed that the traverses and chairs of the champions should be removed, commanding them, on the king's behalf, to mount on horseback and address themselves to the battle and combat.

"The Duke of Hereford was quickly horsed, and closed his beaver, and cast his spear into the rest, and when the trumpet sounded, set forth courageously towards his enemy, six or seven paces. The Duke of Norfolk was not fully set forward, when the king cast down his warder, and the heralds cried 'Ho, ho!' Then the king caused their spears to be taken from them, and commanded them to repair again to their chairs, where they remained for two long hours, while the king and his council deliberately consulted what order was best to be had in so weighty a cause."

Army Masonry.

The Grand Lodge of Indiana, and many others, have issued Dispensations to organize Lodges in various regiments, some of whom will never confer degrees upon candidates for want of a suitable place to hold meetings. But as each Lodge should be provided with a record, we urge upon the members to keep a true and faithful record and history of Masons in the regiment, giving in detail the part taken in each engagement by every member of the Order connected with the regiment, an account of the country passed over in marching, date and place of engagements and encampments, Lodges united and Masons met.

We ask each Mason in every regiment to assist in preparing the record above alluded to, and when the regiment is disbanded or Lodge suspended, send the record to the Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the State from which you hail, that it may be deposited among the archives of the Grand Lodge for future reference. Some day a history of this war will be written, and the part taken by Masons should and must be a part of that history. We wish to have it true and reliable.

Brothers, in the army of the United States, you are fighting in a glorious cause, and we wish your names and valiant deeds recorded correctly on the brightest page of American history. Record the name and rank of every Mason in your regiment; if killed, how, and where buried; by what ceremony, with military or Masonic honors—giving his place of residence, if possible, place of initiation, rank, and time of service.—*Mystic Star.*

LIST OF MEMBERS

Of subordinate Lodges of the State of Indiana, that are now or have been in the service of the General Government to suppress the rebellion, as returned by the following Lodges, and not heretofore published:

Cambridge, No. 5.—James Newby, Capt., Co. I, 36th regiment; James Peacock, Ord. Sergt., 8th regiment; George Collins, Company C, 84th regiment; Nathan Ratliff, Company I, 36th regiment; J. H. Van Benthuysen, recruiting for colored regiment; J. C. Hanlin, Sergt. Major 3d cavalry; Hugh Denwiddie, Hospita Steward at Camp Carrington.

Tipton, No 33.—T. H. Bringhurst, Colonel 46th regiment; B. H. Smith, Lieut. Colonel 20th regiment (resigned); Ira R. Gifford, Major 9th Illinois cavalry M. M. Boggs, Captain Company E. 29th regiment (resigned); J. W. Dunn, Captain Company K, 55th regiment (3 months); D. H. Mull, Captain Company H 73d regiment; B. O. Wilkinson, 2d Lieut. Co. E, 9t Illinois cavalry (resigned); L. D. Hogle, Hospital Surgeon; W. R. Neff, private Company K, 55th regiment Isaac Shidler, private Company K. 55th regiment; J R. Tyner, 1st Sergt. Company D. 46th regiment.

Madison Lodge, No. 44.—John W. Kinnerman, Sergt 34th regiment; Privates—John W. Luark, Thoma Bowsman, W. Teague, Charles Suffield; Oren L. Walker, 1st Lieutenant 34th regiment.

Social, No. 86.—William D. Weir, Captain, 85th regiment; H. L. Tillotson, 1st Lieutenant, 85th regiment E. W. Peck, 1st Lieutenant, 71st regiment.

Thorntown, No. 113.—Privates, 86th regiment—Joseph Canbee, (dead) Ben Compton, (discharged,) Jes Welch (discharged); J. L. F. Garrison, Post Surgeo at Soldiers' Home, Indianapolis.

Livonia, No. 206.—William M. Greenslade, privat 81st regiment; William H. Magner, 5th cavalry; Jo S. McPheters, Assistant Surgeon 23d regiment.

The *Surcoat* was always worn by the Herald days of chivalry. It was ornamented with armori bearings, designating nation, etc. It is still used occasions of European pageantry, as coronations, et

THE DEAD YEAR.

One more link in the long chain broken;
Another wave on the calm shore spent;
A jewel dropt from the priceless token
Of life, by God to earth's children lent—
The year is dead!

He has lain him down to his quiet sleep,
Amidst graves of the years long gone;
And angels fingers the record keep
Of his toil-marked duty done.
The year is dead!

To some, he brought but sorrow and pain;
A flowerless path—a clouded light;
To some, the rich boon to hope again
Over faded hope—sweet song in night—
The year is dead!

Some homes he left full desolate:
—A vanished smile, a vacant seat—
Where tear-stained hearts the message wait:
"Come ye that grieve, your loved ones meet;"
The year is dead!

Yet on his grave sweet violets plant
Of love and faith—of heavenward trust;
Nor deem their earth-born life to want
Christ's tenderest care, though sprung from dust.
The year is dead!

Toward him they lift their wistful eyes;
Their future dreads no pain nor tears,—
To us they touch but memories,
The frozen music of past years!
The year is dead!

One more link in the long chain broken;
Another wave on the calm shore spent;
A jewel dropt from the priceless token
Of life, by God to earth's children lent,—
The year is dead!

ANOTHER YEAR.

Why should we count our life by years,
Since years are short and pass away?
Or why by fortune's smiles or tears,
Since tears are vain and smiles decay?

O count by virtues—these shall last,
When life's short, weary race is o'er;
And these when earthly joys are past,
May cheer us on a brighter shore.

Who are the old? Not they whose cares
Have white locks o'er their temples spread:
Wisdom alone is man's gray hairs,
And these may crown the youthful head.

Masonic Jewels Found.

We insert the following with pleasure:

WASHINGTON, D. C., *Dec.* 1, 1864.

DR. MCMURDY.

DEAR SIR: Will you allow me, in the columns of your widely extended journal, to call attention to the finding, some months since, by a young lady friend of mine, of a large pocket diary for the year of 1863, containing quite a number of articles, among which were a Masonic jewel of the Order of the Knights of the Red Cross, which was engraved with the appropriate insignia of the Order, and with the name of C. Edwards Lester, Nassau Chapter, No. 109; likewise four certificates of two hundred and fifty dollars each, of Ohio R. R. stock, also with the name of C. Edwards Lester as the owner, and to whom the articles undoubtedly belong, but whose present place of sojourn, after many inquiries I have as yet been unable to ascertain.

Being very desirous that they should be restored to the proper owner, I would thank any of your numerous readers who could give me the present abode of Mr. Lester, or his family, to write to me to that effect.

Respectfully yours, RICHARD B. NIXON,
Box 36 *City P. O.*

KNIGHTS ERRANT.—Their mode of life.

Reply: We quote Hudibras and Don Quixote:

"And though Knights errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when through deserts vast,
And regions desolate they passed,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their provisions on record;
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs but to fight."
—*Hudibras*, Canto 1, Part 1.

Don Quixote says:

"Though I think that I have read as many histories of chivalry in my time as any other man, I never could find that Knights Errant ever eat, unless it were by mere accident, when they were invited to great feasts and royal banquets; at other times they indulged themselves with little other food besides their thought."

Danger to Freemasonry in Numbers.

Look around you. See the many crooked sticks and rough ashlars, already incorporated into our temple; sticks that have been so imperfectly and hastily prepared, that even the outer bark has not yet been wholly removed. Ashlars, upon whose surface we can scarce distinguish the trace of the tools of the workman, whose corners stick out so prominently that we are painfully reminded that they have never been adjusted by the working tools of the F. C.—the plumb of rectitude, the square of virtue, and the level of equality. See how they mar the beauty of our edifice. See how the cement is exhausted in filling up the chinks between these half-finished moral blocks. And then notice the army that literally besieges the doors of our lodges. What a motley crew! All complexions, moral, mental, and physical, are among them, from the good man and true, to the Sabbath-breaker, adulterer, and blasphemer—from the capacious and finely cultivated intellect to the weak-minded and semi-idiotic—from the man of hale and entire limbs, as a man ought to be, to the lame, the halt, and even the blind. And with what constancy, and vigor, and persistency do they push against our door, in their anxiety for admission!

Truly there is danger that in opening our doors to admit one good man, a dozen bad ones may crowd in with him; and ere long our good name, and our very existence be endangered, if not utterly destroyed. There is danger that in the haste to increase our number we shall introduce material mentally unfit for use, and thus weaken the security of the Order; or morally imperfect, and thus injure the respectability of the Order; or physically disqualified, and thus mar the utility of the Order.

There is danger that in the present high-pressure manner in which so many are put through the degrees, we shall by and by forget the good old-fashioned truism, that "Haste makes Waste;" that by slighting our work, and turning it out half done, we shall by and by forget how to finish it at all. There is danger that by our continual encroaching upon the ancient usages and customs of the fraternity, we shall by and by lose sight entirely of the very landmarks which our fathers have set, and Masonry only live in history, instead of its wise and serious truths being impressed upon the minds of the fraternity, and thus transmitted through a succession of ages unimpaired.—*Ex.*

THE SEASON OF FETIVALS.—The close of the year and the commencement of another is the time for festivities among all classes of societies, and especially with Masons. The Lodge elections and installations afford opportunities for social gathering, that are being improved to a much greater extent with every revolving year. The labors of the closing year are appropriately celebrated, and fresh elasticity is communicated to the designs for the future by a moderate enjoyment of such occasions, especially when, as is now becoming fashionable, the wives and sweethearts are invited to participate; but it is to be desired that such festivities should be more intellectual than gastronomical; that they should be improved to make known the character and designs of the Fraternity rather than for distributing a certain quantity of things good to eat and drink. While there is a great lack of knowledge among our friends about Masonry, there is, we are happy to observe, a disposition to seek for instruction and a willingness to receive the basis for a favorable opinion of us, which should be encouraged by the communication of such facts and illustrations as may tend to place us in the light we are entitled to. Masonic banquets proper need improvement; there is, generally speaking, too much banquet and too little Masonry. Our national idea of cooking is shockingly crude and inartistic. Our sense of hospitality crops out in profuse demonstrations as to quantity, but is terribly at fault in the matter of quality. Let the reader cast his eye along the table the first time he finds himself at a banquet, and if he be observant he will see meat enough to pall the appetites of a regiment of Zouaves; haunches of venison, barons of beef, immense turkeys, make the common saying about groaning tables a literal fact, while, as a general thing, nine out of ten of the guests have already dined, and can do little more than go through the motions. How much better to have lighter dishes prepared in European style, a moderate supply of light wine, a brother at the head of the table who understands himself, and another at the foot similarly posted, a few brethren here and there who can and will sing, and a few who can and will talk, not vapid platitudes borrowed from the vocabulary of mutual admiration, but something calculated to instruct, to recall our duties, to encourage the zealous, to arouse the lukewarm, to elevate the intellectual above the merely physical, and then these will be a symposium worthy of the institution, a season of mental refreshment that will be a pleasant variation from the routine of labor, and that will leave a sweet savor in recollection worth more than all the beef that was ever roasted. We commend this subject to committees charged with the preparation of festivals, to Masters and Wardens who expect to preside at them, and to the Craft generally.—*Dispatch.*

An Old Shoe.

The superstitions connected with the shoe seem to be of very old date, although it is impossible to fix precisely the origin of the custom of throwing it after the bride. It has from very old times been considered a lucky omen by the populace to throw an old shoe after any one who is changing his or her residence and undertaking new duties. It is, no doubt, with this feeling in the bride's case, that her friends keep up the custom as a last sign of their good wishes for her happiness on leaving the home of her early days. In Ireland it was, in former days, the custom to elect a person to any office by the ceremony of throwing an old shoe over his head. Grose, writing about a hundred years ago, observes that, "Throwing an old shoe after any one going on an important business, is by the vulgar deemed lucky;" and in another author (1598) the following lines occur:

And home agayne hitherward, quick as a bee.
Now, for good lucke, caste an old shoe after me!

Again, in a very old book called "The Raven's Almanacke," an individual is mentioned who "at the shutting of his shop could have been content to have had all his neighbors have throwne his old shooes after him when hee went home, in signe of good lucke." Among the Romans the makers of shoes were highly esteemed; and the profession was considered so sacred a one, that it was held to be inalienable. The fashion of making them "rights and lefts," is a very ancient one, and the placing of either on the contrary foot was esteemed the forerunner of much ill-luck. Pliny mentions the consternation of the Emperor Augustus when so great a misfortune befell him!—*Crispin.*

Practical Freemasonry.

A beautiful exemplication of that noble spirit which should permeate the Masonic Craft from pole to pole has just been brought to our notice, and is well worthy a place in our "Record" of good deeds done and of sufferings relieved. It is commonly, but very unjustly, supposed that next to the fallen descendants of Abraham, there is no class of professional men so exorbitant and extortionate in their exactions as the members of the legal profession. They live and grow rich on the quarrels and animosities of weak and erring human nature, it is said; and truly sad illustrations of this prevailing sentiment too often occur to give a color of truth to its surmised reality. But when the benign genius of Freemasonry spreads its potent spell over the most obdurate or callous of human kind, a change, wonderful as rapid, beneficial as elevating and ennobling, is effected, and every one enrolled under its banners feels its wisdom-working influence, and participates in that glowing enthusiasm which leads men with strong resolves to take the front rank in the battle of life, and to carry out the noble behest of humanity by acting true and faithful to their fellow-men in reverencing the G.·. A.·. O.·. T.·. U.·., and doing good to all around them. Our masonic annals contains innumerable illustrations of practical Freemasonry in all the different vicissitudes of life. The battle-field, the shipwreck, famine, disease, and poverty, all furnish us with an array of good works, nobly doneunder the soul-inspiring influence of Freemasonry. The record of thousands upon thousands of these kind acts, prompted by that God-like spirit which still dwells in the heart of fallen man, has been lost among the dark clouds of oblivion which overshadowed the impenetrable past. But enough remains to stamp with solidity the time-enduring virtues of our ancient Craft—the noblest and brightest of which is charity. Our present illustration of its operation is a simple but touching one, and although in mentioning the name of the brother who, we are certain, is one of those that

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame,"

we may be overstepping the prescribed limits of private friendship; yet we trust our disinterestedness, and our anxiety to inculcate by forcible example the daily practice of genuine charity amongst the brotherhood, will plead a sufficient apology for so prominently alluding to the matter. It is well known to many of the Craft in Bombay that Bro. Darby, a popular member of the mystic tie, has for many months been endeavoring to recruit his shattered health on the arid plains of young Egypt—for so is Sind recognized, and christened accordingly by modern travelers. His sojourn in that land of sand, mosquitoes, and muggers, has not only renewed his toil-worn frame, but has increased his fame and fortune. He is the leading man at the bar, and is so much esteemed that the Kurracheeites hope to secure his residence among them. The other day a brother who has held high position in the Craft happened to have a case in court, the adverse decision of which would have caused him a loss of some 1,300 or 1,400 rupees, and would have proved ruinous. It inolved some intricate points with which he was not competent to deal. At the eleventh hour, before the hearing of the case, the matter was casually mentioned by a mutual friend to Bro. Darby, who, on learning that the defendant to the action was not in a position to pay the usual heavy fees, immediately resolved to rescue his brother from danger and ruin. He mastered the case with the ability of an old and experienced practitioner. He defended his client in such a manner as to elicit the encomiums of the bench and the Court, and triumphantly rescued his "brother in distress" from the clutches of the law and the grasp of the usurer. He brought his whole energies to bear on the weak points of the suit, and overwhelmed the opposing counsel with an array of legal arguments supported by facts, that cut the ground from under the feet of the plaintiffs, and laid bare their rascality in such a manner as to induce the presiding judge to censure their conduct in the strongest terms. By this act a family was saved from ruin; and, to the credit of Bro. Darby, be it said, he undertook the task without fee or reward of any kind whatever. He was solely prompted by masonic feelings and fraternity.

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A Mason's Duties.

There are, unfortunately, many Masons who appear to believe that the whole of Freemasonry is contained in a sufficient knowledge of the ritual to make themselves known as Masons; and that all its obligations require, is for us to exercise that common act of humanity, in contributing a small pittance towards the relief of a distressed Brother, his widow or orphans. This, with the payment of their monthly dues, comprises, in their opinion, the duty of a Mason. This is a common and grievous error. If it were really the case that the Fraternity were associated for no other purposes than those above stated, then, indeed, might Freemasonry be considered a frivolous institution, and beneath the notice of any intelligent or benevolent mind. But we claim for it something more than its mere ceremonial, or doing simply those acts of charity which afford temporary relief to the needy. It would be no flattering compliment to the many great and good minds that have been, and are at the present time, associated with the institution, if it had no higher claims to commend it than those above referred to. The sympathies of the benevolent are appealed to daily, hourly, by the needy and distressed children of humanity, and, to the credit of our citizens, these appeals are seldom made in vain, but, being relieved of a portion of the small change about us, the recipient goes his way, to make his appeal to others. The donor, being relieved of the presence of the suppliant, and feeling satisfied with what he has done, gives himself no further trouble about the poor petitioner. But Freemasonry requires something more of its disciples. Although a Mason may be more ready than others to give freely to the many applicants for his bounty, the Mason who conceives that by such acts he has done all that is required of him as a member of our Order, has misconceived its objects and purposes, and spent his money and time in vain; and well would it be for the welfare and prosperity of the Order if such had never entered it. This kind of material cannot be used in the construction of that sacred edifice which is to be dedicated to the glory and praise of Him who "filleth all space." It is a Mason's duty to contribute to the present and future of a Brother Mason, and not leave him with merely his present wants scantily supplied. If he can without detriment, and the object is a worthy one, (for to such alone our remarks are made,) he should, by counsel and other aid, place him in a position that he may, in his turn, relieve and assist a needy Brother.

To improve our condition, to elevate humanity to the highest point of excellence, to be an example of goodness and virtue, to promote godliness, to aid in every good and perfect work, to exercise charity and forbearance, to do right and to act with a design to advance the interests and the moral and spiritual welfare of our Brothers and fellow-men, are all essentially a Masonic duty, and he who falls short in the performance of such a work does not act up to the requirements of the Order, and does not discharge his entire obligations as a member of our "ancient and honorable fraternity." It is, however, to be believed that the large majority of the craftsmen understand well and know the import of the sublime lessons that Freemasonry teaches, and that they practice accordingly; from such, if our numbers were myriads, the Order never could be injured, but, on the contrary, the greater the number the more safely and securely would it rest upon its foundation. Our only danger lies in the initiation and membership of those who cannot understand nor comprehend the inherent and intrinsic value of the excellent moral lessons contained in its precepts. It behooves, then, the members of the Order, to see that they admit none but those who will prove themselves to be such as will be bright and shining lights in our spiritual building.—*S. F. Mercury.*

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Masonic Jurisprudence.

Permit me, Bro. Editor, to call the attention of your readers to a Treatise on the Principles and Practice of Masonic Jurisprudence, by M∴ W∴ John W. Simons, Past Grand Master of the State of New York. Nothing can be more welcome to the Craft than a clear and complete codification of the principles of masonic law, because nothing is more needed. On the title-page of the book we observe the key-note of its arrangement and arguments in a profound expression from Bacon: "*Stand on the old ways, and then make progression;*" and from preface to finis we observe the author's idea to be, "Let us properly comprehend the foundations of our institutions, and build our structure, and beautify it in keeping therewith." This is the only safe basis upon which to build any masonic fabric.

The author keeps steadily in view the necessity of steering clear of new-fangled notions in the administration of masonic law and unity, and thoroughly impresses as a cardinal doctrine that masonic courts should administer the law as it "*ought to be,*" rather than be hampered by the dicta, rulings, and quibblings of the judges in the profane courts, when they conflict with substantial justice.

Simplicity of thought, directness and plainness of statement are characteristic features of the treatise; and the field scanned includes the formation of a lodge, a discussion of its powers and the prerogatives of its officers and members, as well as the rules and requirements applicable to a candidate for Masonry from his petition to signing the member roll.

In addition to full and complete instruction as to the principles and rules governing the conduct of trials, in an appendix is given full forms adapted to the conduct of a masonic trial, from the charge to its finality before the Grand Lodge.

The author, in the conclusion of his preface, modestly says: "We are by no means vain enough to suppose that we have exhausted the questions at issue, but we do believe that the great number of brethren unacquainted with the jurisprudence of the Fraternity will find here useful hints to guide their progress in the study of the laws which govern our institutions, and to point out the paths which lead to a correct understanding of the foundations upon which our jurisprudence is based; and * * * if our work shall prove to be of benefit to our brothers, and even in a feeble degree in making the subject treated more comprehensible to them, we shall feel amply compensated for the labor expended in its preparation.

The price of the book is but $1 50, and it should be in the hands of every Master Mason.

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Masonry in Europe.

The London Masonic season may be considered to have now fairly commenced, and we must again urge upon the brethren, as we have done before, to be careful whom they propose in their Lodges for initiation, always remembering that no man should be introduced to a Masonic Lodge whom the Brother proposing him would not welcome in the inmost recesses of his domestic circle—a man against whose character there is a taint of immorality which should exclude him from the purest society being altogether unfitted to enter into a Masonic Lodge. We are fearful that this fact is too often overlooked, and that Brethren are too apt to regard their candidates only as "respectable men," or "jolly good fellows," while they would, at the same time, regard them as "a little too fast" for introduction to their wives or daughters. Such should not be, as no one who is considered "a little" too free, either in his language or actions, is fitted for Masonry; and no Brother having a due regard for the obligation he has taken, or the teachings of the Order, should introduce such a man within its circle.

We are taught not to seek for candidates unduly, and that should make us even more careful as regards the character of those whom we do introduce for admission into the Craft, even on their own seeking.

But with our reassembling in our Lodges there are other duties we have to perform, viz: The providing for those of the Brethren or their widows who have fallen in the decline of life into distress, or of their children who are knocking at our doors seeking education; and their numbers are at present far in excess of those we have the means of releiving. The annual festivals for the increase of our Charitable Funds will be quick upon us, and we trust that 1865 will be no less successful in the results of the collections than those which have preceded it. We will merely now remind the Brethren that the first festival on the list is that of the Royal Benevolent Institution for Aged Masons and their widows, which takes place on the 25th January, with the Deputy Grand Master in the chair, and that the list of Stewards is now being completed. We trust that the list will be worthy of the occasion, and the collection worthy of the list.---*The Freemason's Magazine, Nov.* 12.

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JERUSALEM.—A sergeant and four privates of the Royal Engineers sailed from Southampton last week for Alexandria, on their way to Jerusalem. They are going out to make an exact topographical survey of the city and neighborhood, including all its most famous hills and valleys. It sounds strange to hear that so necessary a work has never yet been done. We have a few elevations, a few sections; but the figures and plans of travelers differ very considerably one from another. Yet the most important questions often turn upon the relative heights of Gareb, Zion, and Bezetha. We hope that in this new effort to extend our knowledge of holy sites every care will be taken to allay the natural jealousy of the Turkish Government. In the eyes of Surraya Pasha, Jerusalem is not a great monument so much as it is a great fortress; and many of us know with whatsternness a Christian people refuses to admit foreigners into its strongholds. On no pretense should we permit French military engineers to make a survey to Gibraltar, nor would the Austrians allow Italian engineers to map and measure the approaches of Venice. But the Sultan is a liberal ruler; and if proper courtesy is used towards his officers, leave to carry on these interesting labors will probably not be denied.

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BOOK NOTICES.

The *Manual of the Chapter* is a beautiful monitor for Chapitral Masonry, of 130 pp. duodecimo, by Comp Sheville, G. H. P., of N. J., and Comp. Gould, G. K., of Conn.

The preface says that this Manual is "designed to point out the old work," and we like it the better that it is so modest in its claims. We feel satisfied that no Chapter can afford to be without this neat and attractive pocket manual. Comp. Sheville has done great credit to himself, and service to the craft, by its appearance.

Under Past Master Comp. S. says: "This degree is more closely associated with Symbolic than Chapter Masonry. It was originally, and is to this day, an honorary degree, and should be conferred only on the newly-elected Master of a Lodge. But as it has become a permanent component part of the capitular system, it is therefore useless to contend with what is often termed the 'inconsistency of conferring an honor where no equivalent services have been, or are expected to be rendered.' * * *

"Those who receive the degree in the Chapter are termed 'virtual' Past Masters, in contradiction to those who have been elected and installed in a regularly constituted symbolic Lodge, who are called 'actual' Past Masters; the former having no rights or privileges as such out of the Chapter.

"In order to harmonize many of the controversies that were constantly arising in respect to the contending rights of Past Masters, the General Grand Chapter of the U. S., in 1856, adopted a resolution recommending the Chapters under its jurisdiction 'to abridge the ceremonies now conferred in the Past Master's degree within the narrowest constitutional limits, only retaining the inducting of the candidate into the Oriental Chair, and communicating the means of recognition.'"

The Dollar Monthly is a publication of varied interest, always welcome to our table. Its subscription price is raised to $1 50. It is cheap at $3.

Godey's Lady's Book for January is a premium number, having two splendid steel plates, and 14 full page engravings. The reading matter is entertaining and useful. We see not how a housekeeper can do without its receipts, nor a household without its music, drawing lessons, and gardening suggestions. Terms, $3 for one copy one year, and four copies for $10. Address L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

The Home Journal for 1865 will enter upon its 19th year. The fashionable world, the fair sex, lovers of good poetry and polite literature, cannot be satisfied without its weekly visits. Terms, $3 per year. Address Willis Phillips, New York City.

Lady's Friend.—The January number sustains its high reputation. The steel engraving, "Hush! It is Asleep," is a beautiful picture. The fashion plates, the music, and literary contents make this number very desirable. Price, $2 50. Deacon & Peterson, 819 Walnut st., Philadelphia.

Arthur's Home Magazine for January is replete with good things. It is worth double the subscription price to any family; $2 50 per annum. 323 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

The Masonic Mission Manua is a neat, small quarto of 4 pp., published under the auspices of the Nasonic Mission at New York.

UNITED STATES MARSHAL'S SALE OF CONFISCATED PROPERTY IN THE DISTRICT OF VIRGINIA.

By virtue of one hundred and fifteen writs of Venditional Exponas, issued from the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court for the district of Virginia, and to me directed, I will expose at Public Sale, for cash, at the Court House door, City Hall building, in Norfolk, on THURSDAY, the TWENTY-SIXTH (26th) DAY OF JANUARY, 1865, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., all the right, title, interest, and estate of the parties named below in and to the following described real and personal property, to wit:

In the City of Norfolk.

No. 1. Arthur Sinclair's lot, north side of Washington street; improved by a handsome brick dwelling.

No. 2. John D. Myrick's lot, west side of Market Square, commencing at Wright's line, running south 25 feet, thence westwardly, and with Maxwell's line, 25 feet, thence east to beginning.

No. 3. Patrick McCarrick's lot, at the intersection of Bute and Bush streets, running east on Bute street 145 feet, thence with Bush street 77 feet, thence west 67¾ feet, with brick dwelling thereon; also,

A lot adjoining the above, fronting on Bute street 20 feet.

No. 4. Samuel Barron's lot, on Main street, head of Market Square, improved by brick building, No. 7.

No. 6. Also, lots on the east side of Bank street, on which stands brick houses No. 31, 33, 35, and 37.

No. 27. Richard A. Mapp's lot, south side of Queen street, beginning twenty-eight (28) feet west of Hawk street, thence south 91 feet, thence west 84 feet, thence south 104 feet, west 27 feet, north 195 feet, east 111 feet to the beginning.

No. 34. John DeBree's lot, north side of Main street, bounded west by a lane, and north by Charles S. Allmond's land.

No. 43. Matthias Ward's lot, east side of Church street, designated by Nos. 234 and 236.

No. 45. Andrew L. Sigourney's lot, north side of Bute street, fronting thereon one hundred and seven (107) feet, lying between the lots of Robert Seldon and Sigourney, and running back to York street; also,

Another lot, beginning one hundred and seven (107) feet from Botetourt street, thence north one hundred and ninety-eight (198) feet to York street, west with York street fifty-three feet and six inches, (53 ft. 6 in.,) south one hundred and ninety-eight (198) feet, east fifty-three feet and six inches (53 ft. 6 in.) to the beginning.

No. 48. John DeBree's undivided one half lot, east side of Fenchurch street, beginning at southwest corner of a brick tenement, running north fifty-one feet and four inches, (51 ft 4 in.,) thence east to the line of Sylvanus Hartshorn, thence south fifty-one feet and four inches (51 ft. 4 in.)

No. 49. John DeBree's lot, north side of Main street, bounded west by a lane, and north by C. S. Allmond's land.

No. 50. Caleb White's lot, improved by a brick tenement, situated at Newton's wharf, and now occupied by Strong and Norris.

No. 122. James H Johnston's lot, situate on the south side of Main street, numbered eighty, (80,) and improved by a brick dwelling.

No. 128. Richard A. Mapp's lot, situate on the east side of Cumberland street, at its intersection with the south side of Fox Lane, running thence southwardly on Cumberland street, thirty-six (36) feet, and east ninety-five (95) feet, thence northwardly to Lewis Saulsbury's line thirty-six (36) feet to Fox Lane, thence westwardly ninety-five (95) feet to Cumberland street, and improved by a dwelling.

No. 129 The one-seventh interest in William A. Graves' lot, situate on Catharine street, said property being conveyed to said William A. Graves by David A. Graves, by deed dated 30th day of July, 1849.

No. 130. William A. Graves' lot, with dwelling, situate on Duke street, at the south corner of Dorsey's line, running south twenty-three degrees and ten minutes, (23° 10′,) west forty-eight (48) feet, thence north sixty-eight degrees, (68°,) west to Canal street, and from the beginning along Dorsey's line north sixty-six degrees and fifty minutes, (66° 50′,) west to Canal street.

No. 135. William H. Face's lot, with dwellings, viz: one-half lot on the north side of Williamson's lane, and also one-half lot on the west side of Church street, the same which Ann P. Dunbar inherited from her sister, Elizabeth Widgeon.

Norfolk County.

No. 90. David J. Goodwin's farm, containing about four hundred (400) acres, lying near Deep creek, adjoining the lands of Henry Garrett's heirs, and the lands of Mrs. Lydia Scott and Joseph G. Ball, and the public road leading from Deep creek to Great Bridge.

County of Norfolk, City of Portsmouth.

No. 7. David J. Godwin's lot, southerly half lot, with dwelling at the southwestern intersection of Court and Queen streets, westwardly on Queen street, and south on Court street.

No. 8. John L. Porter's lot, situated on the south side of County street, between Court and Dinwiddie streets.

No. 9. Hugh N. Page's lot, bounded on the south by North street, east by the land of Francis Grice, north by Elizabeth River, and west by lands of William H. Wilson.

No. 10. John Owen's lot, in that part of Portsmouth called Gosport, on the north side of Lincoln street, (44) forty-four feet from its intersection with Fourth street, east on Lincoln street (63) sixty-three feet, thence north sixty feet, thence west (63) sixty-three feet, and south (60) sixty feet.

No. 11. Henry J. Phillips' lot, on east side of Court street, adjoining John Rustic's line, running south (26) twenty-six feet, and east (180) one hundred and eighty feet.

No. 12. James Mead's lot, running (120) one hundred and twenty feet west from the intersection of Clifford and Court streets, thence west (30) thirty feet, and north (83) eighty-three feet. Also,

No. 13. James Mead's lot, in that part of Portsmouth known as Gosport, at the intersection of Third and Harrison streets, south on Third street (30) thirty feet, and east (120) one hundred and twenty feet, a part of lot 96, according to the plan of the city

No. 14. John H. Myers' lot, adjoining Holt Wilson's property on Middle street, running south (26 feet 6 inches) twenty-six feet and six inches, east (70) seventy feet to Holt Wilson's line. And also,

No. 15. John H. Myers' lot, in that part of Portsmouth known as Gosport, at the corner of Harrison and Third streets, known as lot 202, according to the plan of Gosport, running westwardly (120) one hundred and twenty feet, thence southwardly with Third street (45) forty-five feet. Also,

In Portsmouth, a lot beginning at the southwest corner of Cook's lane, and extending westwardly along Wythe street (25) twenty-five feet, and southwardly (121) one hundred and twenty-one feet. Also,

In Portsmouth, known as Gosport, a lot beginning (70 feet 6 inches) seventy feet and six inches from the intersection of Third and Harrison streets, east (48) forty-eight feet to a lane, and north along said lane (118 feet 4 inches) one hundred and eighteen feet and four inches; thence west (48) forty-eight feet to Cook's line, and along said line (118 feet 4 inches) one hundred and eighteen feet and four inches to the beginning. Excepting from this last described piece of property, the following: beginning (95 feet 6 inches) ninety-five feet and six inches from the intersection of Third and Harrison streets; thence east (23) twenty-three feet, and north (86) eighty-six feet, and west (23) twenty-three feet, and thence along Myer's line (86) eighty-six feet.

No. 16. Henry J. Phillips' Tenement, in Gosport, (part of Portsmouth,) being the southern tenement of the three brick tenements situated on the east side of Water street, adjoining the tenement of Richard Baugh, running back (120) one hundred and twenty feet.

No. 17. Collin Reynolds' lot, in Gosport, fronting on Randolph street (30) thirty feet, and running back (120) one hundred and twenty feet.

No. 18. Samuel Hoffler's lot, in Gosport, beginning (60) sixty feet on Third street from the southeastern intersection of Third and Randolph streets, adjoining lot sold to Robert F. Scott, being (120) one hundred and twenty feet in length, by (30) thirty feet in width.

No. 19. John A. Lovett's lot, in Gosport, beginning on the south side of Fayette street, (60) sixty feet west from the intersection of Fayette and South streets, (60) sixty feet on Fayette street, running back (120) one hundred and twenty feet.

No. 20. Peyton Coleman's lot, in Gosport, adjoining Bailey's lot on Third street, fronting on Third street (30 feet 3 inches) thirty feet and three inches, running back (90) ninety feet.

No. 21. William W. Davis' lot, in Gosport, adjoining John Cherry's lot, running north (121) one hundred and twenty-one feet, fronting on Lincoln street (50) fifty feet.

No. 22. Joseph M. Miles' lot, in the city of Portsmouth, beginning at the southeast corner of lot 239 on Queen street, east (45) forty-five feet on said street, and north on Washington street (113) one hundred and thirteen feet.

No. 23. Joseph M. Miles's lot, in the city of Portsmouth, at the southeast intersection of High and Crawford streets, east on High street (21) twenty-one feet, and south with Crawford street (60) sixty feet.

No. 24. Robert V. Boykins's lot, in the city of Portsmouth, situated on the northwest corner of High and Middle streets.

No. 25. Robert V. Boykins's lot, in the city of Portsmouth, on the north side of High street, adjoining the property of John Lask, running west (20 2-5) twenty and two-fifths feet, and north (50) fifty feet.

No. 26. Charles H. Husker's lot, in that part of Portsmouth known by the name of Newtown, beginning (30) thirty feet south from the intersection of Fourth and Lincoln streets, south on Fourth street (30) thirty feet, west (120) one hundred and twenty feet.

No. 28. William Charles Wingfield's lot, in the city of Portsmouth, beginning at the northwest corner of Dinwiddie and Crab streets, north on Dinwiddie street (26) twenty-six feet, and west (97) ninety-seven feet.

No. 29. Charles T. Myers's lot, in that part of Portsmouth called Gosport, or Newtown, beginning (210) two hundred and ten feet westwardly from Fourth street, running westwardly on Harrison street (30) thirty feet, and running back (120) one hundred and twenty feet.

No. 30. Thomas Hume's lot, in the city of Portsmouth, at the northwest corner of the intersection of Court and North streets, including his residence situated thereon.

No. 31. Thomas W. Cofer's lot, in the city of Portsmouth, at the intersection of Court and Clifford streets, north on Court street (30) thirty feet, and west (120) one hundred and twenty feet.

No. 32 Edward Kearns's lot, in the city of Portsmouth, on the east side of Crawford street, adjoining the property formerly belonging to John Rudder, deceased, (42) forty-two feet in length, by (22) twenty-two feet in width.

No. 35. Robert V. Boykin's lot, in the city of Portsmouth, at the northwest intersection of Middle and King streets, 105 feet on King street, and on Middle street 56 feet 6 inches.

No. 36. William W. Davis's lot, in Gosport, running (30) thirty feet on the north side of Lincoln street, and back (120) one hundred and twenty feet, and adjoining the lot of B. O'Neill. Also,

Another lot in Gosport, on the north side of Lincoln street, adjoining the southeast corner of Wilson De Brees's lot, (120) one hundred and twenty feet by (30) thirty feet on Lincoln street.

No. 37. William W. Davis's lot, in the city of Portsmouth, lot 4, on the north side of Queen street, at the southeast corner of James Williams's lot, east along Queen street (30) thirty feet, thence north (56 ft. 6 in.) fifty-six feet and six inches. Also,

Lots 5 and 6, on the east side of Dinwiddie street, adjoining Williams's lot, on Dinwiddie street (56½ ft.) fifty-six and a half feet, and on Queen street (120) one hundred and twenty feet.

No. 38 Charles T. Myers's lot, in the city of Portsmouth, on the east side of Court street, between South and Bart streets, near Union Bridge.

No. 39 Constantine W Young's lot, in Portsmouth, on the north side of County street, adjoining the estate of Thomas C. Godwin, running north (85) eighty-five feet, and west (25) twenty-five feet.

No. 40. William M. Mahoney's lot, in Portsmouth, on the south side of London street, on Court street (113) one hundred and thirteen feet, and on London street (30) thirty feet.

No. 41. Claudius W. Murdaugh's lot, in Portsmouth, on the south side of High street, adjoining John Cocke's and Simeon Wheeler's lines, running south (113) one hundred and thirteen feet, by west (24) twenty-four feet.

No. 42. John T. Rustie's lot, in Portsmouth, on the east side of Court street, between South and Bart streets, near Union Bridge.

Elizabeth City County.

No. 54. Charles R. Mallory's lot and brick house, in Elizabeth City County, bounded on the north and west by Hampton creek, on the east by the county road. and on the south by the lands of John Tyler.

No. 55. Algernon Whiting's farm, consisting of four hundred acres, adjoining the lands of Brooker Jones, James Downey, and others, and on the south and west by the county road.

No. 56. George Booker's farm, consisting of (750) seven hundred and fifty acres, with house and buildings, adjoining the farm of Thomas W. Lowrey, Robert Hudgins, Mrs. Eliza Jones, and Robert H. Vaughan.

No. 57. John White's estate, with house and buildings, adjoining lands of William Anderson, and bounded by Newmarket creek and the county road.

No. 59. James Cooper's farm, in Elizabeth city, called Pembroke, consisting of (450) four hundred and fifty acres, with buildings, adjoining the lands of Jefferson Sinclair, Henry Whiting, and Isaac Jones, lying on Back river, and the county road.

No. 60. John Armistead's farm, with house and buildings, of (200) two hundred acres, lying on Back river, and adjoining the farms of Samuel Watts, and Harry Howard.

No. 61. Thomas Watts, Jr.'s farm, with buildings, of (150) one hundred and fifty acres, lying on Back river, adjoining the lands of Samuel Latimer, William Hickman, and Jacob Hamm.

No. 62. Lafayette Sinclair's farm, with buildings, of (150) one hundred and fifty acres, lying on Back river, and the county road, and adjoining the lands of Jefferson Sinclair.

No. 63. Benjamin Hudgin's farm, of (200) two hundred acres, lying on the county road, and adjoining the lands of Mrs. E. Jones, Thomas W. Lowrey, and Mrs. Nancy Smeltz.

No. 64. John Tabb's farm, with house and buildings, lying on the county road, and Hampton creek.

No. 66. Gill A. Cary's farm, with house and buildings, bounded by Hampton creek, Hampton bridge, the county road, and the land of John Tabb.

No. 67. James Downey's farm, with house and buildings, of (1000) one thousand acres, lying on the county road, and adjoining the lands of G. Wray, Algernon Whiting, and Booker Jones.

No. 68. Booker Jones' farm, with house and buildings, of (300) three hundred acres, lying on the county road, and adjoining the lands of Henry Howard, James Downey, and Algernon Whiting.

No. 69. Jefferson Sinclair, Jr.'s farm, with house and buildings, of (200) two hundred acres, lying on Back river, and the county road, and adjoining the lands of Samuel Watts, and Lafayette Sinclair.

No. 70. Jefferson B. Sinclair's farm, with house and buildings, of (600) six hundred acres, lying on Hampton creek, Back river, and the county road, and adjoining the lands of Jefferson C. Philips.

No. 71. Charles R. Mallory's farm, called Oakland, of (150) one hundred and fifty acres, lying on Hampton creek, and the county road, and adjoining the "Outton" farm, and the lands of Tabb.

No. 72. John Armistead's farm, of (75) seventy-five acres, lying on Back river, and on the county road, and adjoining the lands of Dr. Harris.

No. 74. George Wray's farm, with house and buildings, of (300) three hundred acres, lying on Back river, the Back river and county roads, and adjoining the lands of Robert Turlington.

No. 93. Joseph and Thomas Herbert's farm, called "The Buckroe Farm," with house and buildings, of (1,000) one thousand acres, lying on the Chesapeake Bay and Mill Creek, and adjoining the lands of the heirs of H. Giddings and George Mullen.

No. 94. Parker West's farm, with house and buildings, lying on Newport News creek, James river and county road, and adjoining the lands of James Burke.

No. 95. Robert Howard's farm, with house and buildings, of (75) seventy-five acres, lying on Mill creek, the land belonging to the United States, and the county road, and adjoining the land of S. Dutton.

No. 96. Dr. George W. Semple's farm, with house and buildings, of (600) six hundred acres, lying on a branch of the Back river, and adjoining the lands S. Frazier, Cook, and William Davis.

No. 97. Robert H. Vaughn's farm, of (500) five hundred acres, with house and buildings, lying on Back river, and adjoining the lands of John Armistead, and Eliza Jones, and others.

No. 98. John Moore's farm, with house and buildings, of (150) one hundred and fifty acres, lying on the county road, and adjoining the lands of Robert H. Vaughn and Robert Hudgins.

No. 100. Henry Watson's farm, of (200) two hundred acres, lying on Harris creek and on the county road, and adjoining the farms of Jefferson Barnes and William Gittings.

No. 101. Levin Y. Winder's farm of (400) four hundred acres, with house and buildings, lying on a branch of Back river, and adjoining the lands of Robert Vaughn and John Winder.

No. 102. John Winder's farm, with house and buildings, lying on a branch of Back river, and adjoining the lands of Levi Winder, S. Frazer, and Robert Vaughn.

No. 103. William Anderson's farm of (150) one hundred and fifty acres, lying on Back river, and adjoining the lands of H. Elliott, Joseph Phillips, and Gilbert Mears.

No. 106. John Sinclair's farm, with house and buildings, of (300) three hundred acres, lying on the county road, and adjoining the farms of William Morwin and Arthur West.

No. 107. Samuel Latimer's farm, with house and buildings, of (150) one hundred and fifty acres, lying on the Back river, and adjoining the lands of G. Mears, James Phillips, and Thomas Watts, Jr.

No. 109. William Causey's farm, of (300) three hundred acres, lying on the county road, and adjoining the farms of Samuel Cunningham, W. Lee, and B. P. Lee.

No. 110. Baker P. Lee's farm, with house and buildings, of (1,000) one thousand acres, lying on the Warwick main road, two miles northwest of Newport News.

Town of Hampton.

No. 47. William Hamm's lot, in the town of Hampton, lying on Queen street, and bounded by the lots of Sinclair, Mrs. Willis, and Mrs. Jett.

No. 58. John Brown's lot, in the town of Hampton, lying on Court street, adjoining the lots of Thomas Fitzgerald, and Thomas Peek, running back to Queen street.

No. 73. Frank Guy's lot, in the town of Hampton, on King street and Bank's lane, and adjoining the lots of W. Phillips, and Richard G. Banks.

No. 75. Richard G. Banks' lot, in the town of Hampton, lying on Hampton creek, and adjoining the properties of Mr. Jordan, and George T. Massenburg.

No. 76. John B. Cary's lot, lying on Hampton creek, and adjoining the property of William R. Vaughn, and the Hampton Academy.

No. 77. Jefferson Sinclair's lot, lying on Main street, adjoining the Methodist Church.

No. 78. L. Smith's lot, lying on Main and Back streets, and adjoining the lots of Charles R. Mallory, and James Hope.

No. 79. Parker West's lot, lying on Queen and Back streets, and adjoining the lots of F. Watts, senior, and George Massenburg.

No. 81. Benjamin Hudgin's lot, lying on Hampton creek, and adjoining the lots of George T. Massenburg, and Cary Jones.

No. 82. William R. Vaughn's lot, lying on Hampton creek, and adjoining the Hampton Academy.

No. 83. Doctor George W. Semple's lot, lying on Main street, adjoining the Methodist Church, and the lands of Richard G. Bank.

No. 84. Francis A. Schmeltz's lot, lying on Main street, east by Public street, and adjoining the lot of Samuel R. Shields.

No. 85. Francis A. Schmeltz's lot, on Main and Wine streets, and adjoining the Methodist Church, and the land of Wm. R. Law.

No. 86. James Hick's lot, lying on Main street, and adjoining the Methodist Church.

No. 87. Benjamin Phillips' lot, lying on Queen street, and adjoining the lots of Jefferson Sinclair, and James Powell.

No. 88. William Massenburg's lot, lying on King and Main streets, and adjoining the lots of Jefferson Sinclair, and Mrs. Face.

No. 89. Thomas Peck's lot, lying on Queen street, and adjoining the lots of C. T. Smith, and J. Brown.

No. 91. Jesse P. Hope's lot, lying on the public road and adjoining the lot of Joseph Phillips.

No. 92. John Patrick's lot, lying on Water street, and adjoining the lots of Samuel White and James Baily.

No. 113. Captain James Hicks' lot, lying on Hampton creek, and adjoining the lots of Jennings, Mrs. Eliza Jones, and Carington.

No. 116. Thomas Peck's lot, lying on the county road, and adjoining the lots of John Wheeler, J. B. Sinclair, and J. P. Hope.

No. 117. William R. Vaughn's lot, lying on King street, and adjoining the lots of Mrs. Eliza Face, and William Massenburg.

City of Portsmouth.

No. 127. John K. Cooke's lot, with a house thereon, in the city of Portsmouth, on the north side of High street, running (24) twenty-four feet, and running back (113) one hundred and thirteen feet. This property is now occupied by Robert Bowman.

No. 125. John K. Cooke's lot, on the eastern side of Dinwiddie street, between South and Crabb streets, and now occupied by the Military Road of the United States.

No. 137. Thomas Humes' lot. (60) sixty feet from the southeast intersection of Randolph and Fifth streets, *on Fifth street* (30) *thirty feet*, running back (80) eighty feet. Also,

Another lot, on the west side of Court street, it being the northwest corner of intersection of Court and North streets. Also,

Another, a water lot, containing (69992) sixty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-two square feet, adjoining the last above described lot.

No. 131. James Murdaugh's lot, on the northwest corner of the intersection of Crawford and Loudon streets, lately occupied by said Murdaugh.

No. 132. James Murdaugh's (et al.) lot on the north side of Loudon street, between Middle and Court streets.

No. 133. James Murdaugh's lot, on the south side of Loudon street, between Crawford and Middle streets, being part of lot No. 29, according to plan of said city.

No. 134. James Murdaugh's lot, at the northeast intersection of Effingham and Loudon streets, being (180) one hundred and eighty feet on Loudon street, by (113) one hundred and thirteen feet.

Personal Property.

No. 83. Terry Sinclair's household furniture.
No. 46. Thomas Hume, Jr.'s personal property.
No. 126. John K. Cook's household furniture.

Seized, libelled, and condemned under the Confiscation act of July seventeenth, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, as the property of the above named defendants, and will be sold for the use of the United States.

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ROBERT McMURDY, D. D., LL. D., GRAND PRELATE OF GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF U. S., EDITOR, BOX 962.

MASONIC PRECEPTS.

THOMAS RANDOLPH, 1630.

First worship God; he that forgets to pray,
Bids not himself good-morrow or good-day:
Let thy first labor be, to purge thy sin,
And serve him first whence all things did begin.

Honor thy parents to prolong thine end;
With them, though for truth, do not contend;
Whoever makes his father's heart to bleed
Shall have a child that will avenge the deed.

Think that is just; 'tis not enough to do,
Unless thy very thoughts are upright too.

Defend the truth; for that who will not die,
A coward is, and gives himself the lie.

Take well whate'er shall chance, though bad it be;
Take it for good, and 'twill be good for thee.

First think; and if thy thoughts approve thy will,
Then speak; and after that thou speak'st fulfil.

* * * * *

So live with men, as if God's curious eye
Did everywhere into thine actions pry;
For never yet was sin so void of sense,
So fully faced with brazen impudence,
As that it durst before men's eyes commit
Their brutal lusts, lest they would witness it;
How dare they then offend when God shall see,
That must alone both judge and jury be?

Would'st thou live long? The only means are these,
'Bove Galen's diet, or Hippocrates';
Strive to live well; tread in the upright ways,
And rather count thy actions than thy days;
Then thou hast lived enough amongst us here;
For every day well spent I count a year.
Live well, and then, how soon soe'er thou die,
Thou art of age to claim eternity.
But he that outlives Nestor, and appears
To have pass'd the date of gray Methusalem's years,
If he his life to sloth and sin doth give,
I say he only *was*—he did not *live*.

SONG OF THE HAMLET.

Call us not poor, though naught have we
Of gold or silver ore;
Nor enter we the lordly hall,
Nor ring at rich man's door.

Call us not poor, though costly robe
Ne'er from our shoulders hung;
Nor for our feet, in mazy dance,
His harp hath minstrel strung.

Call us not poor, though pomp and power
To us are words unknown;
And never for our humble name
Will fame's loud trump be blown.

But call us poor and mean and low
If, in the early morn,
We walk not with the beautiful,
While earth seems newly born;

If we can press the dewy grass,
So richly strewn with flowers,
Without a pulse thrilled through with joy
For this sweet world of ours.

O, call us poor, if we can close
Our hearts to all the charms
That nature pours so lavishly
Into our open arms!

Ay! winter's lovely pencilling
Upon our window traced
Gives truer pleasure to the heart,
Than if with damask graced.

The stars our sweet companions are,
Before the break of day;
And soft, bright tints at gentle eve
O'ercanopy our way.

How radiant o'er hill and glade
Falls the pure, mantling snow!
A gift of glory, from above,
To kindred hearts below.

We're passing rich, when we may look
Upon the fair, young brow,
And read the voiceless eloquence
That fills that spirit now.

We're rich in mines of untold wealth,
If sweet affections twine
In holy truth around the heart,
Like some full clustering vine.

We're rich, if life [illegible] found an aim,
Free, simple, unconfined;
Enough to do,—some soul to bless,—
Some broken reed to bind.

Call us not poor,—the beautiful
To us is richly given;
Bright things of earth, dear memories,
Calm hopes of peace and heaven.

Call us not poor,—but call us rich;
Man living as man should
Shall *ever see the Beautiful,*
Shall ever find the Good.

MY MASON BROTHER.

AN IMITATION.

Whose guiding arm, directing right,
First brought me to Masonic light,
And taught me to keep true and bright?
My Mason Brother!

Whose counsels, ever wise and good,
Brought me to walk in virtue's road,
And bless'd me as I onward strode?
My Mason Brother!

When sickness press'd upon my frame,
Who in the "silent watches" came,
And fann'd my brow, by the lamp's dull flame?
My Mason Brother!

When stern misfortune o'er me cast,
Her darken'd robe, and dooming blast,
Who brought me back to joy's repast?
My Mason Brother!

When slander's tongue defam'd my name,
Who stood between me and the shame,
And kindly yet restored my fame?
My Mason Brother!

When friendless on a foreign shore,
And all was dark, and Hope seem'd o'er,
Who fill'd my purse, and heal'd the sore?
My Mason Brother.

And when life's beaten road is trod,
And the spirit has returned to God,
Who'll bear my form to its native sod?
My Mason Brother.

—*Mirror.*

THE TWO FREEMASONS.

[CONCLUDED.]

PART III.

It was the first day of March, a day so much desired, so much dreaded by the painters—a day in which so many hopes, which are at once greeted by the transports of joy at triumph, and maledictions at defeat, are excited and crushed.

For an hour, Adrian had been seated before the time-piece, in an elegant drawing-room of the hotel de Mareil, with his eyes rivetted on the hands, whose sluggishness or rapidity he seemed to reproach. He was waiting until the Count and his niece should have completed their toilet, as the former had desired to attend him at the opening of the exhibition, in order to be one of the first to applaud the success of his young *protégé*.

For, during the eight months which had just elapsed, Adrian had found in M. de Mareil a zealous patron and a true friend. Thrust forward by him into the midst of the most eminent artists—received, on his recommendation, in the most fashionable circles, he was no longer that common provincial, lost in the immensity of the capital, neither knowing where to direct his steps nor on whom to lean for support, and always ready to become disheartened at the probable consequences of his isolation. He at length placed confidence in the future; all obstacles were levelled; on his talent alone the victory depended.

Why, then, that uneasy look, that pallor which pervades his cheeks, those furrows which wrinkle his fine forehead? He has sent three paintings before the judges, and at this critical hour, in which his fate is to be decided, a dismal apprehension has entered his mind. In vain he attempts to pluck up courage by setting before his eyes, through the aid of remembrance, sometimes the ensemble, sometimes the detail of each of his works; he anatomizes them with the merciless scalpel of a critic in bad humor; where he saw beauties, he perceives nothing but imperfections; he accuses himself of unskilfulness, of want of experience, and of coldness; he would rather relinquish ten years of his existence than his pictures should have left his studio—he now discovers so many faults which need correction.

"Heaveus! what then, ails you, Adrian?" exclaimed Caroline, who entered at the moment when the anxieties of the artist gave vent to a gesture of vexation and impatience. "I guess it; the time appeared to you very long. I, at least, will not merit the blame of having detained you. Women are accused of slowness in their toilet—nevertheless, this morning I am ready before my uncle."

"Alas! Miss, you labor under a mistake," replied Adrian. "I confess, however, that yesterday I counted the hours, the minutes; it seemed to me that the moment for opening the gallery of the Louvre would never arrive. My heart is to-day under the impression of a very different feeling. I hesitate, I tremble; my apprehension increases the nearer the hour approaches; and had I the power over it, instead of hastening, I would stay it."

"How now! would you fail of courage? Have you then forgotten that your paintings, when they were exposed in my uncle's gallery, obtained for you the most flattering encomiums?"

"Encomiums prompted by friendship or politeness. But fancy to yourself, Miss, a tribunal composed of judges inaccessible to indulgence, who examine coldly, decide without appeal, and repulse without regard."

"Their suffrage is only the more glorious for it, and I have the presentiment that you have obtained it."

"Perhaps, then, my humiliation will only be greater by it. It would be a thousand times better for me to send away my pictures, than bashfully to consign them to some obscure nook of the gallery, as if to say to the virtuosos, 'Pass along. They do not deserve the honor of being regarded by you.'"

"These, sir, are gloomy thoughts, that you will speedily banish, if you wish not to grieve me in my turn."

"To grieve you?"

"Ah! certainly. Is it not perfectly natural that one should be afflicted by the reverses of a friend when one is rejoiced at his successes?"

"How kind you are, Miss Caroline. If anything can still sustain my hope, it is the interest that you show for me; but, believe it, this trouble and uneasiness, which agitate me, originate not in a selfish sentiment of self-love. No! What causes my apprehensions, what overwhelms me with chagrin and shame, is having been able to remain a common painter under the influence of your regards, under the delight of your encouragement; is not to be able to say to you, 'To you belongs the homage of my glory; for I have desired it to be worthy of your affection, and it is by you that I have merited it.'"

The earnestness with which Adrian pronounced these words, the look with which he accompanied them, appeared to cause a lively surprise in Caroline. The sudden blush which suffused her pretty face, proceeded it from a sensation of joy or displeasure? This it is of which the reader will hereafter be informed. Nevertheless, we can now inform him that there was nothing very terrible in the commencement of the reply, which she was attempting to stammer out at the moment when her uncle entered the drawing-room.

Some minutes after, the carriage of M. de Mareil drew up before the entrance of the Museum. Adrian, on clearing the threshold, felt his heart sink within him, and his legs totter. He could hardly stand when he entered the large square hall, where the principal paintings are ordinarily exhibited. His eyes successively surveyed its four walls; but all the canvasses which decorated them appeared to him as through a cloud; no figure was clearly visible to his sight.

Suddenly his arms trembled under the gentle pressure of the hand of Caroline, and he was on the point of fainting, when he heard the Count exclaim, "Behold! but look then, my friend; there, directly in front of you; all in the place of distinction!"

The three landscapes of Adrian in reality occupied the most honorable position, and so dense was the crowd of virtuosos who stopped to admire them, it was almost impossible to draw near the place.

Nothing at this moment was wanting to complete the happiness of the young artist. As far as glory was concerned, the most unreasonable of his desires were granted; and a tear of joy, which, unknown to her, he had just observed in the beautiful eyes of Caroline, caused him to have a presentiment that he was not remotely separated from the side of love. In his ecstacy he could have wished that this day should never have an end; so agreeable a pleasure it is to taste this double triumph of the heart and the understanding. But time is unrelenting; he always travels on at the same pace, insensible to joy and to sorrow. Fortunately, our lovers did not have to dread the torments of a long separation; treated as a son by the Count, Adrian was allowed to appear at the hotel as often as he desired; and he promised himself not to suffer a single day to pass for the future without exercising his privilege.

In the evening, Adrian was walking on the ramparts and abandoning himself to the golden dreams which the intoxication of joy suggested to him, when he accidentally met Morisset, whose gloomy and dejected manner he remarked on accosting him.

"What is the cause of your melancholy countenance?" inquired he, with concern. "Might some grievous occurrence have unexpectedly befallen you?"

"I am ruined, my friend," replied Morisset, in a doleful voice.

"Ruined! you amaze me."

"Have you not then heard the calamity at Lyons mentioned? What a horrible catastrophe, my dear sir! Hundreds of families reduced to despair, and plunged in the most frightful distress!"

"I indeed know that the inundation has carried its ravages into that unfortunate city; but I do not see what connection can exist between this calamity and your ruin."

"What connection? You ask me that question just as I am about to make the last corrections in my *Satire on Selfishness;* a satire which joins the rapture of Gilbert to the purity of Boileau, the first appearance of which is alone worth more to it than every Nemesis past, present, and to come!"

"Thou sordid passion, shame of affluent sloth,
The scourge of misery and unfeeling hearts,
Accursed selfishness: true Masonic souls
Shall e'er be proof against thy poisonous darts."

"I think your satire very excellent," interrupted Adrian, "and I perfectly comprehend the purpose of it; but still I do not understand what the inundation can have to do with your lines, neither what blow it has been able to strike at your fortune."

"A mortal blow. Know you what reply they have made to me in four Lodges, where I have already presented myself? 'Your poetry, my Brother, is superb; but you must this time be contented with our admiration; the sufferers by the inundation have appealed to our sympathies, and if we cause resources which should be improved for misfortune to be turned to the advancement of our personal satisfaction, we shall ourselves be guilty of that selfishness you so justly brand.'"

"This reason would seem to me just enough."

"It has not common sense; for in short, as the times of suffering go, there is no reason that that can cease. To-day, the inundation—to-morrow an earthquake, a famine, a conflagration, what know I? I shall never want for pretexts to make a shift! And this is what is called Brotherly Love!"

"They are not wholly wrong."

"Oh! you can say what you will, as for me, I maintain ——"

Morisset suddenly stopped, and appeared to reflect for a moment; then striking his forehead, he exclaimed, "What an idea! Yes, zounds! it is my good genius who inspires me. My friend, I am saved."

"What is your project?"

"Ah! gentlemen Freemasons, it is for the inundation that you reserve your sympathies! Very well, you shall purchase my satire through love of the inundation; for it is for their benefit that I am going to sell it to you. When I say for their benefit, it signifies that I shall share the benefit with them. In this way I recover fifty per cent. on what I lost, and I gain besides a reputation for philanthropy, of which I shall know how to take advantage on another occasion. What say you to it? Is it not a wonderful plan? Adieu, my dear Adrian; I hasten to put it in execution this evening."

PART IV.

We will pass rapidly over an interval of fifteen months, during which fortune ceased not to show herself propitious to the artist, whilst, on the contrary, the poet went constantly from deception to deception. The richest amateurs disputed with one another for the pictures of the first; the government had purchased some of them for all the galleries; in short, at the conclusion of the last exhibition, the sovereign had bestowed with his own hand the Star of the Legion of Honor on the young painter. As for Morisset, his cunning, shortly understood, had by degrees so discredited him in the minds of the Freemasons, that he had become an object of repulsion among all the Lodges. Always eager for enjoyments, and incapable of procuring them by an honorable labor, he had condescended no longer to disguise his demands for alms, which he regularly sent at every masonic meeting. Too well known to inspire a real compassion, he made himself irksome instead of interesting; and sometimes he obtained, for the sake of quiet, some succor, but too little to enable him to subsist, and which day by day became less frequent.

Our two young men had, for a long time, ceased to see each other; the frankness and counsels of Adrian suited not Morisset, who, moreover, joined to his other vices that of envy. Continually irritated by the successes and the elevation of his companion from infancy—who had set out, like himself, at the foot of the ladder; humiliated at having shown to him only his destitution and his misery, the ingenious author of the Ode to Brotherly Love and the Satire on Selfishness had at first delayed his visits and finally renounced them altogether. The loss of a friend whose character he could not esteem had not excited very lively regrets in the heart of Adrian, and he found in his new affection a happiness more than sufficient to fill up a void of so little importance.

Our reader, informed of the principal incidents which have transpired during the last fifteen months, will permit us to conduct him without further preamble to the residence of Count de Mariel.

Since the morning, every one in the hotel had been busily engaged in the preparations for a feast. Caroline renders herself especially conspicuous by her zeal and activity; she stops not until the Count, who has been for some hours absent, returns overburdened with fatigue, but with a smile on his lips.

"What of him, uncle?" said she, endeavoring to divine in his countenance whether the reply which he is about to make will be good or bad.

"What of him, my child? I am not without hope."

"Have you made all your examinations?"

"All."

"And have they indeed surprised you?"

"Completely. I should be tempted to think that the name of my *protége* possesses the virtue of a talisman. No one has raised the slightest objection."

"I was sure of it. What joy, what surprise for Adrian! He is far from suspecting the happiness which you are preparing for him."

"It is a happiness that you seem to me to share rather eagerly."

"Is it not natural, my dear uncle? You have had the goodness to approve the affection that I bear for your young friend; and laboring for his elevation is precisely the same thing as devoting yourself to mine."

"You have then firmly resolved to become Mrs. Dumesnel?"

"Most certainly."

"Our relations concur in clamoring at the disparagement."

"What matters it? I will answer them that the greatest nobility is that of genius."

"You are right, my child. Therefore, we will each contrive our surprise for this dear Adrian."

"And at the same time."

"But if mine should miscarry?"

"He will have mine for consolation."

"And if I succeed, do you not fear that the excess of happiness may be fatal to him?"

"No, uncle. Happiness never produces harm."

Meanwhile the dinner hour came. Numerous guests seated themselves around the table, of which Caroline, seated between her uncle and Adrian, did the honors with admirable grace. To the silence of the first course succeeded the agreeable abandonment to mirth. The Count alone appeared preoccupied and uneasy; his gaze was frequently directed to the clock; finally, a servant delivered to him a letter, the seal of which he hastily broke. Hardly had he surveyed it than his countenance became radiant, he refilled his glass, rose, and in a voice which emotion rendered trembling pronounced this toast:

"In honor of Adrian Dumesnel, member of the Institute."

All the guests regarded one another with astonishment. Adrian, with his eyes fixed on his patron, seemed not to have heard aright.

"Yes, my dear Adrian," pursued M. de Mariel, "I have just received the news of your nomination; you have been unanimously elected."

Adrian took the paper from the hands of the Count; but it was impossible for him to distinguish anything on it; his tears hindered him from seeing.

"Come, sir," said Caroline, in her turn seizing the letter; "give me this truly happy message, that I may read it to you. When a husband becomes blind, it is very necessary that his wife should have eyes for him."

We relinquish the attempt at describing the effect which this simple expression of Caroline produced on Adrian. His joy bordered on delirium, and he so completely abandoned himself to it, that it was sincerely shared by all those who surrounded him.

This day, so happy, could not, however, end without gloom. About the middle of the evening, a messenger, ushered into the presence of Adrian, whom he had vainly sought at his residence, supplicated him, in the name of humanity, to follow him without delay.

Adrian, after having reluctantly taken leave of his new family, followed his guide, who conducted him into a narrow and dirty street in the St. Denis quarter. There he was obliged to enter a house of miserable appearance, and climb up five flights of stairs, decaying from age, to reach a garret, whose bareness caused him to recoil with fright. A cross-bedstead and an old chair composed the entire furniture of this grim retreat. On a half-filled straw pallet lay a young man covered with shreds of cloth; this young man was Morisset, who was struggling in the agonies of death. Misery and hunger had killed him.

"I have wished to see you before I die," murmured he in an indistinct voice, shaking convulsively the hand that Adrian extended to him. "Hatred ceases in the presence of death, and I acknowledge that mine was unjust. Why, instead of feeling envious towards you, had I not listened to your counsels and followed your example? Perhaps I also should possess a name at this time and for time to come!"

"Courage, my friend," replied Adrian, deeply moved; "all can yet be atoned for. God be praised, fortune has smiled on my labors; I will not desert you; we will share as Brothers."

"Seek not to inspire me with a vain hope; I cannot be deceived as to my condition. Eight days ago, however, had I not been restrained by bashfulness, your consoling words would have been able to restore me to life; but it is now too late. Behold me; I am nought but a skeleton."

Adrian remained a portion of the night with Morisset, and when he withdrew. he gave his purse to a poor old woman, whom compassion sometimes drew into the chamber of her dying neighbor, and recommended her to bestow on the sick man every attention that his condition demanded.

PART V.

"Well, my dear nephew," said the Count while breakfasting with Adrian and Caroline, the day after their marriage; "what is now your opinion of Freemasonry? Do you contend that a man would always lose his time if he should have recourse to this great and excellent society, to create for himself a position, and to attain prosperity."

Adrian, astonished, regarded the Count without replying. The latter smilingly continued:

"Two years ago this very day, two young men discussed this weighty question at the foot of an elm in the wood of Verrières."

"Really, I recall to mind—"

"But what you cannot remember, since you did not know it, is that at two paces from that elm, there was present a Freemason who lost not a word of the discussion; and that Freemason was myself."

"You! Ah, now I understand it all"

"You wear the Star of the Legion of Honor, are a member of the Institute and the husband of my Caroline, and you certainly merit all this; but how much talent, for want of a little aid, has remained buried in oblivion! I have wished to prove to you that our Institution, in inspiring sentiments of mutual benevolence in men, can be of some value; and you will give me this credit, that I am sufficiently skilled to impart a lesson."

"Really, uncle,' said the young bride, "since it is to Freemasonry that I am indebted for the happiness of being the wife of my Adrian, I vow, on my part, an eternal gratitude to it."

Adrian tenderly kissed the hand of Caroline, and wrung that of M. de Mariel with a lively expression of thankfulness.

"Now I think of it," resumed the Count after a moment's silence, "what has become of your dialogist? As well as I can remember, he had a way of thinking very different from yours."

"Alas!" replied Adrian, "the unfortunate fellow, after having wearied the generosity of all the Lodges, has died in the midst of privations and suffering."

"That must needs be, my friend. Freemasonry can contribute towards elevating the man of soul who trusts to it; but its mission is not to sustain sloth and mendicity by its charity."

* * *

Customs and Legends—The Revelations of a a Square.

After this I passed two years of severe probation, for the masters were inefficient, and the brethren began to be very slack in their attendance; in fact, at the close of the year our lodge was *hors du combat*.

The latter of the worthies was inordinately addicted to the prevailing convivialities of the age, and introduced amongst us the exploded custom of drinking and smoking in open lodge—an evil practice destructive of all scientific investigation. I admit that he was not a solitary exception to the standing order, that "no brother do presume to come into the lodge intoxicated, or on any account whatever to call for wine or liquors in open lodge, but to address himself to the stewards or wardens, who if they think it necessary, will give their orders accordingly," for there were many existing lodges whose sole business appeared to be sensual indulgence, but they were carefully avoided by every sincere friend of the Order. Many protests were entered against the practice by the remaining few discreet members of our lodge without effect; the nuisance was not abated; and even the lecture—when we had the good fortune to hear one—was delivered amidst volumes of smoke, which rivalled in intensity the reeking impurities of a burning prairie, and interrupted by frequent calls to the landlord for beer and strong waters, and the jingling of pots and glasses! Forgetting the *favette linguis* of the old mysteries, the enjoyment of every brother seemed to center in himself alone; and this unhallowed triad of lecturing, smoking, and drinking at one and the same time, bestrode the brethren like the old man of the sea on the neck of Sinbad, and they possessed no means of liberation but by dissolving their connection with the lodge; and thus the institution was deprived of some of its most valuable members.

This R.·. W.·. M.·., whose name, for various reasons, I have purposely omitted to mention, as if determined to give the lodge its *coup de grace*, introduced a contest for superiority between the old and several of the young members, who understood very imperfectly the true principles of the Order, and entered warmly into the dispute for the sake of excitement and mischief. The juniors were at first always defeated in the numerous motions and subjects of discussion, which they nightly poured forth upon the lodge, with as little judgment as Sancho Panza exhibited in the application of his proverbs; but being encouraged by the master, they succeeded in procuring an accession to their numbers by the introduction of candidates for initiation, till, at length, the old members were in a minority. The undisguised marks of triumph which the juniors displayed so disgusted the more sedate brethren, that they dropped off gradually, till the lodge was left to the sole management of the injudicious master and his superficial associates. I need not tell you the result. After the pæans of victory had subsided, and the excitement of the contest was at an end, these boon companions found Masonry but a dull affair, and soon followed the example of those worthy brethren whom they had driven from the lodge, by discontinuing their attendance; until, at length, we received a summons, dated 17th October, 1776, and signed "Samuel Spencer, Grand Secretary," requiring us, under the penalty of erasure, to show cause, at the ensuing quarterly communication, why the lodge had not been represented in grand lodge for the last two years, and no subscriptions paid. Fortunately, the remaining few members who had faithfully adhered to the lodge amidst all its fluctuations—if not by actual attendance, at least by continuing on the books—interfered, and by inviting an active and scientific member, Bro. James Heseltine, who had served the office of warden under Bro. Entick, to take the chair, restored peace and unanimity to the lodge.

Many of the continental fancies and innovations, extracted from the Jewish Talmuds, and introduced into their surreptitious Masonry, were much talked of in our lodges at this period; and some of them were actually incorporated into our symbolical ritual, which was one reason why an unauthorized mode of working was considered by all genuine Masons to be essentially necessary. The rage of *something new* in England, as formerly in Athens, was not easily suppressed, and a knowledge of these traditions was deemed indispensable for every brother who was ambitious of enjoying the reputation of being an adept in Masonry. One of these traditions you will like to hear, as it continued for a great length of time a cherished figment amongst us. It refers to the history of the foundation stone of Solomon's Temple, which was traced in the legend from Enoch through Noah, Abraham, and Solomon, to the apostate Emperor Julian by the following process: They described it as a double cube, every side, except the base on which it stood, being inscribed. The first face of the cube was said to have been engraved by Noah with an instrument of porphyry when the Ark was building; the second, by Abraham, with *the horn of the ram*—credat Judæus!—which was substituted for his son on Mount Moriah! the third, with a porphyry tool by Moses; the fourth, by Joshua; and the fifth by Hiram Abiff, before it was deposited in its final bed at the north-east angle of the Temple. Having been placed by Enoch in the basement of his subterranean edifice, it was discovered by Noah, and used as an anchor to fix the ark on Mount Ararat. Abraham took it thence to Mount Moriah, where it constituted the altar on which he offered Isaac. It formed the pillow of Jacob when he saw his celestial vision of the ladder, and accompanied him in all his wanderings. He bequeathed it to Joseph in Eygpt, who directed it to be placed over his grave. Moses took it with him, at the great deliverance, into the wilderness of Arabia. He stood upon this remarkable stone when the Red Sea was divided, and when the Amalekites were defeated; he knelt on it when the Tables of the Law were delivered on Mount Sinai; and finally commended it to the care of Joshua, who built his altar on it at Mount Ebal. It was deposited in the Sanctuary at Shilo, until the Temple was erected at Jerusalem, when Solomon directed it to be placed in the foundation as the chief corner-stone. Here it remained undisturbed either by Zerubbabel or Herod, as it was destined to defeat the insane attempt of Julian to rebuild the Temple, which it effected by destroying his workmen through the agency of fire.

A similar fiction about the Rod of Moses was also imported from the Continent, which was traced from the Paradisaical Tree of Knowledge; another about the institution of Templary, which, as it was said, had its origin in Egypt before the Exodus; that Moses and Aaron, having been initiated into its mysteries, brought it with them into Judæa; that, thence it passed through the two St. Johns to the Crusades, &c.; and a fourth, about the imaginary travels of Peleg, and the erection of his triangular temple. We had another, which recounted the pseudo-history of Hiram Abiff; and many similar ones, which it would be a waste of time to mention. It may be necessary to add, that these fables were not countenanced by any but some young and inexperienced brethren, who were ambitious of being accounted cleverer and brighter Masons than their fellows. And you would have been astonished to see the absurd airs of importance which the possessors of these fabulous conceits assumed when the conversation of a lodge happened to turn upon the abstruse subject of cabalistical acquirements.

* * *

Masonry is no Respecter of Persons.

BY BRO. CAMMACK.

We are taught that everything connected with Masonry is solemn, and that every Symbol of our Order is pregnant with truth. Now I have often, in my own imagination, wondered why it was that men of the most lofty intellect, the most capacious mind and brightest genius, and the most profound philosophers, have connected themselves with this Order, and become its patrons, and have been willing to meet upon the level and part upon the square. But in Masonry we are taught the reason; it is because in the sight of Almighty God we are all upon a level. God is the respecter of no man. One man in His eye is just as precious as another; we are all the workmanship of His hands. But, as I said, the most profound philosophers and the greatest lights that the Christian world ever knew, have been connected with Masonry. What made them Masons? Was it entering, and passing, and raising, and giving certain words and grips, that constituted them Masons? Why, my dear brethren, unless you come into the inner sanctuary of Masonry, you know nothing at all about Masonry, or the beauties that compose the inner court. Consider who you are, and what you are, and what you must be. Consider yourself as for a moment in time, but having a being that will run parallel with God's—that will exist forever and eternally. But Masonry, while it teaches me to have faith in God, also teaches me to have hope in immortality, and, withal, to have supreme love to God and love to all mankind. And that Mason who has got an enlightened head, and has got a renewed heart, and has opportunity to search into the mysteries of Masonry, will find a field that will occupy his thoughts, and furnish one of the most attractive sciences that ever engaged his attention. You cannot put your eye upon a single symbol that is found on the masonic tracing board but what is pregnant with the greatest moral truths. There is nothing puerile, nothing insignificant; but each and every one is of the utmost importance. A Mason who studies their teachings and applies the gavel to his moral nature, will never blaspheme; and, as for a drunken Mason, there cannot be a greater inconsistency. When he entered upon his first perfect point of entrance, what did that signify? Temperance was the first cardinal virtue impressed upon his mind; and it would be well if the gavel was more in operation in those Masons who indulge in intemperance, for they not only bring disgrace upon themselves, but they bring disgrace on all other Masons, and disgrace upon the Order.

The Progress of Freemasonry Providential.

BY AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, LL. D.

When we consider the difficulties that Freemasonry has had to contend with—the obstacles which lay in the way of its advancement—its wonderful succcess cannot but astonish us; and it certainly will not be deemed an extravagance to say that its progress has been providential.

Eighteen centuries ago, Christianity had to struggle long and hard with the Spirit of the Age, with the presiding Thought of the Times; it had to dethrone Selfishness, the Prince of the world, before it could gain the dominion of Souls, and establish the kingdom of Love. Masonry marches in the same path to-day. It seeks to exorcise the foul spirit of Selfishness, to make men love each other as brethren, and bear one another's burdens. But never was there an age which, in the entire of its habits of thought and life, would seem to be so directly at variance with the spirit of this Order as this in which we live. It is the habit of the times to repudiate all associations, all forms, rites, mysteries, symbols, and reduce Life, which God has so beautifully embellished, to a cold, and barren, and most unpoetic matter of fact. "Away with your signs, and symbols, and mysteries," says the skeptic, "and speak to me in plain words!" As if words could express the soul's highest and purest emotions! Language, at best, is but an imperfect medium of expression. It can utter well and distinctly only what is finite and limited, but symbols shadow forth the Infinite and Everlasting! Beneath them lie the unfathomable deeps of Eternal Truth. God reveals himself to man, not through any verbal machinery or spoken speech, which addresses the reasoning faculties, but through symbols, which speak to the soul! The world, with its corollary of stars, and drapery of gold-fringed clouds, is the symbol of God, through which he speaks to human souls and brings them into a Divine sympathy with himself.

The Spirit of the Age regards all symbols, all rites and mysteries, as useless and foolish; but Masonry sees in them a Divine utility. Symbols are the speech of God! It sees in man a being, at the same time material and spiritual, and therefore does not disdain any instrumentalities which Nature may point out to bring into activity all his powers, and aid him in his upward way. It speaks to his senses, to his imagination, to his heart, as well as to his reason and judgment.

The Spirit of the Age, again, seeks to disunite men; the tendency to Individualism or Selfishness has struck through the heart of modern society. Men, inspired by it, become forgetful of the ties of brotherhood, and, occupying themselves only in furthering their personal interests, are in a constant struggle with each other. But Masonry, on the contrary, seeks to restore unity and brotherly love, and asserts that human life is made up of mutual sacrifices, and that we must lend each other a helping hand, as we journey through life, to the unseen world.

This progress of Freemasonry through seas of opposition, in the midst of so many unfavorable circumstances—the suspicion of the prejudiced, the malice of the ignorant, the selfish life of the Age—cannot but be providential. The hand of God is in it. It is a sweet music, swelling as a heavenly psalmody around and above us, charming away our griefs, and making us feel that we are not lone and solitary wanderers on Life's rough thoroughfare. It is a soothing voice, which comes to us from on high, as a response to the earnest cry of the soul—the deep and abiding need of the heart—for communion, sympathy, and love.

The Boards of Relief—New York City.

The real wintry weather that has prevailed this week should awaken attention to the condition of the needy brethren, the widows in distress, and the little ones unable to provide for themselves, who are among us. The cold snap that to those who have means calls up visions of sleigh-rides, skating carnivals, and all the other amusements peculiar to the season, but makes the household of poverty more chilling, and its grasp more palsying. The blazing fire that warms the family circle of the well to-do, reflects but the light of despair in the heart of the poverty-stricken passer by. Among these are many of our own masonic family and kindred, and we should not rest contented till we have exhausted the means at our command for relieving their needs. No roof under which the widow or the orphans of Masons take shelter should conceal the pangs of want or the pinching of cold. Out of our abundance there is enough to prevent that without diminishing the comforts of our own families; and we are proud to say, for our brethren everywhere, that the will to accomplish this mission of benevolence is never wanting, their response to the cry of distress is ever prompt, and always liberal, but unfortunately not always discreet. In the pleasant surroundings of the lodge-room, where the kindly influences of our Craft are most active, the petition for help is rarely scrutinized. The money is voted, and the question as to whether the applicant is worthy is laid away for discussion some other time. This is the point wherein we fail. We give as much to the unworthy as to the meritorious by allowing the sentiment of benevolence to overcome that of prudence; and thus it must always be while lodges pursue the loose plan of giving their money without taking the trouble to know where it is going—without stopping to reflect that money given to an imposter is worse than wasted, for it is given to the encouragement of idleness and dissipation. To correct this evil is the great object kept in view by the Boards of Relief, and it is in their attention to it that their usefulness is made manifest. If they were simply almoners to give away money in behalf of the lodges, without any other investigation than usually takes place when an application for assistance is made to a lodge, then, so far from being of any benefit, they would on the contrary be a positive detriment; but it is precisely because they pursue the opposite course, and give no money to unknown persons without first having satisfactory evidence of their worthiness, that they are to be commended. They give, but their giving is surrounded by precautions against imposture, and thus their donations prove a double blessing, benefiting the giver and the receiver, and husbanding the resources of the Fraternity, so that a larger share may fall to the lot of the true, and the wolf be more effectually kept from their doors. We are happy to note a more extended appreciation of the labors of these Boards, and at this inclement season when the applications are more numerous and pressing than at any other, we invoke for them the attention of the brethren. Their work is a noble one, one that calls into exercise the great lesson of our ritual. Let it not be circumscribed for want of means, nor impeded by ill-considered donations at lodge doors, but rather let us all unite in extending and supporting it, thus securing to the worthy a full meed of assistance, and to the unworthy the stern assurance that their raids upon our treasuries will be fruitless. —*Dispatch.*

Origin of Masonry.

BY REV. BRO. CONE.

The origin of Masonry is lost far back in an unhistoric age. History does not throw a very certain light upon it till we find it already an old and time-honored institution, receiving the patronage and reverence of the noblest and greatest men. But it matters little whether we can trace the institution directly to its source or not. It matters little whether or not we know what men first assembled in its name, or under what sky its canopy was spread, and its pillars erected. One thing we know, that whether its devotees first assembled on the plains of Mesopotamia or on the summit of Mount Moriah, it was the love of what is beautiful in science, noble in morality, and divine in religion, that drew them together and united their hearts in the sympathy of a common brotherhood. It was because men loved Truth, Virtue and Fraternity, that they loved Masonry; and it is so to-day, and will be forever. No man who is not devoted with all his heart to these principles is a true lover of Masonry, or a true Mason.

It is probable that the institution of Masonry was not of a sudden or rapid growth. It was developed with the development of the human mind, and grew up with the religious aspirations of the soul. It embodies truths that it took men ages to learn, and other ages still to appreciate and apply. By Masonry I do not mean the secret words, tokens, &c., nor the mere machinery of the lodge room, but the great truths and principles that it inculcates. Such an institution must have been of slow development—the work of ages. Long were the materials in preparation in different lands, perfected by the master hands of the skilful, the wise, the learned, and the good. Here a truth of philosophy was wrought out by some thoughtful sage. Far away under another sky, a whole nation was learning the truths of religion, by a long experience and from the lips of prophets, poets, and holy men. Finally, from the best thinking and best living of ages, were collected the principles, precepts, and truths which were embodied in speculative Masonry. Its pillars of WISDOM, STRENGTH, and BEAUTY were wrought out of the severe experience of a thousand years. Its *precious jewels* were the treasures that mankind had dug from the mines of truth after ages of groping and toil; and when the time came for the wise Master to rear the grand edifice of Masonry, he had all the materials ready at hand; and, like the great Jewish temple on Mount Moriah, whose prototype it was, the mighty temple of Masonry rose in symbolic silence and order.

> "No workman's steel, no ponderous axes rung,
> Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung."]

But science was necessary to the perfection of Masonry. There could not be an organized body of Masons without the principles of science as the basis of the organization. Accordingly, it is probable that Masonry did not exist as an organized institution in its present form until the world had made considerable progress in mathematical science. It required the union of operative and speculative Masonry to make the structure complete. This union was doubtless effected at the building of King Solomon's Temple. The people of Israel were the preservers of the pure principles of speculative Masonry, while the arts and sciences were cultivated with wonderful success by the rest of the world. Among the great architects of antiquity, the Tyrians hold a conspicuous rank. For more than two centuries their ancestors had ruled Egypt, and when driven out, seven hundred years before the building of Solomon's Temple, they carried with them a knowledge of those arts for which they soon after became so celebrated. Their posterity lived in constant communication with Egypt, and were continually improved by studying the models which the splended architecture of that country exhibited. Two hundred years before the building of the Temple, we find in the city of Tyre itself some splendid specimens of the skill of the architects of that people. It was with the prince of this people, Hiram, King of Tyre, that David, King of Israel, was on terms of strictest amity and brotherly love. While Hiram was celebrating, with fabulous pomp and splendor, the spurious Freemasonry of the Tyrians, or the mysteries of Thammuz, as it was called, the Irsaelites were engaged in the beauteous celebrations of speculative Masonry under their Grand Master, King David.

The ancient historians tell us that the children of Israel were fascinated by the splendor and magnificence of the spurious Freemasonry of the Tyrians, and that it was to save them from the power of this irresistible charm, and attach them to their own religion, that King David conceived the plan of building a temple that should rival in splendor the most famous productions of Tyrian skill. He hoped to give his people that magnificence and beauty at home which they so admired abroad, and to consecrate it by the ceremonies of a higher and purer worship. But, with all his good intentions, it was not permitted the warrior king to build the temple. This work was reserved for his son Solomon. This sagacious prince, conscious of the incompetence of his own people to design and complete so great a work of art, lost no time in cultivating the friendship of the King of Tyre. He wrote Hiram a letter setting forth the design of his royal father, King David, to erect a Temple to God, and soliciting his aid. Hiram returned an answer in the language of respect and esteem. In the true spirit of Freemasonry, he promises his assistance, by furnishing cedars and other timber from the forests of Lebanon, for the construction of the temple. He further offers the aid of the most expert architects in his kingdom to design and complete the work. But even all this would have been of but little value to King Solomon without the further assistance of a Master Mind to organize, animate, and direct the whole. Now there was a man in the dominions of the King of Tyre who possessed in a pre-eminent degree the qualifications for such an office. He had been born in Tyre of an Israelitish mother, was initiated in the mysteries of the spurious Freemasonry of the Tyrians, and was doubtless versed in all the sublime principles of the speculative Masonry of the Israelites. He was, indeed, one of the great men of his time—of mighty intellect, extended knowledge of all the science and art of his times, and, besides, a man of the highest and purest principles. This man, selected by the King of Tyre for the great work of superintending the construction of the Temple, was no other than Hiram Abiff, the widow's son, whom every Master Mason recognizes as the model of integrity and honor. As an architect, embroiderer, sculptor, and mechanic, he stands unrivalled in all antiquity. "He was," says Anderson, "the most accomplished designer and operator on earth, whose abilities were not confined to building only, but extended to all kinds of work, whether in gold, silver, brass or iron; whether in linen, tapestry, or embroidery. Whether considered as an architect, statuary, or founder, he equally excelled. From his designs and under his directions, all the rich and splendid furniture of the temple, and its several appendages, were begun, carried on and finished."

Hiram Abiff saw that a great central organization was needed, in which should be united the two systems of speculative and operative Masonry, with the essential principles of both—Morality, Brotherly Love and Science. He soon instituted a Grand Lodge, which became the mainspring that put in motion and directed the vast machinery of the construction of that splendid edifice. He also formed lodges of Master Masons, Fellow Crafts, and Entered Apprentices, each class under its Grand Lodge of excellent and super-excellent Masters. Many of the Israelitish people were admitted to the inferior degrees, while their chiefs or princes were raised to the highest honors of the Craft.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Faith in God.

BY POLLAK.

Mason! thy first homage belongs to God. Adore the Supreme Being, who created the universe by an act of His will, who conserves it by a continued deed of His action, who fills thy heart, but whom the human mind cannot conceive of nor define.

Pity the sad delirium of him who closes his eye to the light, and walks in the midst of heavy darkness; but be tolerant; keep thyself from hating or persecuting—the Divinity communicated not to thee to avenge its injuries.

Lift thy thoughts often above the material being that encircles thee; throw a look of desire in the superior regions that are thy inheritance and true freedom; for this earthly life is not the end of man.

Honor God as the author of all good, and virtue as the destiny to preserve the good that God has made. He has given us reason, to teach us to distinguish good from evil, and the true from the false.

Cultivate thy reason, as the best and surest means to please the Divinity, and to be useful to thy equals.

Cultivate the sciences, to render reason profitable, to establish the love of humanity, and to save thyself from the ravages of error and of falsehoood.

God is truth; impart nothing but truth. Walk with the torch of reason in search of truth; her only object is the elevation and ennoblement of the human spirit.

Arm thyself against reports and opinions, and do not admit any proposition without first having examined it.

Show thyself always virtuous; and know always how to ally wisdom to prudence, that the love of thy equal burn constantly in thy soul; and be worthy of the Sublime Architect of the Universe, and thou canst with pride call thyself a true child of light.

But it is in vain that thou wilt say to thy equal, there exists one Supreme God, if thou art not to him a brother and a friend.

It is in vain that thou wilt say to the poor and to the orphan, Thou hast a Father in heaven, if thou art not a man and father to them. Forget not that God is the one that always has been, that animates and governs all the creation by His general providence, of His constant and universal principles. Do not probe His existence; this search would be vain and criminal. It is enough that, day by day and night by night, His works announce Him, His power, and His mercy; try to profit by it.

O! divine love, celestial light, superior felicity, union of human souls, come shape all hearts, come purify them, and animate by the same sentiment of love, of fraternity, and of goodness, that thy agreeable subject unite all men as brethren and friends!

ROUND THIS ALTAR COME; OR, MASONS STILL ARE BLEST.

BY BROTHER ROB. MORRIS, LL. D.

AIR—"*When this Cruel War is Over.*"

Brothers, met from every nation,
  Far away from home,
Men of every rank and station,
  Round this altar come.
Bring your hearts, so full of feeling;
  Join your hands, so true;
Swear, ye sons of truth and honor,
  Naught shall sever you.
    CHORUS.—War's dark cloud will vanish—
      Joy to East and West;
        Though the land is full of weeping,
      Masons, Masons still are blest.

Come, forgetting every sorrow,
  Level bring, and Square;
Leave all trouble to to-morrow;
  Each the Compass bear;
Pass the Trowel o'er each discord;
  Wear the Lambskin white;
Brothers, one more happy meeting,
  In our Lodge to-night.
    CHORUS—War's dark cloud will vanish—
      Joy to East and West, etc.

In the circle here extended,
  Shadowy forms appear;
With our loving spirits blended,
  Dead ones, ah, how dear!
Dead on many a field of battle,
  Lost to friends and home,
Yet, in Masons' love surviving,
  Round this altar come.
    CHORUS—War's dark cloud will vanish—
      Joy to East and West, etc.

When to distant homes returning,
  We shall say farewell,
And shall cease the tender yearning,
  Now our bosoms feel—
Prattling lips and sweet caresses,
  All the joys of home,
Will bring back the loving circle,
  Round this altar come.
    CHORUS—War's dark cloud will vanish—
      Joy to East and West;
        Though the land is full of weeping,
      Masons, Masons still are blest.

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Freemasonry.

The term Freemasonry expresses and includes the entire nature and effect, the whole internal and external existence of the society or fraternity of Freemasons. The practice of Freemasonry consists in the external representation of the masonic *spirit*, by certain symbolic forms, figures, and ceremonies, and then by the demonstration of the acts expressed by these forms, towards themselves, towards the united members of the society, and towards all men. We may therefore designate as the two chief elements of Freemasonry, *first*, the *Masonic ideal or Spirit of Masonry*, and *second*, the symbolic *form* of the Masonic ideal known as *Masonic Symbolism*, and borrowed as it is from the art of architecture, not inaptly termed "*Symbolic Architecture.*" Thus, Freemasonry, like the human being, consists of two parts, body and soul. The body of Freemasonry is the covering, the garment, the external phasis, the totality of the masonic symbols and ceremonies. The soul of Freemasonry is the essence, the spirit, the masonic ideal, the totality of the fundamental ideas and principles of Masonry. These ideas and principles have ever existed and prevailed among men; therefore the *spirit* of Masonry (but *not* Freemasonry) is as ancient as humanity itself—it was born with the first man. The highest aims of Freemasonry are humanity and cosmopolitism; the two poles between which it moves are union and moral perfection. Freemasonry is the spirit-power which seeks to unite mankind by morality, leading, through moral perfection, to union. The great work of moral improvement on which Freemasonry is engaged, we liken to the building of a temple, a comparison which is consistently sustained throughout the whole system of Masonry.

Hence arises not only a symbolic language, but also a symbolic usage of working tools and materials peculiar to the building art, as well as a performance of symbolic customs and ceremonies. This symbolic architecture is a representation of the spirit of Masonry, which thus speaks to us, not in words, but in forms and figures. In these forms and figures the spirit appears to our view, visibly embodied; we not only hear it, but see it. The use of the technical language, implements and materials of operative Masonry, inexhaustible in their moral application, expresses strongly and forcibly the active moral tendency of the society. The great truths of Masonry lie concealed beneath ingenious symbols, and call not merely for acknowledgment but for practice—for acknowledgment through practice. The given interpretation of the symbols is always merely a suggestion, and constantly leaves room for further reflection and for the discovery of new applications. The thorough comprehension of the symbols unites the initiated and constitutes a bond of union, continually drawing them closer to one another. At the same time, this symbolic language is intelligible to men of every tongue, and is consequently a means of uniting men of all countries and languages. Thus, symbolic architecture expresses the two chief objects of the Freemason's society—the moral culture and the union of mankind. The place where this symbolic architecture is practiced is "the lodge;" and the lodge is the living union of the body and soul of Freemasonry.
—*Ballou's Month. Mag.*

The Wandering Jew.

The legend of the Jew ever wandering and never dying, even from the crucifixion of Jesus to the present day, is spread over many European countries. The accounts, however, as in all fables, do not agree. One version is this: When Jesus was led to death, oppressed by the weight of the cross, he wished to rest himself near the gate at the house of Ahasuerus. This man, however, sprang forth and thrust him away. Jesus turned toward him, saying, "I shall rest, but thou shalt move on till I return." And from that time he has had no rest, and is obliged incessantly to wander about. Another version is that given by Mathias Parisienthis, a monk of the thirteenth century: When Jesus was led from the tribunal of Pilatius to death, the doorkeeper, named Cartafflious, pushed him from behind with his foot, saying "Walk on, Jesus, quickly; why dost thou tarry?" Jesus looked at him gravely, and said, "I walk on, but thou shalt tarry till I come." And this man, still alive, wanders from place to place, in constant dread of the wrath to come. Still a third legend adds that this wandering Jew falls sick every hundred years, but recovers, and renews his strength; hence it is, even after so many centuries, he does not look much older than a septuagenarian. Thus much for the legends. Not one of the ancient authors makes even mention of such an account. The first who reports such a thing is a monk of the thirteenth century, when, as is known, the world was filled with pious fiction, even to disgust. However, the story has spead far and wide, so that it has become a proverb, "He runs about like a wandering Jew."

Midnight Visit of King Solomon.

The masonic Order is charged with many and elegant legends or traditions. Some of these are evidently fanciful, perhaps apocryphal in their nature, yet none the less illustrative of the philosophy of the institution. Doubtless these were designed, like the parables of our Saviour, to be rather *felt* than *credited*. It is not necessary that a story be *true* to be *trusted*.

Of this sort is that most charming legend of "the Midnight visit of King Solomon." The story is that the immaterial part of the great Mason-King comes forth invisible, but inquisitive, at low xii, and for an hour wanders unrestricted over the earth. Having been in life so warmly an adherent of the masonic institution, it would be very strange if he did not, under such circumstances, look up the lodge-rooms of the Craft and visit them. This, in point of fact, he does, and wherever he hears the sound of the gavel at that still hour, or observes the gleaming of the mystic tapers, he hastens to take a part, though all unseen, in the cabalistic work!

The fathers used to recognize his entrance by various tests, the most reliable of which was a vast increase of brotherly love pervading their hearts towards one another, and making that last hour the most delightful of the whole.—*Voice of Masonry.*

WRITTEN AT A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers like souls at rest,
The stars shine gloriously, and all,
Save me, is blest.

Mother. I love thy grave!
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head—when shall it wave
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower, yet must
It's bright leaves to the coming tempest bow;
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem—dust,
Dust is on thy brow.

And I could love to die,
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter stream,
By thee, as erst in childhood lie,
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here,
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes of childhood dear,
With bitter tears?

Aye, must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sear,
Went down with thee?

Oft from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the dim blue wave,
I stray to hear the night-winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there;
I listen—and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh, come, while here I press
My brow upon thy grave—and, in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless thy weeping child,
And o'er thine urn—religion's holiest shrine—
Oh, give his spirit undefiled
To blend with thine.

An Oration of the Old Time Masons.

(CONTINUED.)

But let a few shafts of repellant truth smite those who inveigh against the principles of things of which they are totally ignorant, and who try to overset those they never helped to raise. First, of those who would say, there are no valuable facts, no hidden mysteries in the chambers of the masonic building, worthy of knowledge or attention. Let such take rank with those who ignorantly exclaim, that there is no truth in the Bible, nor reality in the mysteries of vital religion. Do the fraternity hold such blasphemies in sovereign contempt? So do the professors of revealed religion.

Are there those who say that the masonic temple is a nursery of infidelity and irreligion? How can it be? As well might they declare that infidelity and irreligion was inculcated by Moses when he saw the burning bush, the flashes of Sinai's mount, or even the glory that overshadowed the temple. When we behold our symbols of the divine presence and administration, how can we be chargeable with being learners or promoters of irreligion? But let us endeavor to repel with softness the sarcasms of these ignorant and contemptuous slanderers, for be it known, that the abetting of infidel or occult principles by the Grand Master, or any in subordination, would be as contrary to the principles of real Masonry as for the stars in the firmament to deny their Creator's power, for creation to deny its relation to the moral world, or for the tabernacle of Moses to deny its relation to the temple of Solomon; let opposition fall before the mighty weight of irresistible truth. Once more: Let us draw the comparison to a close, and on more pleasing principles. My brethren, all the diversified edifices of natural and revealed religion in these united orders are founded on one and the same plan, and lead to one and the same end. I speak of Christians and of Masons, who understand, and in faithfulness perform the duties of their order: under this character the subordinate buildings in both relations are like the diversified synagogues of Palestine, all built upon the plan of the temple of God, at Jerusalem. The Supreme Architect, through whose apartments natural religion teaches us to walk, is the same that walks amidst the golden candlesticks of the Christian and masonic buildings; and when the naturalist shall be called to behold and made to understand the correspondence between these two buildings, whose worshippers have not heretofore acknowledged each other, he shall be made to own the hand of God to be as perspicuous in our temple as in his own, and falling down shall confess of a truth, that the God whom he hath ignorantly worshipped, the same declare we unto him; he shall borrow a lamp from our golden branches, wherewith to enlighten his own soul, to enlighten the fraternity, and to illuminate the whole building of God.

Let our subject, in thy name, O! God, even now reach him this lamp! let it tell him, that whilst he raises his tube, through which his philosophic eye glances at the sun, and says, see yonder proud luminary, from whose divine effulgence all creation receives its life; the eloquence of revelation gently whispers, true is the story that philosophy teaches, but seest thou not, by the aid of thy glass, the spot on the face of yonder sun? What can this express but the imperfection of the creature, in comparison with God the Creator? The Lord God is a sun, *in him* there is light, and *in him* there is no darkness! suffer me to sprinkle thy optics with the pearly drops of celestial dew, and thou shalt behold every object to shine with sevenfold lustre. Look at the moon, she borrows her rays from the fountain of life, the sun; thus shines Immanuel in the mediatorial firmament, he sheds his milder rays upon the benighted family of mankind, and still maintains a benign dominion whilst the Father's glory is withdrawn.

Behold the stars! assisting reflection, aiding to display in their sparkling light the milder influences of redeeming love; to whom are these subordinate luminaries indebted, but to him that walketh in the midst of the golden candlesticks, and who holdeth the stars in his right hand.

Look at yonder blazing star or fiery meteor, heated by its late approach to the fountain of light, now shoots its way across the ethereal expanse, as though designed to enliven the frozen regions of the poles.

What is this but a visible, and subordinate illustration of those ministers of God, who, like John the Baptist, and other burning and shining lights, labor to strike fresh fire in the frozen hearts of the obdurate, or like the angel that "flies through the heavens," having the everlasting gospel to preach, commands the sons of men and the downfall of mystical Babylon, to fear God and to give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment is come.

The genial aspect of a delightful day expresses the benignity of God and the delights of the soul, walking in the light of his reconciled countenance. "*In my name* shall they rejoice all the day long, and *in my righteousness* shall they be exalted."

Omitting the thousand tints of nature's beauties, which, still untouched, retire in modest silence, expressing the hidden glories of the Mediator's realms, waiting till the keen researches of the philosophic eye shall unfold more perfectly the universal volume, it may be presumed that these hints will sufficiently display to the intelligent, that the volume of creation presents in its material pages a faithful transcript of what, in fairer lines, is written in Revelation's *sacred page.*

Permit me now to explain in what sense all men are brethren.

I shall begin by observing, my friends, that you who are not Masons are constrained by the same general obligation to act as brethren to us, and to each other of our pious community; for by creation we are all children of one common parent—of one blood. The Great Architect of the world made all the families of the earth. See the order of His work; He laid the broad foundation of the universe; He raised without axe or hammer, the circular walls of this terraqueous globe; He roofed it with yonder beautiful canopy, and ornamented it with all those glittering orbs of innumerable brilliant light, perfected it in all its beauty, furnishing it with all its utility, and, like a workman pleased with his performance, pronounced the wondrous fabric good, perfect and complete; next He constructed the human frame, endowed man with every rational faculty and power, and illumined his interior with an immortal soul, sent him forth as the inhabitant of His new made world, bid him multiply, and declared Him the common father of the intended race. From this stock we are all descendants, and all are brethren.

Again, as in the course of nature, and from the riches of Providence, He furnishes the ten thousand hills with cattle, fills the meadow with the lowing kine and bleating flocks, furnishes the ocean with her scaly tribes, and the air with her feathered fowl, and from numberless instances, proving by His universal and benevolent provision that He is the common Father of all, and that we are brethren. Lastly, and not the least instance, does He prove our consanguinity in the unfathomable and unbounded price He paid in the blood of Jesus for the purchase of the world; here none are exempted in this mighty ransom; He who tasted death for every man, when expiring upon the cross, sealed with His blood the universal bond, and in His wide stretched arms embraced a dying world, *bid all to live,* and bid them *live as brethren.*

My friends, as men in the world, ye are all brethren; see then that ye return through the world to your Heavenly Father, and that ye fall not out by the way.

To you, my brethren, who are attached to each other in the Grand Order of Masonry, I address myself, to remind you of the solemn engagement with which we have entered into the union of brotherhood before God and our brethren; engagements, than which nothing can be more binding, nothing more sacred or more pious. Recollect and feel this with all its first intended force, that, if it is possible, in bonds stricter than the bonds of all men, ye are brethren—brethren by bonds never to be broken, but with the highest, deepest, broadest breach of all moral honesty, civil integrity, and religious sincerity, bonds in which you were not born; bonds into which you were neither enticed nor compelled to enter; bonds which you executed with your own unbiassed will and consent, bonds from which you might even, to the last moment before you were introduced, have easily avoided. If, therefore, for I must be faithful, or I forget the name of a brother, if as Masons ye are not brethren, as men ye are worse than the most depraved.

I shall now proceed to enforce some practical duties; and in this, though I hope my brother Masons will feel themselves particularly interested, I think the rest of the audience will have no right to exclude themselves; and thus our address may be more generally useful.

In doing this, I shall take up the two first implements of our Order, namely, the twenty-four inch gauge, with the common gavel, and apply them to our conduct, but as they would open to our view a field of instruction far beyond the limits of the time which can now be spared, I will endeavour to be as brief as possible.

The twenty-four inch gauge is an instrument made use of by operative masons to measure and lay out their work; but we, as Free and Accepted Masons, are taught to make use of it for the more noble and glorious purposes of dividing our time. It being divided into twenty-four equal parts, emblematical of the twenty-four hours of the day, which we are taught to subdivide into three equal parts, whereby we apportion eight for the service of God and a worthy distressed brother; eight hours for our usual avocations, and eight for refreshment and sleep. In the first place, the service of God: how has your time been employed in this particular duty? Have you been constant in prayer, acknowledging Him as the author of all your mercies, and imploring Him to pour down His blessing upon all your laudable undertakings, and to esteem Him as the chief good? Have you never mentioned His holy name but with that reverential awe which is due from a creature to his Creator? Or are there some among you who are guilty of that abominable vice of taking His holy name in vain? Consider what you do; think not to tempt omnipotence. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." Thus runs the commandment delivered in awful thunders from Sinai's holy mount. Tremble, ye transgressors, at your crime. Conduct like this neither bespeaks the character of the Christian, of the Mason, nor of the gentleman. What have you to plead for a vice without any extenuation?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Theology of Freemasonry.

BY BRO. REYNOLDS, OF THE TROWEL.

A portion of the first of the ancient charges requires every Mason to be of that religion in which all men agree, leaving their particular opinions to themselves.

Masonic theology may therefore, perhaps, be defined to be "The knowledge we have of God from his works" and from revelation, and the doctrines and duties derived therefrom.

Very many sectarians object to the institution of Freemasonry because it does not in so many words endorse the Christian religion; because its members, as Masons, will associate with those who think differently from them, and who do not square their theological creed by theirs.

Every instruction in Masonry—every lesson, every moral, every point—demonstrates a belief and faith in God, the Creator and Governor of all things; inculcates accountability to and reverence for him; a strict obedience of the moral law, and fidelity to every moral, political, and masonic obligation, each and all of them being consistent with each other. Upon this common ground, the Hebrew, the Catholic, the Protestant, "men of every country, sect, and opinion," may meet and agree. In avoiding those subjects upon which they disagree, they do no more harm than well-bred men do everywhere, by avoiding those things and those opinions which they know to be distasteful to the company or associates present. To do this, no man is to lay aside or abandon his views or opinions, but, for the time being, acting strictly upon the golden rule, he does to his brother or fellow exactly what that brother or fellow does to him, withholds, or refrains from expressing, his opinions on points of difference between them.

Let us analyze this a trifle. Take a political convention. Here you will find the rank atheist, the avowed infidel, the unwavering Catholic, several kinds of Protestants, the Mason and anti-Mason. Who has ever questioned the right of such men to a seat in a Whig, Democratic, Republican, or Abolition convention? No one. And so we might pass on, heaping demonstration upon demonstration through all the various organizations for religious, moral, educational, agricultural, mechanical, and social improvement or advantage.

Freemasons, then, as gentlemen, as citizens, as good men, meet upon a common platform. But here, again, the objection is urged, that in our prayers we do not use the name of Christ, or, that we do not petition or pray in His name. We here avow ourself a firm believer in Christianity, and the reasons here advanced may be considered as coming from that side. Ministers of all denominations in this country are called upon to offer prayer at the opening and closing of our lodges. Each one is left to use his own language; at least we have never known it interfered with. If a prayer embraced points in which some did not concur, they were not supposed to join in or assent thereto, because they happened to hear them; yet, in all truthfulness, we can say, that we have never heard a petition, a tribute of praise, an expression of thanks, a plea for grace or mercy, to which any good Mason could or did except. But, says one, your prescribed forms of prayer are not such as Christians, believing the doctrines they do, ought to use. Why? Because the prayer is not offered in the name of Christ. We answer, that every one present may mentally, and every Christian *does* mentally ask in the name of Christ. But what will the objector in this case do with the Lord's Prayer? That prayer addresses our common Father, offers praise, desires His kingdom to prevail, His will to be done everywhere; asks for bread, prays for forgiveness, invokes exemption from temptation and evil, and closes with ascriptions to that same Father. Every Christian uses that prayer, yet there is no allusion to Christ in it. Every disbelieving Hebrew, every Mahomedan, every believer in an overruling Providence, can, if he desires, use that prayer without any violation of his peculiar creed, just as well as any Christian may use it. And we challenge any caviller upon this point to specify any paragraph in any of the printed forms of lodge prayers, at variance with the so called Lord's Prayer.

What, then, is the Mason's creed?

1. A belief and trust in God and His power and government.

2. A belief in the resurrection of the body to a future life. This is not so explicitly taught as the former, but is clearly implied in our philosophy, legends, and symbolism.

3. To be a good man, and strictly to obey the moral law.

4. To be a peaceable subject; conformity to the laws of the land, respect to civil magistrates, patient submission to the decisions of the Supreme Legislature.

5. Honest employment, creditable living, honorable actions, industrious habits; to be cautious, courteous, faithful, and to eat no man's bread for nought.

6. To promote the general good of society and cultivate the social virtues.

These are affirmative portions of a Mason's creed. There are no duties, no principles, or doctrines, taught among Masons that are in conflict with them.

Is there anything in such a creed to which any Catholic, any Hebrew, or Mahomedan objects, as above stated? Not one thing. Then we submit that the Christian who objects to the masonic society, upon the ground of religious differences, admits himself guilty of an open and avowed sin, both against God and society, when he associates with an atheist or infidel in a political convention, or whenever he voluntarily joins with them, or accepts their services, in any temporary or permanent association whatever, affecting the interests of community.

We have extended this article further than we intended at the outset. The subject will admit of lengthy remarks, and we may pursue it hereafter.

◆

Franklin (an old-time Mason) on Extravagance.

The following letter of our eminent brother, Ben. Franklin, was written to his daughter in 1781, rebuking her expressed desire for "French finery:"

"When I began to read your account of the high prices of goods, 'a pair of gloves seven dollars, a yard of common gauze twenty-four dollars, and that it now required a fortune to maintain a family in a very plain way,' I expected you would conclude by telling me that everybody, as well as yourself, was grown frugal and industrious; and I could scarce believe my eyes, in reading forward, that 'there never was so much pleasure and dressing going on; and that you yourself wanted black pins and feathers from France to appear, I suppose, in the mode!' This leads me to imagine that, perhaps, it is not so much that the goods are grown dear as that the money has grown cheap, as everything else will do when excessively plenty; and that people are still as easy, nearly, in their circumstances, as when a pair of gloves might be had for half a crown. The war, indeed, may in some degree raise the prices of goods, and the high taxes which are necessary to support the war make our frugality necessary; and, as I am always preaching that doctrine, I cannot in conscience or in decency encourage the contrary by my example, in furnishing my children with foolish modes and luxuries. I therefore send all the articles you desire that are useful and necessary, and omit the rest; for, as you say you should 'have great pride in wearing anything I send, and showing it as your father's taste,' I must avoid giving you an opportunity of doing that with either lace or feathers. If you wear your cambric ruffles as I do, and take care not to mend the holes, they will come in time to be lace; and feathers, my dear girl, may be had in America from every cock's tail."

◆

Insanity.—The reports of three of our leading asylums for the insane concur in assigning to the following ten causes four-fifths of the cases of insanity coming under their care: Ill health, pecuniary trouble, intemperance, religious excitement, domestic trouble, puerperal state, death of friends, early vice, disappointed affection, and excessive or anxious mental labor. The foundation of insanity is very often laid by errors in early training. The most hopeful method of curing insanity is that pursued in the modern hospitals for the insane. He that would preserve a sound mind in a sound body, must observe the masonic law, avoiding all excesses in food, drink, passions, and labors, and securing that peace of conscience that will enable him to have the essential safeguard of

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Masonic Mission.—This organization is now insuccessful operation, and performing its allotted work with system and regularity. All who wish to see how much good can be done with a small capital rightly applied, should visit the Mission, and all should bear in mind the principle illustrated by this association. It is not their work to aid the helpless, nor to give charitable assistance to the needy, but to "give a lift," as the laborers term it, to the man or woman who is taxed to the ultimate of his or her strength in making the returns of labor cover the expense of living. To the workman they furnish the staff of life at a few cents advance on cargo prices, and thus enable him to economize his hard-earned store, and make his weekly stipend cover more space than it otherwise would. To the very poor they furnish the eighth or sixteenth of a barrel of flour at pro-rata rates, and thus save to them all the profits and commissions that intervene between the canal-boat and the retailer. In like maner with coal. The poor who can only raise money enough at one time to buy a peck, *pay twice as much per ton* as the wealthy. The Mission sell them a peck at *ton prices.* This principle might be applied to other articles, but it has been thought best to confine the operations to the two absolute needs of life, bread and warmth, and thus avoid the appearance, even, of a speculation. Practically, the Mission have nothing to give but their time, but morally they illustrate one of the truest forms of benevolence by the encouragement they afford the industrious and thrifty poor, by the great exemplification they set before them of the value of associated effort, and by the practical illustration of the fact that capital and labor, so far from being antagonistic, are really necessary to each other, and must, of very necessity, be friends. It is worthy of note, that the capital with which the Mission is at present operating has been loaned by a gentleman who is not a Mason, but who is willing to use a portion of his means to incite the poor to habits of economy, and assist them who endeavor to assist themselves in smoothing the rugged path of life.—*Dispatch.*

◆

The Bee and Bee Hive.

BY DEAN SWIFT ON MASONIC SYMBOLS.

A bee, in all ages and nations, has been the great hieroglyphic of Masonry, because it excels all other living creatures in the contrivance and commodiousness of its habitation or comb. The Egyptians paid divine worship to a bee under the outward shape of a bull, the better to conceal the mystery: which bull, by them called apis, is the Latin word for a bee. The enigma representing a bee by a bull consists in this—that, according to the doctrine of the Pythagorean lodge of Freemasons, the souls of all the cow kind transmigrate into bees; what modern Masons call a Lodge was for the above reasons, by antiquity, called a hive of Freemasons. And, for the same reasons, when a dissension happens in a lodge, the going off and forming another lodge is called to this day swarming.

◆

Jordan and the Hebrew Pilgrimage.—No river is freighted with such a history as the Jordan, whose clear and cooling waters are the Mecca of many a Christian pilgrim both from the old world and the new. The chief river of Palestine, it rises among the rocky hill-sides of the north-east, flows through the basin of Tiberias, and pursues its winding way through the hot and sandy valley of El-Ghor, until it is lost in the bitter waters of the Dead sea. Though but sixty miles from Tiberias to the Dead sea, it wanders a hundred miles or more on its course, thus scattering fertility on an otherwise barren plain. Willows, tamarisks, and oleanders mark its way, affording a delightful contrast to the rocky heights and peaks which bound the valley and give a desolate aspect to the region. The current, always strong and swift, is increased in volume at different seasons and from year to year, and it was during its annual "swelling" that Joshua and his hosts marched over it dry-shod. As the last stage of the memorable Hebrew pilgrimage through the wasting wilderness to the Promised Land, Christian song has ever idealized its gloomy and tumultuous waters into that "dim and unknown stream" on whose stormy banks the believer stands, casting a wishful eye to the heavenly Canaan—

"That fair and happy land,
Where his possessions lie."

The National Freemason.

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Letters of business, and containing money, and correspondence, should be addressed Dr. McMurdy, Box 982. Printed matter should be directed National Freemason, Lock Box 18, Washington city.

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OFFICIAL.

To the Brethren, Companions, and Sir Knights of the several jurisdictions; We, as Grand Master of Knights Templar in the United States of America, Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, send greeting:

We not only regard with favor the enterprise so generally approved by the Craft, to establish a National Masonic Journal at the metropolis of the nation, but we are impelled by a deep sense of its importance to urge upon you the most vigorous exertions to give to this much-needed instrument for good a healthy and vigorous life.

Let each masonic body, in corporate capacity, subscribe for as many copies of the National Freemason as may be expedient for circulation among the widows and orphans of Masons, and among the sick and indigent Masons in hospitals, thereby exercising a high charity. Let each Mason take as many copies personally as he can afford, and induce his neighbor to do the same.

We are satisfied, from the well-known high educational, literary, and masonic character of the Rev R. McMurdy, D. D., LL. D., Grand Prelate of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, that the National Freemason will be conducted in a liberal, faithful, national, and catholic spirit, and will tend to increase and diffuse light within and without our sacred precincts, and promote harmony and good will among the brotherhood.

The moderate terms of its publication, $2 00 per annum, make it accessible to the masonic masses.

We urge you all, brethren, to prompt action in sending names of subscribers, paying in advance, to Rev. Dr. McMurdy, Washington, city.

B. B. FRENCH,
Grand Master Knights Templar, U. S. of A.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand High Priest of Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and District of Columbia.
Y. P. PAGE,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Maryland.

◆

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Some authorized person always present to receive subscriptions and attend to orders.

We are indebted for this favor to Bro. Blair, Past Grand Master of Illinois, who has opened in this city an insurance office, both fire and life, where he will be pleased to see his friends.

◆

Our late brother, the Hon. George M. Dallas, formerly Vice President of the United States, the distinguished statesman, the personal friend, and the polished gentleman, was a Mason of the "olden time." His personal character was exemplary—his name unspotted. The Craft of the Keystone State delighted to honor a brother so devoted to the interests of our institution.

His masonic education and association contributed to his success diplomatically. Mr. Dallas died at the age of seventy-two.

◆

Congregation.—The term congregation was once applied to collections of the fraternity. One old writer remarked that the virtue of concord must be most *proper*, nay, *essential*, to a congregation; without it a *gregation*, but no *congregation*. The *con* is gone; a *disgregation* rather.

Why is it?

Why are the morals of trade so bad? Why, in this civilized state of ours, is there so much that betrays the cunning selfishness of the savage? Why, after the careful inculcations of rectitude during education, and the exhortations of Sunday, comes there, in after life, all this knavery? What is this patent agency which almost neutralizes the discipline of education, of law, of religion?

We pass over various subsidiary causes. We mention not the credulity of customers, leading them to believe in representations of impossible advantages. We speak not of the greediness prompting purchasers to look for more than they ought to get, thus encouraging sellers to offer delusive bargains. We notice not the increased difficulty of living. All these are relatively insignificant. The great inciter of trading malpractices is *in the intense desire for wealth, resulting from the indiscriminate respect paid to wealth.*

To be distinguished from the common herd, to make a name and a position, this is the universal ambition, every one finding that to accumulate riches is alike the surest and the easiest way of fulfilling his ambition. Very early in life is this lesson learned. The schools, both secular and religious, the church, where all distinctions of wealth should be banished, by its pewed seats and chief places, all enforce the lesson. We are all implicated. Even he who disapproves the feeling, finds himself unable to treat virtue in threadbare apparel with a cordiality as great as that which he would show to the same virtue endowed with prosperity. The knave in broadcloth receives more civility than the knave in fustian. Thus is public opinion immoral. Our admiration of wealth is indiscriminate, having little or no reference to the character of its possessor.

What is the remedy? A purified public opinion. Society abhorring theft in all degrees of indirectness, as when direct.

Masonry is the chief human purifier. She especially inculcates, in all her ceremonies and instructions, that it is not the outward man that is to be regarded, but the inner, honest, noble nature. Our institution stands as a bulwark against all sentiments that encourage and fortify social vices. She teaches, in plainest lessons, the full fraternity of all men, and distinctions to be based chiefly upon moral worth, She protests vigorously against adoration of mere success, against hero-worship grown into brute worship. She sternly criticises the means through which success has been achieved, and accords honor to the highest and less selfish modes of activity. She teaches that our rich brethren should not spend their lives in personal gratification, but devote them to the general welfare. Let men of wealth among us be honored only as they deserve it—by the use they make of this, their talent.

◆

Truth and Opinion.

"The *truth* must not always be told." This means not whether all *truths* are fit to be told, but whether all *opinions* are fit to be published. Every *real truth* is fit to be told, but every *opinion* engendered in a superficial mind may not be.

In Masonry, as in the Church, there are *masonic truths* (landmarks) and masonic *opinions*. The former may safely be propagated at all times, and are to be required to be believed, without hesitancy, by the Craft. Masonic opinions may be freely canvassed, dissented from, and objected to. There has been too much stress laid upon mere opinions in the fraternity, upon the opinions of this or that officer, who sometimes has been the least qualified to give an opinion, but not too much obedience to landmarks and masonic law. Masonry teaches obedience to decisions, but encourages independence of thought and freedom of opinion.

Masonry in the South—Hope for the Future.

The very first thing done, both by victor and vanquished, after Savannah was taken, was for Federal and Confederate Masons to meet as Masons at the Masonic Hall, corner of Bull and Broughton streets, Savannah. There Masons from Massachusetts and South Carolina, from New York and Georgia, Wisconsin and Alabama, Ohio and Mississippi, Iowa and Tennessee, Michigan and Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois and Virginia, met in brotherly love. Similar meetings have been held in Ancient Landmark Lodge, Clinton Lodge, and Georgia Chapter.

The evil passions of the war have left the Masonic Temple unmarred, and there is no agent so potent as the masonic in the future reconciliation.

The Andrew Jackson Lodge of Alexandria, Va., has resumed work, conforming to the ancient landmarks and principles of the Order. Union Lodge, U∴ D∴, has no renewal of her dispensation, and harmony and peace and fraternal union now prevail in Alexandria. Masonry will not be found wanting in her future duty.

What Masons can do the community will do also, when an opportunity is given.

The *Trowel* is just received, and we endorse what Bro. Reynolds says: "The time has come when Masonry is to enter upon her mission of love, to exercise her power, and to stay the shedding of blood. *Without masonic intervention, this war, in some shape, would last for years longer;* with it, hostilities may soon cease and the end be near."

◆

Reply.—We would publish the communication of our esteemed Sir Knt., but it is at fault in its facts.

When the holy legions overspread the plains of Nice, there were 700,000 soldiers and pilgrims. There were 100,000 horsemen clad in mail.

The offensive weapons of the cavalry were iron maces, lances, and swords. The bow was used by the foot soldiers, the cross as well as the long-bow. The cross-bow was of immemorial antiquity among the Latins, and was introduced by them into Greece. The spirit of chivalry opposed a weapon which in the exercise required no skill. It was held in the same contempt that poisoned arrows were, and both were held in contempt by the 29th canon of the second Lateran Council, A. D. 1139.

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Masonry in the Elmira Prison.—We have received a very interesting and well written letter from Bro. Haren, the Corresponding Secretary of the Elmira Masonic Prison Association. This is formed among the Masons, prisoners of war at the Elmira depot. It is for mutual relief and instruction. It contemplates the collection of a library for the better instruction of its members.

Contributions of funds and masonic works and publications will be thankfully received. They can be addressed to Bro. Whitney of the U. S. A., Elmira, New York.

◆

There is not a Master Mason, a Fellow Craft, nor an Entered Apprentice, but should be engaged in some *personal* masonic work, in self-discipline and cultivation, in doing some charity and kindness, in systematic efforts for the welfare of his race. It is a fundamental error to suppose that good works are to be left to officers and the action of the lodge, often cold and tardy.

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Bro. Hugh Miller Thompson assumes editorial responsibility for the Northwestern Church, an excellent Episcopal weekly, published at Chicago, for $2 per annum.

◆

A Gothic Knight, in the fabulous chronicle, says: "Let every one think that a Christian is bound to fight against five Moors, because we serve God and they the devil."

Sir and Sir Knight—We have before called attention to the impropriety of the appellation, "Sir" as the exclusive address of a Knight, and the propriety of adding "Knight" after "Sir." We trust that the Grand Encampment of the U. S. will authorize conformity to Knightly propriety. The following from Boswell's "Malone," vol. 8, p. 7, will still farther strengthen our position:

"Sir seems to have been a title formerly appropriated to such of the inferior clergy as were only *Readers* of the service, and not admitted to be preachers, and therefore were held in the lowest estimation; as it appears in a remarkable passage in Machell's MS. Collections for the history of Westmoreland and Cumberland, in six volumes, folio, preserved in the Dean and Chapter's library at Carlisle. The Reverend Thomas Machell, author of the Collections, lived temp. Car. II. Speaking of the little chapel of Martindale, in the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland, the writer says, 'There is little remarkable in or about it, but a neat chapel-yard, which, by the peculiar care of the old Reader, Sir Richard, is kept clean, and as neat as a bowling-green.'

"Within the limits of mine own memory, all Readers in chapels were called *Sirs*, and of old have been writ so: whence, I suppose, such of the laity as received the noble order of Knighthood being called *Sirs*, too, for distinction sake had *Knight* writ after them, which had been superfluous if the title *Sir* had been peculiar to them. But now this *Sir* Richard is the only knight Templar (if I may so call him) that retains the old style, which, in other places, is much laid, and grown out of use."

"What means a gossip for a Knight?"

Reply.—Butler thus writes in Hudibras:

"She vowed she would go see the sight,
And visit the distressed Knight,
To do the office of a neighbor,
And be a gossip at his labour;
And from his wooden jail, the stocks,
To set at large his fetter-locks,
And by exchange, parole, or ransom,
To free him from th' enchanted mansion."

The term will be fully understood when we state that gossip, or god-sib, is a Saxon word, signifying *cognata ex parte dei*, or god-mother. It has been corrupted in use until it means, not the useful and creditable personage of the middle ages, or the kind and watchful church-guardian of the young, but the idle and the tattling.

"What the allusion to Knights, who thrive in their amours?

"By pulling plasters off their sores
As cripples do to get an alms,
Just so do they, and win their dames."

In the times of chivalry, the ladies were instructed in surgery and the healing art. In the romance of Percey Forrest, a young lady puts in the dislocated arm of a Knight.

The New Jersey Standard, says: "The National Freemason is a paper that should be in the family of every member of the fraternity. In fact, any person who may not be a Mason cannot help being interested as well as instructed by a careful perusal of its numbers."

Littell's Living Age.
Established in 1844.

A Magazine published every Saturday, in Boston, containing the best Reviews, Criticisms, Tales, Fugitive Poetry, Scientific, Biographical, and Political Information, gathered from the entire body of English Periodical Literature, and forming Four Handsome Volumes, every year, of immediate interest, and solid permanent value.

Terms: Eight Dollars per annum, to be remitted to the publishers, for which the work will be sent regularly, free of postage. To clergymen, a discount of ten per cent. Address Littell, Son, & Company, 30 Bromfield St., Boston.

Extracts from Letters and from Notices of the Press.

From Judge Story.—"In a moderate compass a select library of the best productions of the age."

From the Historian, Jared Sparks.—"A valuable contribution to our literature, not merely of temporary interest, but of permanent value."

From Chancellor Kent.—"One of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day."

From George Ticknor.—"I have never seen any similar publication of equal merit."

From Rev. Dr. Bethune.—"A welcome visitor to my family."

From the late President of the United States, John Quincy Adams.—"Of all the periodical journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, 'The Living Age' has appeared to me the most useful."

From the Boston Traveller.—"A judicious compilation from the popular Reviews, containing their cream and essence in a cheap and compendious manner, is desirable. Such is 'The Living Age.'"

Cross-Legged Knights?—Ordinarily used to designate tailors, who sit at their work in this posture.

This term was also applied to Knights of the Holy Voyage, persons who made a vow to go to the Holy Land. After death, they were represented on their monuments with their legs across. "Sumptuosissima per orberu christianum erecta cœnobia; in quibus hodie quoque videre licet militum illorum imagines, monumenta, tibiis in crucem transversis: sic enim sepulte fuerunt quotquot illo seculo nomina bello sacro dedissent, vel qui tunc temporis crucem suscepissent."—*Chron. Ecc.*, lib. ii, p. 72.

We call especial attention to the Girard Fire Insurance Company, as an old and reliable company, called after that eminently practical and charitable Mason who left $20,000 for the Masonic Orphan Fund of Philadelphia. Our brethren will find this a safe and responsible company. Willards' and the National Hotels are insured herein. Bro. Blair is the Agent of this Fire Company, and the Knickerbocker Life Insurance Company. Office, Room 4, Federal Block, corner of 7th and F streets, opposite the Post Office.

Nuncheons?—Meals equivalent to the second meal of servants in England, at about noon-tide, or 12 o'clock. In the 13th and 14th centuries, the higher classes had four meals a day—breakfast at 7, dinner at 10, supper at 4, and livery at 8 or 9; soon after which they went to bed. [See the Earl of Northumberland's Household Book.] The tradesmen and laboring people had only three meals a day—breakfast at 8, dinner at 12, and supper at 6. They had no livery.

The Philadelphia *Daily News*, says:

The National Freemason is a monthly journal published in Washington city, under the editorial charge of Robert McMurdy, D. D., LL. D., Grand Prelate of the Grand Encampment of the United States. Wherever the Freemason is introduced it must become popular, as it will be found a most entertaining journal for "the craft." Dr. McMurdy is a gentleman of fine taste, and one of that kind of men who know no such word as fail.

The following is an extract of a letter from a masonic officer of a New York Regiment, (a sample of many:)

* * * "Only seven of twenty-four subscribers to The National Freemason are with the Regiment. The rest are absent, wounded, on detached service, dead, or prisoners of war. This is the situation of the brethren who so heartily subscribed for your noble paper one year ago."

Goethe tells of a tombstone on which, instead of the usual inscription, *Memento mori*—"Remember that you must die"—was the masonic inscription, "Remember that you *must live*."

Our cordial thanks to a highly esteemed Brother of New York City for his masonic gift of a fine collection of articles for a Christmas dinner, sent by Harnden's Express.

Burns in the Pulpit.—On a Sunday evening lately, the Rev. Dr. Macgillivray, Aberdeen, concluded his discourse by reciting with great effect Burns' Cotter's Saturday Night, pronouncing the Scotch words in broad style.

American Union Lodge, No. 1, Marietta, Ohio, originally granted as a Military Lodge in General Washington's army, had a public installation, Christmas night.

Round Tables for Knights.—These were made choice of by King Arthur, that the Knights might not quarrel about precedence.

Charities.

The aggregate of public exertion falls short of the public need, and many stand aloof from the work of charity, and withhold the co-operation which we might expect from their humanity, and which their wealth and intelligence would render highly important and efficient. Many know little of the condition and habits of the poor, and avert their eyes from an unexplored evil, which they deem it hopeless to relieve, and useless to investigate. The man of feeling is harassed by two contradictory convictions—one that he knows in the wilderness of brick of the city there are scenes of wretchedness which a mere trifle relieves; another, that every case obtruding on his notice is one of vagrancy or imposture. Hence, his charity is hesitating and inconsistent; he gives in defiance of his judgment, or denies in doing violence to his feelings. The very zeal with which charity is urged, produces an unfavorable impression.

The bewildering multitude of applications suggests an excuse for neglecting all. They disapprove of the plans, and others distrust the agents. Their skepticism does not awake to inquiry, but sinks them to apathy and inaction. And yet, if chance presents some unquestioned case of genuine distress, the donations which pour in from unknown benefactors prove how freely the stream of charity flows when the ice of incredulity is broken. With this state of feeling, precise information is a greater stimulant than eloquent appeals. To point out how charity may be bestowed without the fear of imposition, and with the certainty of doing good, is much that is needed to call into action the sensibility which now lies idle, useless to the public, and burdensome to the possessor.

A great advance was made in our cities when the haunts of poverty and crime were explored, and their melancholy statistics were ascertained.

In every society a portion of its members drop annually into pauperism. Age disables, or sickness and accident surprise those who have made no provision for the evil day. Manhood is cut off in its strength, and leaves those dependent on its labor a helpless burden on the community. Trades are affected by the seasons of the year; population presses closely on the means of subsistence; folly and vice add their inevitable causes of distress.

The catalogue is proportionately large in our own cities. What has been done for their relief? Mr. Low's catalogue of the mere names of the charitable associations of London alone occupies no less than 450 pages, comprising every resource which man's ingenuity has as yet invented to aid man's infirmity—at the head of which you see, generally, the names of our brethren, proving that the lessons of the lodge-room bear fruit without. To one class belong those institutions whose simple aim is to provide for the old, instruct the young, heal the sick, and preserve life under circumstances of peril. To the second class, those which hope to effect social improvement and moral reform.

To the first class belong those noble institutions of masonic and templar origin, in Europe and America, which have been magnificently endowed, and require nothing from posterity but interest. There are the asylums for the aged, such as St. Kathatines, in gothic, in the Regent's park, or the hospitals at Greenwich, and the great array of almshouses of England and the Continent, and New York and Philadelphia, and our older cities. Then there are the societies granting annuities, the benevolent societies, the parochial schools, the ragged schools, the public schools, the orphan asylums, the orphan homes, the institutions for the orphan children of the clergy, and for orphans of soldiers and sailors, institutions for the blind, the deaf and dumb, the feeble minded, the medical hospitals, the hospitals for convalescents, institutions for training nurses, the humane societies, societies for preserving life from shipwreck, the Strangers' Friend society, prison reform societies, the Young Men's Christian association, the Sanitary association, the Magdalen societies, the temperance, the tract, the book societies, the Laborers' Friend society, the provident societies, bread and soup societies.

In this country, as elsewhere, the moral evils which depress the condition of the poor are intemperance and improvidence. Intemperance is the besetting sin. It fills our jails. The Sons of Temperance and temperance societies do great good.

Public schools do much in educating the poor. Insurances of life, health, and the person in travelling, cannot be overrated in their importance, in preserving from vice, promoting economy, and saving families from destitution and poverty.

The Masonic Mission enterprise is a device of benevolent genius which will accomplish much. We have largely treated of its importance, and trust that it will have that fullness of success it deserves, and that it will be imitated by our brethren in all the cities.

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Light.

A writer in the *New York Observer* would convey more accurate ideas about the Crusades, if he would bear in mind that the word Crusade, in strict propriety, is applicable to the state of every Christian who assumed the badge of the cross, travelled to the Holy Land, and fought with the infidels; and that the word is used by historians, also, in the confined sense of the great or national armaments which went to Palestine at the instigation of the Pope, or of a general council, and in consequence of some important political event in the East.

Another gross error of this same writer may be corrected by informing him that the language of the Latin Christians in Palestine was the same as that which was spoken in northern France, and which was carried by the Normans into England, and superseded the Anglo-Saxon. It was a dialect of the Romane, or Romanee, language, and was called the French-Romane, in distinction from the other dialect, called the Provençal Romane. In the provinces to the south of the Loire, the affirmative *yes* was expressed by the word *oc;* in the North by *oil;* and hence Dante has named the Southern language, *langue d'oc*, and the Northern, *langue d'oil.*

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We endorse the following by Bro. Reynolds:

Richard Yates is Governor of the proud State of Illinois no longer, but her U. S. Senator elect. The latter position is second only to President and Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.

There are some characters whom all generous men love—whose faults they instinctively forgive, hoping for amendment, but forgiving still, because the love of the heart will not permit them to do otherwise.

In the name and on behalf of the 18,000 Master Masons in Illinois, we have a few words to say in regard to the Senatorial election. We shall say them without fear or favor, *but with a great deal of affection*, with a full heart and tearful eye, for we have tried the Governor, and found him faithful and worthy. If our words convey reproof, let it be remembered that we exercise a Royal Arch Mason's right.

If Gov. Yates will deport himself in the U. S. Senate as he did in his more youthful days in the Legislature of Illinois, he will be, *as he was then*, beloved and honored by all.

But for his potent and magnetic voice, the deaf and dumb, the blind and insane, might this day be wasting life wearily, listlessly, and in agony. He spoke, and mansions and asylums arose, and Mercy came with healing on her wings.

Until December next, our honored friend has time for rest, and mental and physical recuperation.

The 18,000 Masons of Illinois, as Masons, and in no partisan sense, say to Richard Yates, as a Mason, cast off all fawning sycophants and flatterers, take counsel only of the noble and good, and of the generous and magnanimous impulses of your own breast, and you will engrave your name on every Masonic heart.

We have done our duty, and in love. May these words prove to be "fitly spoken."

◆

"TRUE blue never will stain—"old proverb"—representing that earnestness and persistence which creates deafness to treason or policy.

◆

THANKS to the Cedar Falls *Gazette*.

Newspaper Laws.

In order that there may be no misunderstanding hereafter, with our patrons, we publish the following Newspaper Laws, to which we shall strictly adhere:

1. A postmaster is required to give notice by letter [returning the paper does not answer the requirements of the law] when a subscriber does not take his paper from the office; and to state the reasons for its not being taken. A neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for the payment.

2. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post office, whether directed to his name or to another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the payment of the subscription.

3. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it is taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until the payment is made.

4. If a subscriber who is in arrears orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send it, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post office. The law proceeds on the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

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Steuben *Republican* (Indiana) recommends the NATIONAL FREEMASON very heartily to its readers. It says: "All who feel a desire to obtain information pertaining to the fraternity will do well to subscribe. It is national in its character."

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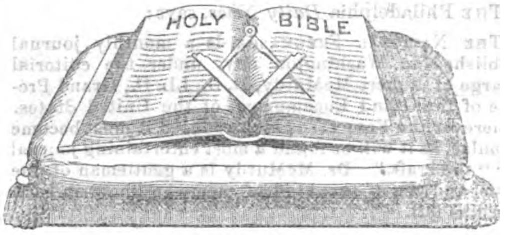
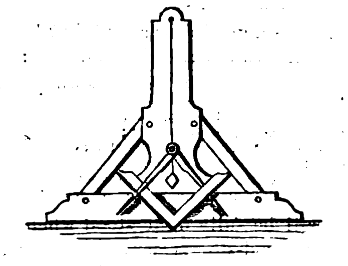
THE THREE DEGREES IN VERSE.

BY J. GOLDSBOROUGH BRUFF.

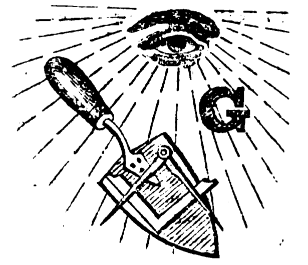
[*Illustrations engraved by the liberality of Capt. J. Jackson, 7th U. S. Infantry.*]



The Corner-stone of our Masonic Craft
Is reverential faith and firmest trust
In God, the glorious Architect divine,
The world's Creator, and of man from dust.
We use symbolically all mason's tools,
To impress the mind, whereby we're taught
To God, our duty; and to all mankind,
And to ourselves, great truths enfraught.
The Two-foot Gauge, by laboring Masons used
To measure work, proportion it correct;
But we, by it, do nobler things conserve,
And measure time, thus higher aims effect.
Its equal parts, of twenty-four, we take
Of daily hours of those we ought to keep,
Eight for our alms and prayer, and eight for work,
And eight, refreshment for, and sleep.
The Common Gavel is by Masons used
To break off all the incongruous parts;
But we more nobly use it, to divest
Our minds of vice, to purge our hearts,
That we our souls may fit, as living stones,
For that immortal House, not built by hands
Eternal in the Heavens, where God presides
O'er glorious hosts of bright angelic bands;
Where all is light and love and purity.
Thus the Lambskin apron, as a type, is giv'n,
Betokening each a virtuous life to live,
That he may hope thereby to inherit Heaven.
None but the pure in heart can hope to gain
Admission to that Lodge, where truth abides,
In all her purity, and where the Lord,
Our hallowed Architect, presides.
The starry vault of Heaven we contemplate
Oh! may our spirits all thereto ascend,
When call'd away from weary labor here,
When all our toils preparative shall end!
By faith in God, hope in immortal life
And universal charity to us is given,
As roundles of the ladder Jacob saw
Ascending from the Earth even to Heav'n.
Sweet charity's the last, but not the least;
Faith may be lost in vision's power,
Hope in fruition surely terminates,
But charity survives beyond death's hour.
The Sacred Book we consecrate to God,
The Square unto the Master dedicate,
And to the Craftsmen give the Compasses—
To circumscribe desires, lives regulate.
The checkered life of man we emblemize
By the mosaic pavement of our lodge;
Its tesselate border, blessings round us are,
Which all may hope for if industrious prone.
An o'er-ruling Providence we all must own,
And gratitude for all his mercies here.
A blazing star midst all the checkers is
Emblem of providence, as doth appear.
The rough Ashlar is a stone, rugged and crude
As found when from the quarry torn;
And emblemizes fit our natural state
Of imperfection, as all men are born.
The perfect Ashlar is one form'd and dress'd,
To be adjusted by the Craftsman's skill;
Showing the perfect state all can attain
By virtue's school, our own and God's good-will.
Upon the Tressle-Board there is laid down
The Master's plans to guide the builder's art;
We ever thus should strive spiritually to build
Our immortal house, in every moral part,
In strict accordance with the gracious plans
Which our all-glorious Architect has given
In Revelations and in nature's book,
As guidance here, and henceward up to heav'n.
Saint John the Baptist and the Evangel, too,
Were guides and worthy patrons of our art—
Hence a memorial emblem is for us,
To teach great morals, ev'ry way and part
A central point in a circumference,
And to the circle, tangent uprights shown,
Upon the top, the Sacred Volume is—
All teach most useful lesson, Craftsmen own.
If all the precepts which they inculcate
Are closely practiced, (as they ought to be,)
No Brother e'er would evilness pursue,
But live, most rigidly, true Masonry.
God is the parent of the human race;
They are one family, we're taught to know—
To aid and comfort, succor all we can,
Both rich and poor, the lofty and the low—
To soothe the mourners, sympathize with those
Whom sorrow bendeth down to earth—
Peace give to troubled minds and pity have—
These are our aims, of high masonic worth.
Truth is an attribute of God, divine;
Of ev'ry virtue she's the corner-stone;
Hypocrisy ne'er comes where she presides;
She blesseth all who worship at her throne.
Fortitude's a sterling virtue, good;
Prudence teaches circumspection's laws;
Temperance will rescue from alluring vice,
And justice e'er the golden rule avows.

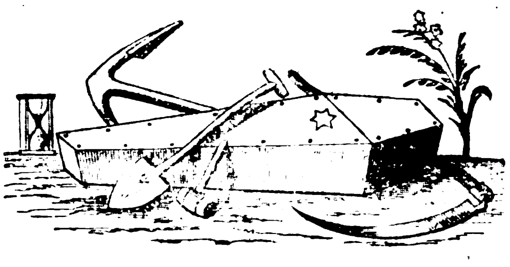


The Lord inquired of Amos, from the wall,
What he perceived: "A plumb line," he replied;
"Then let a plumb-line in the midst be set,
In Israel's midst, and ever there abide."
The Plumb, the Level, and the angled Square,
Are implements of every Craftsman's art,
To teach uprightness in his works and ways,
To square by virtue ev'ry moral part.
The Level tells us we are trav'ling on
Time's level, to the insatiate bourne,
Alike the goal of all, beggars and kings,
From whence no trav'ler can return.
Constructive science has great good conferr'd;
By it man's intellect's enlarg'd, refin'd:
The speculative wond'rous truths reveals.
Inspires with reverence, and exalts the mind.
Peace, unity, and plenty bless us here!
The globes, terrestrial and celestial, see!
Ye teach to contemplate His glorious works.
We bow in humble adoration, Lord, to Thee!
The orders five of Architecture giv'n,
Their just proportions, ev'ry ord'nate part;
Trac'd from their primal state, primeval form,
From imperfection up to finish'd art.
Our senses five have each significance;
By these we hear and see and know thy word;
Intellect assists with reason's power.
Curious and wisely are we made, O Lord!
'Tis cultur'd intellect that makes us great,
And knowledge gain of ev'ry science and art;
Thus rend'ring service to our fellow-beings,
And to the gen'ral good each adds his part.



The Trowel's used by Masons to cement
Each stone together, and as one unite
The perfect structure in a solid mass,
To rise in strength, and pleasing to the eye.
But we with nobler art our trowel use,
Throughout our Craft cement of love to spread.
Thus we unite as one our mystic band,
For as one family we all were made.
Revered Craftsmen! builders of that fane
Uprear'd in seven years' harmonious toil;
Formed in wisdom, long in strength it stood,
And beauty, well proportion'd, grac'd the pile.
To all that's great and good we upward look,
Reverence we give; beseeching Thee to save!
Instruct our youth, that we, in manhood's stage

Are blest, and age gives hope, down to the grave.
Our grateful hearts adoring incense give,
Our industry is blest with teeming good;
We can't be drones in nature's busy hive,
For e'en the veriest insect toils for food!
May circumspection ever guard our tongues!
Wisdom be ours, to govern ev'ry word!
The guilty heart swift justice will o'ertake,
Here is the smiting and avenging sword.
The sun and moon, and countless stars obey,
And fiery comets e'en thy laws regard;
Man's reason teaches him this truth to know—
Vice reaps its punishment, virtue its reward!
A virtuous life ensures the highest hope,
That after our frail ark is wafted o'er
The boist'rous sea of life's tempestuous tide,
T'will anchor safely on the eternal shore.
A wise philosopher enrich'd his mind,
By our fraternal ties the sage was bound;
Algebraic sciences he ponder'd o'er;
"*Eureka!*" he cried, a problem he had found!
Behold how fleet the ever-flowing sands!
Thus wasteth man! to-day with hope is green,
To-morrow blooms, then comes the frost of age,
Nipping the shoot; a blighted trunk is seen!
The Scythe of time, with unremitting pow'r,
Cuts down, relentlessly, the human race;
In turn we must to that dark bourne descend,
Where all our fathers are; yet hope in grace,
For faith's bright evergreen blooms o'er the tomb,
Waves there its amaranthine blossoms bright;
Points to eternal life beyond the grave,
The soul's bright heritance, in realms of light!



Tacitus (Germania, c. 40) mentions that among many nations, at particular seasons, the symbol of the earth was carried in sacred procession through the countries where the supposed mother of all things was worshipped, and that during the religious journey the voice of foreign wars and domestic broils was hushed. Thus was the truth of a universal brotherhood proclaimed in a masonic manner.

Foreign Correspondence.

[FROM JERUSALEM.]

[We trust our friends will enlarge our foreign correspondence as opportunity offers.]

* * * * * *

Why do we find so many Consuls and Vice-Consuls at Jerusalem, an inland town, 30 miles from the nearest ripple of the sea, and 38 from the nearest port? It is girt with precipices, and approached only by mountain passes, where the path gives footing only to the Syrian mule or Arabian camel, skirted by no Danube and washed by no Levant. With 18,000 people—not commercial, nor warlike, nor literary—it seems isolated as much from the politics as from the sympathies of Europe.

Yet it is not so. All nations west and east gravitate towards Jerusalem. Its past history, in which our fraternity have the deepest interest, explains the convergence towards it of European sympathies, but its present condition does not so easily account for the concentration of European politics here. Do not the European nations proceed thus because Jerusalem is something more than it seems, having a future as well as a present, and that future closely twined with political and diplomatic interest? There are no crusades now, but there are policies and diplomacies which centre at Jerusalem.

The ecclesiastical element is powerful here. The mysterious magnetism of the symbols of the Christian faith still affect the people. The quarrel between the Greek and Latin Churches still continues. The Crimean war closed without settling the question, "Who is to repair the dome of the church of the Holy Sepulchre?"

All nations are buying up the land of Palestine, and it is passing from the hand of the Moslem. Our Jewish brethren buy small patches, but England and Russia are the competitors in the purchase. The Gardens of Solomon, the Ancient Grand Master, hard by Bethlehem, are owned by Mr. Finn, an Englishman. Thus has the patrimony of the kings of Judah passed away, it is said, I know not how truly, into the hands of a brother.

Here are three religions—the Jewish, the Moslem, and the Christian—and we must bear testimony to the great amount of purity and love in Jewish families.

Almost every trace of Jewish history has faded away or been buried beneath the soil. The Jew is a stranger in Palestine. Jerusalem is waved over by the flags of every European nation. The Jew has no ensign there. Belonging to all nations, he has no privilege, no government, no law of his own, the unpitied victim of wrong and contumely.

Wherever Masonry prevails, the interest in the Jew is greater. In such countries is he protected. He views in him a brother. Among the Craftsmen the Jew has ever found his true and warmest friends. There is a sympathy between the true Freemason and the Israelite. In more than one instance have I known the Masonic Consul protect his Jewish brethren, securing labor for them, in tillage and building, and in being the channel of lasting blessings to them and their children.

But the railroad and the telegraph are working inroads upon all this country. There is an awakening for education. It is one of the objects of Oriental ambition.

It has occurred to me if Masonry *could* embrace the various missionaries of different religious bodies within its folds, and permeate their operations with Masonic teachings, the disgraceful contests might cease, and the work of education and enlightenment go successfully forward.

I must write one word about the fascinating church of the Holy Sepulchre, quite unrivalled and ever to remain so, for it has advantages no other church can have. It is in Jerusalem. If not on the very spot where the I.·. N.·. R.·. I.·. died and rose again, certainly not far off. Oh! here my Templar heart feasted on the scene around me! On the slope of Zion, looking up to the Mount of Olives, and within a half-mile of Gethsemane, circled by memorable scenes and spots, it wakes up at once crowds of sacred Templar memories which attach to that old vast structure, both within and without.

As a Freemason, I long to visit the mysterious Chambers of Solomon, the old Temple Wells, the old top of Moriah, and the massive monoliths of Jewish Masonic architecture, and the bare limestone rock which our Grand Master Solomon levelled.

The Crusader's dream of a Western sceptre in Jerusalem will yet be realized. Let the fraternity of the world, whether Templar or Masonic, exert itself for the East, and achieve a mightier result than even centuries of Crusaders. Let our Masonic hosts dedicate their influence to the cause of living truth and seek the promotion of interests wider and holier than those of any mere religious party, or any nation upon earth. ⁂

A Compliment.

BRO. MCMURDY: Some time since an incident occurred in Columbia Lodge 58, Frederick, Md., which I will relate in a very few words. If you think them worthy of a place in your, or rather our paper, you may insert them.

Some members of this lodge met regularly twice a week for a long time, (now only once a week,) for improvement and instruction—amongst them our last W. M. Bro. John A. Lynch, now elected M. W. D. G. M. of the Masons of Maryland, which deprived us of his most valuable services of W. M.

Indefatigable to make No. 58 a number one lodge, the few that originated these meetings toiled away until their work is done in a manner becoming M. Ms. That this is the case, the numerous visitors that have been with us testify to by calling ours a model lodge.

Bro. Lynch, always ready to give instructions in an unassuming, brotherly manner, made himself beloved. His scrupulous honesty, to live up to the Masonic doctrines he taught, his brotherly hand extended to all alike, the excellent qualifications he possesses to govern his lodge and despatch business with impartiality, endeared him to all. In consideration of all this, the few that originated these improvement meetings concluded to present Bro. John A. Lynch with a suitable token of regard. But as it was considered that the other members of Columbia Lodge might take umbrage at not being called upon to contribute to so laudable an object, the invitation was extended to all, and an elegant ebony cane, gold mounted, with silver ferrule, was procured, with the following inscription engraved on the top:

Presented to
Bro. John A. Lynch, P. M.,
our efficient W. M.,
as a token of regard,
by the members of
Columbia Lodge No. 58, Md.,
A. L. Sept. 19th, 5864.

On the day named in the inscription, the cane was presented, after the closing of the lodge, on behalf of the members of No. 58, by P. G. M. Bro. Kimmel, in a neat speech, which was happily responded to by our most worthy recipient, though quite unwell at the time. This ceremony concluded, all repaired to partake of a supper, prepared by the members for the occasion, where brotherly love and harmony prevailed to the end. Thus passed away, to be recorded by memory, one of the pleasant occasions which will be spoken of and reverted to by many of the participants. Respectfully, TUBAL.

A Mason's Trowel and the Roman Catholic Version.

BY REV. DR. MERRICK, OF KY.

In the quotation from the Fellow Crafts Degree, Amos, vii, 7, 8, in which passage the words "a plumb-line," as rendered in our King James's version, are translated in the common Romish version of the day, "a mason's trowel." It is concerning the true and proper translation I write.

The original indicates a plummet, or rather, with the plumb-line inclusive, as significant of the mason's working tool; and the metaphor used in the passage referred to is derived from workmen who mark out, by use of the plumb-line, their work in building. The Hebrew word itself is the same from which the well-known word "shekel" is taken, implying, primarily, a plumb-weight or standard—the shekel being *par eminence* the standard coin or measure. Hence our common version prefers the primary rendering of "the plumb-line," as the standard marking instrument in practical masonry.

As to the Romish Version, "the mason's trowel," taken from the Vulgate, is used as illustrative of the same idea, and preferred for the metaphor quoted, as regards the building.

Neither translation is designed to be critical or closely literal, as if for scholars; but sufficiently literal for a popular version and general capacity, and yet it must be acknowledged by all that ours is more in harmony with the radical idea of the Hebrew original.

Masonry in the Army.

A rebel officer, mortally wounded near Manassas, had been captured and brought into our lines. As death approached, he inquired for a Mason, and several being then in presence, he communicated to them his desire to be buried with the rites of the Fraternity, which was at once promised him. When the time for the obsequies arrived, there were Masons in number and the evergreen sprig of our faith in immortality, in quantity; but among all the brethren there was but one apron—a costly Royal Arch one—worn by Col. O. H. Hart, officiating as Master. When in the course of the exhortation he came to that part of the ritual: "The Master, holding the apron in his hand, will say 'This emblem I now deposit in the grave of our departed brother,'"—he took off the elegant combination of scarlet and gold, and, without hesitation, cast it on the bosom of the fallen enemy, and there, with the accompanying acacia, it remains to mark the influence of the mystic tie, which even death cannot sever.—*Dispatch.*

MASONRY ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Numerous instances have occurred during the present war to show the power of Masonry over the minds and actions of those who have been initiated into its mysteries, even during the hottest conflicts on the battle-field. Amid the confusion and strife of actual, present war, while the fiercest of human passions are raging, and death and wounds are being dealt on all sides, the Mason's mystic sign is omnipotent over all who have ever stood beside the masonic altar. Every Mason to whose knowledge may have come instances of this power of Masonry should make it a rule to record them, or take some method to have the recollection of them preserved. Such recollections make Masonry more dear to us, as being the evidence that our principles take a deeper hold upon its disciples in times which try men's souls than we are apt in periods of peace to suspect; that Masonry is in deed and in truth a living power to help and bless all within its circle of influence.

We have never met with a narrative which better illustrates what Masonry is accomplishing on the battle-field than has been communicated to us by a young lady friend now employed in one of the army hospitals. In making this communication to us, the writer remarks with emphasis, "*I can only say that Masons act more like Christians toward their brethren, under difficult circumstances, than Christians themselves do.*"

Here is valuable testimony to the practical character of Freemasonry from a quarter which cannot be expected to know anything of the institution other than from the actions and conduct of its members. Without further comment we will permit the writer to tell her own story:

"In a charge made on the enemy during the great battle of Spottsylvania Court-House, May 8th, 1864, our men were repulsed and compelled to leave their dead and wounded on the field. Among the sufferers lay our young sergeant, scarcely able to move, his life-blood flowing rapidly from three severe wounds in thigh, breast, and ankle, while the rebels came dashing over the prostrate forms in pursuit of our flying troops. Expecting death at any moment, he exerted himself to the utmost, and by means of the mystic sign was so fortunate as to succeed in attracting the attention of the Lieut. Col. commanding the rebel regiment. The Colonel at once ordered a man from the ranks to take him carefully to the rear and treat him kindly. After the rebels had fallen back to their line of defences the officer resumed his brotherly work by seeking out the Union soldier and giving him a letter recommending him to the care of Dr.——, Surgeon in charge of a division hospital, in Longstreet's Corps. To this hospital, which was about two miles distant, he was carried, and he soon had the satisfaction of knowing that his wounds had been cared for in the best possible manner, and that he would be provided with everything necessary to facilitate his recovery. Amputation of the left foot had been found unavoidable, and the wound in the breast was considered a dangerous one. But treatment more skilful or tender his best friends could not have desired for him than he received during the fourteen days of his stay in this place. He was then transferred to Richmond, with a special request to Dr.——, having charge of prisoners there, to be sent North by the first flag of truce that should arrive. In Richmond he experienced similar kind attention, was supplied with good and sufficient food, and was the *first* man paroled when the boat arrived to take our poor fellows back to the protection of the old flag. He reached Annapolis, Aug. 12th, with wounds nearly healed, and bringing with him all the valuables he had about him when captured."—*Masonic Monthly.*

◆

Masonic Law.

Here are a few rules of general application, that will be found useful to Masters of lodges, especially those who wield the gavel for the first time:

1. We cannot *force*, we only can *invite* dimitted brethren to affiliate. Make the meetings of the lodge pleasant; impart instruction freely; and there will be few non-affiliates. This rule is infallible.

2. The Master is bound to regard the veto of a member, even though a favorable ballot of the lodge has already been declared. The right of rejection is absolute and indefeasible.

3. No Lodge has a right to pass a "non-intercourse law" affecting another lodge; but any member of a lodge may veto the admission of a visitor from any other lodge.

4. A lodge refusing to obey an edict of the Grand Lodge, does by that act forfeit its charter.

5. The Master who advises his brethren "not to take any Masonic publications, because they are injurious to the interests of Masonry," belongs to that class of men who would prohibit any person from learning more than they themselves know. There are many such persons in the world, and occasionally they become Masters of lodges. Heaven help the lodges of which they are Masters!

6. Taking the ballot upon advancement *previous to examination* is under every possible circumstance wrong. It is opposed to every principle of masonic prudence and justice. It is just as erroneous as it would be to ballot upon petition for initiation, and to make the "due inquiry" afterward.

7. "Transactions of a purely pecuniary matter," *where fraud is charged*, may become subjects of lodge action; but no ordinary business questions should be brought into the lodge; and where a matter is carried into a court of justice, whether civil or criminal, the lodge should not bias public opinion by meddling with it unless forced to do so by peculiar circumstances.

8. A visiting brother may be rejected without any examination by any member of the lodge. Of course, "gross injustice" may be done under this ruling; but what rule is there that may *not* be strained to cover injustice? The opposite ruling, however, would authorize ten-fold worse injustice.

9. You cannot say that a brother is rejected "from malice or ill-will," because you have no right to know *why* he was rejected, or *who* rejected him.

10. No brother can withdraw from Masonry. If "his treatment by his brethren" has disgusted him, he may cease his visits to the lodge; but should his conduct be such as to render his brethren uneasy, he is bound to answer their summonses, or they will expell him. "Once a Mason always a Mason."

11. A brother rejected for the second degree may apply again at the next and at every subsequent stated meeting of the lodge, unless there is some Grand Lodge regulation in your State forbidding it.

12. Reports on applications for initiation and membership should be in writing, that they may be laid up among the records in the archives of the lodge.—*Dispatch.*

◆

An Incident.

BY BRO. COVELL.

During the Anti-Masonic tornado that swept through the country in 1828 and '30, the following incident occurred in a church in the vicinity of the Kennebec valley, Maine:

There was one religious denomination more severe in its anathemas than any other Christian sect in this part of the country.

Rev. Clement Phinney was a minister of that denomination, a worthy and devout Christian man and Mason. He traveled and preached in a large extent of this State.

He was naturally a shrewd, humorous, and social person, and occasioned no small trouble to his flock on account of being a Mason.

On one occasion he was arraigned for trial before a church, not far distant from Bodenham. The following is a summary of the proceedings:

"Brother Phinney, we hear you are a Mason."

"Well, what of that?"

"We object to your preaching unless you renounce it."

"Why, I try to preach the Gospel, not Masonry."

"But it is a corrupt institution, and has been known and put down as such."

"If it is utterly put down or destroyed, what can I renounce? Why trouble ye yourselves or me about it?"

"Well, we require you to say it is a corrupt institution."

"Very well, I will accommodate you as well as I can."

So paper, pen, and ink were brought to Brother Phinney, who wrote and signed the following, viz:

"I certify that Masonry is a *corrupted* institution.
"C. PHINNEY."

This satisfied his censors, they not perceiving that the sentence implicated themselves.

◆

Masonic Jurisprudence.

I did belong to Lodge A, but petitioned with others for a charter for Lodge B. The charter was granted, and my name was inserted in it. Of which lodge am I a member?

Of Lodge B. The act of the Grand Lodge, granting a charter to Lodge B, with your name inserted therein, is your demit from Lodge A, subject, however, to all liabilities and charges existing against you at the time said charter was granted. It is proper to remark here, that brethren whose names are inserted in charters are legally liable to the lodge from whence they hail for the full dues of that quarter, or term, in which their charters were granted.

Is a Mason liable to pay dues for the time he stands suspended for non-payment of dues?

This question is answered by the decision of the Grand Lodge at its late session, viz: "A lodge cannot charge a suspended member with dues during the period of his suspension."

W. A. was initiated and passed in our lodge, but has removed into the jurisdiction of another lodge, and wishes to take the third degree there; can it be done?

Yes, in two ways: First, by consent of your lodge, in which event he will be a member of your lodge; second, your lodge may relinquish the candidate to the other lodge, when he will become a member there. This last is the best and most Masonic course.

A. B. petitioned Lodge C for initiation—petition referred and favorable report in due time. Upon passing the ballot, one negative appeared, and before the result was declared by the Master, a motion was unanimously adopted to postpone further balloting until the next regular communication. Is that legal?

It is not. The law expressly declares that the ballot may be passed a second time, for the purpose of correcting mistakes. Had there been two negatives, the Master was bound to declare the ballot; there being but one negative, the law mercifully presumes that some brother may have inadvertently cast a negative ballot, and permits the Worshipful Master to pass the ballot a second time, before any brother has retired, for the purpose of correcting a mistake if any has been made.

The motion was entirely out of order, and should have been so declared by the Master. The whole subject was then within his control, subject to the law of the case; and the second passing of the ballot, according to the reading of our law, is not a second ballot, but a continuation of the first, and is but one transaction, both as regards time and place.

All the authorities speak of the passing the ballot a second time, as in this State, and a second or third time, as in some other jurisdictions, as having a single end only, that of correcting mistakes.

When the Master declared the result of the ballot, under the laws of Illinois Grand Lodge, it was final, unless the brother casting the negative vote voted under a misapprehension, or by mistake. Inasmuch as this law of the Grand Lodge in regard to misapprehensions and mistakes is an infringement upon the old law of the ballot, and liable to great abuse, if not positively illegal, it must be strictly construed, and literally followed. In this case, the brother does not allege misapprehension, nor ask to correct a mistake, but wishes to withdraw his vote, and let the candidate answer when he presents himself for initiation.

A course like this would be fraught with the worst of consequences, as we will now try to show.

In the first place, the ballot must be unanimous. Such is the old regulation of 1721, and a unanimous ballot is required by our own laws. If this brother were permitted to withdraw his vote, then he would not vote at all. Whereas the law requires him to vote, unless unanimously excused by the lodge.

Second: He had *no* right to give the reasons for his vote. On this point, Chase, the author of the Digest of Masonic Law, says: "No one has a right to know how another has or will cast his ballot. The vote of each must be the secret of each, and no one can lawfully penetrate or divulge that secret." Now Brother "B" undoubtedly has a right to say that he cast a negative ballot, by mistake, or through misapprehension. He has no right to say more. Nor can he say anything but that; if he does not say that, he must say nothing. Such is the letter and spirit of our own laws; it is a masonic offence for a brother to divulge how he voted, or the reason therefor. It is equally a masonic offence for any brother to resort to any means, direct or indirect, to ascertain how another has voted.

Simons, an able masonic jurist, lays it down as a landmark, "That the ballot for a candidate is strictly and inviolably secret." And in remarks made upon this point elsewhere, alluding to the secresy of the ballot, he says: "Without this indispensable quality, its purity and independence cannot be preserved."

The secresy of the ballot is the great corner-stone of the masonic edifice; once admit the principle that another brother may divulge how he voted, or the reasons for his vote, and the masonic institution would at once degenerate into a common society, and the vote upon the admission of candidates might as well be taken by a show of hands.—*Trowel.*

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CONGRESSIONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY BRO. B. B. FRENCH.

[Continued from page 93, vol. II.]

Early on the morning of the 24th, the city was filled with rumors that the parties had gone out to fight. Every possible effort was made by the police, and by good citizens who desired to prevent a fight, to ascertain the facts. Mr. Francis S. Key was at the Capitol diligently inquiring which way they had gone. I went to Mr. Carter, a colleague of Mr. Cilley in the House, but he pretended not to know anything of their movements. Mr. Cilley and the party with him took an omnibus and passed by the Capitol along A street north, not far from one o'clock. Mr. Graves and his party went out in a hack. They met at the Anacostia (Benning's) bridge, and from that place went to the ground in company. In the meanwhile the city was filled with rumors. The house adjourned as usual, and after eating my dinner, I went to the billiard saloon nearly opposite the house where Graves boarded. It was perhaps half past 4 o'clock when some one came in and said, "Cilley has been killed by Graves; the parties are just coming back." We all rushed to the windows, and Graves and his party were getting out of their carriage at his boarding-house. I went down on to the avenue, and as I came out of the room door, the omnibus containing Cilley's remains, accompanied by an immense crowd, was turning up 3d street, in which Cilley boarded, at Mr. Birth's. I went as fast as possible to the corner, and turned into the street just as the omnibus stopped at the door. I passed up on the pavement opposite the house just as the dead body was borne in. My own boarding-house was on C street, and the windows of my chamber commanded a view of Birth's house, so I passed on home, and stood at the window with Mrs. French and saw the crowd. They were greatly excited, and people were constantly going in and out of the house as long as daylight lasted. Nothing was talked of for a few days but the duel. The seconds, Messrs. G. W. Jones, of Iowa, and Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, came out on the 26th of February, with their statements of the whole matter. On the 27th Mr. Cilley's funeral took place in the hall of the House, and a very large and solemn assembly was present. The chaplains of Congress, Mr. Slicer, of the Senate, and Mr. Reese, of the House. officiated, Mr. Slicer reading the funeral service, and Mr. Reese preaching the sermon.

On Sunday, April 1st, 1838, I rode with a friend to the ground where the duel was fought. Stakes were driven down at the places where the parties stood. I paced the distance between them, and found it between 90 and 100 yards, according to my estimate. Directly behind Graves there was a rail fence, and one of Cilley's bullets struck one of the rails apparently in an exact line with Graves' body. It could not have passed an inch from him. It passed through the rail, an inch and a quarter thick, and onwards. The calibre of the rifle used by Cilley was very small, while that used by Graves was much larger. I saw it a few years afterwards. It was owned by John C. Rives, Esq., and was a long Kentucky rifle of admirable make and finish, and carried a ball of about 35 to the pound. The one used by Cilley carried a ball of about 60 to the pound I should judge, by the mark on the rail. In this matter Graves had much the advantage, and he also obtained by lot the position, which also gave him an advantage, in the fact that he was placed in front of a growth of trees, which sheltered him entirely from any wind, while Cilley must have had the wind in his face Otherwise, neither had any advantage of position, as Cilley stood at the foot of a slope which brought his form against the rising ground behind him, and Graves had the fence and trees directly behind him. I stood alternately in each position, and placed my friend in the other, and came to the conclusion that so far as regards being covered by a back ground, neither had any advantage.

I have stated all the circumstances attending that unhappy duel as they came positively to my knowledge, and with as much impartiality as I am capable of. All the parties were blamed more or less, and particular blame was sought to be imputed to Mr. Wise, but, on looking back at the whole matter, now eighteen years since it occurred, I do not see that Mr. Wise is any more blameworthy than the others. It was a causeless duel, and Mr. Wise sought to stop it, but could not. It was fought on a *technicality*, and Cilley with a single word could have avoided it.

The burial of Cilley having taken place, a Committee of Investigation was appointed by the House, and after a time made a report, upon which much discussion took place, but all amounted to nothing, and ended as such investigations generally end, in much useless discussion and angry feeling and excitement, and a dismission in some way of the entire matter. Mr. Wise made speeches, got angry, and did himself no credit, and on the 10th day of May the House laid the whole matter on the table, and so it ended.

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New York and Savannah—Masonic Courtesies.

It is with much gratification we announce, that at the regular Communication of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, on Thursday evening last, 12th inst.—the first which that venerable Lodge held since the news of the occupation of Savannah by the Union forces reached New York—its Worshipful Master was, by a unanimous vote, requested to renew fraternal relations with its affiliated lodge, Solomon's, No. 1, at Savannah.

The following is a copy of Wor. Bro. Tomlin's letter:

NEW YORK, *January* 12, 1865.

R. T. TURNER, Esq.,
Master of Solomon's Lodge, No, 1 *Savannah:*

DEAR SIR AND W.·. BRO:—It is with feelings of profound pleasure that the members of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, New York, a Lodge which some fifteen years ago entered into the closest ties of fraternity with your venerable lodge, have, owing to recent circumstances, heard of not only your continued existence, but that you are still engaged in propagating the beautiful tenets of our Ancient and Honorable Society.

Without for one moment being desirous of alluding to the unhappy condition of affairs which has, for the past four years, prevented our regular exchange of masonic courtesies, we, nevertheless, W.·. Brother, cannot permit the opportunity, which the course of events has vouchsafed us, to pass by, without, at the earliest moment, reassuring you of our continued love and friendship for you, and our ardent desire that the relations of amity and fraternity which for so long a period existed between us should now, at once, and, as we hope, without interruption hereafter, be continued.

We have prayed for your welfare; we will now and ever pray for your continued usefulness as a co-ordinate branch of our great universal family, and that God's choicest blessings be poured upon you and your lodge.

By direction and on behalf of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, I am, W.·. Bro. and dear sir, yours fraternally

[Seal.] M. C. TOMLINS,
Attest: *Master St. John's Lodge, No.* 1, *N. Y.*
S. E. GARDNER, *Sec'y.*

◆

BOOK NOTICES.

Guide to the Order of High Priests in K.·. A.·. Masonry. By Robt. Morris, LL. D. Chicago: J. C. N. Bailey.

This is a valuable work, and the result of thought, study, and consultation.

Phrenological Journal, double number, for January, appears with thirty-two quarto pages, and portraits of prominent characters, at $2 per year. Fowler & Wells, N. Y. City.

Bro. Cunningham's Manual of the Ancient and Accepted Rite.

A writer, in a contemporary publication, unintentionally institutes a comparison between the Monitor of Bro. Carson and the Manual of Bro. Cunningham. Bro. Carson and Bro. Cunningham are friends, and rejoice in the labors of each other, and I regret that a notice of Bro. Cunningham's book was not made without reference to Bro. Carson's Monitor. We now remark that there are some expressions in Bro. Carson's Monitor needing correction, such as "inflamed heart," instead of flaming heart.

This writer says of Bro. Carson's Monitor, "that it does not pretend to be a manual of any degree after the Rose Croix, the 18th grade," which is a direct contradiction of the preface and title-page of Bro. Carson's Monitor.

Again he says of the grade of the Rose Croix, that Bro. Carson "somewhat changed the ritual of this degree to conform to his idea of it." Yet Bro. Carson says, in his preface, that, aside from the lessons, it is "an exact transcript of the original ritual;" and again he says, upon the title-page, that it is "arranged according to the system of work practiced under the jurisdiction of the Supreme Council of the 33d Degree for the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction of the United States." That the writer has suffered, at least, his prejudices to mislead him so far as to preclude a careful comparison of either the Manual or Bro. Carson's Monitor, is evident from the fact that he has in every instance failed to give the correct title of Bro. Carson's Monitor. And he says: "As compared with Carson, the language in many respects is inferior in strength and beauty," and "that this is quite noticeable in the degree of Perfection." A careful comparison of the two books as regards "Perfection" is all that I would ask of any one to disprove the whole of this statement; and, in addition to this, a comparison of the degrees of "Secret Master," "Perfect Master," "Provost and Judge," "Intendant of the Building," "Rose Croix de H-r-d-m," and of any of the degrees thereafter, should be sufficient to convince any one that his review in those particulars is *at least* unjust, *ex parte*, and calculated to mislead those who have not examined both works. Again, he attempts to fasten a "blind liberalism" upon Bro. Cunningham, by quoting a part of a sentence from the preface, and then follows by a statement that "the language" of the MS. rituals "has been retained in almost every instance." That this is not the case, a comparison of any of the MSS. rituals of the Scottish rite for the Northern Jurisdiction with the Manual will abundantly prove, from the fact that, from frequent copying, those MS. contain *many* clerical errors, *many* repetitions and misquotations, and, in some of the degrees, the lessons and illustrations were not in accordance with the theory or symbolism of the degrees. In all cases, however, the *ideas were retained* by Bro. Cunningham when change was found necessary, and this was deemed sufficient by those who were well versed in the degrees, and prominent members of the Sup. Council, to whom it was submitted—this, in some instances, while it was yet in MS.

Again, he writes quite flippantly respecting the use of the term Knights Templar in the Manual, apparently ignoring the action of the Grand Encampment of the United States, which adopted the term, or title, and which action all Sir Knights of this Jurisdiction should follow; but, as there has not, to my recollection, been any dispute in regard to the fact that originally Templars were known as "Knights of the Temple," is sufficient to convince us that in our language the retention of the *s*, and making the adjective *plural*, is incorrect. The only real error this writer seemed to be able to find was the typographical or clerical error of inserting the word "Grand" between the words Sovereign Consistory, on p. 195. This, I am told, will be corrected in the next edition, *nearly ready*. He winds up with the courteous admission that, "considered as a whole, it is the best Manual ever published of these degrees," etc. I regret that the writer referred to has so treated of the Manual as to be calculated to produce ill feeling and dissension between those who have been heretofore warm friends, and a factional feeling between their friends; but I trust that this may never prove to be the case.

K. K.

M. THOMPSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
PRACTICES IN ALL THE
COURTS OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
AND
THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT
Office, 476 SEVENTH ST., opposite Post Office Department,
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AN ANALYTICAL DIGEST OF THE LAWS OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

By M. THOMPSON, of the Washington (D. C.) Bar.

"Brother Thompson is an energetic, prompt, and reliable business man, of high legal attainments, and the bench and bar fully attest the accuracy and completeness of his Digest."—*National Freemason*, Washington City, D. C.

"Col. Thompson's well-known legal abilities and reliability in his professional business afford a sufficient guaranty for the accuracy of his Digest."—*Evening* (Washington) *Star*.

From the Hon. D. K. Cartter, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

"I have examined your Digest of the laws of this District. The book, unlike many, was much needed. The need has been successfully answered in your Digest. I regard it as a convenient, well arranged, and valuable *expose* of its subject."

From the Hon. Andrew Wylie, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

"I have really been gratified from the examination I have had the opportunity to make of your Digest of the laws of the District of Columbia. The plan of the book is excellent, and it has been carried out with industry and ability. This work of yours has brought order out of confusion, and supplied us with a Digest, in a convenient form, and at a reasonable price, which ought to be, and I doubt not soon will be, in the hands of every man in the District who desires to have a knowledge of his own rights and duties."

From the Hon. W. J. Purcell, Judge of the Orphan's Court of the District of Columbia.

"I have carefully examined and studied your Digest of the laws of the District of Columbia, and find it extremely useful to me in the discharge of my judicial functions. To the Washington judge and lawyer, this work is indispensable; and it is equally invaluable to the layman. The laws appertaining to the Orphan's Court and to the various other courts of the District, and all other branches of the law of public and general interest, are so fully and clearly presented in this book that all may readily understand and know the laws by which we are governed, and of which all are bound to take notice." 9

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UNITED STATES MARSHAL'S SALE OF CONFISCATED PROPERTY IN THE DISTRICT OF VIRGINIA.

By virtue of one hundred and fifteen writs of Venditional Exponas, issued from the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court for the district of Virginia, and to me directed, I will expose at Public Sale, for cash, at the Court House door, City Hall building, in Norfolk, on MONDAY, the THIRTIETH (30th) DAY OF JANUARY, 1865, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., all the right, title, interest, and estate of the parties named below in and to the following described real and personal property, to wit:

In the City of Norfolk.

No. 1. Arthur Sinclair's lot, north side of Washington street; improved by a handsome brick dwelling.

No. 2. John D. Myrick's lot, west side of Market Square, commencing at Wright's line, running south 25 feet, thence westwardly, and with Maxwell's line, 25 feet, thence east to beginning.

No. 3. Patrick McCarrick's lot, at the intersection of Bute and Bush streets, running east on Bute street 145 feet, thence with Bush street 77 feet, thence west 67¾ feet, with brick dwelling thereon; also,
A lot adjoining the above, fronting on Bute street 20 feet.

No. 4. Samuel Barron's lot, on Main street, head of Market Square, improved by brick building, No. 7.

No. 6. Also, lots on the east side of Bank street, on which stands brick houses No. 31, 33, 35, and 37.

No. 27. Richard A. Mapp's lot, south side of Queen street, beginning twenty-eight (28) feet west of Hawk street, thence south 91 feet, thence west 84 feet, thence south 104 feet, west 27 feet, north 195 feet, east 111 feet to the beginning.

No. 34. John DeBree's lot, north side of Main street, bounded west by a lane, and north by Charles S. Allmond's land.

No. 43. Matthias Ward's lot, east side of Church street, designated by Nos. 234 and 236.

No. 45. Andrew L. Sigourney's lot, north side of Bute street, fronting thereon one hundred and seven (107) feet, lying between the lots of Robert Seldon and Sigourney, and running back to York street; also,
Another lot, beginning one hundred and seven (107) feet from Bottetourt street, thence north one hundred and ninety-eight (198) feet to York street, west with York street fifty-three feet and six inches, (53 ft. 6 in.,) south one hundred and ninety-eight (198) feet, east fifty-three feet and six inches (53 ft. 6 in.) to the beginning.

No. 48. John DeBree's undivided one half lot, east side of Fenchurch street, beginning at southwest corner of a brick tenement, running north fifty-one feet and four inches, (51 ft. 4 in.,) thence east to the line of Sylvanus Hartshorn, thence south fifty-one feet and four inches (51 ft. 4 in.)

No. 49. John DeBree's lot, north side of Main street, bounded west by a lane, and north by C. S. Allmond's land.

No. 50. Caleb White's lot, improved by a brick tenement, situated at Newton's wharf, and now occupied by Strong and Norris.

No. 122. James H. Johnston's lot, situate on the south side of Main street, numbered eighty, (80,) and improved by a brick dwelling.

No. 128. Richard A. Mapp's lot, situate on the east side of Cumberland street, at its intersection with the south side of Fox Lane, running thence southwardly on Cumberland street, thirty-six (36) feet, and east ninety-five (95) feet, thence northwardly to Lewis Saulsbury's line thirty-six (36) feet to Fox Lane, thence westwardly ninety-five (95) feet to Cumberland street, and improved by a dwelling.

No. 129. The one-seventh interest in William A. Graves' lot, situate on Catharine street, said property being conveyed to said William A. Graves by David A. Graves, by deed dated 30th day of July, 1849.

No. 130. William A. Graves' lot, with dwelling, situate on Duke street, at the south corner of Dorsey's line, running south twenty-three degrees and ten minutes, (23° 10',) west forty-eight (48) feet, thence north sixty-eight degrees, (68°,) west to Canal street, and from the beginning along Dorsey's line north sixty-six degrees and fifty minutes, (66° 50'.) west to Canal street.

No. 135. William D. Face's lot, with dwellings, viz: one-half lot on the north side of Williamson's lane, and also one-half lot on the west side of Church street, the same which Ann P. Dunbar inherited from her sister, Elizabeth Widgeon.

Norfolk County.

No. 90. David J. Goodwin's farm, containing about four hundred (400) acres, lying near Deep creek, adjoining the lands of Henry Garrett's heirs, and the lands of Mrs. Lydia Scott and Joseph G. Bell, and the public road leading from Deep creek to Great Bridge.

County of Norfolk, City of Portsmouth.

No. 7. David J. Godwin's lot, southerly half lot, with dwelling at the southwestern intersection of Court and Queen streets, westwardly on Queen street, and south on Court street.

No. 8. John L. Porter's lot, situated on the south side of County street, between Court and Dinwiddie streets.

No. 9. Hugh N. Page's lot, bounded on the south by North street, east by the land of Francis Grice, north by Elizabeth River, and west by lands of William H. Wilson.

No. 10. John Owen's lot, in that part of Portsmouth called Gosport, on the north side of Lincoln street, (44) forty-four feet from its intersection with Fourth street, east on Lincoln street (63) sixty-three feet, thence north sixty feet, thence west (63) sixty-three feet, and south (60) sixty feet.

No. 11. Henry J. Phillips' lot, on east side of Court street, adjoining John Rustic's line, running south (26) twenty-six feet, and east (180) one hundred and eighty feet.

No. 12. James Mead's lot, running (120) one hundred and twenty feet west from the intersection of Clifford and Court streets, thence west (30) thirty feet, and north (83) eighty-three feet. Also,

No. 13. James Mead's lot, in that part of Portsmouth known as Gosport, at the intersection of Third and Harrison streets, south on Third street (30) thirty feet, and east (120) one hundred and twenty feet, a part of lot 96, according to the plan of the city

No. 14. John H. Myers' lot, adjoining Holt Wilson's property on Middle street, running south (26 feet 6 inches) twenty-six feet and six inches, east (70) seventy feet to Holt Wilson's line. And also,

No. 15. John H. Myers' lot, in that part of Portsmouth known as Gosport, at the corner of Harrison and Third streets, known as lot 202, according to the plan of Gosport, running westwardly (120) one hundred and twenty feet, thence southwardly with Third street (45) forty-five feet. Also,
In Portsmouth, a lot beginning at the southwest corner of Cook's lane, and extending westwardly along Wythe street (25) twenty-five feet, and southwardly (121) one hundred and twenty-one feet. Also,
In Portsmouth, known as Gosport, a lot beginning (70 feet 6 inches) seventy feet and six inches from the intersection of Third and Harrison streets, east (48) forty-eight feet to a lane, and north along said lane (118 feet 4 inches) one hundred and eighteen feet and four inches; thence west (48) forty-eight feet to Cook's line, and along said line (118 feet 4 inches) one hundred and eighteen feet and four inches to the beginning. Excepting from this last described piece of property, the following: beginning (95 feet 6 inches) ninety-five feet and six inches from the intersection of Third and Harrison streets; thence east (23) twenty-three feet, and north (86) eighty-six feet, and west (23) twenty-three feet, and thence along Myer's line (86) eighty-six feet.

No. 16. Henry J. Phillips' Tenement, in Gosport, (part of Portsmouth,) being the southern tenement of the three brick tenements situated on the east side of Water street, adjoining the tenement of Richard Baugh, running back (120) one hundred and twenty feet.

No. 17. Collin Reynolds' lot, in Gosport, fronting on Randolph street (30) thirty feet, and running back (120) one hundred and twenty feet.

No. 18. Samuel Hoffler's lot, in Gosport, beginning (60) sixty feet on Third street from the southeastern intersection of Third and Randolph streets, adjoining lot sold to Robert F. Scott, being (120) one hundred and twenty feet in length, by (30) thirty feet in width.

No. 19. John A. Lovett's lot, in Gosport, beginning on the south side of Fayette street, (60) sixty feet west from the intersection of Fayette and South streets, (60) sixty feet on Fayette street, running back (120) one hundred and twenty feet.

No. 20. Peyton Coleman's lot, in Gosport, adjoining Bailey's lot on Third street, fronting on Third street (30 feet 3 inches) thirty feet and three inches, running back (90) ninety feet.

No. 21. William W. Davis' lot, in Gosport, adjoining John Cherry's lot, running north (121) one hundred and twenty-one feet, fronting on Lincoln street (50) fifty feet.

No. 22. Joseph M. Miles' lot, in the city of Portsmouth, beginning at the southeast corner of lot 239 on Queen street, east (45) forty-five feet on said street, and north on Washington street (113) one hundred and thirteen feet.

No. 23. Joseph M. Miles's lot, in the city of Portsmouth, at the southeast intersection of High and Crawford streets, east on High street (21) twenty-one feet, and south with Crawford street (60) sixty feet.

No. 24. Robert V. Boykins's lot, in the city of Portsmouth, situated on the northwest corner of High and Middle streets.

No. 25. Robert V. Boykins's lot, in the city of Portsmouth, on the north side of High street, adjoining the property of John Lask, running west (20 2-5) twenty and two-fifths feet, and north (50) fifty feet.

No. 26. Charles H. Hasker's lot, in that part of Portsmouth known by the name of Newtown, beginning (30) thirty feet south from the intersection of Fourth and Lincoln streets, south on Fourth street (30) thirty feet, west (120) one hundred and twenty feet.

No. 28. William Charles Wingfield's lot, in the city of Portsmouth, beginning at the northwest corner of Dinwiddie and Crab streets, north on Dinwiddie street (26) twenty-six feet, and west (97) ninety-seven feet.

No. 29. Charles H. Myers's lot, in that part of Portsmouth called Gosport, or Newtown, beginning (210) two hundred and ten feet westwardly from Fourth street, running westwardly on Harrison street (30) thirty feet, and running back (120) one hundred and twenty feet.

No. 30. Thomas Hume's lot, in the city of Portsmouth, at the northwest corner of the intersection of Court and North streets, including his residence situated thereon.

No. 31. Thomas W. Cofer's lot, in the city of Portsmouth, at the intersection of Court and Clifford streets, north on Court street (30) thirty feet, and west (120) one hundred and twenty feet.

No. 32. Edward Kearns's lot, in the city of Portsmouth, on the east side of Crawford street, adjoining the property formerly belonging to John Rudder, deceased, (42) forty-two feet in length, by (22) twenty-two feet in width.

No. 35. Robert V. Boykin's lot, in the city of Portsmouth, at the northwest intersection of Middle and King streets, 105 feet on King street, and on Middle street 56 feet 6 inches.

No. 36. William W. Davis's lot, in Gosport, running (30) thirty feet on the north side of Lincoln street, and back (120) one hundred and twenty feet, and adjoining the lot of B. O'Neill. Also, Another lot in Gosport, on the north side of Lincoln street, adjoining the southeast corner of Wilson De Brees's lot, (120) one hundred and twenty feet by (30) thirty feet on Lincoln street.

No. 37. William W. Davis's lot, in the city of Portsmouth, lot 4, on the north side of Queen street, at the southeast corner of James Williams's lot, east along Queen street (30) thirty feet, thence north (56 ft. 6 in.) fifty-six feet and six inches. Also,

Lots 5 and 6, on the east side of Dinwiddie street, adjoining Williams's lot, on Dinwiddie street (56½ ft.) fifty-six and a half feet, and on Queen street (120) one hundred and twenty feet.

No. 38 Charles T. Myers's lot, in the city of Portsmouth, on the east side of Court street, between South and Bart streets, near Union Bridge.

No. 39. Constantine W. Young's lot, in Portsmouth, on the north side of County street, adjoining the estate of Thomas C. Godwin, running north (85) eighty-five feet, and west (25) twenty-five feet.

No. 40. William M. Mahoney's lot, in Portsmouth, on the south side of Loudon street, on Court street (113) one hundred and thirteen feet, and on Loudon street (30) thirty feet.

No. 41. Claudius W. Murdaugh's lot, in Portsmouth, on the south side of High street, adjoining John Cocke's and Simeon Wheeler's lines, running south (113) one hundred and thirteen feet, by west (24) twenty-four feet.

No. 42. John T. Rustie's lot, in Portsmouth, on the east side of Court street, between South and Bart streets, near Union Bridge.

Elizabeth City County.

No. 54. Charles R. Mallory's lot and brick house, in Elizabeth City County, bounded on the north and west by Hampton creek, on the east by the county road, and on the south by the lands of John Tyler.

No. 55. Algernon Whiting's farm, consisting of four hundred acres, adjoining the lands of Brooker Jones, James Downey, and others, and on the south and west by the county road.

No. 56. George Booker's farm, consisting of (750) seven hundred and fifty acres, with house and buildings, adjoining the farm of Thomas W. Lowrey, Robert Hudgins, Mrs. Eliza Jones, and Robert H. Vaughan.

No. 57. John White's estate, with house and buildings, adjoining lands of William Anderson, and bounded by Newmarket creek and the county road.

No. 59. James Cooper's farm, in Elizabeth city, called Pembroke, consisting of (450) four hundred and fifty acres, with buildings, adjoining the lands of Jefferson Sinclair, Henry Whiting, and Isaac Jones, lying on Back river, and the county road.

No. 60. John Armistead's farm, with house and buildings, of (200) two hundred acres, lying on Back river, and adjoining the farms of Samuel Watts, and Harry Howard.

No. 61. Thomas Watts, Jr.'s farm, with buildings, of (150) one hundred and fifty acres, lying on Back river, adjoining the lands of Samuel Latimer, William Hickman, and Jacob Hamm.

No. 62. Lafayette Sinclair's farm, with buildings, of (150) one hundred and fifty acres, lying on Back river, and the county road, and adjoining the lands of Jefferson Sinclair.

No. 63. Benjamin Hudgin's farm, of (200) two hundred acres, lying on the county road, and adjoining the lands of Mrs. E. Jones, Thomas W. Lowrey, and Mrs. Nancy Smeltz.

No. 64. John Tabb's farm, with house and buildings, lying on the county road, and Hampton creek.

No. 66. Gill A. Cary's farm, with house and buildings, bounded by Hampton creek, Hampton bridge, the county road, and the land of John Tabb.

No. 67. James Downey's farm, with house and buildings, of (1000) one thousand acres, lying on the county road, and adjoining the lands of G. Wray, Algernon Whiting, and Booker Jones.

No. 68. Booker Jones' farm, with house and buildings, of (300) three hundred acres, lying on the county road, and adjoining the lands of Henry Howard, James Downey, and Algernon Whiting.

No. 69. Jefferson Sinclair, Jr.'s farm, with house and buildings, of (200) two hundred acres, lying on Back river, and the county road, and adjoining the lands of Samuel Watts, and Lafayette Sinclair.

No. 70. Jefferson B. Sinclair's farm, with house and buildings, of (600) six hundred acres, lying on Hampton creek, Back river, and the county road, and adjoining the lands of Jefferson C. Phillips.

No. 71. Charles R. Mallory's farm, called Oakland, of (150) one hundred and fifty acres, lying on Hampton creek, and the county road, and adjoining the "Outten" farm, and the lands of Tabb.

No. 72. John Armistead's farm, of (75) seventy-five acres, lying on Back river, and on the county road, and adjoining the lands of Dr. Harris.

No. 74. George Wray's farm, with house and buildings, of (300) three hundred acres, lying on Back river, the Back river and county roads, and adjoining the lands of Robert Turlington.

No. 93. Joseph and Thomas Herbert's farm, called "The Buckroe Farm," with house and buildings, of (1,000) one thousand acres, lying on the Chesapeake Bay and Mill Creek, and adjoining the lands of the heirs of H. Giddings and George Mullen.

No. 94. Parker West's farm, with house and buildings, lying on Newport News creek, James river and county road, and adjoining the lands of James Burke.

No. 95. Robert Howard's farm, with house and buildings, of (75) seventy-five acres, lying on Mill creek, the land belonging to the United States, and the county road, and adjoining the land of S. Dutton.

No. 96. Dr. George W. Semple's farm, with house and buildings, of (600) six hundred acres, lying on a branch of the Back river, and adjoining the lands S. Frazier, Cook, and William Davis.

No. 97. Robert H. Vaughn's farm, of (500) five hundred acres, with house and buildings, lying on Back river, and adjoining the lands of John Armistead, and Eliza Jones, and others.

No. 98 John Moore's farm, with house and buildings, of (150) one hundred and fifty acres, lying on the county road, and adjoining the lands of Robert H. Vaughn and Robert Hudgins.

No. 100. Henry Watson's farm, of (200) two hundred acres, lying on Harris creek and on the county road, and adjoining the farms of Jefferson Barnes and William Gittings.

No. 101. Levin Y. Winder's farm of (400) four hundred acres, with house and buildings, lying on a branch of Back river, and adjoining the lands of Robert Vaughn and John Winder.

No. 102. John Winder's farm, with house and buildings, lying on a branch of Back river, and adjoining the lands of Levi Winder, S. Frazer, and Robert Vaughn.

No. 103. William Anderson's farm of (150) one hundred and fifty acres, lying on Back river, and adjoining the lands of H. Elliott, Joseph Phillips, and Gilbert Mears.

No. 106. John Sinclair's farm, with house and buildings, of (300) three hundred acres, lying on the county road, and adjoining the farms of William Morwin and Arthur West.

No. 107. Samuel Latimer's farm, with house and buildings, of (150) one hundred and fifty acres, lying on the Back river, and adjoining the lands of G. Mears, James Phillips, and Thomas Watts, Jr.

No. 109. William Causey's farm, of (300) three hundred acres, lying on the county road, and adjoining the farms of Samuel Cunningham, W. Lee, and B. P. Lee.

No. 110. Baker P. Lee's farm, with house and buildings, of (1,000) one thousand acres, lying on the Warwick main road, two miles northwest of Newport News.

Town of Hampton.

No. 47. William Hamm's lot, in the town of Hampton, lying on Queen street, and bounded by the lots of Sinclair, Mrs. Willis, and Mrs. Jett.

No. 68. John Brown's lot, in the town of Hampton, lying on Court street, adjoining the lots of Thomas Fitzgerald, and Thomas Peck, running back to Queen street.

No. 73. Frank Guy's lot, in the town of Hampton, on King street and Bank's lane, and adjoining the lots of W. Phillips, and Richard G. Banks.

No. 75. Richard G. Banks' lot, in the town of Hampton, lying on Hampton creek, and adjoining the properties of Mr. Jordan, and George T. Massenburg.

No. 76. John B. Cary's lot, lying on Hampton creek, and adjoining the property of William R. Vaughn, and the Hampton Academy.

No. 77. Jefferson Sinclair's lot, lying on Main street, adjoining the Methodist Church.

No. 78. L. Smith's lot, lying on Main and Back streets, and adjoining the lots of Charles R. Mallory, and James Hope.

No. 79. Parker West's lot, lying on Queen and Back streets, and adjoining the lots of F. Watts, senior, and George Massenburg.

No. 81. Benjamin Hudgin's lot, lying on Hampton creek, and adjoining the lots of George T. Massenburg, and Cary Jones.

No. 82. William R. Vaughn's lot, lying on Hampton creek, and adjoining the Hampton Academy.

No. 83. Doctor George W. Semple's lot, lying on Main street, adjoining the Methodist Church, and the lands of Richard G. Bank.

No. 84. Francis A. Schmeltz's lot, lying on Main street, east by Public street, and adjoining the lot of Samuel R. Shields.

No. 85. Francis A. Schmeltz's lot, on Main and Wine streets, and adjoining the Methodist Church, and the land of Wm. R. Law.

No. 86. James Hick's lot, lying on Main street, and adjoining the Methodist Church.

No. 87. Benjamin Phillips' lot, lying on Queen street, and adjoining the lots of Jefferson Sinclair, and James Powell.

No. 88. William Massenburg's lot, lying on King and Main streets, and adjoining the lots of Jefferson Sinclair, and Mrs. Face.

No. 89. Thomas Peck's lot, lying on Queen street, and adjoining the lots of C. T. Smith, and J. Brown.

No. 91. Jesse P. Hope's lot, lying on the public road and adjoining the lot of Joseph Phillips.

No. 92. John Patrick's lot, lying on Water street, and adjoining the lots of Samuel White and James Baily.

No. 113. Captain James Hicks' lot, lying on Hampton creek, and adjoining the lots of Jennings, Mrs. Eliza Jones, and Carington.

No. 116. Thomas Peck's lot, lying on the county road, and adjoining the lots of John Wheeler, J. B. Sinclair, and J. P. Hope.

No. 117. William R. Vaughn's lot, lying on King street, and adjoining the lots of Mrs. Eliza Face, and William Massenburg.

City of Portsmouth.

No. 127. John K. Cooke's lot, with a house thereon, in the city of Portsmouth, on the north side of High street, running (24) twenty-four feet, and running back (113) one hundred and thirteen feet. This property is now occupied by Robert Bowman.

No. 125. John K. Cooke's lot, on the eastern side of Dinwiddie street, between South and Crabb streets, and now occupied by the Military Road of the United States.

No. 187. Thomas Humes' lot, (60) sixty feet from the southeast intersection of Randolph and Fifth streets, *on Fifth street (30) thirty feet*, running back (80) eighty feet. Also,

Another lot, on the west side of Court street, it being the northwest corner of intersection of Court and North streets. Also,

Another, a water lot, containing (69992) sixty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-two square feet, adjoining the last above described lot.

No. 131. James Murdaugh's lot, on the northwest corner of the intersection of Crawford and Loudon streets, lately occupied by said Murdaugh.

No. 132. James Murdaugh's (et al.) lot on the north side of Loudon street, between Middle and Court streets.

No. 133. James Murdaugh's lot, on the south side of Loudon street, between Crawford and Middle streets, being part of lot No. 29, according to plan of said city

No. 134. James Murdaugh's lot, at the northeast intersection of Effingham and Loudon streets, being (180) one hundred and eighty feet on Loudon street, by (113) one hundred and thirteen feet.

Personal Property.

No. 33. Terry Sinclair's household furniture.

No. 46. Thomas Hume, Jr.'s personal property.

No. 126. John K. Cook's household furniture.

Seized, libeled, and condemned under the Confiscation act of July seventeenth, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, as the property of the above named defendants, and will be sold for the use of the United States.

JOHN UNDERWOOD,
United States Marshal for the District of Virginia.

N. B.—All persons buying at this sale will be required to make a deposit of one-fourth of the purchase money at the time of sale, or else the property will be resold at once.

JOHN UNDERWOOD,
U. S. Marshal for the District of Virginia.

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ROBERT McMURDY, D. D., LL. D., GRAND PRELATE OF GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF U. S., EDITOR, BOX 982.

CHARITY AND THE GOLDEN CITY.

It is a fair tradition, one of old,
That at the Gate of Heaven called Beautiful,
The souls of those to whom we ministered
On earth shall greet us as we enter in
With grateful records of those lowly deeds
Of Christian charity wherewith frail man
Proffers his humble loan unto the Lord.

May we not so believe, since he hath said
That, inasmuch as it was done to one
Of those His little ones, 't was done to Him?

Oh, think, if this be true, how many eyes
Whose weeping thou hast stilled shall glisten there;
How many hearts whose burden thou hast shared,
And heavy feet whose steps were turned by thee
Back to their homes, elastic through the joy
Of new found hope, and sympathy, and love,—
Shall welcome thee within the Gates of Bliss,
The Golden City of Jerusalem.

THE WAY AND THE WILL.

Do good, do good, there 's ever a way,
  A way where there 's ever a will;
Don't wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day,
  And to-day, when the morrow comes still.

If you've money, you're armed, and can find work enough
  In every street, alley, and lane;
If you've bread, cast it off, and the waters, though rough,
  Will be sure and return it again.

"TO GIVE IS TO LIVE."

Forever the sun is pouring his gold
  On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
  His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow.
To withhold his largess of precious light
Is to bury himself in eternal night:
        To give is to live.

The flower shines not for itself at all,
  Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses;
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal,
  And it lives in the life it sweetly loses.
No choice for the rose but glory and doom,
To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom:
        To deny is to die.

The seas lend silver rain to the land,
  The land its sapphire streams to the ocean;
The heart sends blood to the brain of command,
  The brain to the heart its lightning motion;
And ever and ever we yield our breath
Till the river is dry, and the images death:
        To give is to live.

He is dead whose hand is not open wide
  To help the need of a human brother;
He doubles the life of his life-long ride
  Who gives his fortunate place to another;
And a thousand million lives are his
Who carries the world in his sympathies:
        To deny is to die.

Throw gold to the far-dispersing wave
  And your ships sail home with tons of treasure;
Care not for comfort, all hardships brave,
  And evening and age shall sup with pleasure?
Fling health to the sunshine, wind, and rain,
And roses shall come to the cheek again:
        To give is to live.

What is our life? Is it wealth and strength?
  If we, for the Master's sake, will lose it,
We shall find a hundred fold, at length,
  While they shall forever lose who refuse it.
And nations that save their union and peace
At the cost of right, their woe shall increase:
        They save a grave.

THE CROAKERS.

BY OUR GOETHE.

The pond in the meadow was frozen tight,
The frogs beneath, in a doleful plight,
Could no more leap as they had done—
Their gambols stopped and all their fun.
Half numb, they murmured dreamily
What they would do when they were free.
Once clear of winter's icy yoke,
They promised never more to croak;
No more in concert would they rail,
But each should sing like a nightingale.
The south wind blew, the ice gave way,
The frogs once more could frisk and play;
They stretched their limbs and leaped ashore,
And they—croaked as drearily as before.

STANZAS.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

A miser saw a little mouse
Running about his empty house:
And "mousy!" says he, "pretty dear,
Tell me what errand brings you here."
Then, squatting in a distant nook,
The mouse replied, with merry look,
"Fear not, good sir, to waste your hoard,
I come to lodge and not to board."

THE NOBLE HEARTED.

How I love the noble hearted,
  Meet them wheresoe'er I may,
Through the shadows that surround us,
  Throwing sunlight o'er the way;
Breathing in the ear of sorrow
  Words of sympathy and love,
Sketching pictures of the morrow,
  Touched with sunlight from above.

Much I prise the noble hearted,
  For the joy they ever bring,
Like an ever living fountain,
  Whence bright crystal waters spring.
I can feel the gushing spirit,
  In the warm and ready hand,
Bearing messages of gladness
  Which the heart can understand.

Glad I greet the noble hearted,
  Meet them wheresoe'er I may,
By my own familiar hearth-stone,
  Or upon the distant way;
Morning, noon, and welcome evening,
  Clothing with their presence still,
Radiant forms of joy and beauty,
  Gentle thoughts and words distil.

Blessed are the noble hearted,
  Ever generous and kind,
Never sketching on the future
  Spectral forms to haunt the mind;
Ne'er repining, ne'er complaining,
  Ever giving, ever full,
Ne'er despairing, ever hoping,
  Living by the "golden rule."

Ever live the noble hearted,
  'Mid the varied scenes of life,
Dropping nectar 'mid our sorrow,
  Quelling passion's fevered strife;
Ready, with a willing spirit,
  Joy and gladness to impart;
Greater wealth hath never mortal,
  Than a noble, generous heart.

Jane Wilson.

"I pray you let me pass—my sick grandmother is waiting for my return," timidly, and in trembling tones, spoke a young girl, at the corner of one of the streets, on a cold, dark, and stormy evening in December. "Do, kind sirs, let me go!" continued the young girl, and she grasped with a tighter hold a scarlet woolen shawl, which she wore, more closely around her shoulders. "For the love of mercy, I must not be stopped!" she ejaculated, in a still louder voice, the pitiable tones of which struck upon the ears of George Alden, a courteous Mason, with the knightly vow of protection to woman upon him, as, with head bent forward and face half buried in the fur collar of his cloak, he was coming up the dark street, on the corner of which the entreating voice was heard.

As the tones of entreaty were heard, our hero-knight quickened his step, and in an instant was at the corner. As he came up, the light, airy form of a girl rushed passed him; and by the light of one solitary lamp that stood there, he saw two men start off in another direction, and heard one of them muttering curses as he ran. Ever alive to the voice of distress, and with just such feelings as prompted the knights of old to defend and protect innocent maidens, George turned, determined to follow the unprotected girl to her place of destination. He could just see a glimpse of her as she rapidly flew along the wet and slippery pavement, and he quickened his walk, keeping some distance behind her. Suddenly the sound of her footsteps ceased, and a light for an instant flashed from an underground room; then all was dark and still. He, however, continued his walk to the spot where the light had flashed out, and from a small window by a door, which shed a faint light, he could just discover a few steps that led into the basement story of an old building, and judging that the poor girl was one of its inmates, and that she was now in safety, he felt that his object was accomplished, and he turned to leave the spot, when suddenly the door slowly swung back, and an elderly lady, with an old quilted hood on her head, and the same red shawl around her which had covered the shoulders of the girl, stood in the passage. By the light, Alden could partly see her countenance, which was sallow and thin. Close by her, half bending over and looking up towards the woman, stood the young girl, holding in her hand an iron candlestick, with a piece of candle about two inches in length, flaring from the current of air which rushed passed the open door; and he heard, in a soft, musical voice, "Mother, do let me go! perhaps they have gone, and I shall not again be molested." He could only catch an indistinct view of the face of the speaker, but he thought it more than ordinarily handsome.

"No, my dear daughter, stay with your grandmother; I shall be less likely to be beset by ruffians, and insulted, than a young girl. I cannot consent for you to be exposed again to-night," answered the woman, moving to ascend the short flight of steps that reached a level with the pavement.

[Chivalry is demanded in every age, and is as necessary now as it was in mediæval times. The Templar body should do for the present what chivalry did in the past. Will it?]

George, not wishing to be discovered, commenced stepping along, passing the door. He heard again the voice of the girl, almost in a whisper, saying, "Stop a moment, mother, there is some one passing." He moved on, half turning his head to look back to see which way the woman was going. As soon as he had passed, she ascended the steps and went up the street, the door again being shut. Waiting a moment, he turned and followed after her, determining to secretly keep watch over her, and, fulfilling his templar obligation, be near at hand should any one molest her.

He kept her in sight for some time, until finally she stopped at a shop and went in, which, as he came up, he discovered was a baker's. As he came in front of the door, the upper part of which had a window in it, he discovered the woman standing by the counter with a couple of loaves of bread lying in front of her, and she appeared vainly searching, alternately in a little calico bag and then in a small basket, for something. George paused only for a moment, and, opening the door, walked into the shop.

The woman ceased her search, and moved as if to make room for the supposed new customer. A short, thick, red-faced man stood inside the counter, with his open hand resting on it, seemingly waiting to receive his pay for the bread; and as George came up, the baker looked sternly at the woman, saying "It is just as I supposed—you have no money! You can have no more of my bread until the old score is paid up!"

The poor woman looked as though she would sink through the floor, and a deep-drawn sigh escaped her, as, tremblingly, she said, "I thought I had one shilling; but I cannot find it. I suppose I must have lost it on my way," and she commenced searching anew the little bag she had with her.

"Perhaps you had better go back and look for it," sneeringly said the man, taking the loaves off the counter, and laying them on a shelf where numerous others were piled up.

Alden knit his brow at this sight. "Give the bread to the woman!" said he. "I will pay for it."

"Certainly, sir, certainly!" quickly answered the shopman. "She spoke for some soda-crackers also; shall she take them likewise?" continued he, handing back the bread, and bowing to George.

"If she wishes anything in your shop, let her have it!" abruptly replied Alden, and turning to the woman, "Madam," said he, "permit me to be an almoner to you to-night—nay, nay, no refusal!" observing that she was about to decline, "I have a right to give bread to the hungry!" he added, smiling. What Mason has not?

"And God bless you for it!" ejaculated the woman, casting on him a look of gratitude, while tears involuntarily gushed from her sunken eyes.

"You wished some crackers also, did you not, good woman?" feelingly asked George. "Let her have the quantity she wishes," continued he, addressing the man.

"I did wish to get a pound of soda-crackers for a sick person; but as I cannot pay for, I must not take them. I have already trespassed on your charity too much."

George made no reply. "Put up the crackers for the woman!" said he, looking at the shopman. "Did she inquire for anything else?"

"No, sir; but when she has money, she often gets a custard for her sick mother," answered the baker. "We have some fresh ones that are very nice."

"Have you a sick mother, madam?" tenderly asked our masonic brother, turning again to the woman; "and will a custard add to her comfort? Indeed, you will take a few, I hope," rather imploringly he added. "Baker, put this woman up two or three custards."

"Stop, sir, stop! I entreat of you. Your bounty overwhelms me!" exclaimed the woman. "I have now sufficient for my mother's comfort and our present wants until after the Sabbath."

The baker, however, took no heed to what she said, but proceeded to put three custards into the woman's basket, which she reluctantly received, and seizing young Alden's hand she thanked him, and, nearly overcome by her feelings, while her eyes beamed with joy through the tears that fast trickled down her cheeks, she hastily left the shop.

Alden staid but a moment after, to pay for what had been taken by the woman, and then throwing a dollar on the counter to cancel her debt formerly contracted, bade the baker supply her with more bread should she call again, and followed on after the object of his charity for the purpose of seeing her safe return home.

On leaving the shop, the woman ran rapidly homeward; and it was with difficulty he could keep her in sight; but she reached her home unmolested, and he saw her enter the lowly place of residence, when, his vow performed for the present, he turned and wended his way to his own lodgings.

Few there are, comparatively speaking, who know the untold pleasure which is felt in a generous bosom, springing from a heart conscious of performing a deed of unostentatious charity in relieving the distressed; and true it is, that many who enjoy competency, and are liberal in dispensing favors for great specific objects of charity for a name only, never learn the masonic secret of doing good quietly, and never stoop to relieve the poor widow and fatherless, or the sick and distressed whom the iron hand of penury has with a heavy hand laid low. This is the test of the true Mason, of the Mason of the heart and not merely of the lodge-room.

Bro. Alden laid his head on his pillow that night with a conscious feeling of having acted as he would others should act to himself in like circumstances. Left with a few thousand dollars by his father, George lived with his mother and sister, the latter about eighteen years old. This sister, whose name was Alice, was the idol of George, was his confidant in all his movements, and he made her frequently his almoner in dispensing acts of masonic charity, the objects of which, often, he sought out. He was a clerk in one of the banks, and received for his services sufficient, with the income from the property left by his lamented parent, to support his mother, sister, and himself, and, with the aid of his brethren, to rejoice many a sad heart.

The next day, George communicated the circumstances of the preceding evening, naming the street, and describing the place of residence of the recipient of his charity.

Alice Alden, like the women who aided the knights of old, needed no other stimulant to visit the abodes of poverty and wretchedness than the approving smile of her brother to sanction such acts. The poor woman whom George had mentioned to her was fresh in her mind on Monday morning when she arose, and she determined that day to seek the place of her residence. Circumstances in the fore part of the day prevented her from going out; but towards night, in the afternoon, she went. After thridding several streets, she came to the corner of the one she sought, and proceeded with a light heart, carefully noticing the buildings as she passed along, to find the one described by George. It was a street occupied by dwelling houses mostly, and there was such a sameness in the appearance of them that it would have been impossible for her to have found the right one, had not a little circumstance occurred, that led her, as it were intuitively, to the very spot. As she passed along, she saw a man a few rods ahead ascend from the basement of one of the buildings and come towards her. As he passed her, he was muttering to himself something, and she distinguished in one of his sentences, "I'll let them bury the old woman, and then they must budge, or consent to my proposition. I must and will have my rent somehow." [Alas! is there no need of templarism in the present hard age of money-getting?] She heard so much of what the man was saying to himself as he passed her, and judging that the place he had left was the abode of poverty and affliction, she had no hesitation in concluding it was the place she sought, or at least there were those there who were in need of assistance. Accordingly she proceeded to the cellar-way she had seen the man emerge from, and tapped at the door. A moment elapsed and it was opened, when a tall, slender woman, the picture of melancholy, stood before her. She bowed, and faintly smiled, as Alice spoke and passed in; and shutting the door, she handed her one of three chairs, which had once had seats of flags, but were now bottomed with "list" of variegated colors; and the frames, at some period painted, perhaps some fancy color, were at this time worn off, and presented a white appearance like the original color of the wood.

Alice cast her eyes around the room as she seated herself.

"I called not to intrude, my good woman," said she, in a tender voice, "but was informed that some one was sick here that might possibly need assistance."

Here she paused, as her eyes were directed to one corner of the room, where, on a common bedstead, some one lay, covered up, as if asleep. The room was clean, and smelt of camphor and burnt vinegar. A handful of coals were burning in the grate, emitting scarce heat enough to take the chill from the room. The furniture was scanty enough, consisting, aside from the three chairs, of only a pine table, clean and white from constant scouring, an old chest of the same kind of wood, the outside presenting the same cleanly appearance. In one corner was a cupboard with a black earthen tea-pot, two or three white cups and saucers, and three or four plates. One iron candlestick stood upon the mantle-piece, and, with two or three other trifling articles, these constituted the whole household goods of the room, which was low and lighted only by two basement windows—a large newspaper serving as a curtain for one of them.

"My mother has been sick—but is now relieved. God, in mercy, has just taken her," huskily replied the woman, burying her face in her hands and sobbing as if her heart would break. Removing her hands, she in a moment pointed to the bed, saying, "There she lies—her soul at rest—my dear mother!"

A thrill of horror and a shudder passed through the frame of Alice, as she arose and moved to the bed. The old lady, who but an hour before had breathed her last, lay as if in a sweet sleep, and Alice removed the dark-colored coverlet that was over her, and silently gazed on the lifeless corpse. The poor woman, the daughter of her who thus lay in the arms of death, now rose and came also to the bedside. "Happy mother!" she exclaimed, "would that my troubles were ended like thine! but——" and she suddenly stopped short a moment—"O, this wicked murmuring!—pardon me, my Heavenly Father!"

Alice, sensibly affected with the affliction of the poor woman, withdrew her tear-brimmed eyes from the cold mortality she had been gazing on, and turning them on the woman, tenderly and soothingly attempted to comfort her in her affliction by consoling and sympathizing language. While thus engaged, the door softly opened, and a young girl with a noiseless step entered the room. She timidly shrunk back as she saw a stranger conversing with her mother; and Alice started with surprise as she looked at the graceful form of the young and beautiful girl, who, with parting lips just ready to speak, stood looking alternately at her and then at her mother. She was dressed in a dark calico frock, which fitted her exquisitely-shaped person to admiration, and a scarlet-woolen shawl hung lightly over her shoulders. On her head she had a faded blue silk, quilted, open bonnet, lined with a pink color of the same kind of goods. Her hair, in glossy natural ringlets hung in clusters down her neck, and a profusion of dark curls partly concealed her high and polished forehead, with one or two negligently hanging down on her roseate-tinged cheeks. Alice thought she had never seen a more beautiful creature.

"I feel for your loss, my lovely girl; but trust your grandma is now in heaven!" said Alice, in an affectionate voice.

"And is she gone!" cried the girl, looking aghast; and instantly rushing to the bed, she clasped the inanimate remains in her arms, and wept in all the agony of a bereaved heart.

Alice waited until the first burst of the overwhelming grief of poor Jane had passed, and then, after some conversation with Mrs. Wilson, (the mother,) ventured, in a delicate way, to ask what she intended to do in respect to the performance of the obsequies of the deceased.

Mrs. Wilson burst into tears, completely overcome with her feelings. The contending emotions caused by her wretched circumstances—she being entirely penniless and worn down with constant fatigue of watching the sick bed of her mother for a series of weeks, during which time she had been unable to earn anything—completely overcame her. Their whole support had been derived from the scanty earnings of Jane, who had labored in an extensive factory, and that was scarce sufficient to buy provisions for them, without the absolute necessaries required for the sick grandmother. She owed for rent, and also was indebted to the apothecary, physician, and grocer. Her situation, therefore, as it rushed on her mind, rendered her almost speechless at the question put to her by Alice.

"I know not," at length articulated Mrs. Wilson; and in broken language, and with a convulsed frame, she laid open her wants to the tender-hearted Alice.

Alice Alden keenly felt the wretched position in which Mrs. Wilson was plunged, and rising, she embraced the mother and daughter; then slipping her purse into the hand of the former, said she would send some one to assist and do what was necessary on the occasion, and promising to come again the next day, she started to return home. Ere she reached home, however, she accidentally met her brother, and hastily communicated to him the scene she had witnessed.

George lost no time in complying with his sister's request, in sending some brothers to perform the offices to the dead, and to relieve Mrs. Wilson in her hour of trouble, until the last sad tribute was paid to the remains of her deceased mother.

It would be needless here to record that everything was done which benevolence and philanthropy required, or our fraternity enjoined, in the performance of the funeral obsequies, which were attended by Alice, who strove to her uttermost to soothe the overwhelmed mother and daughter. The duties of George Alden, in attending to his vocation, prevented him from personally acting in any of the transactions; but his purse had freely supplied and paid the necessary expenses, and his brethren were not backward in their assistance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The Masonic Principle Eternal: The Institution Based on Christianity.

BY DR. ARNOLD.

What is Freemasonry? is a question of growing importance; and the earnestness and frequency with which it is asked indicate that even in the midst of this cold, unpoetical, egotistic, soul-forgetting, money-loving age, there are many loveful hearts, from which the holy symbols of charity are not entirely erased. Masonry is Friendship, Love, and Integrity. It is a Friendship which rises superior to the factitious distinctions and arrangements of society, the prejudices of religion, and the pecuniary conditions of life; it is a Love which knows no limit, nor inequality, nor decay—ever living, ever active, to bless and to console—baptizing all hearts which acknowledge its allegiance in the fountains of a celestial Peace; it is a Truth, an Honor, which binds man to the eternal law of Duty, in opposition to all the calculations of interest, and in defiance of the world's wrath, and its terrible array of chains and crosses, and sealed and soldier-guarded sepulchres. These three words, Friendship, Love, and Integrity, define, with sufficient precision, the principle which is the basis of our order, and the lofty ideal we seek to realize. Freemasonry, therefore, is no *new*, and it will be no ephemeral thing! It is as old as Time—perpetual as Eternity. It was writ on the heart of the first man, and was the inspiration of that birth-song which wrapped the young Creation in a celestial chorus. It was the Guiding Spirit which led the human race up from the rudeness and solitude of the primitive state, bound the solitary ones together in families, gave them cities and towns, the industrial arts, and a civilization. It was the secret of the old Hebrew prophets, and of the sages of Egypt and Greece, and the burden of all the teaching, mysteries, and revelations of antiquity.

It was the spirit that inspired the heart of the old Thracian Mystagogue, Orpheus, and was that harp of wondrous qualities with which he charmed rude men, wild beasts, and universal nature.

And when man, corrupted by luxury, enervated by the refinements of an old and excessive civilization, gave himself up to his base propensities, recognizing no law but passion, no bond but interest, no God but pleasure, nor love but for himself—and Love, Truth, Virtue, obscured by the pestiferous exhalations of sensuality and selfishness, seemed to have reascended to the skies, leaving the human heart dead, and entombed in its own corruption—a new and a mightier Prophet re-woke that slumbering lyre, and drew from its mystic chords a louder song of Love, and Hope, and Joy; recalled to the world's dead heart the Promethean Life-Spark, relumed the sacred fires on the desolate altars of Truth, and re-inscribed the law of Love, with diviner and more powerful sanctions, on a column which neither the arm of man nor the assaults of ages can shake.

But, to lay aside all tropes and mysterious technicalities, and to speak out in plain, sober prose, the *principle* of our Order is no more nor less than that indestructible and all-pervading law which has been so clearly interpreted and directly enforced by the Son of God himself;—that law which requires man to love God—that is to say, Truth, Goodness, Virtue—above all things else, and to conduct himself toward others, in all cases, as in like circumstances he would have others deal with him. It is the law of mutual Love! of intimate and abiding Friendship! of inflexible Probity, Honor, and Truth! And *this* law it is well for us—whether Masons or not—to observe: *this* law is wide as the Universe, deep as Eternity, stern as Fate in its demands, binding all men in all places and in all times—the Past, Present, Future—to the everlasting duty of charity! And woe to that soul which seeks to escape from the obligations it imposes!

Origin of Masonry.

BY REV. BRO. CONE.

It is to the establishment of this Grand Lodge that we owe the union of speculative and operative Masonry—a union which has been productive of the grandest and most beneficial results. Its first production was the magnificent temple of Solomon. The whole history of Masonry acknowledges the advantages of this union, in the permanence, beauty and order of the institution, in the systematic adjustment of all the machinery of its government, and in the beautiful symbolical representation of truth, and inculcation of morality, which give it a charm to captivate the heart, and a power to withstand the shock of ages. Speculative Masonry was represented by wisdom, in the person of King Solomon, and operative Masonry by strength, in the person of King Hiram, while Hiram Abiff, or beauty, was the personification of both united. From this beautiful union of three of the greatest men of antiquity, personating the three great elements of a true, manly life, proceeded the harmonious organization, the splendid symbolism, and sublime precepts of Freemasonry. To the moral teachings, the wisdom, and the piety of these men does Masonry owe its greatest beauty, its inculcation of virtue, its principles of brotherly love—in a word, all that makes it the beautiful, the benevolent, and the permanent system that it is. For whatever other claims the Order may have to esteem and immortality, it owes its existence to-day, and must for all ages, to the religious teachings that are inwoven with all its ceremonies, inculcated in all its lectures, and shadowed forth in its sublime and impressive symbols. This is its great recommendation to the world, this is its true title to immortality.

"Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids;
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall."

And we are reminded of the permanence and indestructibility of our Order when we look back to find traces in history of the gorgeous temple and of the magnificent people that worshipped in its courts. We ask, where is this splendid edifice now? Where are the altars, and golden vessels, the priests in gorgeous robes, the musicians and the vast congregation? Where are the kings and their palaces glittering with fabulous wealth? Where is all the beautiful garden of Palestine, with its cities and merchants, its commerce and its gold? All gone—swept from the face of the earth. The land of milk and honey is a land of desolation and bitter waters—a desert unfit for the abode of man. And Mount Moriah, on whose twice consecrated summit once glittered the gorgeous temple, stands the solitary witness of the surrounding ruin; and the sighing of the winds through its rocky caverns is like a wail and a requiem over the departed glory of Israel.

"The Niobe of nations! There she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe:
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago."

But Masonry survived even the desolation of Israel, and the ruin of the temple, in which it was celebrated in all its ancient grandeur. Its principles were dearer to the heart of man than even national glory and historic fame. Its TRUTH is its title to immortality. Institutions that are merely national in their spirit and aim have no assurance from history or from reason that they shall endure forever. But a system that is based on the eternal principles of right and justice, and is broad enough, like Masonry, to embrace the sentiment of universal brotherhood, may claim to be able to stand forever, and grow forever great and beautiful.

Masonry appears in its most beautiful aspect when considered as a system of moral instruction. As a science, it challenges our admiration by its regularity, its harmony, and its truth to nature; but as a system of morals it reveals divine beauties and inspires the love of every man who has the soul of a true Mason. He cannot but think, as he listens to the voice of the master in the lectures, inculcating the beautiful truths of morality, purity, integrity, and brotherly love, and beholds the beautiful symbols of the lodge, each shadowing forth some divine precept—he cannot but think, that the sublime truths that are appealing to his heart and his intellect, are the best thoughts and highest sentiments of the holy men of those grand old days when the world was young and man communed with God. The words that fall on his ear are the words that were precious to patriarchs, prophets and sages, which they pronounced for the instruction of their brethren when they assembled under the starry canopy of Heaven on the hills of Judea, and made the whole world their symbolical lodge room, or which strengthened their souls as they pondered them while watching their flocks on the night-clad plains of Shinar. He cannot but feel himself in the presence of the illustrious men of ancient and modern times who, while gazing on the beautiful symbols of the lodge, have felt the inspiration of the sublime truths of Masonry, and have gone forth from the assembly of the brethren to make their daily life a shining example of brotherly love. So it is that the associations of Masonry have a peculiar power in enforcing the great truths of life and duty. The man who knocks at the door of the lodge with a sincere purpose to learn and be made wiser and better, without any motive of vulgar curiosity, will be solemnly impressed, before he has completed a single degree, by the sacred association around him, and he will feel, as he never felt before, the significance of the words of the Lord to Moses on Mount Horeb:—"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." On every hand he is reminded of some sacred association of those days when men's souls were near to God. The great central light of the lodge shines upon him and the all-seeing eye beholds him wherever he turns. The great spirits of the past look down upon him from the starry canopy, and he seems to be standing in the midst of patriarchs, prophets, and holy men, in some splendid apartment of the great temple, adorned by the architectural skill of the Grand Master, and hung with the radiant symbols of truth and beauty.

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Boards of Relief and Masonic Mission.

The paramount object sought to be attained by these admirable organizations is, in the first place, to relieve distress; secondly, to do so in the most practical and direct manner; and, thirdly, to detect impostors; and, so far as the lodges are willing, to afford them the benefit of their labors, by acting as their almoners and by closing up the baleful system of indiscriminate and indiscreet giving. To the first and third propositions we have nothing at present to add to what we have so frequently said since the organization of the first Board, in which we participated; but it has frequently been a matter of serious reflection with us whether the giving of money is, after all, the best way in all cases of affording relief. It is the common error of men to suppose that the purchasing power of money will enable the distressed to buy their way out of all difficulties, and we generally delude ourselves with the notion that when we have given an applicant a modicum of the circulating medium we have done all that is reasonably to be expected of us; and yet it would be difficult to imagine a greater fallacy. Take twenty cases of persons in needy circumstances and you will find that at least eighteen of them are thus placed as the result of absolute improvidence, for want of common prudence, and that remembrance of a future rainy day which even temporary prosperity veils in oblivion. When such people come to grief they are as helpless as infants, and to give them money is generally to create in their minds a sense of dependence that confirms their unthriftiness and has about the same moral effect as pouring water through a sieve. Give a man of this class five dollars, and for the time being he is rich, his present wants can be amply satisfied, and never having been in the habit of caring for the morrow, he naturally allows things to take their course till his purse is again empty, and then he has no resource but to go again to the source of benevolence, and thus edge his way along. Now, finding this to be the character of a very large majority of the persons with whom the Boards of Relief have to deal, it appears to us that they ought, in addition to donations of money, endeavor to supervise its expenditure and complete their generous labors by teaching their beneficiaries not only the precarious nature of such gifts as a source of income, but how they may dispense the means given them to the greatest advantage. And this leads us to the suggestion we desire to make, which is that there should be a co-operation between the Boards of Relief and the Masonic Mission. This organization, as we have already explained in previous issues, offers to the worthy poor the means of purchasing bread and warmth—the two prime necessities of our Northern winter life—at wholesale prices. It saves to them the commissions and profits that intervene between the original producer and the consumer, enabling the laborer to go into market with the same advantages as the millionaire. Let the Board use these advantages for the benefit of its clients. When a needy family is found worthy of assistance, give them an order for flour or coal instead of money; in other words, spend the money you would give them to their advantage better than they could do it for themselves, and thus make your funds cover a greater extent of benevolence in a money point of view, while at the same time you will be instilling in the minds of the unthrifty a lesson of economy, and to that extent be preparing them for a more successful struggle in the life battle in which we are all engaged. We shall not be understood as advocating a sudden and radical change in the manner of the Board operations, but simply a greater degree of discrimination; give money where it is thought a better service will thus be rendered and goods where it is evident that by so doing the parties will receive a greater benefit in that way. We make this suggestion without any consultation with the officers of the Mission, but we have no doubt that an arrangement can be effected with them so that orders from the Boards will be duly honored, and we think the experiment will be found worthy of a trial.—*Dispatch.*

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Freemasonry in the Wilds of Australia.—In Australia, at one place Stuart met an old man and his two sons, handsome and well-armed. The native could not understand the questions put to him about the country; but after some time, having conferred with his sons, he turned round and surprised me by giving me one of the Masonic signs. I looked at him steadily; he repeated it, and so did his two sons. I then returned it, which seemed to please them much, the old man patting me on the shoulder and stroking down my beard. They then took their departure, making friendly signs till they were out of sight. Will not the Freemasons of Europe send out a body of missionaries to their benighted brethren of the wilds of Australia?—*Examiner.*

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The Mason's Grave.—In all ages the bodies of the Masonic dead have been laid in graves dug due East and West, with their faces towards the East. This practice has been borrowed from us, and adopted by others, until it has become nearly universal. It implies that when the Great Day shall come, and He who is Death's conqueror shall give the signal, *his ineffable light shall first be seen in the East;* that from *the East* he will make his glorious approach; will stand at the eastern margin of these graves, and with his mighty power—that grasp irresistibly strong which shall prevail—will raise the bodies which are slumbering therein. We shall have been long buried, long decayed. Friends, relatives, yea our nearest and dearest, will cease to remember where they have laid us. The broad earth will have undergone wondrous changes, mountains levelled, valleys filled. The seasons will have chased each other in many a fruitful round. Oceans lashed into fury by the gales of to-day, will to-morrow have sunk like a spoiled child to their slumber. Broad trees, with broader roots, will have interlocked them, hard and knobbed as they are, above our ashes, as if to conceal the very fact of our having lived; and then, after centuries of life, they too will have followed our example of mortality, and long struggling with decay, at last will have toppled down to join their remains with ours, thus obliterating the last poor testimony that man has ever lain here. So shall we be lost to human sight. But the Eye of God, nevertheless, will mark the spot, green with the everlasting verdure of faith, and when the trumpet's blast shall shake the hills to their very bases, our astonished bodies will rise, impelled upward by an irresistible impulse, and we shall stand face to face with our Redeemer!—*San Francisco Mercury.*

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[By special request, we publish the authenticated Act of Parliament on Freemasonry.]

"And whereas certain societies have been long accustomed to be holden in this kingdom, under the denomination of lodges of Freemasons: Be it therefore enacted, that nothing in this Act shall extend to the meetings of any such society, or lodge, which shall, before the passing of this Act, have been usually holden under the said denomination, and in conformity to the rules prevailing among the said societies of Freemasons. Provided, always, that this exemption shall not extend to any such society unless two of the members composing the same shall certify upon oath that such society or lodge has, before the passing of this Act, been usually held under the denomination of a lodge of Freemasons, and in conformity to the rules prevailing among the societies or lodges of Freemasons in this kingdom."—*Act of George III, for the more effectual suppression of societies established for seditious and treasonable purposes.*

Doing Good.—There is something inexpressibly delightful in the reflection that the purest and sweetest joy of which the human heart is capable comes from conferring benefits upon others. In the very fact we discover a proof of the benignity of that Divine Being who so framed and attempered our spirits that the happiness which we are the means of imparting to others should, by a sort of reflex influence, become our own. While selfish gratification always contracts and enfeebles the spirit, benevolent philanthropy like this elicits its powers, draws it out, nerves and sustains it, and makes it seek the intercourse of others. In how few instances do we see the luxury of doing good exemplified! The very conception of plans of benevolence carries its own reward in it, while their execution imparts to the benevolent a joy only second to that which is experienced by the suffering object of our kindness. Verily, it *is* "*more* blessed to give than to receive."—*American Phrenological Journal.*

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"He is no Spy, but a Friend and a Brother."

BY WILLIAM JAY.

Some time ago a countryman said to me, "I was exceedingly terrified, sir, this morning. I was going down to a lonely place, and I thought I saw at a distance a huge monster; it seemed in motion, but I could not discern the form it had. I did not like to turn back, yet my heart beat; and the more I looked, the more I feared; but as we approached each other, I saw it was only a man; and who do you think, sir, it was?"

"I know not."

"Oh, it was my brother John."

"Ah!" said I to myself, passing away from him, as he added that it was early in the morning and very foggy—"ah," said I, "how often, in a lonely place, and in a foggy atmosphere, has brother John been taken for a foe! Only approach nearer each other, and see clearer, and you will find, in numberless instances, what you have dreaded as a monster was a brother—and your own brother."

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Masonry Teaches Fortitude.

BY BRO. CAMMACK.

We are next taught fortitude, to meet all the ills of life like a man, knowing that affliction does not come forth of the dust, neither does trouble spring out of the ground. Everything is ordered by an Almighty hand. To-day you are in health—to-morrow you may be on the bed of sickness; to-day you are in affluence--to-morrow you may be in poverty; to-day you may have a home—before twenty-four hours go over your head your house may be destroyed. You may place your property to-day in the hands of an institution that you consider perfectly safe, but to-morrow it may fail and leave you bankrupt. But fortitude must bear you up under all these emergencies; for there is a God who ruleth all things, and tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, who will sustain the soul that trusts in Him.

PRUDENCE.

You are next taught to govern all your actions by prudence, so that you may bring no disgrace upon yourself by any act of yours in your intercourse with your fellow-men, but that they may speak well of you and of the Order with which you are connected. And so on: with all these perfect points of entrance there are duties connected, that every Mason ought to apply himself to, so that he may govern his passions, stand firm and strong in all the vicissitudes of life, and with prudence manage his affairs.

PRAYER.

You have a spark of Divinity within you, and there is the light to guide you to the portals of eternal rest; and even on your tracing board here you see the poor wayfaring pilgrim lying down to sleep under the protection of God, and you see the ladder, with its feet upon the earth and its top reaching unto the throne of God, surrounded with the clouded canopy, and angels ascending and descending upon it. Little as you think of it, there are ministering angels here around each one of us now—each one of God's elect. I address some of those now—I know not who they are, and I wish I could say all—who know the power of the Divine life that book inspires. Perhaps you have a pious mother who has gone home to glory, and it would be the deepest dagger in your heart to think that she was not in paradise. She may be here as a minstering angel to watch over you; and that father, who, probably, has prayed for his son a thousand times, and who may, perhaps, have thought his prayers were useless and of no effect; but the Lord hears them, and prayers come back with interest, and the praying soul shall never lose reward. What! prayer in a masonic lodge? Yes. What were you taught when you were * on the * * *? Why, that every time you were at your devotions you should pray for your brother Masons. Why was it that, after entering that door, you were requested to kneel in prayer; and after your prayer, what were you asked? In whom was your trust. You repeated that your trust was in God, and you were told to * * *. And there was prayer in every succeeding degree. Why, my brethren, a prayerless Mason lives far below his privileges. What! not thank his Creator for the benefits bestowed upon him? Will a Mason, when he sees the wonders of creation—the wonders of God's moral perfections—the wonders of nature that surround him, animate and inanimate—the wonderful mercies daily bestowed upon him—have a thankless heart? Forbid it Masonry.

TEMPLE OF THE HEART.

My brethren, this subject is a serious one; if it was a trifling or a childish one I would wash my hands of it forever. But knowing Masonry as I do—advanced, as I have been, in the higher degrees of Masonry—I see a sublimity in it, I see a beauty, I see a regularity and order, and I see a fascination, that enraptures me with it. It is not religion—do not understand me to say that I take Masonry to be religion. No; religion is higher and nobler, but Masonry is a handmaiden to religion. Masonry will lead you to the divine record. Read that record with an enlightened soul, and then you will see beauties and harmonies such as you can have no conception of. Neither does a man who has never entered into the spirit of Masonry know what Masonry teaches us. For I look upon the externals of Masonry as mere scaffolding; and we all know that when a building is completed, its scaffolding is taken down. Let us in imagination go to the Capitol; we stand at the east front of the Capitol, and each man who looks upon that noble pile of buildings, looks with admiration upon it; he admires the beauty and order and symmetry of everything connected with it. Well, does it enter into his thoughts that every stone, no matter where placed, whether in the outward adornment of that edifice or in the interior of the walls—either in its pillars, images, sculpture, or anything connected with it—must have had an originator, and was once a rough ashlar, and by constant application, with a mind to direct, and overseers to superintend, and a patient use of the gavel, it was at length fitted and prepared for its place in the building? So it is with every man here—you must build this temple within your hearts, and you are first taught by Masonry to reverence the name of God, and never take it upon your lips but with reverence; and to the glory of the Jews, they never pronounce that name but with the deepest solemnity.

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The Stolen Hides—Evil overcome with Good.

William Savery, an eminent preacher among the Quakers, was a tanner by trade, and known by all as "one who walked humbly with his God." One night a quantity of hides was stolen from his tannery; and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome, drunken neighbor, whom I shall call John Smith. The next week the following advertisement appeared in the county newspaper:

"Whoever stole a quantity of hides on the fifth of the present month is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention; but the culprit alone knew who had made the kind offer. When he read it, his heart melted within him, and he was filled with sorrow for what he had done. A few nights afterwards, as the tanner's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock; and when the door was opened, there stood John Smith, with a load of hides on his shoulder. Without looking up, he said, "I have brought these back, Mr. Savery; where shall I put them?" "Wait till I can get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee," he replied; "then perhaps thou wilt come in, and tell me how this happened. We will see what can be done for thee."

As soon as they were gone out, his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn, she said, "Neighbor Smith, I thought some hot supper would be good for thee." He turned his back towards her, and did not speak. After leaning against the fire-place in silence a few moments, he said, in a choked voice, "It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I am sure I didn't once think that I should ever come to what I am. But I took to drinking, and then to quarrelling. Since I began to go down hill, everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man who has ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly, and my children are starving. You have sent them many a meal. God bless you; and yet I stole the hides. But I tell you the truth, when I say it is the first time I was ever a thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," replied William Savery; "the secret still remains between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for lost time. Promise me that thou wilt not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow on good wages. The little boy can pick up stones. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee. Perhaps it will keep thee from craving anything stronger to night. Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first; but keep up a brave heart, for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary, and she will always give it thee."

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. After vainly trying to compose his feelings, he bowed his head on the table, and wept like a child. After a while he ate and drank, and his host parted with him for the night, with the friendly words, "Try to do well, John, and thou wilt always find a friend in me." He entered into his employ the next day, and remained with him many years a sober, honest, and faithful man.

The secret of the theft was kept between them; but, after John's death, William Savery sometimes told the story, to prove that evil might be overcome with good.

FROM OUR ECCENTRIC CONTRIBUTOR.—BOBOLINK STATION—*Dear Brother Editor:* Since my last I have been actively engaged in election matters; that is to say, in trying to keep our brothers in my lodge from pulling one another to pieces on the great national question, "Lincoln *vs.* McClellan." Now, I am a man who never could see anything to get excited about in a Presidential election. I actually married a woman whose father had been to Congress, so little do I care for the conventional etiquette of the day. One of my second cousins is a New York alderman, and yet he often comes to see me, and I go out with him arm-in-arm, publicly! People point at us, and whisper; but what do I care?

But the members of my lodge went in, one and all, for President making. They bet their money—oh! how they did bet! They quarrelled. W. M. had a serious altercation with the S. W.—so serious, that we have had no meeting of the lodge since that funeral occasion I wrote to you about, and goodness knows when we shall meet again. The Secretary was imprudent enough to wear a political badge in the lodge-room, to which the Tyler so much objected that he went off, sword and all, leaving us up in the room to get out through the ventilator. It is a horrid affair all round, and I don't know how it is going to end.

I have a question in Masonic law for you. First, let me refer you to the anecdote of Dr. Fagin's celebrated salve. Somebody's dog had his tail accidentally cut off, and the owner bought a box of the salve and applied it to the stump. Instantly a new tail sprouted forth! A little boy picked up the old piece, and put salve to that; instantly a new dog sprouted forth! Now, which is the original "dorg?"

Lodge A having got into a bad condition, twelve of the members got a dispensation, and went to work. They did so well that all but nine of the old members joined them. Now, which is the original "dorg?"

Yours facetiously, G. G.

Dispatch.]

DEATH OF AN OLD MASON.—Col. Levi Carrol Judson died at Waterloo, Seneca County, N Y., on January 8th, and was interred with masonic and military honors.

He was one of the oldest Masons in the State of New York, having been made under the jurisdiction of Dewitt Clinton. During the war of 1812 he served as Colonel of a regiment of volunteers. Since that period he was a resident of Philadelphia, but removed to Waterloo, where for the three past years he has been afflicted with paralysis to such a degree as not to be able to leave his room. His son is well known to the reading community as E. Z. C. Judson, or "Ned Buntline."—*New York Courier.*

CHAPTER POETRY.

"*Holiness unto the Lord.*"

While the stars and stripes are waving
Proudly over us to-day,
And our goddess—sweet-toned Freedom—
Holds her ever-glorious sway;
While a thousand banners streaming
Bear some cherished party-word,
Let the nation raise one, bearing
"*Holiness unto the Lord.*"

Let it float on broader pennons,
Let it wave above us, higher,
Brighter, fairer than all others,
And its characters of fire
Shine, that all the world may read them,
And may shout, with one accord,
"This shall be our motto ever,
'Holiness unto the Lord.'"

Masons, rally round this banner,
Raise it high with eager hand,
Raise it to the Lord Jehovah,
He who ruleth sea and land;
Who hath broke your chains asunder,
And hath "made you free indeed!"
Ah! do not your pulses quicken
As those characters you read?

Sinners from the shrines unhallowed,
Where you've bowed these weary years,
From the idols cherished fondly,
Only to be mourned with tears,
From the haunts where sin and sorrow
In the guise of pleasure dwell,
Turn, O turn your footsteps hither,
Let your ranks these numbers swell.

Rally round our spotless banner,
It is floating here for you;
Cast aside your selfish mottoes,
Cherish this one—pure and true!
It shall link your souls with angels,
And a pure and holy light
Shed for aye upon your pathway,
Shrouded now in deepest night.

God hath made a full atonement
For our sins, so dark and dire,
And we'll ne'er desert your banner,
But its words of living fire,
While we live, shall be our watchword,
And in heaven, in sweet accord,
With the angel-band will echo
"Holiness unto the Lord."

Secrecy.

It no doubt sounds strangely anomalous to anti-masonic, and even to merely unmasonic ears, to speak of secrecy as a privilege, since the very essence of secrecy is restraint, and an apparent limitation of privilege. Yet in what a deplorable and degraded condition would these very objectors find themselves left, if deprived of this privilege, imperfect, uncultivated and uncertain as it is, in general communities of men! To be deemed unworthy of confidence, and to deem others equally unworthy, is a degree of reciprocal abasement revolting to the moral sense. For, not only are the most sacred affections of the human heart, and the best acts of the human hand, essentially and virtuously secret, but the whole framework of society is dependent upon this principle, and held together by its agency. Otherwise, let devout men make long prayers at the corners of the streets, and invite the public gaze upon charitable deeds. Otherwise, let the business or domestic secret which one friend has confidingly breathed into the ear of another be betrayed to the first casual acquaintance to whom a natural weakness of character, or a prurient feeling of self-importance, may incite the unworthy confidant to impart it. Otherwise, let naval and military commanders, and other influential agents of a government, open their secret despatches, and proclaim them alike to friend and foe.

All mankind agree in holding those infamous who thus betray the trust of secrecy; and it therefore follows that every "just and lawful" secret which men voluntarily and deliberately consent to receive as such, is invested, by universal assent and demand, with the attribute of inviolable sacredness.

"To heaven's high Architect all praise
All gratitude be given,
Who deigned the human soul to raise
By secrets sprung from Heaven."

The vulgar maxim, "that no good need shun the light," is true only of the thing itself, in its own intrinsic character; and is most false and mischievous in relation to the safety and utility of a good principle or design, when exposed to the withering contact of prejudiced, unreasonable and implacable minds. Else, no man would have suffered and perished in the cause of truth; and truth itself would never have been perverted and overwhelmed by the dark influences of error. Else, the venerable Copernicus, the illustrious re-discoverer of the Pythagorean or Masonic system of Astronomy, now universally adopted, need not have kept his volume nearly forty years a secret from the unready world, and from the crushing grasp of bigotry in the seat of power. He taught as the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, and the Grecian Pythagoreans taught in the lodge-room of the temples—not that the Sun, the Grand Master of the planetary system, and

"Best image here below of his Creator,"

leaves his appointed seat in the heavens, and revolves round the lesser lights of his glorious temple, as was commonly and religiously believed, on the supposed authority of Scripture and ordinary observation—but that the earth and its brother planets revolve around the great central light, as has been taught, for thousands of years, in our mystic marches and processions.

Copernicus masonically concealed his system from all but a small circle of enlightened friends, until they would gradually prepossess the Pope and Cardinals in its favor, and induce them to sanction its publication. The happy spirit of Copernicus took its flight to a loftier sphere, the moment he beheld his volume in print under so potent a guardianship. But his renowned successor, Galileo, less discreet in his revelations, and more presuming upon the security of truth, was thrown into the dungeons of the inquisition, and brought to its racks of torture, for proclaiming the self-same doctrines in a bolder manner, and with additional confirmations.

Copernicus had timidly or prudently submitted his system as a mere hypothesis, though he failed not to sustain it by mathematical evidence. Galileo openly asserted it, on the authority of ocular proof, obtained by his telescopes; but was compelled to recant and deny truth itself, in the face of merciless torture, and re-asserted it only in enigmatical propositions and mystical aphorisms.

Indeed, that truth is not at all times to be exposed to an inclement publicity, we learn from the precepts and example of the most illustrious teacher of morals that ever addressed mankind. Whilst he enjoined upon his disciples to let their light shine before men, he also advised them not to cast pearls before swine. He spoke himself perpetually in parables; and injunctions to secrecy, binding upon all his followers, constantly accompanied his greatest words and works.

Secrecy, as a practical science and habit of mind, is one of the greatest conservators of the morals and charities of our social being. All men of sound heads and hearts learn this important principle from the experience and observation of life. Freemasons enjoy the advantage of cultivating it systematically, until it becomes a confirmed habit of mind, amounting to a second nature. Its first effect upon the conduct is that of quenching the evil tendency to pestiverous tale bearing and altercation. No character is more socially odious than that of the man who indulges the malignant propensity to expose the faults and failings, not to say the private affairs and misfortunes, of his fellow-man.

We need not say how abhorrent this propensity is to the exalted spirit of our institution, nor how strongly we are bound to exclude it from our social sanctuary. The systematic and obligatory habit of secrecy, however, which it is our peculiar privilege to acquire, extends to every relation of private and social life; embraces the whole field of honorable confidence; and becomes, in its nature and comprehensive exemplification, an inestimable system of wisdom and morality. A masonic secret is therefore sacred.—*Courier.*

THE *Voice of Masonry* suggests that the making of a bully a Mason is the ruin of the lodge, that this masonic hedge-hog insults, abuses, outrages the feelings of the true and gentle; that they retire and leave the lodge to him and a few like him.

The Liberty of Security Masonically Explained.

We doubt not that the expression. "the liberty of security," may seem enigmatical to an uninitiated mind, inasmuch as its terms admit of a forcible contrast, and are not usually associated.

Yet *security* is the essential element of all true liberty, and distinguishes the freedom of the highest civilization from that of savage life, and the freedom of a constitutional from that of a despotic government. The savage is not free, even when he roams the boundless forest, unless he is secure from surprise, assault, and captivity. And the dwellers under a despotism, however actually exempt from its direct oppressions, hold their nominal liberty upon the uncertain tenure of a capricious will, instead of that security which constitutional guaranties ensure.

True liberty consists in the secure enjoyment of equal rights. According to this definition, the *freest* spot upon the whole surface of the planet upon which we live is the *Freemasons' Lodge*; and it has ever been so, in all ages and climes, no matter by what cruel and formidable despotism it may have been and may still be surrounded.

It is thus that the Masons of our ancient Society are pre-eminently entitled to the proud distinction of the FREE. For although the distinctive appellation was originally conferred upon worthy craftsmen, among the enslaved multitude of ancient laborers, when initiated into the councils and taught the science of the master builder, it has, from the beginning, implied every privilege which perfect liberty can confer.

Strict equality of individual rights and opportunities of advancement; a liberty of conscience on politics and religion which is exempt from all inquiry and disparagement; and the exalting consciousness which fills every Mason's heart that his fair fame, whether he be personally present or absent; that his nearest ties in domestic life; that his business interests and most private exigencies, together with every lawful secret of his breast are secure and sacred in the hands of his brethren—constitute a kind and degree of reciprocal liberty which no state of society, in the vague world of mankind, could possibly afford. And thus has our institution ever been the purest, the most perpetual, and the most universal of republics, that ever existed within the history of the human race. Governed by our organic laws and codes of mutual obligations; and conscious that no earthly power can annul them, since they are deeply engraved upon every Mason's mind and heart, we have flourished amid the deserts of despotism, and desire no new favor from political power in this or any other happy land, fertile in freedom and prosperity.—*Courier.*

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BEWARE OF THE WINE CUP.—The doctrines of Masonry imperatively teach "a due restraint upon our affections and passions," and demand of us to "avoid excess, or the contracting of any vicious or licentious habits," &c. We have often been thoroughly disgusted with some men who are known to be Masons, and who habitually frequent bar-rooms, and become, from practice, inveterate topers. We have, also, at various times, suffered the mortification of witnessing these men, in public saloons, with a promiscuous crowd around them, so far forget the early lessons inculcated and represented by the leading cardinal virtue, as to indulge in the reprehensible practice of using the signs of the Order with their boon companions while imbibing their vile potations. Perhaps these brethren enjoy the self-glorification that they are doing a noble act when they give the token of recognition under such circumstances; but a little reflection would convince them that they were violating their vows and betraying their trust. Such men deserve the contempt and detestation of all good Masons. They who can thus forget the respect which they owe to themselves, their families, society, and to our Order, should be made to feel that they are unworthy of fraternizing with those who have learned to keep inviolate those excellent lessons of morality which are so forcibly taught within the precincts of the lodge. It is by no means a new feature in the history of our Order for men who have been so forgetful of their duties as to indulge in intoxicating drinks to an unwarrantable extent, thereby debasing themselves and bringing reproach upon Masonry, to be disciplined, exhorted to reformation, suspended, and even expelled from the Order whose teachings do not tolerate any act that debases our natures. Many Grand Lodges have, from time to time, adopted resolutions expressive of their determination to suppress a vice too common in the human family and too often indulged in among Masons. The most beneficial results have accrued to the members wherever action has been taken, and it is to be regretted that a wide field is at this time afforded us in California to use the necessary influences for the abatement of that which is becoming a bye-word at the street corners. We do not mean to insist that a Mason should never indulge in a glass of wine, or strong beverage, if he prefers it; but we do say that he should do so with such moderation as will preclude the possibility of his becoming debased by over indulgence therein. The "gentle sex" are often heard to declare that Masons only meet at the lodge for the purpose of drinking and carousing; and the declaration is not made without foundation; for how frequently is it the case that the husband, or brother, returns home at a late hour of the night, his breath and clothes reeking with the fumes of whisky and tobacco, excusing his long absence by the assertion that he has been to the lodge, when the truth is, that after the lodge had closed at a seasonable hour, he, with a few kindred spirits, had adjourned to some favorite grogshop, and there passed the hours—which should have been spent in the society of his family—in steeping his body in some filthy alcoholic abomination, and thus rendering himself an object of disgust to those who would gladly welcome him with open arms. Is it to be wondered at, then, that many of our fair friends look upon Masonry, and all connected with it, with absolute aversion? that they consider its moral teaching a humbug? By no means; and he who will thus deliberately cast odium upon an Order whose fair fame it is his bounden duty to cherish, should be subjected to the severest discipline known to the Craft. Every true Mason should use his individual influence to endeavor to abate an evil which subjects us to such constant reproach, and by their own example prove to the whole world that the morale of Masonry tends to keep us within the bounds of due propriety, and teaches us "so to walk and act" as to ensure the respect of all.—*San Francisco Courier.*

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The End of Freemasonry.

The end of Freemasonry is the amelioration of our species by the powerful agency of equality and mutual kindness, by lessons of self-discipline, rendered more effectual upon each member by the supervision of his fellows. Freemasonry is a moral and eleemosynary institution, instructing its members to seek happiness by the observance of their duties to God, their fellows, and themselves; to impart freely of their abundance to those laboring under misfortune. The benevolence and active charity of Masonry have never been doubted, though the efficacy and purity of its principles have been questioned, whilst the finger of reproach has pointed to some unhappy brother who has lapsed from the fold. But let none deny the influence of Masonry upon morals, until they are prepared to show that there exist principles which are at all times equally operative upon our nature—that the heavenly principles of truth are always obeyed by those who profess to be its advocates. The history of Masonry affords the most conclusive evidence of the purity of its character. It is the twin sister of rational and liberal religion. As bigotry and superstition have faded in the splendor of truth, and religion has become less ascetic and more amiable, Masonry has grown and flourished.—*Anon.*

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A VENERABLE CHAIR.—The oldest Masonic Chair in Ireland was presented to Lodge No. 3 by Bro. Thomas Aldworth Cocker, P. M. No. 3, (I. C.,) and was occupied by Viscount Doneralle (Hayes St. Leger,) at Doneralle House, when the Hon. Mrs. Aldworth (then the Hon. Miss St. Leger) received the first and second degrees. The chair originally belonged to the Hon. Viscount Kingston, and was used at Michelstown Castel by him as Grand Master of the Masonic body in Ireland. The Viscount presented it to Lodge No. 25, held at Doneralle, whence it was given to Lodge No. 25, removed to Cork. Bro. W. A. Hacket, P. M., No. 3, proposed a vote of thanks to Bro. T. A. Cocker, which was seconded by Bro. W. P. Rothwell, S. D., and entered in the minutes of the lodge by Bro. E. W. Wigmore, Sec. This highly interesting Masonic relic is finely carved in the Corinthian style, and has been completely renovated after a lapse of 150 years since the date of its manufacture. It may be remarked that, during the very troublous times from 1798 to 1826, the chair and Masonic paraphernalia were locked up for periods of four and ten years respectively, as Masonic bodies were, by the provisions of the Limited Acts, prevented from assembling.—*Masonic Mirror.*

DO RIGHT.

Stick to the truth,
Come good or bad,
Success attends
A truthful lad.
Better be poor in goods and fame,
Than sacrifice an honest name.

Don't fear scorn
Of empty fools,
Nor sell your soul
To Fashion's rules.
A kersey coat will keep you warm—
French cloth shrinks before a storm.

Be just in all
Your trades with men;
Mankind are brothers
Well you ken.
Do unto all as unto you
You'd have your fellows also do.

Another thing—
Dont try with wine!
The red wine hides
A powder mine!
And by-and-by by some luckless mode,
The ticklish bombshell may explode.

Be true to love,
If rich or poor,
It matters not,
Don't give it o'er!
Marriage without due reverence
Is like a field without a fence.

Be kind to all
Of low degree;
Keep in thy breast
Much charity.
A poor man's blessing counteth more
Than all the treasures misers store.

Go on in faith,
Hold fast the right—
And you shall have,
'Gainst age's night,
Riches laid up on fortune's shelves,
For God helps those who help themselves.

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Uniformity of Work.

REPORT OF G.·. L.·. OF KY.

As regards the practicability of obtaining complete uniformity of work, in letter and word, your committee are satisfied that the idea is wholly utopian and illusory. No real and permanent good can result from an attempt to produce such complete uniformity. So long as the essential landmarks and symbolism of Masonry in the work and lectures are preserved, it is of little consequence if there be some slight difference in forms of expression. As well might you expect to produce perfect uniformity in the features of each human face in the same family, as in the modes of expression of myriads of brethren spread over the face of the habitable earth. Communicated from mouth to ear, there will necessarily be slight discrepancies in the modes of expression, according to the powers of mind, habit of thought, facility of elucidation, and strength of memory of each lecture. Hardly two persons can agree upon the exact words used by another in conveying ideas. Indeed, your committee doubt that the discrepancies alleged by the Conservators to exist in the work and lectures of different jurisdictions have been purposely exaggerated: and that, in reality, in the grand features and essentials, while there no doubt exists slight difference in verbiage, there is a surprising uniformity in all the jurisdictions. Your committee are, therefore, satisfied that, in communicating the work and lectures, the great object to be attained should be to preserve the grand outlines and symbolisms of the work and lectures, without seeking to preserve the minute details of exact verbiage, the *ipsissima verba.* And they are unhesitatingly of opinion that all modes of attempting to preserve the work and lectures by the introduction of notes, keys, or cyphers, whether by letters or figures, either written or printed, are unlawful and direct violations of one of the first covenants entered into by a Mason; and that these modes should be unhesitatingly and utterly abandoned. Indeed, in the opinion of your committee, there is but one lawful and masonic way to communicate the mysteries of Masonry, and that is by *oral delivery*, on proper occasions, to proper persons.

FOR WORKERS IN THE MASONIC VINEYARD.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Take the spade of Perseverance.
Dig the field of Progress wide;
Every rotten root of Faction
Hurry out and cast aside;
Every stubborn weed of Error,
Every seed that hurts the soil,
Tares, whose very growth is terror—
Dig them out, whate'er the toil!

Give the stream of Education
Broader channel, bolder force;
Hurl the stones of Persecution
Out, where'er they block its course;
Seek for strength in self-exertion!
Work, and still have faith to wait;
Close the crooked gate to Fortune,
Make the road to Honor straight!

Men are agents for the Future!
As they work, so ages win
Either harvest of advancement
Or the product of their sin!
Follow out true cultivation,
Widen Education's plan;
From the majesty of Nature
Teach the majesty of Man!

Take the spade of Perseverance,
Dig the field of Progress wide;
Every bar to true instruction
Carry out and cast aside;
Feed the plant whose fruit is Wisdom,
Cleanse from crime the common sod;
So that from the throne of Heaven
It may bear the glance of God.

Goethe.

BY AN EDINBURG MASON.

Nature and fortune, internal faculties and external advantages, were united in Goethe in a measure far beyond what the most brilliant and sanguine views of human life could permit any one to calculate upon. Qualities so rarely found combined as to be esteemed incompatible coexisted in him in their fullest perfection. The most brilliant genius and the calmest perseverance, the wildest fancy and the clearest good sense, passion enough to prompt his genius and self-control enough to render him always master of passion—these and many other rare combinations seemed to mark him out as a man gifted with every means of working on the minds of his fellow men, and of instilling into them, both through the reason and the imagination, every sentiment and every principle calculated to discipline, to adorn, and to elevate human nature. When we consider the variety, the power, the charm of his style; the profound and delicate insight into the human heart; the classical polish and grace, without the least tinge of pedantry; the wide, deep, and harmonious views of nature; the exquisite taste in art; the masterly handling of a language formerly reputed harsh, but which he has made musical, expressive, and graceful—when we consider in how many ways he is second only to those who have been first in one alone, we scarcely know whom to set above him. If as a dramatic writer he is inferior (as who is not?) to Shakspeare; if in sublimity and the wondrous power of instant, brief, and vigorous presentment, he cannot rival Dante; if he has not the romantic and chivalrous grace of Cervantes, nor the easy natural humor of Fielding, nor the caustic and polished wit of Voltaire, he has graces peculiarly his own, and a variety of excellence which none have approached.

He was a steady and consistent enemy to all royal roads, all pretensions to intuitive or perfunctory knowledge, to all quackery, and all botching, (Pfutscherei.) He was wholly free from the mean jealousy which has so often disfigured great talents. His recognition of whatever was excellent, or gave promise of excellence, was full and generous, though discriminating. In spite of his extreme aversion to anything like controversy, he courageously opposed and denounced every kind of cant and intolerance. Though his scientific discoveries add but little to his fame, his works contain abundant evidence of his zeal for the advancement of science. They are a perfect storehouse of clear and rational views, and of invaluable maxims for the guidance of all who aspire to learn or to teach. His perseverance was as boundless as his capacity; and towards Art he was thoroughly conscientious. Whatever else he trifled with, to that divinity of his worship he was true, loyal, and reverential.

Immortality of the Soul.

BY POLLOK.

The Sublime Architect of the Universe commenced by forming the body of man, and then he gave him a soul to make him perfect. The human soul, emanation of the Divinity, is a powerful being, intelligent and reasonable, the divine essence of the soul, and the thought of God and of immortality, superior felicity. The soul, in short, is immortality and eternity; it is so that it can slumber, but can never cease to exist. Mason! lift up thy thoughts toward the Sublime Architect of the Universe; enter in thyself and hear the voice of God, that celestial voice who speaks to thy heart, and cries to thee for ever, Immortality! As the body has its external and corporeal senses, so the soul has its internal and spiritual senses: the human sense, or the sentiment of humanity; the moral sense, or the sentiment of the good and the honest; the intellectual sense, or the sentiment of the true and the just; the æsthetic sense, or the sentiment of the excellent and the sublime; and the religious sense, or the sentiment of the holy and the divine. These five admirable senses are the symbol of the five perfect points of Mastership.

Mason, form thyself for immortality; give to thy body, to thy soul, to thy heart, and to thy mind, all the strength, all the magnanimity, and all the perfection of which they are susceptible by their natures; form thyself for thy God, for thy inheritance, for humanity, of which thou formest a part; in short, form thyself for good—such is the law of nature. Knowest thou why thou shouldst form and know thyself? It is to teach thee what thou art, what thou canst and shouldst do. Thou art created for virtue, and can practice it, and form thyself for it, and by it accomplish thy high destiny.

That the sublime idea of the All-Powerful fortify and uphold thee, offer him each day the homage of thy ruled affections, and thy vanquished passions. Watch, and pray each morning the wish to become better; then at night, thy heart, satisfied, will recall to thee a good act, a victory carried over thyself; then only thou canst rest in peace in the bosom of Providence. Mason, know thyself, know thy soul. The precepts of the ancients include human wisdom. Search in the recesses of thy heart, of thy intelligence; thou wilt find there the book of the spirit of the Divinity.

Effect of a Reversal of Judgment by the Grand Lodge.

BY BRO. HOLMES OF N. Y.

We have on several occasions, in alluding to this important subject, taken the ground that in all cases of reversal of judgment by a Grand Lodge, an appeal from a subordinate body, the accused party became by the *bare act of reversal* entitled to resume all the rights and privileges which he enjoyed when charges were preferred against him and of which he had been temporarily deprived by reason of the judgment. We include here the right to membership, as well as all its attendants, in a subordinate lodge.

In case of a reversal of sentence, the Grand Lodge does not "force the expelled party as a member upon a particular lodge." The subordinate lodge by its own act made the accused party one of its members; in that act the accused had no voice or vote; but the moment the act was consummated and he had received his degrees and signed the by-laws, he became—as a lately deceased official classically expressed it "to all *utensils* and purposes," the peer of every member of the lodge, with vested, clearly defined rights and privileges, of which he could not be disseized unless through the *just* operation of law. Some of these were the following: the right to hail from the particular lodge of which he was a member, whilst visiting other lodges; the right of taking part in all the discussions and deliberations of his lodge; the right to declare through the ballot-box who, of proposed persons, should not become members of his lodge; the right to call for investigations into matters of finance; the right to hold office if elected by his brothers and fellows, or if appointed by the Master, and other rights dependent on and incidental to membership; as well as the privilege of proposing a friend to become a Mason, of visiting the Grand Lodge at certain times, of asking at the hands of the brethren the Masonic rites of burial at his decease, and many others which will readily strike the mind of any well informed Mason.

We say that as to all of these there is established between himself and the lodge a direct and solemn privity of contract the moment he has signed the by-laws and taken his seat as one of its members. If charges should be preferred against him and a committee of his lodge after investigation declare that they have been sustained by evidence, and should the lodge sanction that view of the committee and proceed to eject him, his expulsion, while in force, necessarily carries with it, sweeps away, or suspends all the rights and privileges to which we have referred; for unless he should afterward affiliate with some other lodge, he could not exercise any one of them, each of them being solely dependent on actual membership and good standing.

Now comes the right of appeal, a most sacred right. The Grand Lodge calls for the record of testimony and conviction, and on its inspection becomes satisfied that the accused has not committed any offence whatever against any moral or local law, and that the expulsion *from his lodge* was dictated by spleen, envy, malice, or jealousy, and hence, that the whole proceedings are not only voidable, but are absolutely null and void on their face. In thus finding, the Grand Lodge virtually says: "Your lodge has declared that you should be stripped of all your rights and privileges *as one of its members*, on the supposition, either honestly or dishonestly entertained, that you had infracted the laws of the Craft We, on investigation, declare that you have not committed any offense whatever." Now, would it not be an ungracious if not unjust *addenda* to this attempted righting of a wrong, for the Grand Lodge to say, "Notwithstanding the act of the lodge in finding you guilty was wrong and absolutly void, yet the sentence of expulsion from your lodge, which was based solely on this void act, must be sustained? What justice or logic is there here? If the conviction could not be sustained, because of its *tortious* character, in what point of view can the punishment be declared right? A man who has been convicted and sent to a State prison on a charge of felony is never kept there in this country, after an appellate tribunal has declared the conviction to be void, and yet there would be just as much justice in the converse of the proposition as there would be in the doctrine we now controvert.

The Grand Lodge does not, when it declares the proceedings to be void, "force a membership on a subordinate lodge." It merely says, that inasmuch as no cause or reason existed for the expulsion, the act of expulsion is of no effect, and hence the relationship of the brother to his lodge has never been legally sundered; and that is *all* that it says.

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DEDICATION OF A CHAPEL AT KALORAMA HOSPITAL.—On Sunday, February 12, Kalorama hospital was the scene of very interesting services, on the occasion of the dedication of the newly erected chapel there. The chapel was erected by the munificent aid of the Government. Through the unwearied exertions of the Rev. J. C. Jacobi, chaplain of the hospital, it has been furnished by contributions from friends and benevolent citizens. It is comfortably and neatly finished, contains a handsome parlor organ, bell, &c., and will prove of inestimable benefit to the convalescents and attendants attached to the hospital.

The dedication service commenced at three o'clock, and were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Robt. McMurdy, U. S. A., assisted by the Rev. J. C. Jacobi. The attendance was large, including every one not confined by severe sickness. After the usual introductory services, Dr. McMurdy preached an able and animated discourse from Haggai, chap. ii, 6th and 7th verses: "For thus saith the Lord of Hosts, yet once, it is a little while, and I will shake the heavens and the earth, and the sea and the dry land; and I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come; and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of Hosts."

The choir, which has been newly formed, executed its part in a most efficient manner. It consisted of Mrs. Harry A. Smith, organist; Mr. G. H. Colburn, leader; Wm. D. Conner, and H. A. Smith, employees of the hospital. The services altogether were of a most interesting and impressive character.—*Chronicle.*

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THE MASONIC COMMISSION for the supply of flour and fuel to the poor of New York city at cost price, in the course of a few hours after it went into operation, over 25 barrels of flour, and 20 tons of coal were sold in quantities varying from a barrel to one-eighth of a barrel of flour, and from one ton to one-quarter of a ton of coal. The flour was sold by the barrel and delivered at $10 70; half barrel, $5 35; eighth, $1 35: six pounds, 33 cents. Coal, delivered, $8 85 per ton for large nut, and $10 75 for stove; per bushel, 40 and 48 cents

The National Freemason.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH, 1865.

Letters of business, and containing money, and correspondence, should be addressed Dr. McMurdy, Box 982. Printed matter should be directed National Freemason, Lock Box 18, Washington city.

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OFFICIAL.

To the Brethren, Companions, and Sir Knights of the several jurisdictions; We, as Grand Master of Knights Templar in the United States of America, Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, send greeting:

We not only regard with favor the enterprise so generally approved by the Craft, to establish a National Masonic Journal at the metropolis of the nation, but we are impelled by a deep sense of its importance to urge upon you the most vigorous exertions to give to this much-needed instrument for good a healthy and vigor-

Let each masonic body, in corporate capacity, subscribe for as many copies of the National Freemason as may be expedient for circulation among the widows and orphans of Masons, and among the sick and indigent Masons in hospitals, thereby exercising a high charity. Let each Mason take as many copies personally as he can afford, and induce his neighbor to do the same.

We are satisfied, from the well-known high educational, literary, and masonic character of the Rev R. McMurdy, D. D., LL. D., Grand Prelate of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, that the National Freemason will be conducted in a liberal, faithful, national, and catholic spirit, and will tend to increase and diffuse light within and without our sacred precincts, and promote harmony and good will among the brotherhood.

The moderate terms of its publication, $2 00 per annum, make it accessible to the masonic masses.

We urge you all, brethren, to prompt action in sending names of subscribers, paying in advance, to Rev. Dr. McMurdy, Washington,

B. B. FRENCH,
Grand Master Knights Templar, U. S. of A.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand High Priest of Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and District of Columbia.
Y. P. PAGE,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Maryland

◆

Discontinuance.—Where there is no order for discontinuance we suppose that the brother wishes to remain a subscriber, and will send us the money in advance for the next volume at the earliest moment. All discontinuing must state post office address, and, if in the city, the locality where the paper has been received, and must pay all arrearages.

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We have four hundred complete sets of the first volume.

Agents and subscribers will please send us "greenbacks" in payment of subscriptions.

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Clubs of twelve to one address will be charged $1 80; of sixteen, $1 70; of twenty or more, $1 50.

◆

Our office is *Room No. 4, Federal Block*, corner 7th and F streets, immediately opposite City Post Office. Entrance next door to Anderson's.

Some authorized person always present to receive subscriptions and attend to orders.

We are indebted for this favor to Bro. Blair, Past Grand Master of Illinois, who has opened in this city an insurance office, both fire and life, where he will be pleased to see his friends.

◆

The soul of man has more than a moral part. It has an intellectual part, an artistic and a religious part. Freemasonry cultivates all these parts. It would not only make a brother virtuous but free from meanness. It would unite the highly developed moral with the highly developed intellectual, artistic, and religious nature. We frequently meet with an upright, moral brother, who conforms to the moral law, but who is insensible to the lofty and the noble.

◆

Reply.—The term Mussulman, signifying "resigned to God," was first given to the Saracens, and was applied to all embracing the faith of Mohammed. "Moslem" is singular, "Mussulman" is dual, and "Muslimin" is plural.

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Picturesque is best defined as that which is fit for a picture. We need a term to express that a man or thought is fit for a book. The National proposes for this purpose the word *literatesque.*

◆

Thanks to Mount Neboh Lodge, New York city, for the invitation to the Annual Soiree.

Miss Clara Barton.—If any woman of our times deserves well of the Craft, and is worthy to be made a Mason, or at least a member of an order similar to the orders of mediæval times, (of which women were members frequently,) it is Miss Barton.

We found, in our visit to the army, Miss B. everywhere spoken well of. She was denominated "The Angel of the Battle-field." In visiting the 10th corps, we were ushered into a plain, uncarpeted room, where we found paper and envelopes and arrangements for being useful in a thousand ways in the army. In the midst of all was a black-eyed, determined, benevolent lady, with a masonic pin of olden time on her neck. This was Miss Barton.

She is known by this pin and her good works to our brothers in the Federal army and even beyond into Confederate circles.

This devoted sister went into the army before the Sanitary Commission was organized, and has been unexcelled by any one in good works. She has preserved life, strengthened hope, administered comfort to the dying, and cared for the lifeless clay when the animating spirit had left it.

Her father was a Mason. Her brother is a Mason. She wears her father's pin. He prized it. She prizes it.

The masonic society can best have an order of devoted women, exclusively given to good works. Miss Barton is a type of the society we would encourage.

◆

Must the great culture, refinement, and education of the higher classes of society ever be purchased at the cost of utter degradation and brutality of the lower orders, as in England and Europe? Must this continue so in our cities, and as our nation advances in age, must she follow the wake of European civilization?

◆

No man can masonically be denominated great who is not just and humane, who has not an inviolable respect for the rights and interests of others, and a fervent zeal for all that can contribute to the welfare of mankind, and an equally fervent abhorrence of all that augments the sum of misery upon earth, or tends to the debasement of our species.

◆

Complimentary.—Bro. Fairchild, the District Deputy Grand Master of New York, was the recipient of an ebony cane, with beautifully chased gold head, from his Ogdensburg masonic friends. Bro. F. goes to St. Louis.

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We are gratified to notice as an evidence of the augmenting popularity of the National Freemason that papers, general and local, are proposing clubs with the National Freemason, and several placing our journal first on the list.

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The communication of "Alpha" we cannot publish out of respect to our esteemed Sir Knight, who, throughout his whole essay, confounds Knights Banneret with Barons, and chivalry with nobility.

◆

Goethe's great dictum was, that it is not by attacks on the false, but by the calm exposition of the true, that good is to be done.

◆

The Savannah *Herald* comes to us daily from Georgia, forwarded by our devoted masonic friend, its able editor, Bro. Mason.

◆

Duties flow from principles. To decide what are the peculiar duties of Freemasons, we must decide concerning their peculiar principles.

◆

The (Maine) *Temperance Visitor* says:

> The National Feremason is the title of a monthly paper of sixteen handsome pages, issued in Washington, D. C., and devoted to the interests of the Ancient Craft. It is edited by Rev. R. McMurdy, D. D., LL. D., Grand Prelate of the Grand Encampment of the U. S., and will be found of much interest and value to all "brethren of the mystic tie."

Post-Office and Irregularities.

Few persons in the country have better opportunities to know the operation of the postal system than ourselves. We can write in most commendatory strains of the letter department.

The newspaper department needs attention from the Postmaster General and the agents of the secret service. It is a very rare matter for postmasters to pay full attention to papers. There are but two postmasters in the whole country who ever notify us of a paper being uncalled for or refused at the local post-office. The fault of irregularities is not at the Washington post-office, nor at the publication office. At the latter the issue is so compared, after being ready for the mail, as to preclude the possibility of any serious mistake. We know personally with what care the edition leaves Washington. And here we bear testimony to the great care and politeness and courtesy of the clerks in the city post-office, with but one exception. The Postmaster General should re-issue his circular concerning newspapers and magazines, calling especial attention to its requisitions, and giving notice that postmasters will be held to the same accountability in the case of papers as letters.

With the army papers, the fault is after they leave the Washington post-office.

◆

We supposed that we had the confidence and esteem of our good brother of Cincinnati, until we saw the dyspeptic line in his last number, attempting to identify us with a party in the craft, simply because the great and good Grand Master of Iowa saw fit to recommend the National Freemason to the lodge of his jurisdiction.

We shall not retort upon Bro. Moore. We are satisfied with the progress in the extension of the circulation of our journal throughout not only the new but the old world. Ohio is not behind other jurisdictions. This is the best evidence of approval of our journal. We are happy to reckon many of Bro. Moore's friends and supporters as equally interested in our success. Room enough for all, Bro. Moore.

"Behold how good it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

◆

Demorest's *Mirror of Fashion*, at $3 per annum, 473 Broadway, New York city, is of great interest, practical utility, and artistic elegance. We see not how an American lady can do without it. One feature valuable to the ladies is that full size patterns, separate from the work, are sent to each subscriber.

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Bro. Garrison, aged ninety-two years and ten months, and who was a Mason in 1812, died lately at Cedar Falls, Iowa. Bro. G. was the first master of Mansfield (O.) Lodge. He was, at Detroit, one of the original petitioners of the Grand Lodge of which Gen. Cass was Grand Master.

◆

The Compliment of the Blind.—Highly complimentary to Masonry is it that the blind of New York city wished the masonic society to settle the grievances between themselves and a party of New York. The praises of the poor, the unfortunate, and the powerless are the highest commendation.

◆

We have received the following new music from Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New York city. Each piece is sold for thirty cents:

Maryland's Free, (song and chorus,) M. A. Fortune.
Thou art Dreaming, (serenade,) A. A. Crilley.
Let me die with my face to the foe, (song,) James G. Clark.
The Voice of the Army, James G. Clark.
Bear this gently to my mother, (song and chorus,) George A. Russell.
Beautiful Annie, (song,) James G. Clark.
Gen. Sheridan's Quick-Step, Joseph Raff.

The Late Dr. Wyatt, of Baltimore.

Upon the death of the Rev. W. E. Wyatt, D. D., for many years the presiding officer of the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America, we find the following resolution in the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Maryland:

Resolved, That this Grand Lodge has heard of the death of the P. G. Chaplain, W. E. Wyatt, D. D., of Baltimore, with unfeigned regret. The Grand Lodge hereby records its affectionate remembrance of the many noble qualities of the deceased, as a gentleman and Christian minister, and of his life-long devotion to all his duties.

Resolved, That a suitable mourning page be prepared in the record to his memory.

Our Rev. Bro. was born July 9, 1789, and died June 24, 1864.

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Waiting for a Call.

Why do you idle stand?
  There is something for all to do;
Look forth on the wants of our teeming land—
The sorrow and sin on every hand;
  Say, is there no work for you?
There is work in the crowded street;
  There is work in the silent cell;
'Mid the noisiest hum and the busiest feet;
In halls where thronging multitudes meet;
  In the hovel where outcasts dwell.

How many of our masonic brethren are waiting for some one to invite them to masonic work! How many afflicted, sick, destitute, oppressed, call for sympathy; how many broken hearts need binding up, and yet there are many waiting for a call to masonic labor!

Waiting for a call. What call? The call is in thy inmost masonic heart. It was given thee when at thy first initiation thou didst put thy trust in God, and became a laborer and a traveller.

Wait no longer.

Live for something; be not idle,
  Look about thee for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming;—
  Labor is the sweetest joy.

Out, search out. Out into lanes, alleys, byeways and highways; up into garrets, down into cellars, in dens of poverty, misery, distress, desolation, and degradation. Search out the poor, the sick, the afflicted, the oppressed, the halt, the blind, the lame—pour in the oil and wine of consolation, bind up the broken-hearted, support the weak, heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils. "Freely ye have received, freely give." "The poor ye have always with you, and whensoever ye will, ye may do them good."

No matter where, if duty calls thee, go
  Amid contagion, poverty and death:
Bend o'er the sufferer in his hour of woe,
  Nor fear the blast of pestilential breath.
Do, suffer, die, at duty's call divine,
  Nor rest from battle till the victory's won;
Then, Soldier of the Cross, a crown is thine—
  Thou faithful servant, hear thy glad WELL DONE.

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OUR Bro., Bishop Simpson, in one of his lectures, at Washington, told some masonic truths, and enunciated much masonic doctrine. He said that:

> He was in Norway when the question was before its parliament of abolishing the nobility. The champion of the exclusive class described the culture, the refinement, the scientific and literary attainments and lofty pride of the nobility, and declared that if their rights were wrested from them and they were reduced to the level of the common people, that they would leave the land that had sought to humble them, and with them would go much of what Norway could ill afford to spare. He concluded with "*Farvel*, you noble streams, you familiar rocks, you green hills and lofty mountains, *farvel! farvel!*" and took his seat, conscious of having made a profound impression. Nothing disconcerted, a man of the people arose and said, and the rocks, and the hills, and the mountains catch up the cry and return it in responsive echoes, "vel, vel," and it was well. Scandinavia has not been injured by its abolition of titular distinctions. On the contrary, men are placed more on their own merit. A great drag has been removed from the car of progress. A new impulse has been given to free thought, and a more intense activity to every department of effort.

He spoke of our duty to become the heralds of popular liberty, the *grand exemplars of the divine doctrine of human brotherhood, the hope of the struggling.*

Bivins and the Masons.

When Bivins, the perpetrator of one of the most atrocious and brutal murders, was lately arrested at Grafton, the populace was so incensed against this monster that they attempted to lynch him. The Cleveland *Leader* says:

> Indeed, had not the sheriff who had him in charge been a Mason, and called on Masons in the crowd to assist him in preventing it, the indignant crowd would have dispensed summary justice to the scoundrel.

We presume that the masonic sheriff called on all citizens as citizens to sustain him, and that the Masons, better instructed in their duty as citizens, aided him, and not as Masons.

The sheriff did his duty as sheriff, and masonic tuition strengthened him thereto. The law and not the mob should prevail. The sheriff and the Masons did right—did what all present should have done, whether Masons or not, assist to sustain the supremacy of law, and that when they were incensed by the uprovoked murder of a young wife just about to make the murderer a father, at the double parricide which struck down an aged father and loving mother, and the added arson and the meanness that suggested the robbery of his father's bleeding body, at a scene recalling to us the chronicles of the Borgias and the fearful story of Beatrice Cenci.

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GARIBALDI.—This noble Italian brother commands the respect and admiration of the fraternity as being in an extraordinary degree imbued with the true principles of universal liberty and fraternity.

Recently a number of English gentlemen and ladies sent him a present of an English yacht, and in reply he esteems it as a gift to "the cause of every oppressed people." The letter reads:

> CAPRERA, Nov. 18, 1864.—Ladies and gentlemen: The yacht which you have presented me is, indeed, a precious gift, and immensely more precious is the generous benevolence with which you have honored me. I shall all my life be justly proud of having, not merited, because it was merited by others rather than myself, but by good fortune gained your sympathy. Benefactors to me, a humble individual, this is a gift on behalf of the sacred cause of my country, the cause of every oppressed people. With ever grateful feeling of my heart, I am yours,
>
> GUISEPPE GARIBALDI.

To the generous subscribers for the yacht.

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MAN needs instruction, precept, and example, and favorable circumstances, to grow up a well-developed individual. Then, also, we are lifted upward by every act of heroic virtue, not by example only, but also by that mysterious influence, that subtle contagion, finer than anything visible, ponderable, or tangible—that effluence from eye, voice, tone, manner, which, according to the character which is behind, communicates an impulse of faith and courage, or an impulse of cowardice and untruth, which may be transmitted onward and forward, on every side, like the widening circles in a disturbed lake—circles which meet and cross each other without disturbance, and whose influence may be strictly illimitable and infinite.

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The *Dispatch* says: "The NATIONAL FREEMASON for February is received, and a capital number it is. We perceive that some one in New York has sent to Bro. McMurdy the materials for a fine dinner, which appropriate gift he acknowledges with thanks, as he well may.

"The world does move, after all. Here is an evidence of progress of the most gratifying nature, an acknowledgment of the stomach editorial that fills us with visions of chicken fixins, mince pie, and sweet cider, too delightful for realization. Let any one serve us that way, and we will be convinced that there is yet a bright spot in human nature not dimmed by the stain of original sin."

◆

The *Caduceus* says: "The best exchange received by us is the NATIONAL FREEMASON, a good enough paper for any one, and, we would suppose invaluable to the masonic fraternity."

Life Assurance of Masonic Templar Origin.

Life Assurance Societies do most honor to science and enterprise, next to railroads and the telegraph. They are far beyond those of any invention or institution in their capabilities for correcting improvidence, inculcating self-reliance, and warding off the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," to which even the wisest and best are inevitably exposed.

This social wonder had its origin in the middle ages, in the practice in vogue among the crusaders and travelers to the Holy Land. They deducted from the expenses of the outfit enough to secure the payment of their ransom in case of being taken prisoner, an obligation for which there were always many ready to contract.

We have not room to trace the history of assurance from its Templar origin to the statutes hundreds of years ago on marine insurance. It was in 1536, when parish registers were established, and 1593, when the plague carried off 30,000 citizens of London, and the bills of mortality were carefully prepared to quiet public apprehension, that a scientific foundation was laid. But John Graunt, citizen of London, in 1662 published the fruits of long meditation and sedulous inquiry into this subject. He took a census of London, and for his efforts suffered persecution by the people.

Halley, in 1683, took the next great step, in publishing his tables of the probable duration of life at any age, based on the bills of mortality of Breslau. The trade in annuities was in full vigor, but life insurance was in its infancy. It appears in the law books, in the policy on the life of Sir Robert Howard for one year, from September 3, 1697, Howard dying September 3, 1698. The question was whether the policy had expired, Lord Holt ruling that the day of the date was excluded, and that the underwriter, a merchant, was liable.

It was the Bishop of Oxford, whom we have the best circumstantial evidence to believe a member of the craft, that obtained a charter for the Amicable Life Assurance Society, founded in 1706, and justly claiming to be the oldest existing institution of the kind. This company, by its original charter, consisted of 2,000 shareholders. Age, from 12 to 45, made no difference in the subscription or premium, and the state of health was equally disregarded.

The South Sea Bubble helped to correct the ignorance and check the credulity of the people. From 1708 to 1720, the South Sea Bubble era, the assurance projects were 30 in number. For 5s. a qr. a man insured on his decease £120 to his representative. A marriage portion was provided for either sex, marry when they would, who should contribute 2s. a qr. By contributing 2s. 6d. towards each baptized infant of a co-assurer until he had one of his own, he was entitled to £200, the interest of which would educate the child, when he arrived at maturity. The following concludes the list:

William Holmes, Exchange alley, assurance of female chastity.
Insurance from house breakers.
Insurance from highwaymen.
Assurance from lying.
Plummer and Petty's insurance from death by drinking Geneva.
Rum insurance.

There was also an insurance office for horses dying natural deaths, stolen, or disabled. Crown tavern, Smithfield, thus advertised:

You that keep horses to preserve your ease,
And pads to please your wives and mistresses,
Insure their lives, and if they die we'll make
Full satisfaction, *or be bound to break.*

Steele and Addison thus satirized bills of mortality:

Of a six-bar gate	4
Of a quick-set hedge	2
Bewitched	13
Of an evil tongue	9
Crossed in love	7
Broke his neck in robbing a hen-roost	1
Surfeit of curds and cream	2
Took cold sleeping at church	11
Of October	1
Broke a vein in bawling for a Knight of the Shire	1
By the parson's bull	1
Shot by mistake	1
Of a mountebank doctor	6
Old age	100

But science was unceasingly employed in solvin the series of problems touching the probabilities of life.

Demoivre, of whom Pope writes as the *beau ideal* of scientific accuracy;

> Who made the spider parallels design,
> Sure as Demoivre, without rule or line?

of whom Newton said, "Go to Demoivre, he knows better than I do," gave a great impulse in a right direction.

In 1718 he published "The Doctrine of Chances," and in 1726, "The Doctrine of Chances" applied to the valuation of lives. Here he propounded his wel-known theory that the decrements of human life are uniformly progressive.

We pass by the various works published, and efforts made on this subject, until 1765, merely remarking on the Equitable Company, which still remains the leviathan, that it has never been driven into court but once.

"A man named Innes had effected a policy for £1,000, on the life of his stepdaughter. She died under tragical and suspicious circumstances, and Innes produced a will, which appeared on the face of it to have been duly executed by her, declaring him executor and legatee. Its validity was contested, and he produced the two attesting witnesses, who swore boldly to all the required formalities, and would have gained their point, had not Innes insisted on calling a third to prove that he was present at the signature and attestation. This man's courage failed, or a feeling of compunction came over him at the last moment. Wan and ghastly he entered the witness-box, where his first words were, 'My Lord, my name is Borthwick; I am brother to the witness of the same name who has been examined. The will was not made on the Bridge Gate at Glasgow; it was forged by a school-master in the Maze, in the Borough.'"

The mania for speculation on the vitality of individuals and classes reached its acme in the middle of the eighteenth century. Legislative restraint was imposed.

* * * * * * * * *

We must omit much that was written in this connection.

We press upon our brethren the subject of life assurance, for themselves and their families. We urge it as modifying selfishness and improvidence, and as a great check on vice. We view it not only as masonic in conception and origin, but as masonic in organization and end. We insist that there then shall be little delay, fearing the hour of sickness or death may come when least expected, and finding a family unprovided for.

We are the advocates of no particular company. There are many worthy of public confidence. We adverted to the Knickerbocker last month because we feel assured that it is one of the very best. We recommended Bro. Blair, at the Federal Block Row, No. 4, because Bro. Blair is an accredited Mason of long standing.

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Masonry is a Science.

BY BROTHER PIERSON, OF MINNESOTA.

I believe the great "strength" of Masonry lies in its "harmony," and that harmony exists just in proportion to the amount of "light" that is diffused among the brethren. I never knew a hive of drone bees filled with honey; I never knew a mechanic of even ordinary worth that learned his trade by seeing others work only; I never knew a lawyer or physician, or astronomer, or chemist, that arrived to even mediocrity in his profession, unless he availed himself of every means in his power for advancement.

Masonry is a science. Masons have work to do. Masons are combined as a hive of bees are—they are combined to dispense charity to the poor and penniless the world over. Is not that to them sweeter than honey? What will enable them to master the science, perform the work, or dispense the charity of the Order? "Light."

◆

The Pennsylvania *Spy* says of the NATIONAL FREEMASON: "It is a highly popular and entertaining journal for 'the Craft.' Lovers of good masonic literature should subscribe for this work."

Masonic Mission.

[We received the following from New York. It looks like real work in the right direction:]

MASONIC MISSION HOUSE, NEW YORK, *Feb.* 1, 1865.

To ——: Your attention is fraternally invited to the purposes of the MASONIC MISSION as set forth below, and your co-operation is earnestly solicited.

The object of the society is to dispense charity—in relief to the poor, and in sending reading matter to the soldiers.

In the city of New York the Mission buys wood, flour and coal in large quantities, and distributes the same, to those who are worthy, in small quantities, at the pro rata cost—simply taking back the cost price.

The money to do this with is furnished by JOHN ANDERSON, Esq., a very noble-hearted gentleman of wealth in this city.

When lodges, committees or members wish to provide flour at cost for the benefit of the poor in their vicinity, the Mission is open to their use.

A yearly course of Saturday evening lectures, by first-class lecturers, is being conducted before the Mission at Cooper Institute, the proceeds of each of which are devoted to print the particular lecture and send it to the soldiers. Thus, Mr. DeCordova delivers us one of the course—a lecture for which fifty cents is ordinarily charged—at TEN CENTS; which affords an opportunity for a class of people to hear him that could not otherwise do so. The lecture is afterward printed in cheap form, with the proceeds, and sent to the soldiers.

Any person of good character can become a member of this society (though none but Masons can hold offices) who will pay the sum of five dollars upon the value of a ton of coal, or a barrel of flour, for the benefit of any worthy poor person or soldier's family whom he may select. That is to say—any one desiring to become a member of the society pays five dollars and gets a certificate of membership, together with a certificate that he has paid five dollars upon a barrel of flour or ton of coal, which will be delivered to the bearer on payment of the balance of its value. This certificate he gives to whatever worthy poor person or soldier's family he thinks best, who, thus encouraged by a reduction of coal or flour cost to almost half price, takes new heart, and gathers up and pays the remainder of the value. The donor knows that every farthing of his charity goes to the end designed, and if he makes his own selections of the object, he knows as to the worthiness.

Persons who choose to contribute the adjoining fee to the Soldier's Reading Fund, instead of to flour or coal, can do so.

Persons who pay $100 are made honorary members, and their money sends ten thousand copies of a good lecture to the soldiers, or pays five dollars each on twenty barrels of flour, or tons of coal, to the poor—the tickets for which he distributes himself, as he chooses.

When lodges, churches or societies raise $100 for the Mission, they will please indicate who shall be honorary member, if they so desire.

We have no canvassers or agents in this city. Persons desiring to contribute and become members can see or communicate with the undersigned at the MASONIC MISSION HOUSE, FIVE POINTS.

JOHN SHEVILLE,
Actuary Masonic Mission.

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[Extract of a letter from a brother on the way to further promotion and usefulness:]

MY DEAR DOCTOR: * * * * * *

I am very desirous of sending the NATIONAL FREEMASON to my wife. Masonry has done me good. It has taught my soul where to look for help and light Never till I became a Mason did I kneel down and ask God to help, guide, and protect me, teaching my heart and mind that peace which passeth understanding. For this reason I wish to send to my wife your journal, that she may, from its teachings, receive a little light and draw her soul nigher unto God.

Long before I entered the army, (April, 1861,) I looked longingly towards the East, but did not have the opportunity I sought till a year ago, when I was initiated, passed, and raised in —— Lodge. I do not wish to stop. I wish my masonic career to be like my military career. I entered the army as a private. Step by step (now a Major) I have fought my way up. I am desirous, if God sees fit to spare my life, to rise step by step up the ladder of light. * * *

I have in my regiment some eight or nine Master Masons. I am now putting up a log building for the men, as a lyceum and place of instruction. The brethren also wish to meet in there on one or two nights per week, for the purpose of instruction.

Tomb Stones.

EAST CONCORD, N. H., *February* 3, 1865.

Rev. Dr. McMURDY:

DEAR SIR AND BRO.: In your November No. you asked for descriptions of masonic tomb stones. I send you the following, which I noted in my diary last October, while in the army:

On the bank of Appomattox river, about one mile above City Point, Va., I found the graves of two men from New Hampshire. I suppose them to have been captains of ships, who died there, far away from home and friends. One stone, in a horizontal position, supported by brick work, bore the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of Captain Abel Harris, Jr., of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, who died August 21st, 1822, aged 24 years.

"Stranger pause and learn. He who sleeps beneath this stone was all that is estimable in life, and to his friends consolatory in death, though his grave is far from them.

> "Tho' strangers only wept behind thy bier—
> Thy dirge a sigh, thy tomb a stranger's tear—
> Yet to that spot where thou art doomed to sleep,
> Oft shall thy kindred genius fly and weep—
> Embalm the ground where thy cold relics rest,
> And bid the turf press lightly on thy breast."

Standing first on the stone were the *square and compasses.* There were several graves near this, most of them without monuments to tell the passer by whose remains are mouldering beneath. How many thousands unmarked there are now in Virginia, is known only to the *great Architect of the Universe.*

Yours fraternally,
ISAAC W. HAMMOND.

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(Bro. Guilbert here compliments the NATIONAL FREEMASON, with other papers. Thank you, Bro. G.)

Tendering you, beloved brethren, the fraternal salutations of the season, your Grand Master finds it necessary to address you upon matters essential to your masonic lives and active correspondencies. * * * Interesting and animated lodge meetings, wherein the craft are paid their wages of lodge enlightenment, are the very breath to the life of masonic progress, individual and collective. It is the business and duty of the officers to see that no pains are spared to make lodge meetings what they ought to be, and it is the business and duty of the lay members to show, by their punctual and regular attendance, that these efforts on the part of the officers whom they have selected to rule over them are appreciated and seconded. While much, very much, depends upon the officers of a lodge, who should, by systematic and persistent personal invitation, seek to win Masons, as church class leaders of the right stamp seek by the same means to win those for whose spiritual well-being they are somewhat responsible, still, the officers cannot freely do what it is incumbent upon them to do, save they are strengthened by the presence and aided by the counsel of their members. A masonic lodge room should be as attractive as one's own home parlor. To this end, the members of each subordinate, not so favored, should devote especial attention to the fittings and adornments of the hall thereof. Not only should they seek to have the requisite canonical furniture, and that well made, but as time passes and lodge funds increase, they should add often to this, until at last, in the way of jewels, regalia, library, pictures of masonic scenes, and of officers, and members, and *cetera*, the place dedicate to the holy Saint John shall be made worthy such dedication. Many lodges need not these hints, and yet many *do.* I exhort the latter to resolve "*to take the instant by the forward top,*" and inaugurate a reform. Incur not debt in order to accomplish your purpose. *That* is not necessary. A careful and judicious management and disbursement of the funds of the lodge will, ere many months, work wonders in the direction indicated. I hope to live to see the day when it can be truthfully said that every masonic room in Iowa is just what it should be in these respects. To say less than this is justly to reproach the craft.

Aside from the appropriate fitting and adornment of the lodge room, and the earnestness of the officers and members, there are other things which are requisite in order to the making of lodge meetings attractive. I instance, 1st, a cultivation of masonic sociality and good-fellowship, both in and out of the lodge. Frequent festival reunions should be had, and every regular communication ought to be one of these, and each should be distinguished by its plain but sufficient collation, at which—as was the custom among Masons in the long ago—the song, the hearty laugh, the pleasant jest and cheerful conversation should be heard and enjoyed. Habitually, likewise, should the regular festival days of the Order be celebrated, adding thereto the 22d of February and the lodge anniversary.

To these should the wives and mothers, sisters and daugthers of Masons be invited, and given honorable and conspicuous place. Their relation to the fraternity entitles them to so much courtesy, and it is for the interest of all concerned that this relation should be recognized as frequently and publicly as possible.

2d. I note the avoidance of a discussion of all disturbing extraneous questions in the lodge room. The checkered floor is in theory, and should be in *fact*, the one middle ground on which "men of every country, sect and opinion" **can meet in harmony** and therein can part. A *true* Mason, one who fully comprehends the uses and opportunities of the far-descended order, and who studies earnestly the *one* and cultivates assiduously the *other*, lives a dual life. When such an one's barque-of-being enters the lodge room haven, the barnacles of worldly passions, prejudices and interests, which are gathered in all voyages down the troublesome stream of time, promptly are knocked off that gleaming keel by the sacred threshold, and "remain outside the Mason's door." Anchored hard by the altar of Masonry, he begins another existence. He abandons himself utterly to the enjoyments and advantages of the *time*, *place* and *occasion*, thinking not of the human bubbles that dance and swim on the seething cauldron of life without, and caring as little for "the shadows they pursue." All Masons should be sufficiently educated, masonically, to live this dual life. Were they so, the necessity for this admonition had not existed.

3d. I notice the care that should be exercised in the "introduction of strangers among the workmen." The lodge is not intended to reform inebriates, christianize profane swearers, civilize roughs, or refine the utterly bad. The *bane* of the Order is a too rapid afflux of members; the *antidote* is a wide dissemination of the "divine idea" that lodge meetings have other and nobler objects than the business one of *making* Masons. It is, then, at the threshold that the plumb, square and level should try, examine and prove the blocks that are brought from the quarries without. They must have been "hewn, squared and numbered" by nature and education, "in the quarries where they were raised" ere they are fitted for our use. Solomon made no ashlars perfect *in* the temple. We are not wiser than was he. See to it, then, that committees of investigation do not act, as is too often the case, a mere nominal part, but perform their duty, uninfluenced by their likes and dislikes, patiently, fearlessly, and well. Mistakes are masonic crimes in this regard, and need never be made if Masons will but consider that Masonry is not a money-getting institution, and that those lodges are best and most successful whose reputation rests not upon doing a large amount of work, or upon the possession of a plethoric treasury, but upon the elaborate practice of the virtues I have herein mentioned. "Look well to the *north*-west," brethren, for trouble as well as neophytes may enter there.

4th. I mention a cultivation of masonic *belle-lettres*, and under this designation I include short, practical and lively essays on masonic topics, to be read at regular communications of the lodge by different brethren appointed for that purpose. As a means to this end, each brother ought to take some one, or more, of the masonic periodicals now published. * * * The attentive perusal of well-edited and dignified masonic magazines is, I conceive, calculated vastly to benefit the craft. Very much of useful knowledge is to be found in their pages, as well as numerous hints to more elaborate study of the history, objects and uses of the order. The literature of Masonry, especially in our "own Columbia," is fast becoming richer and more worthy the "noble science." It is the part of wisdom to foster it, for it

—"is twice blessed:
Blessing him who gives and him who takes."

5th, and finally. The subject of WORK deserves especial consideration. In conferring the degrees in Masonry, the subject *manner*, as well as the subject *matter*, should be patiently elaborated and studied. Every master should first be accurate, and then capable; and he should require those to assist him in the dramas of the degrees who possess these twain qualifications of good workmen. To confer the majestic honors of Masonry in a blundering, hurried and unimpressive style is not only disgraceful, but is unjust to the newly admitted brother. The ceremonial of the order, to those who properly appreciate it, has all the solemnity of a sacrament. To render this farcical, through ignorance or levity, is as reprehensible as the sneers which the contumelious level at the time-honored ordinances of religion. Much, very much, depends upon the impressions which the neophyte receives upon his first introduction into the lodge. If these are made deep they will endure, and will ever after sway the man competent to estimate their potent influence. How necessary it is, then, in view of these facts, that the masters of lodges, and their officers and members, should seek to become thoroughly versed in the work as we have it in Iowa. A pure, precise and elegant work it is; one whose beauties are blossoms plucked from the tree of the past. Like the undying and solemn glories of the stars, they win and charm the more they are investigated and beheld by the thoughtful Mason. Such a system deserves, and should receive, untiring study and graceful exposition, as well because of its intrinsic value and its admirable outgrowths, as because it is the approved of the M. W. the Grand Lodge. Schools of instruction should be organized in every lodge, and hold weekly sessions. These should be organized in accordance with the rules laid down by the Custodians, (*vide proceedings of the M. W. the Grand Lodge for* 1863;) and should be often visited by the District Deputy Custodians. These schools are vast helps to a correct knowledge of the work, and have done incalculable good. I consider them the most valuable masonic enterprises of the time, and I rejoice that they are a specialty in Iowa. I commend these institutions to the various district deputies; and, in order to strengthen their hands, and illustrate the proper manner of teaching the masonic *humanities*, I purpose to hold several schools of instruction, in different congressional districts, to which I invite especially deputy custodians and masters, wardens, and deacons of the lodges. * * * * * * * * Ours is a noble mission; let us well fulfil it. Such is the wish of your Grand Master, who counts nothing lost which is spent in the service of the craft, and whose ambition it is to be kindly remembered as one who honored Masonry, and well fulfilled the momentous duties of the station he occupied for a season.

MASONRY IN THE ARMY.

[We give the following from an accredited brother, ourselves suppressing his name:]

WASHINGTON, D. C., *January* 21, 1865.

REV. DR. MCMURDY:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: In looking over your valuable periodical, the NATIONAL FREEMASON, a copy of which first met my eye to-day, I was particularly interested in two articles therein, entitled "Masonry in the Army" and "Masonry in Dixie," and cannot forbear adding my testimony to the efficacy of the "Order" in Dixie.

I was taken prisoner on October 19, 1863, at the battle of Buckland's Mills, Virginia; was confined on Belle Island during the winter of 1863 and 1864, and moved from thence to Andersonville on the 4th of March last; was confined at the latter place until September 19, 1864, at which time I made my escape, and after a tedious journey through the State of Georgia arrived safely within our lines at Decatur, six miles east of Atlanta.

I need not weary you with a detail of the sufferings which our brave soldiers endured at Andersonville. An extended account of the sufferings of the prisoners who were confined there has been widely circulated in the public prints, and *without exaggeration*.

What I wish to say is, that amidst all this suffering and death, this blackness of desolation, like a bright star through the mists of darkness, Masonry shone triumphant. Many, myself among the number, owe our lives to the fact that we were members of our glorious fraternity. We found among the guards placed over us many worthy brothers, who did all in their power to relieve us in our distress. They left nothing untried to add to our comfort. They communicated the fact of our distress to a lodge in the vicinity, the result of which was that a large sum of money was raised and expended for underclothing, towels, soap, vegetables, &c., &c., as a donation to us, and was distributed among the brethren in camp according to their several necessities, under the supervision of a committee appointed for that purpose from the brothers in the camp. I do not think that there was a brother in camp who did not receive some token in this way of the brotherly love entertained for him by the lodge which made the donation, and at a meeting held in the camp the following resolutions were read and unanimously adopted, a copy being sent to the lodge from which we received the donation:

CAMP SUMTER, ANDERSONVILLE, GEORGIA,
May 20, 1864.

To our Brethren of Lodge No. —, Georgia:

BROTHERS: At a meeting held in this camp by the members of the Masonic Fraternity, (in good standing in the lodges to which we severally belong,) it was unanimously resolved that, whereas our brethren of the Mystic Tie, connected with the Confederate forces at this post, have at all times endeavored to relieve our present necessities by all lawful means in their power, and have called your attention to our distressed condition; and whereas we are in receipt of clothing and other articles for our comfort contributed to us, through your kindness, brotherly love, and liberality; therefore,

Be it resolved, 1st. That our thanks, which words fail us adequately to express, are hereby tendered to you and to them, not only for the very material addition to our comfort, caused by the contribution of the articles aforesaid, but also for the truly masonic spirit exhibited by you in the donations.

Resolved, 2d. That meeting only as brothers on the broad platform of masonic brotherhood, we pledge ourselves anew, and stand ready in our turn to relieve the wants of worthy distressed brothers, their widows and orphans, wherever found.

Resolved, 3d. That a copy of these resolutions be presented to each brother now in camp, whose duty it shall be, upon his return home, to have them published in some prominent journal in his State.

EDWIN D. COOKE, *Secretary*.

I have often held conversations with officers and men who were performing guard duty over us, and who were members of the fraternity, upon the advantages of Masonry, and they desired above all things that the minds of all Masons should be disabused of the idea that the brethren in the South were not willing to affiliate with their brethren everywhere, and always gave it as their opinion that masonic brotherhood was universal, and embraced men of all names, creeds, and persuasions, it being sufficient for them to know that a man was a worthy Mason to induce them to receive him as a brother.

Fraternally yours.

CAMP OF THE 123D O. V. I., VA., *Dec.*, 1864.

BRO. MOORE: * * * * * I was captured at Winchester, Va., June 15, 1863, at the time of Gen. Milroy's disaster there. I was taken to Richmond in a few days thereafter, and lodged in the famous Libby prison, of which loathsome place I was an inmate until March 21, 1864, a period of 9 months and 6 days. About the 1st December our Government sent some 15,000 outfits there for the relief of our suffering men. The Confederate authorities appointed a committee of our officers, consisting of Lieut. Cols. J. F. Boyd, J. M. Sanderson, A. Von. Schrader, H. B. Hunter, and myself, to superintend the distribution of the same. I was the only one of the number who was a Mason. Capt. D. D. Munroe, 3d N. C. Regt., C. S. A., performed the same duties on the part of the rebels. He was a Scotchman, *made a Mason* in a lodge in Scotland, "had passed the chair," and held a diploma from a lodge in Philadelphia.

In the discharge of our duties we were engaged a little over two months, going out each day about 9 A. M., and returning to our quarters in Libby at 5 P. M. We had four prisons in the city, beside those on Belle Island, and three hospitals to visit. I never asked any favors on the grounds of my being a Mason, because I do not believe it to be according to the teachings of Masonry, unless I was in very destitute circumstances. This same captain had charge of the distribution of private boxes sent to us from the North. Although they were always critically examined, mine did not have to pass such an examination, and they were always delivered to me very promptly, as well as those of a few particular friends, for whom *I requested the same favor*.

The exchange of officers had been stopped for a long time, when, during the month of March, a truce boat came to City Point every Sunday for three weeks, each one bringing from 30 to 60 officers, for which a like number was sent back, and were selected without regard to date of capture. This captain used his influence with the commandant of the prison, and had my name placed on the list of those selected to go. He then came up in the prison and informed me that I was to go the next day, which I did. He also informed me that his life was saved at the battle of Gettysburg by the use of a certain —— well known to the craft.

There is one fact I wish to state. During 27 months' service in Virginia, I have visited some twenty lodge rooms, filled the East in two or three, and in not a single place have I found one disturbed, although some of them had been alternately in possession of the opposing armies five or six times in a single campaign.

The distance between Martinsburg and Winchester, some 22 miles, is infested by Moseby and his band, and is not safe to travel over without an escort.

Dr. ———, surgeon of —— regiment, started from the latter place with an escort of ten men to go to Martinsburg. When about half way a man in our uniform rode up to him from a house near by, and informed him that a soldier there was very sick, and requested the doctor to ride over and prescribe for him. He did so, taking four men with him. When he entered the room in which the supposed sick man was in bed, the latter rose up with revolver in hand and ordered the doctor to surrender, which he was obliged to do. His men, outside the house, were also captured.

At this juncture the redoubtable Moseby made his appearance, and on the doctor asking what was to be done with him, Moseby replied that he *hung all Federal officers*, and he was immediately hurried towards the woods, as he supposed for that purpose. Concluding all was lost, he brought Masonry into requisition, which was immediately recognized by Moseby. Proceedings were at once arrested, and although his watch and other valuables that had been taken from him were *not* restored, his life was spared, and he was taken back within five miles of Winchester and allowed to return.

Such is Moseby; such is Masonry in the hour of peril even among rebels and guerrillas.

Fraternally yours,
J. W. C., *Capt.* 123*d O. V. I.*

Masonic Review.]

EXTRACT FROM THE ADDRESS OF THE GRAND MASTER OF MARYLAND.

It is most gratifying to me to state to the Grand Lodge, that during the past year, a number of the lodges of our jurisdiction have been actively engaged in the noble work of succoring the distressed and suffering Masons, whom the casualites of war have cast into the prisons and hospitals, with a fraternal zeal almost unparalleled. The messengers of masonic charity have visited prisons and hospitals, in search of their suffering brethren, not only to render physical and material aid, but to assure them of fraternal sympathy with their sufferings. I cannot forbear to speak of the active devotion to this noble work, on the part of our esteemed Bro. P.·. M.·. Lawrence Sangston, who, as the agent of a number of the city lodges and individual Masons, has disbursed $652 62, according to their necessities, among forty-five of our brethren, representing thirty-seven lodges—prisoners of war and hailing from the several jurisdictions of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Florida, Arkansas, and Missouri.

This is as it should be, and it is gratifying to learn that the same fraternal relief is extended by Southern Masons and lodges, to our brothers, whom the chances of war have thrown into the hands of the Confederate forces. Never, perhaps, has an occasion existed in which the unselfish character of our fraternity has had a more ample field for its cultivation and display than at the present time. War, one of God's great messengers of wrath—civil war, the most fearful form of that terrible scourge, desolates our once happy country, and yet no sound of political rancor has polluted oûr halls, or marred the peacefulness of our deliberations, nor has it, so far as I know, in any individual instance, throughout our jurisdiction, caused any Mason to ignore his duty to a brother in distress, no matter whom and under whatsoever circumstances he might be placed.

In our assemblies as Masons, all political and religious strifes are to be unknown, we meet as brothers upon the Level, act apon the Plumb, and part upon the Square—Truth, Relief, and Brotherly Love. These are the tenets of our profession, and to the cultivation of these virtues, we are, as Masons, most solemnly bound.

SAVANNAH.

[We clip from the *Trowel* the following:]

In company with Bro. Curtis, of Illinois, I sought admission into Solomon's Lodge No. 1, and after patiently waiting until after some hundred or so officers of the army (and some privates, too,) had passed through the hands of the examining committee, I was ushered into the most beautiful lodge room it has ever been my privilege to enter, just in time to see the closing scene in the rising of a brother to the sublime degree of a Master Mason. The chair (or rather "throne") was filled by the Master of the lodge, Rich Turner, Esq., a venerable, intelligent, and worthy Mason. The room was crowded to a degree of uncomfortableness by citizens and soldiers, generals, colonels, majors, captains, and privates, mingling together as if such a thing as *rank* existed not in the service.) The work was beautifully executed, and everything seemed to conspire to render the evening one of pleasure and of profit. By my side sat a rebel prisoner, who had got permission to visit the lodge without a guard, the word of a Master Mason being sufficient guarantee that he would return promptly to his quarters when the lodge should close. Rebels and Union men mingled in that throng as if no war was going on, and I doubt not each one prayed that the clangor of arms might soon cease. Oh! Masonry, thy influence over the human soul is truly wonderful! A little incident occurred worthy of record: An officer of the Federal army brought into the lodge a "collar and apron," both very beautiful, for the purpose of having them restored to the rightful owner. It seems that a party of our soldiers were pillaging the house of a rebel, carrying off, not eatables, (a soldier's lawful prize,) but everything else that struck their fancy. The lady, at the sight of the devastation of her household, exclaimed, "*Is there a Freemason here who will protect me?*" The words ran like an electric spark through the nerves of Captain——, who incontinently commenced an indiscriminate booting of the mob from the premises. Pursuing his way with the column, he was informed a soldier had carried off from the house alluded to some articles pertaining to Masonry. The soldier was forced to give up his spoils, (of what use to him?) and the gallant and true brother carried them safely to Savannah, and at the meeting last night, placed them in hands that will convey them to the rightful owner. This incident affected me more than anything that has ever come under my notice in our noble institution. God bless Freemasonry.

I saw in this lodge a bible presented to it by Gen. Oglethorpe, which is highly prized.

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Governor Hicks.

The mortal remains of Sir Knight Thomas Holliday Hicks were committed to the mystery of the grave on Wednesday, February 16. The Templars of Washington and Baltimore, under the command of E. C. Bell, acted as the escort from the Metropolitan Hotel to the Senate Chamber. The *Chronicle* adds:

> "In passing from the east front door of the Capitol to the door of the Senate, the band played a dirge. Upon the entrance of the Chaplains into the Senate, Rev. Dr. McMurdy, Grand Prelate of the Grand Encampment of the United States, clad in a neat gown and wearing bands, said in most impressive voice and manner: [Here is quoted the Templars' responsive service.] * * *

The Templars' service was completed at the Congressional Burial Ground by Dr. McMurdy.

Governor Hicks was the son of a farmer on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, born September 2, 1798, near Cambridge, in Dorchester county. Governor Hicks was made first Constable, then Sheriff in 1831, then Register of Wills, then Elector of the State, then a member of the State Legislature, and in 1858 Governor of Maryland, and, by appointment of Governor Bradford, United States Senator, 1863, and was subsequently elected to the same office. A year ago, on returning from an excursion of the Naval Committee, he injured his foot in getting out of the cars, and erysipelas ensuing, amputation became necessary. His health since delicate, a paralytic stroke ended his career of usefulness.

Governor Hicks was a true-hearted Templar. The testimony is uniform to the excellence of his character in private and public relations. He was kind to all, reaching out his hand of noble sympathy to the poor and the unfortunate, the widow and the orphan. He was sagacious, resolute of will, and a pure patriot.

The Governor's Templarism was not a mere profession. It was a reality. He believed in Christ, maintained and defended his religion, and led a moral life. He worshipped the blessed Saviour with reverence and love. We were with him frequently in his protracted confinement one year ago, and felt that his chamber was not only that of a courteous Knight, but that also of an affectionate and devout Christian.

In the moment of the mortal extremity, when the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl broken, the Father of Lights was "*Immanuel*—Christ with him." By the lamp of his love, our Sir Knight, friend and frater has, we doubt not, gained admission into the asylum above.

The following order was issued by G.·. M.·. French:

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

ENCAMPMENT ORDERS.

Whereas it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from this world Sir Knight, the Honorable THOMAS HOLLIDAY HICKS, Senator in Congress from the State of Maryland, a man who has, during a long and active life, exhibited to his fellow-men all the attributes that should mark the life of a Christian, a patriot, a statesman, and a Knight Templar, and desiring to show to his memory all possible honor, it is hereby

Ordered, That the Sir Knights of Washington Commandery, No. 1, and of Columbia Commandery, U. D., assemble at their Asylum at such time as may be specified by their Eminent Commanders, for the purpose of attending the funeral obsequies of, and escorting to the tomb the mortal remains of, their deceased *Frater*.

The Eminent Commander of Washington Commandery, and, in the absence of the Commander and Generalissimo of Columbia Commandery, the Captain General thereof, are charged with the execution of the foregoing order.

B. B. FRENCH,
Grand Master of K'ts Templar, U. S. of America.
WASHINGTON CITY, *Feb.* 13, 1865.

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Foreign Correspondence.

We should be pleased to have correspondents in all parts of the world.

MALTA, 1864.

* * * It is Christmas day in Malta. Our Mediterranean December breathes of your early summer, the sunlight superbly yet calmly brilliant, the scorching bite of the sirocco not yet finding its way across the wave from the Lybian furnace, the caper-plant hangs itself from the seams in the bastion walls, the oranges gleam from beneath their freckled foliage, and the carnation and lily proclaim themselves the winter flowers of this sunny isle.

This is a wondrous clime, rich in its fruits, gay in its flowers, luscious in its odors—the land of the palm and pomegranate, the vine and the olive. * * *

All Valetta is in gala dress for the church's choicest holiday; but there is little to recall the Babe of Bethlehem, the Child of the Stable and the Manger. How different this Christmas celebration from that of the days of the Knights, whose history and valor are so interwoven with the past of this island, and with the bold *auberges* of the Templar age projecting at intervals in the straight steep streets of these white rocks we tread! * * * *

Malta is the East. In Alexandria the West meets the East and predominates. In Malta the East meets the West and predominates. Malta is all East save in religion. Its religion is not from Mecca, but Rome, a relic of European mediævalism, partly due to the Crusades. The Knights of St. John are tutelary deities. Three-fourths of the language is Arabic, the Italian adds new vocables and corrupts the old. Malta furnishes dragomen for Egypt, the desert, and Syria.

Protestantism is restrained and Masonry is persecuted. It was on this island that the Romanists raised the cry in the streets of Freemason on Garibaldi, as he was on his way to England, exciting the populace to a mob. Freemasonry is synonymous here with liberty, fraternity and humanity. The East is the native soil of despotism, and furnishes little encouragement for our fraternity, which makes a distinction founded on moral worth.

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TIDINGS.

GRAND LODGE OF ITALY.

The following circular has been addressed to the Grand Lodges of the United States by the G.·. L.·. of Italy:

IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT ARCHITECT OF THE UNIVERSE.

The Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Italy to all Freemasons scattered on the surface of the earth:

Called by the confidence of the Freemasons, my fellow-citizens, to preside as the supreme masonic power in Italy, I feel the need of addressing to you, in their name, a word of peace and affection.

The principles of Freemasonry have undoubtedly enlightened the human race in the march of progress. They have declared one humanity, one nation, and one faith in the principle of liberty and enduring fraternity.

She again proclaims these principles to their fullest extent in the midst of the Italian family, for the third time, revived in progress. She has resumed her place of honor in the labors of the people.

And this she has proclaimed through the organ of Freemasons assembled in convention in the hall of "*La Concorde*" Lodge in Florence, where they admired the unity, independence, and election in the civil power, the equality and liberty of the ceremonies, the necessity of reforms in the institution which claims to be coeval with the Saviour.

This was a great movement, which drew together for the first time all the Freemasons of the Peninsula, without distinction of creed or birth. May this movement be the precursor of regeneration and federation, and go forth as a pledge of amity and fraternity to all the world.

Powerful obstacles still present themselves on the road we have to travel, in our country as elsewhere; unworthy elements are to be found in our ranks, and the powers of evil have not renounced the hope of isolating, dividing and subduing us, and reacting towards us the violence and brutality of past times. But we have confidence in the sacred mission of Masonry; and we conquer by the exercise of social virtues, by *activity* and perseverance in good, by the resolute firmness of our conduct, and the concurrence of all Freemasons united in the bonds of universal charity.

May peace reign among you, and may the great Architect of the Universe give always, to all of us, His aid and protection.

By order of the Grand Regent:

FR. DE LUSA,
The Grand Chancellor.

In the Name of the Great Architect of the Universe.

Grand Council of the Masons in Italy,
Order of Turin.

Very Illustrious and Very Dear Grand Master:

The undersigned has the honor of sending you, herewith, a paper containing the acts of the Assembly establishing Masonry, which was held at Florence during the month of May last, as well as those of the Grand Orient of Italy, which resulted in his election as Grand Regent of Masonry in Italy.

I embrace with pleasure this opportunity to express to you, my illustrious and very dear brother, my feelings of high consideration, and pray you to receive my triple Masonic embrace.

Your devoted brother, the Grand Regent of Masons in Italy,

FRANCOIS DE LUSA,
The Grand Chancellor, Macuo Macchir, 33.
August 1, *A. L.* 5864.

The lodges have, so far as we have learned, established reciprocal relations.

Virginia Grand Lodge.—Through Major Gen. Butler a copy of the proceedings of Dec. 14, 1863, is before us.

The Committee on Masonry and the War reports five lodges whose property was desecrated by Federal soldiers and one lodge by Confederate soldiers. The committee continue:

But, from the necessity of the case, the information is not in full masonic form, nor does it masonically appear the persons committing these desecrations were Masons, or commanded by officers who were Masons. But it must be noticed, that from the facts stated, a very strong inference arises that the jewels of No. 30 were taken by persons pretending to be Masons, and spuriously working in the hall of No. 30; and that the desecration of Lodge No. 162 was known to a provost marshal of the U. S. army who claimed to be a Mason. We regret his name is not given.

[If any Masons of the Federal army can be found who have not been faithful to masonic principles and comity. we hope they may be duly arraigned and punished.]

The committee continue:

Your committee notice with great pleasure facts which show Masonry has not lost its power over all the men composing the army of the United States.

The committee further declare that:

Masonry has existed for centuries and through many wars. It has carried its high and ennobling principles triumphantly through all trials. So well has it performed its high functions, that it can claim (without boasting) power higher than the powers of war. For while true Masons are always good citizens and staunch patriots, yet Masonry can convert enemies into personal friends, and insure to the captive or the wounded the treatment of a brother. The angry and vindictive spirit of the fierce and reckless warrior is, by its magic, transformed into the gentle and soothing kindness of a ministering friend.

This great triumph has been achieved by keeping in view the fact that Masonry establishes an universal brotherhood of all the good men embraced in its membership. This brotherhood is not inconsistent with the Mason's duty to his country or his God; for Masonry earnestly inculcates the duty to both. It teaches the equality of all its members, and the sacredness of their property, their civil, social, and religious rights. In its sacred precincts the king and the peasant, the chief magistrate of a republic and its humblest citizen, meet as brothers and equals; the only superiority recognized being the superior knowledge and faithful performance of its obligations and duties. And this knowledge and this performance form the most perfect security for the property and rights of all persons, whether inside or outside of the lodge.

Nor does Masonry put the citizens of different governments and countries apart as strangers. It receives all its members from every government and country as brothers.

It has sustained this high ground by separating the man as a Mason from the man as a subject or citizen, holding him by its obligations to perform his duty as a Mason, and leaving him free to perform his duty as a subject or citizen according to his conscience.

The report of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence says:

We have received and read the proceedings of Alabama, Florida, Arkansas, Georgia, North Carolina, Louisiana, Maine, and Maryland for 1862. We should infer from them that Masonry is well sustained in each of those jurisdictions, and take great pleasure in congratulating them on the apparent harmony and good feeling which seem to characterize all their proceedings. We fraternally ask a continuance of correspondence.

JOHN DOVE, *Ch'n.*

There are upwards of 200 working lodges reported.

Kentucky.—Grand Chapter—The following is the conclusion of the address of the Comp. of Correspondence:

"'Masonry is not religion,' any more than the fulfillment of the prophecies makes a religion. The screams of the wild beasts about Babylon, the hooting of the owl, the dancing of the satyr, the crying of the dragons 'in her pleasant places' do not make up a religion, but are the fearful fulfillment of the terrific prophecies regarding that long-lost city ruined for its sins. The sculptured stones about the marble halls of Nineveh, are not a religion, but are the wonderful proofs of the tremendous truths of prophecy, and the living witnesses of God's wrath upon that magnificent city, so graphically described by the Prophet.* The broken pillars and shattered columns before the 'exceeding magnifical'† temple at Jerusalem, the ploughed up stones, the ruined porch, the desecrated court, the prostrate altars, the dried up lavers, are not a religion, but the terrible witnesses to the truth of God's word: 'There shall not be left here one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down.'‡ Even thus the present altar of the mason, his sandal, his cord, his lesser and greater lights, his Mosaic pavement, his columns, his tesselated border, his blazing star, his naked heart, his spear, his sprig of evergreen, his lamb skin, 'more ancient than the golden fleece or Roman eagle,'—ARE NOT A RELIGION— they are only symbols pointing back to the faith of Abraham, of Isaac, of Jacob, and Moses, in the coming of one great atonement, the 'Lamb of God;' the 'Lion of the tribe of Judah;' the doctrine of the Trinity, the doctrine of the resurrection through the great 'SUBSTITUTE' of God for man. And when we enter the precincts of a Masonic Lodge or chapter, frequented by Christian men, we stand within the threshold of a living, abiding miracle, whose mysteries, symbols, and rites pointed out, long before they occurred, the dim prophetical drama, of the profoundly solemn events which, in the future to them, should take place in Jerusalem, when there should be 'darkness over the earth from the sixth to the ninth hour.' Our old society is not a religion, nor does it teach a religion, nor can it save one soul of all the countless hosts who have assisted in its ceremonies; but it stands like a venerable beacon on the earth, looming up like a mirage, or like the old pyramids and chiseled columns of the desert, pointing us back to events long gone by, but pointing Abraham and Moses and David and Isaiah and Daniel to events which were to occur hundreds and hundreds of years after they had slept with their fathers.

"Masonry is not a religion; it is a drama, a symbol, a link connecting the living with the dead—the born with the unborn! It is the hyphen point connecting the past with the present and future, that one grand point being the mystery of all mysteries, the sacrifice of the 'Lamb of God,' and his resurrection from the grave. Let no man deceive us. Masonry is not religion. Masonry cannot save us.

"Webster's dictionary gives us the following on this subject:

"'Religion.— [This word seems originally to have signified an oath or vow, to the gods, or the obligation of such an oath or vow, which was held very sacred by the Romans.] Religion, in a comprehensive sense, includes a belief in the being and perfection of God; in the revelation of his will to man; in man's obligation to obey his commands; in a state of rewards and punishments, and in man's accountableness to God; and also true godliness or piety of life, with the practice of all moral duties. It therefore comprehends theology as a system of doctrines or principles, as well as practical piety; for the practice of moral duties without a belief in a divine lawgiver and without reference to his will or commands, is not religion.'

"Now, we have so often heard it repeated that 'masonry is not religion,' that we feel impelled to ask what then is it? Is it not based on 'an oath or vow' to Diety, 'which is held very sacred' by all true craftsmen? Does it not require first of all 'a belief in the being and perfections of God, in the revelation of his will to man, in man's obligation to obey his commands, in a state (or system) of rewards and punishments, and in man's accountability to God?' Does it not, in every teaching, inculcate 'true godliness or piety of life, with the practice of all moral duties?' and does it not teach that the 'practice of moral duties without a belief in a divine lawgiver and without reference to his will or commands, is not masonry? In what then, does it differ? More, perhaps, in the feelings and ideas of masonic writers than in the facts of its principles and teachings, and nothing so tends to produce this very state, to deprive masonry of its claim to the character of a pure and holy religion, as this very lowering of its standard, this denying of its rights by its very friends. It leads to the admission of unworthy men, to a lower grade of morality within it, and to a general weakening of its cords by placing its rank lower than it deserves; and while religion is not benefitted, and while not even the prejudices of bigots are disarmed, our association is emasculated by the surrender of its lawful claim. We are in favor of placing religion as high as possible, but let it not be by giving it only a relative height to be produced by degrading masonry. Religion can thus gain nothing, while masonry loses everything.

"Better say that masonry is the development of a form of religion older than our own, more imperfect perhaps in its spirit, satisfied with more of the external form, and claiming less of the internal spirit than Christianity; yet a religion such as led to purity of life and rectitude of conduct, and consequently to a better and happier state, men who lived ere Christianity dawned; and that now as then, when its teachings are received into a willing heart and properly understood in the mind, it may lead on to that higher development which follows the early dawn and shines ever more and more brightly 'to the perfect day.'"

California.—Grand Lodge.—The Grand Master thus writes of one ballot for the three degrees:

"I think there should be but one ballot for the three degrees. * * * We cannot be too careful in our precaution against the admission of improper persons to a participation in our mysteries; but it seems to me, that our precautions should be taken in the first instance—that we should guard with greater vigilance the entrance to the ground floor of our temple. As Masonry is at present constituted, it is idle to say that one is good enough to be an Entered Apprentice or a Fellow Craft, but is not worthy to be received among Masters. If he is worthy to be a Mason at all, he is worthy to enter the innermost sanctuary of our temple—to know all its mysteries. If he is not worthy to enter and be received as a brother, then he is not worthy to enter the outermost gates, and having entered, he is not worthy to stay. The time to make diligent inquiry of a man's fitness is before we admit him to the outer door of the lodge. A committee of investigation is appointed, who should 'diligent inquiry and true report' make of the mental, moral and physical qualifications of the applicant—of the fact that he is a good man—of his fitness to become and be a good Mason. In addition to all this, we require a unanimous ballot. It would be difficult to devise surer and better means of determining the fitness of the applicant, if all do their duty. Yet, with all our precautions, unworthy men do, from time to time, seek and obtain admission to our lodges. The fault most frequently lies with our committees of investigation. They neglect their duty, and present false reports to cover their neglect. Whenever such a committee reports favorably, no matter in what form of words their report may be couched, they say to the lodge: 'We have carefully investigated the character of that man, and we know him to be sober, industrious, a good citizen, a good man in all the relations of life—one whom we may safely receive into our society, and welcome as an equal and a brother—one who will do honor to us as a Mason.' And when they report favorably or unfavorably, without due inquiry and reliable information, their report is false."

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* Nahum iii. † 1 Chron. xxii :5. ‡ Matt. xxiv : 2.

BOOK NOTICES.

Masonic Burial Office, for the use of the lodges of Rhode Island; by Hon. and W.·. Bro. Doyle. This is a very neat duodecimo of 50 pages, executed in admirable style, on vellum paper, and exceeded by none extant in its adaptations to the occasion. The rubricating of a portion is a great improvement. Bro. Doyle understands that an effective burial service must be responsive. In this the Templar service at the grave is very deficient. The selection of hymns is in good taste

The defect in this service is that of all with which we are acquainted, and which an almost universal voice throughout the Craft demands should be changed so as to comport with the fitness of things.

Every Grand Lodge has its Grand Chaplain, and subordinate lodges generally improvise one. Many lodges provide a chaplain as a permanent officer.

The duties of a chaplain are defined by the nature of the office as understood in the public mind. Prayer should be offered by him, and hortatory admonitions of a moral kind should also be made by him, as also the recitations of scripture.

Those parts which are purely masonic, which grow out of the relations of the W.·. M.·. to a member of his lodge, should be recited by the Master. All else belong to the Chaplain and the body of the lodge.

We predict, with a slight modification, this burial service, or one similar, will generally be adopted.

Masonic Mission Lectures, N. Y. City.—The first of the series has by Mr. De Cordova, "Mrs. Smith's surprise party." It was a great success 20 000 copies of it will be sent to the soldiers.

◆

The Amenities of the Picket Line.—The following is a copy of a letter thrown over to our men on picket at the front:

Gentlemen: There is one thing you have got and I want: that is, a Masonic breastpin. You will know me by having a red ribbon tied to my gun. I have not got any tobacco with me, but I will be on picket tomorrow night and will have some. You must think hard of us not answering when you speak. Our officers are very strict on us. I wish the privates on both sides would come to some conclusion and stop this war. I think we could make peace right off. Don't gather around those front holes in squads. The officers order us to fire, but we don't. All the shooting done in the daytime is done by them. If you throw anything over, be sure and throw it as far as you can.

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From the Hon. W. J. Purcell, Judge of the Orphan's Court of the District of Columbia.

"I have carefully examined and studied your Digest of the laws of the Distrcit of Columbia, and find it extremely useful to me in the discharge of my judicial functions. To the Washington judge and lawyer, this work is indispensable; and it is equally invaluable to the layman. The laws appertaining to the Orphan's Court and to the various other courts of the District, and all other branches of the law of public and general interest, are so fully and clearly presented in this book that all may readily understand and know the laws by which we are governed, and of which all are bound to take notice." 9

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MASONIC HALL ASSOCIATION.

Notice is hereby given that, according to the provisions of an act of Congress approved April 26, 1864, for a charter of a Masonic Hall Association in Washington City, District of Columbia, a board of five directors will be chosen from among the corporators of said Association.

Said election for five directors will take place on Monday Evening, the 10th day of March, at 7 o'clock, p. m., at the Library Room of the Grand Lodge Hall of the District of Columbia, corner of Ninth and D streets.

All subscribers of stock who have complied with the provisions of this act are entitled to one vote for every twenty dollars subscribed. Bodies subscribing will have their stock represented by such person as they may specially designate. In default of special appointment, the representative of said body shall cast the vote.

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ROBERT McMURDY, D. D., LL. D., GRAND PRELATE OF GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF U. S., EDITOR, BOX 982.

JEWISH BATTLE SONG.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

I.

Ho! Princes of Jacob! the strength and the stay
Of the daughter of Sion—now up, and array—
Lo, the hunters have struck her, and bleeding alone,
Like a pard in the desert, she maketh her moan,
Up, with war horse and banner, with spear and with sword,
On the spoiler come down in the might of the Lord.

II.

She lay sleeping in beauty, more fair than the moon,
With her children about her like stars in night's noon,
When they came to her covert—these spoilers of Rome,
And are trampling her children and rifling her home;
Oh, up, noble chiefs! would you leave her forlorn,
To be crush'd by the Gentile, a mock and a scorn?

III.

Their legions and cohorts are fair to behold,
With their iron-clad bosoms and helmets of gold;
But gorgeous and glorious in pride though they be,
Their avarice is broad as the grasp of the sea;
They talk not of pity—the mercies they feel
Are cruel and fierce as their death-doing-steel.

IV.

Will they laugh at the hind they have struck to the earth,
When the bold stag of Naphtali bursts on their mirth?
Will they dare to deride and insult, when in wrath
The *lion of Judah glares wild in their path?*
Oh say, will they mock us when down on the plain
The hoofs of our steeds thunder over their slain?

V.

They come with their plumes tossing haughty and free,
And white as the crest of the old hoary sea;
Yet they float not so fierce as the wild lion's mane
To whose lair ye have track'd him, whose whelps ye have slain;
But dark mountain archer! your sinews to-day
Must be strong as the spear-shaft to drive in the prey.

VI.

And the tribes are all gathering; the valleys ring out
To the peal of the trumpet, the timbrel, the shout;
Lo, Zebulon comes—he remembers the day
When they peril'd their lives to the death in the fray;
And the riders of Naphtali burst from the hills
Like a mountain-swoln stream in the pride of its rills.

VII.

Like Sisera's rolls the foe's chariot wheel,
And he comes, like the Philistine, girded in steel;
Like both shall ye perish, if ye are but men,
If your javelins and hearts are as mighty as then;
He trusts in his buckler, his spear and his sword;
His strength is but weakness—we trust in the Lord!

SHE WHO WAS A SINNER.

Jesus, in the house of Simon,
  With his brethren sits at meat;
She who was a sinner enters,
  Rains her tears upon his feet.

Pouring out her costly ointment,
  His approving smiles she wins:
Hears those blessed lips dispensing
  The forgiveness of her sins.

Never more to be forgotten,
  Was that hour of sweet release;
When the loving Saviour whispered:
  "Faith hath saved thee, go in peace."

What though Judah's stately daughters
  Pass her by with mantling cheeks;
God's own white-robed, sinless angels
  Need not blush her name to speak.

What though kindred may disown her,
  Poor, despised, forsaken, lone,
He who came to seek earth's lost ones,
  Fondly claims her for his own.

Pardoned Mary's box of ointment
  Fills the world with odors sweet;
Sinner saved, hast thou no offering
  For the blest Redeemer's feet?

"GIVE TO HIM THAT ASKETH THEE."

If the poor man pass thy door,
Give him of thy bounteous store,
Give him food, and give him gold,
Give him shelter from the cold;
Aid him his lone life to live,
For 'tis angel-like to give.

Though world riches thou hast not,
Give to him of poorer lot;
Think thee of the widow's mite,
In the holy Master's sight,
It was more, a thousand fold,
Than the rich man's hoard of gold.

Give, it is the better part,
Give to him, "the poor in heart;"
Give of love in large degree,
Give of hope and sympathy;
Cheer to them who sigh forlorn,
Light to him whose lamp is gone.

Give the gray-haired wanderer room,
Lead him gently to the tomb;
Let him not in friendless clime
Float adown the tide of time;
Hear the mother's lonely call,
She, the nearest one of all.

And the lost, abandoned one,
In thy pathway do not shun;
Of thy kindness she hath need,
Bind with balm the bruised reed;
Give, and gifts above all price
Shall be thine in Paradise.

DAVID'S LAMENT.

BY DR. ROBINSON.

[What more beautiful than the following translation of the lament of David over Saul and Jonathan?]

Beauty of Israel, slain upon thy mountains!
  How are the mighty fallen!

Tell it not in Gath,
  Publish it not in the streets of Askelon;
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
  Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

Mountains of Gilboa!
No dew, nor rain upon you,
  Nor fields of offerings!
For there was cast away the shield of the mighty,
  The shield of Saul not anointed with oil.

From the blood of the slain, from the flesh of the mighty,
  The bow of Jonathan turned not back,
  The sword of Saul returned not in vain.

Saul and Jonathan were loving and pleasant in their lives,
  And in their death they were not divided.
They were swifter than eagles,
They were stronger than lions.

Daughters of Israel! weep over Saul;
  Who clothed you in scarlet with delights,
  Who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel.

How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!
  O Jonathan, slain upon thy mountains!

Wo is me for thee, my brother Jonathan!
  Very pleasant hast thou been to me;
Thy love to me was wonderful,
  Passing the love of women!

How are the mighty fallen!
  And the weapons of war perished!

Jane Wilson.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 147, VOL. II.)

It was with a heavy heart, the morning after the funeral of her grandmother, that Jane Wilson left the cheerless room her mother occupied, to again continue her labor. The recent scene she had passed through had impressed a melancholy on her beautiful countenance, and the thoughts of her mother and their extreme poverty pained her gentle heart. Though the manner in which they had subsisted had inured her to privation and self-denial, that all of them might continue their existence without actually becoming objects of public charity, yet the small pittance she earned had been insufficient to more than feed them, penury had increased upon them, and now the future looked darker to her than ever.

Not so with Mrs. Wilson. The recent friends which it seemed as if Heaven had opportunely raised up within the last few days, though it humbled her from a sense of obligation, yet had inspired renewed energy to her feelings; and though she meekly bowed to all the trying circumstances that had surrounded them, she still looked forward to better days. Mrs. Wilson had not always been so poor. She was the daughter of a seafaring man, who died when she was young, leaving her mother and herself in rather straitened circumstances; but the energy of her surviving parent enabled her to support them comfortably until she was grown up; at which time a smart young man named Wilson, a boatswain's mate in the navy, paid attention to her, and they were married. As his wife, she lived with him for a number of years, Jane being the only fruit of their union. Mrs. Wilson, however, was destined, like her mother, to become a widow, which event happened when Jane was about thirteen years of age. From that period a series of little reverses in their affairs took place; and, with her aged mother on her hands, she had become so reduced as to part with everything valuable, and to reside in the cheapest tenements—barely living from hand to mouth. In addition, her mother being taken sick with a lingering illness, she was compelled to let Jane enter a factory, where she had to work each day, with many other girls, ten or twelve hours in the summer, and in the winter evenings until 8 o'clock.

* * * * * *

It was on the Saturday evening mentioned at the commencement of our tale, that Jane Wilson returned home from her work. Her grandmother was in the last stages of her disease, and her mother fatigued and worn out with constant watching and anxiety. Jane had numerous little errands to perform, and the evening was wet, cold, and stormy; yet she had performed them all but one, and that was to get a small supply of bread. One shilling alone remained of her week's earnings, and with that she again sallied out to procure two loaves. As she reached the end of the street which led into another containing the bake-shop, she saw two rough-looking men standing on the corner, and as she attempted to pass, one of them seized hold of her, saying to the other, with an oath, "By heavens! Bill, here is the pretty factory girl!"

Jane, trembling and affrighted in the grasp of the ruffian brute, tried to disengage herself from his hold; but he rudely drew her towards the lamp-post, swearing he would have one look at her pretty face. It was at this moment that the entreating tones of her voice reached the ears of our noble brother Alden, who arrived in time to frighten the men from their intentions; for the one that held her let go his hold instantly, and she rushed past George, as has been mentioned.

* * * * *

Two days after the funeral had elapsed, and Alice had not visited Mrs. Wilson. George had promised to accompany her to the humble residence in the after part of the day, and she was sitting with her bonnet and cloak on, waiting for him to come in. He came not, however, and after staying for some time for his arrival, she started off alone. As she reached the door of Mrs. Wilson's residence, she heard the voice of a man talking in a loud strain, and she hesitated a moment about going in; but the recollection of the muttered sentences of the man who passed her, and who at that time came from Mrs. Wilson's when she was seeking the place of her residence, crossed her mind, and she tapped at the door for admittance.

Mrs. Wilson came and opened it, almost screaming with joy at seeing her, and she passed in, helping herself to a chair. The same neat and clean appearance that was seen before in the room was still observable. By the grate sat a well-dressed, hard-featured man, with his hat on, his legs crossed, and his arms folded up, who, as she entered and took a seat, stared her in the face; and though she did not particularly notice the man who passed her a few days before, she thought this was the same one. He sat a few moments in moody silence, and then rose to go, saying to Mrs. Wilson, "You will think of that thing, madame! One or the other must be done. Remember, I am not to be trifled with!" and moving towards the door, he added, "I will call again this evening."

Mrs. Wilson turned pale as the man spoke, and her eyes seemed to light up with a flash of indignation, as in a firm and energetic voice she looked towards him and said, "You have already had your answer, sir! Sooner would I die by inches in the deepest dungeon which unfeeling tyranny could prepare than listen for one instant further to your proposal! Oh, my God!" she exclaimed, "and is it come to this?" and dropping into a chair she covered her face with both hands, while the contending emotions of grief and indignation warred in her bosom and agitated her slender frame.

The man made no reply, but, looking with a frown towards the poor woman, opened the door and left the room.

Alice, with surprise pictured on her countenance, followed the man with her eyes as he went out, and then looked at Mrs. Wilson for some explanation of the language she had heard.

A moment or so elapsed ere Mrs. Wilson recovered from her agitation sufficiently to look up. "O! my dear young lady," at length she said, "what must you think of what has just passed? The brute in human shape who has just left us is my unfeeling landlord. Unfortunately I owe him for rent, and have asked lenity and time to cancel his claims on us; but what think you is the alternative the wretch has dared to offer? Do you wonder, then, at the agitation of a mother in hearing such an infernal proposition?

[Oh, Templarism of America, and of our cities especially, you have a great work to perform! Fill thyself with the spirit of thy work, and gird thyself for thy mission. Thou hast commenced well at the Five Points. Be faithful! God bless thee!]

Alice Alden listened with the most intense earnestness to this communication, a burning blush covering her face and shooting up to her temples.

"Is it possible," said she, "is it possible that there exists on God's footstool such a depraved villain? Calm your feelings, my good woman! The vile wretch shall have his rent, and you shall leave his detested tenement! and she shuddered at the thoughts that imperceptibly rushed through her mind. The noble and generous emotions of the heart of Alice rose higher and higher as the troubles of Mrs. Wilson came to her knowledge. "Yes, calm your feelings, madame," repeated she, "you shall be released from the toils of such a base, unprincipled scoundrel. You shall hear from me shortly. I will send a person to you this evening with sufficient to liquidate your brutish landlord's claim. Let not your daughter, I beseech you, ever hear of the villain's polluted proposition. Shock not her pure ears with a recital of the foul insult that has been aimed at yourself and her." Having said thus much, Alice took her leave of Mrs. Wilson, hastening home as fast as she could.

She found her brother George at home. Throwing herself into his arms, she unfolded to him the wretched and unprotected situation of Mrs. Wilson. Tenderly kissing his beloved sister, he would have unsheathed his sword and have thrust it in the vile infidel's heart, but altered ages suggested a different course, and he smiled an assent to fulfil the promises she had made Mrs. Wilson, and writing a short note, he inclosed the amount she owed her landlord, which was only ten dollars, and adding another for her present necessities, directed it to her, ordering his bearer to deliver it immediately, and then to seek out some cheap, respectable tenement and assist her in moving into it the next day.

The tenement to which Mrs. Wilson removed, on the day following, was a front room in the second story of a neat house in Greenwich street; and Alice had raised a small subscription among a few of her brother's masonic acquaintances, which she appropriated in the purchase of a few articles of second-hand furniture, and some useful and necessary cooking utensils, crockery, &c., of which the poor woman was mostly if not entirely destitute. These she ordered to the new residence of her charge. Nor did she stop here, but procured from the circle of her acquaintance in the fraternity sufficient plain sewing to enable Mrs. Wilson to live in a comfortable manner.

The winter passed off, and George and Alice Alden, fully recompensed in the conscious feelings that they had been instrumental in assisting an unfortunate woman, thought no more of the acts which had, directly and indirectly, brought it about.

The month of May, that delightful season of budding and opening blossoms, had come, when nature, arrayed in living green, and dotted with the gorgeous petals of wild flowers, spread before the eye a loveliness and beauty tempting to all who enjoy the variegated scenery of her landscape in the country, when George and Alice Alden, with their mother, left the city for a few days to visit some of their friends living up the noble Hudson.

About a week after they had left, Mrs. Wilson was sitting one afternoon in her room fronting the street. The window was open, and she sat busily sewing. The rattling of the carriages and carts, and the din and bustle in the street, did not withdraw her attention from her work; but suddenly a loud shout and the babel sounds of many voices struck upon her ears, and looking from the window she saw several persons lifting the lifeless body of a man from the pavement, while near by was a horse without its rider, rearing and plunging, with one or two persons vainly attempting to hold him. Throwing her work aside, she rushed below, and met several men bearing the body of the person up the steps of the house she was in.

"Bring him to my room!" she hastily exclaimed, turning and leading the way; and in a moment more the man was laid on Mrs. Wilson's bed.

"Who is he?" was asked by several; but no one present knew him. A surgeon, who had been sent for, immediately came in, and instantly proceeded to examine him. One of his arms was broken, and though badly bruised, no other serious injury was discovered. He was bled, and the fractured limb set by the surgeon, who ordered that he should be kept quiet; and shortly after, the persons who had been drawn to the room by the accident went away, leaving no one but Mrs. Wilson and the surgeon; and he, after giving some further directions with regard to his patient, also left. The stranger had not spoken; but had, after being brought from his lifeless state, caused by the shock of being thrown from his horse with violence on the pavement, passively submitted in silence to all that was done for him.

Mrs. Wilson, being left alone with him, seated herself by his bed-side that she might be in readiness to attend to anything he might want. He seemed to lie in a gentle sleep, and she looked at his countenance, the lineaments of which appeared familiar, yet she could not recollect where she had seen it.

Evening at length arrived, and Jane came home, finding their little room an hospital with the invalid young man. Jane Wilson partook too largely of the feelings of her mother to stand back from acts of kindness to the sick and distressed; and, on learning the circumstances of the accident, evinced as much interest as her mother for the invalid thus unexpectedly quartered on them. Jane, with noiseless steps, was putting some of the things of the room in order, that had been displaced in the confusion of the first attention to the injured person, when she discovered that his hat, which had a number of papers and letters in it, had been upset and some of them were scattered on the floor. Picking them up, the direction of several letters could not escape her observation, and she discovered that they were all addressed to "George Alden."

It was not until the next morning that George awoke to a consciousness of his situation. He opened his eyes and stared around. The room looked strange to him, and denoted poverty, though everything appeared in the utmost order and regularity. His bed-clothes were coarse, though clean, and he wondered whose hands he had fallen into. The last that he distinctly recollected was, that he was thrown from his frightened horse upon the pavement. He had a confused recollection of seeing persons around him when he recovered from the shock; but he even did not know how much he was injured. He attempted to raise one of his arms, however, and soon found, from the pain he experienced, that it was broken, and he felt a soreness over him. Seeing no one in the room, he lay looking towards the door, musing on his situation, when suddenly he saw the door slowly open, and a girl on tip-toe enter, shutting it carefully after her. The surpassing beauty of the visitor caused him to start as if electrified, and he involuntarily half raised his head. "What angel is that?" thought he, as he saw her with a noiseless step cross the room, and go to a cupboard. She stood there a moment, and as she turned he closed his eyes, fearful that she might see him looking at her, and leave the room. As he lay with his head on the pillow, with one eye just open sufficiently to discern her, he saw her come to his bed-side softly and look at him, gently touch his face with her hand, and then carefully smooth down the bed-clothes. After which, she stood a few seconds gazing with a sorrowful look at him, and then lightly moved to the window; a muslin curtain shaded it, which she drew aside a little and stood looking out. He had a kind of side view of her face. "She is a very beautiful girl," mentally said he. For half an hour she remained in the room, when the door again opened, and some other one entered, she at the same time passing out. The person who entered was an elderly woman, who seated herself in silence by the window, apparently as a kind of relief-watch. The dazzling beauty of the girl who had left the room, compared to the ordinary appearance of the woman who had taken her place, led him rightly to suppose they were neither kith nor kin to each other, and lay still some time thinking of the fairy-beauty that had smoothed down his bed-covering. At length the sound of voices on the stairs and of persons coming up aroused him, and in an instant, his mother and sister, pale with affright, hastily entered the room.

"Dear George!" they exclaimed, as he raised his head, and they both alternately threw their arms around his neck, and wept over him. Mrs. Wilson, who had entered the room with them, also approached his bed-side, and after the mother and sister had risen from their embrace of the invalid, she poured out her thanks to him as her benefactor. His sister communicated to him who Mrs Wilson was, and that it was through her they had just heard of his accident—having that morning returned from their visit. The surgeon in attendance now coming in, they all had the gratification of hearing that George was in no danger, and in a day or two might with safety be removed.

"And why not immediately?" asked Mrs. Alden, who wished her son at home, that they might nurse him with less trouble than at his present place of confinement. The surgeon, however, thought it too risky to attempt it that day; and George felt a secret pleasure that he was to remain, the thoughts of the beautiful Jane running in his head, whom he hoped he might see again. He longed to ask some questions concerning her of Alice, but no opportunity seemed to present. He overheard, however, Alice's inquiry respecting Jane, and learned with a thrill of pleasure that she would be home from her work about dark.

Mrs. Alden ordered everything necessary for her son's comfort to be brought from her house, and she and Alice spent the most of the day with him. His mother, towards night, left Alice to assist Mrs. Wilson in attending on him.

It was nearly dark, and George was impatiently looking at every one that entered the room, with the vain hope that it was the handsome Jane. At length she came in, and his eyes glistened with delight, as he saw her trip lightly across the room, and fondly throw her arms around his sister's neck, and kiss her with all the ardor and affection of innocent love and friendship. In his heart he envied the lips of his sister; and when Alice led her timidly towards him and introduced her, he put forth his arm, and, with pleasure beaming in his countenance, took her hand in his, pressing it involuntarily from feelings he could not repress.

Alice could not but observe the marked admiration her brother showed when looking at Jane. He was her idol, and whatever pleased him caused a simultaneous feeling with herself. The first opportunity that George and Alice were alone, he said to her, "Why, dear sister, did you never tell me of that lovely girl? I have frequently heard of the pretty Jane, but little dreamed she was the daughter of the widow that had elicited our sympathies."

Alice smiled, and replied, "Though I have known *her* also, I little dreamed she would at first sight steal my brother's heart. George," continued she, "you are fairly caught!" and she smiled as the deep blush mantled his face.

"Perhaps not," he answered, striving to conceal his confusion at the quick perception of his sister.

The next day George Alden was removed home, and it was nearly a week ere his physician would let him go out. Once only during that time did he see the object that now occupied all his thoughts; and then for a moment only, as she came to return some trifling things, that had been carried to Mrs. Wilson's for his convenience.

* * * * * * *

About six months after the convalescence of George Alden, a splendid masonic fête was given by Alice, the principal attraction of which, that drew the wondering gaze of the brethren in attendance, was the young and lovely bride of our brother George, "the pretty Jane Wilson," who became the Mason's wife.

The Master.

BY BRO. ALLEN.

It is not every one who is chosen Master of a lodge who is qualified to discharge the duties of that high and responsible position. If the members of lodges were generally well booked up in regard to Freemasonry, as they ought to be, they never would elect a master who was not competent to discharge every duty, and qualified to instruct, properly, those who need masonic light and information. A master is expected to be a teacher, and those who assume the position of teacher ought to be learned in the laws, usages, history, and traditions of the Order, and be competent to impart masonic information to the novitiates, and those advancing through the several degrees, and capable of instructing less informed brethren. A well informed master who attends to his duties in his own proper person, will always command a good attendance of the members, a deeper interest will be felt for the prosperity of the lodge, and a higher regard for the masonic institution. The lukewarmness and indifference to Masonry evinced by many members of the fraternity, and their ignorance of its principles and high moral aims, are mainly to be attributed to incompetent brethren elected to the East. If the novitiate in his progress through the several degrees is not instructed properly—if he is not imbued with high and lofty sentiments—if higher and holier feelings are not awakened in his bosom to live a better life, to have increased charity for his fellow men, it is vain to suppose that he will afterwards devote his time and attention to search for pearls of precious value, when his instructor gave him no reason to believe that any existed, and of which he himself was totally ignorant. The master ought to be an expert workman, and all the material passing through his hands ought to be properly polished by the time the finishing touch is given to it, and the candidate is raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason. If the members of a lodge have not a proper appreciation of the institution, they will be indifferent to the competency of the brother they make choice of for master. An incompetent officer presiding in the East is a sure indication that the members of the lodge are deficient in a knowledge of the principles and requirements of Freemasonry. If the members are intelligent they will never give their consent to be governed by one who is deficient in masonic knowledge, and incapable of giving masonic instruction to those who are admitted within the precincts of the temple. The selection of an intelligent master depends upon the members, and it is to the interest of the lodge to make choice of those only who are qualified for the position; and, we will add, that the best interests of the Order will be subserved if a lodge has a master who is conversant with the history of masonry, its laws and usages, and is qualified to impart instruction, by retaining him in office as long as he is willing to serve. It is not only detrimental to Freemasonry, but it is injurious to the prosperity and the best interests of the lodge the changing of the master at every annual election.

FREQUENT CHANGES OF MASTERS UNDESIRABLE.

Nothing so much conduces to the prosperity and the interest felt in the lodge as the presence of an intelligent, experienced, ready and exact master. Unfortunately the doctrine of rotation in office, so pleasant in politics to the American mind, has invaded the precincts of the lodge, and the brothers have come to look upon the mastership as a mark of honor and distinction to be coveted, rather than as a post to be permanently occupied by him who is best adapted to oversee and direct the work. A single re-election is about all our democratic tastes are willing to tolerate, which infallibly sets aside the master just at the period when, if he has been faithful to the trust reposed in him, his ability begins really to be developed to the full advantage of the lodge.

A proved workman should be continued in his task so long as his services can be secured. Experience on this point is too distinct and decisive to need argument, but I cannot forbear to commend the idea to the candid reflection of all our lodges.

The Poor Box.

Among the lodges on the Continent of Europe, and generally throughout civilization, except where the so-called York Rite prevails, it is an invariable custom toward the close of a meeting to pass round the poor box, into which each brother puts according to his means or inclination, a greater or less sum, generally a trifle. The money thus received is set apart as a special fund for the relief of worthy brethren, their widows and orphans who may be in need of temporary assistance, and under no circumstances is a copper of it ever dispensed for any other purpose.

In this city (N. Y.) the French lodges, and we believe some of the German, adhere to this laudable custom; and so sacred do they consider the money thus received, that we have known the brethren to be taxed for current expenses when there was sufficient in the poor box to have avoided that necessity by using the fund temporarily and afterward replacing it.

The American custom is to have but one fund from whence all drafts are paid, and we are apt to look upon the collection as a superfluous proceeding. One of our national characteristics impels us, when we desire to attain any object, to drive with a full head of steam straight toward it, hence this picking up a poor fund by the driblets of a collection appears too slow for our method of progression; but it has its merits nevertheless. In the first place, it is a constant reminder of the duty we have undertaken to perform toward the poor of our household. It reminds us, too, that our lodges are but the components of a great family, whose general laws apply to us, whether we be in our own particular lodge or visiting another. Secondly, a fund thus set apart and maintained is not subject to the vicissitudes or even the occasional extravagances of the lodge; and the brethren who have it in custody are never obliged to refuse a worthy applicant because the treasury is empty. When we consider, too, that no one is obliged to give unless he choose, it would seem that every lodge ought to adopt the practice. Brethren who have occasionally visited our French lodges will find in this article an explanation of a custom which they may have misconstrued.—*Dispatch.*

Jordan and the Hebrew Pilgrimage.

No river is freighted with such a history as the Jordan, whose clear and cooling waters are the Mecca of many a Christian pilgrim, both from the old world and the new. The chief river of Palestine, it rises among the rocky hill-sides of the northeast, flows through the basin of Tiberias, and pursues its winding way through the hot and sandy valley of El-Ghor, until it is lost in the bitter waters of the Dead sea. Though but sixty miles from Tiberias to the Dead sea, it wanders a hundred miles or more on its course, thus scattering fertility on an otherwise barren plain. Willows, tamarisks, and oleanders mark its way, affording a noble contrast to the rocky heights and peaks which bound the valley and give a desolate aspect to the region. The current, always strong and swift, is increased in volume at different seasons and from year to year, and it was during its annual "swelling" that Joshua and his hosts marched over it dry-shod. As the last stage of the memorable Hebrew pilgrimage through the wasting wilderness of the Promised Land, Christian song has ever idolized its gloomy and tumultuous waters into that "dim and unknown stream" on whose stormy banks the believer stands, casting a wishful eye to the heavenly Canaan—

> "That fair and happy land,
> Where his possessions lie."

CHARITY—I have no respect for that self-boasting charity which neglects all objects of commiseration near and around it, but goes to the end of the earth in search of misery, for the purpose of talking about it. —*Mason.*

A DEAD SOLDIER.

[A gem from the *Cripple:*]

Only a soldier
Gone to his rest,
With the dear banner
Wrapp'd round his breast!

Only a private
Left the stern wars,
For a promotion
'Mong the bright stars!

A Charge at the Initiation of a Freemason.

BY THOMAS FRENCH.

Brother: Being now regularly initiated into this society, permit me to offer to your serious consideration those virtues that will always distinguish you among men, especially Masons.

The Holy Scriptures, the standard of truth, and the unerring dictates of an unerring Being, I would recommend as the primary object of your attention.

Next a general and unlimited regard for men of virtue, honor and integrity, howsoever distinguished by private persuasion. Masonry wisely removes such distinctions, and by uniting all countries, sects, and principles into one inseparable band of affection, conciliates true friendship, and effectuates the noble purpose of making each other happy, and rejoicing in each other's felicity.

Hence, disputes on religion and politics are never suffered to interrupt the friendly intercourse of our regular assemblies. These are designed to improve the mind, correct the morals, and reform the judgment.

Your experience in life has no doubt made familiar to you the three great duties of morality: to God, your neighbor, and yourself; which I hope your new character, as a Freemason, will still more deeply imprint upon your mind, and render your conduct not only regular and uniform, but in every other respect agreeable to the dignity of this laudable profession.

As a Mason, you are cheerfully to conform to the government under which you live; to consider the interest of the community as your own; and be ready on all occasions to give proofs of loyalty and affection to your country.

Benevolence and charity, being the renowned characteristics of Masonry, you are to cherish and promote; and though you ought ever liberally to contribute to alleviate the miseries of the wretched, yet you are more particularly to extend your pity to a poor brother, whose unhappy circumstances may oblige him to solicit your friendly assistance, ever remembering that period of your life when you were introduced into Masonry, * * * * on which, if you but for a moment reflect, it cannot fail making you so far benevolent as never to shut your ear unkindly to the complaints of the wretched. But when a poor brother is oppressed by want, you will, in a particular manner, listen to his sufferings with attention, in consequence of which pity will flow from your breast, and relief according to your capacity.

The solemnity of our ceremonies will ever require from you a serious deportment, and strict attention to the elucidating of those emblems and hieroglyphics under which our mysteries are couched.

And as order and regularity cannot fail to render permanent the harmony of this lodge, it is expected you will be obedient to the master and presiding officers, and be particularly careful never to introduce any discourse that may tend to violate your character as a gentleman or a Mason, or to depreciate those virtues that always adorn an honest mind.

If, therefore, from among your friends or acquaintance, you should hereafter propose a candidate for our mysteries, I would earnestly recommend that you know him to be worthy; and never, from a pecuniary or ungenerous motive, endeavor to introduce any but a man of honor and integrity, whose character as well as principle justly entitles him to the privileges of this fraternity.

To expatiate on the necessity of a close application to the duties of Masonry will, I presume, be needless, as I doubt not but your own experience will soon evince the real value and utility of this science, and the excellency of its precepts.

I shall therefore conclude this address, in a sure expectation of your explicit obedience to the foregoing circumstances, as well for your own honor as the credit of this lodge, and that you will cheerfully conform to all those salutary laws which are, and ever have been, the established basis and support of the royal art.

THE "GRIP."

Join hands, one and all!
Mine to thine, and thine to mine;
Ne'er let strife between us fall;
Love is life's best treasure!
In our work or in our play,
Let each other help a brother—
Sharing in their toil to-day,
To-morrow in their pleasure.
Join hands, one and all!
Mine to thine, and thine to mine;
Ne'er let strife between us fall;
Love is life's best treasure.

—*Am. Odd Fellow.*

Freemasonry the Handmaid of Christianity.

BY AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, LL. D.

In a little work,* written by one of the most distinguished of modern French *litterateurs*, a work as beautiful and brilliant in style as it is objectionable in sentiment, we remember meeting with the following, or a very similar utterance: "I thought to repose me beneath the broad shadow of Christianity, but I have seen this majestic tree wither in the breath of the tyranny it had protected, and perish a victim of the poisons its own bark had nourished. I have learned that the Church is without a principle of life, that the religion of the Christ is incomplete—that Jesus may take his place in the pantheon of divine men, but his work is done, his saving power is exhausted, and *Christianity is dead!*" Blasphemous as it is, this is the thought of not a few on the other side of the Atlantic; and its melancholy echo we have heard even in this country of puritanical faith and piety. And when we throw our regards over Christendom—see the Church, which is the visible body of Christ, and the source of Progress, Freedom, and Life, shivered into a thousand fragments, society plunged into gross materialism, given over to the brutal instincts of selfishness, and the degrading worship of mammon; and when we look on the cruel spectacle of social wrongs and the gloomy pictures of suffering which every day unfolds, it is not strange that some men of little faith should cry, "*Christianity is dead!*" But Christianity *cannot die.* It may have forsaken the ancient forms in which it has been worshipped through long ages, but never can it perish. The mountain top may be clothed with perpetual glaciers, while within its heart-core burn eternal fires. So beneath the fragments and rubbish of the dismantled Church, in the very midst of the apathy, indifference, coldness, skepticism, and corruption, which prevail around, Christianity works with more directness and force, and achieves mightier results than ever before. Christ is not dead. True, He no longer appears in the dusty habiliments of the cloister, nor does His majestic figure irradiate the portals of that Church which has been false to His ideal and doctrine of love. But, a spirit of awful beauty, He walks in our midst to-day; and the mighty throbbings of His earnest, loving heart are recognized in the philanthropic institutions, and public charities, and benevolent associations, which are the boast and glory of our age. It is this which we wish to say of our honored institution! The loving spirit of Christ presides over all its arrangements, and inspires all its operations. Other associations for the relief of suffering are beautiful and good, and worthy of praise, and Christ's spirit is in them; but their operations and influence are limited; they chiefly address themselves to one of the many wants of humanity.

But Freemasonry has a wider influence and power, and far greater facilities for the accomplishment of its benevolent purposes; and besides, it looks out over all of life, and embraces all the possible circumstances of man. More truly here than anywhere else is realized the Christian ideas of Love, Union, and Brotherhood. The beautiful ideal which Christianity presents of a society where men will bear the burdens of each other, relieve each other's necessities, and love one another in all circumstances, as a family of brethren, here, in our association, becomes a fact of life. There are no circumstances of want or suffering in which a brother may be placed for which Masonry does not provide. We do not hesitate, therefore, to say that we regard Freemasonry as the truest expression of the mind and thought of Christ this age is destined to witness. Christianity is its central idea, and at the same time the foundation and corollary of our temple. Nay, Masonry is Christianity—Christianity applied to life--made actual in the arrangements of society—Christianity realized in man's relations one with another. Upon all the arrangements of our Order, and upon all its operations, we see the shadow of Him who loved humanity, and sought to assuage its griefs. Eighteen centuries ago, He went about doing good. The music of His footsteps charmed away human sorrows; joy brightened before Him; and hearts were made bright and glad by reviving hope. Freemasonry to-day continues His ministry of love, or rather through Freemasonry, He himself still carries forward His own benevolent work, soothing and protecting the lone widow and her fatherless babes, and extending to the child of sickness and penury the tender consolations of fraternal sympathy.

We do not exaggerate, therefore, when we say that the Order of Masonry stands one of the very first among the Christian institutions of the day. Its reach and influence are of great extent, and it is destined, in the hands of Providence, to accomplish great results for humanity.

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* Spiridion, by George Sand.

Reverence for the Name of God.

BY BRO. PARKHURST.

By invitation of Washington Royal Arch Chapter, No. 16, a masonic lecture was delivered before it on the 9th of February, by WILLIAM G. PARKHURST, Past High Priest, a most eminent masonic scholar. The subject selected for the occasion was the Royal Arch degree; and the speaker rehearsed the principal portions of the ceremonies, giving historical illustrations of the events commemorated, and explaining in detail the symbolism of the degree. Particular reference was made to the reverence with which Masons are taught to regard the sacred name of Deity. The concluding portion of the lecture is as follows:

In this connection it may be asked, what is there in the *name* of God of such great importance? Some persons may suppose that if we adore a Supreme Being it makes very little difference by what name He is called. But when we give this matter a little consideration, we shall see that the importance is attached to the *idea* connected with the name. The real question at issue is, whether we are worshipping the true God, or a false God, the creature of our own imaginations. That was the great distinction between the Jews and the idolatrous nations which surrounded them. While the latter worshipped Baal, Chemosh, Rimmon, and Ashtoreth, the Jews worshipped JEHOVAH. This is the ineffable name by which God revealed himself to Moses at the burning bush, and which is translated in our English Bibles, "I am that I am." It is derived from the Hebrew verb, signifying "to be," and combines the past, present and future forms of that verb —"I was, I am, I shall be." It therefore denotes Him who is the Alpha and the Omega, the Beginning and the Ending, the First and the Last—who was, and is, and is to come. Hence it signifies the Self-Existing; and as there can be but one self-existing Being, from whom all other existence must be derived, this great central truth of the Unity of God, in contradistinction from the multitude of deities worshipped by the other ancient nations, held a prominent place in the teachings of Moses and the Prophets. From the inaccessible summit of the sacred mountain, an awful voice was heard declaring, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." "Jehovah thy God is one Jehovah, and Him only shalt thou serve."

And as the name is significative of the character or quality of a person, much depends upon the idea which we have of the character of God; for if we really worship Him, we shall, to a greater or less extent, endeavor to imitate those qualities which we believe to exist in Him. If we believe him to be a God of truth, we shall feel that our words and actions ought to be in accordance with truth. If we believe Him to be a God of justice, we shall feel that our conduct should be characterized by justice towards all around us. If we believe that He is a God of love and mercy, we shall feel that those virtues are to be assiduously cultivated by us; and thus our daily lives will, in some degree, reflect the moral image of the God in whom we believe, and whom we worship. But how different is the conduct of those who believe in and worship false gods. They believe that their deity delights in cruelty; and they vainly seek to appease his anger by inflicting torments upon themselves or others. The Hindoo mother casts her innocent child into the waters of the Ganges, or throws it beneath the wheels of the car of Juggernaut. Thousands suffer voluntary tortures, in the hope of escaping the punishment which they suppose a vindictive deity is ever ready to inflict upon the children of his creation. Even in more enlightened countries, we still see relics of these ancient superstitions, in the penances imposed as a means of washing away the guilt incurred by a violation of the divine law. Perhaps the most important question which can be asked by a creature is, how he can secure the favor of his creator. In the forcible language of the Hebrew prophet, "Wherewith shall I come before Jehovah, and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before Him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will Jehovah be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" And the same inspired writer answers the question, "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth Jehovah require of thee but to do justly, love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

The worship of the true God, including as it does obedience to his commands, exalts and elevates a nation. It renders it happy, prosperous, and free. But the experience of the past, and the testimony of universal history, show us that those nations which believe in and worship deities of like passions with themselves—depraved and sensual, like the fabled gods and goddesses of Greek and Roman mythology —instead of rising in the scale of humanity, sink deeper and deeper into vice; and as a natural consequence, after a time those mighty empires become weak, totter and fall. Nothing can be permanent unless it contains elements which are in harmony with the eternal and infinite Creator. Truth alone is unchangeable and everlasting; and it is the truth upon which Masonry is based, and which runs through all its different degrees and orders, as it is practiced in different nations and under the name of different rites; it is this truth alone which enables it to stand firm and unmoved against all the opposition and prejudice and misrepresentation which have from time to time assailed it and sought to accomplish its destruction.

Worship also includes love as well as obedience; and if we worship the true God, we worship a Being whose attributes and perfections are calculated to call forth our warmest affections. The heathen fears a malignant and avenging deity; but we know, because He has revealed it to us in His Word, that "Jehovah is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works." It is not difficult, then, to love such a Being; nor is it unreasonable that we should be commanded to love Jehovah, our God, with all our heart, and with all our soul, and with all our mind, and with all our strength. And the other great command, to love our neighbor as ourselves, is like unto it. These two comprise the essence of the moral law. He who faithfully obeys these commands will not be wanting in the performance of any duty.

The name of Deity is also the symbol of Truth, which is the object for which all Masons are in search, and the attainment of which is represented in the various degrees. In the E. A. degree, the candidate is taught the primary truths of morality—his duty to God, his neighbor, and himself—those cardinal virtues which are to distinguish the initiate from the profane. In the F. C. degree, his attention is called to the truths of science, with which his mind should be stored, and which tend to elevate man from a savage state to civilization. In the M. M. degree, the truths of religion are presented to his view, and he is taught that man must be raised from the state of nature, in which he is lying, as it were, dead in trespasses and sins, and must be made alive in righteousness. And in the R. A. degree he is still further instructed, that although the first temple which he has reared to the service of his Creator shall be destroyed by death, yet a second temple shall be erected, and the glory of the latter house shall be greater than that of the former. We know that though the earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Thus Masonry comprehends all truth—morality, science, and religion; and its teachings not only illustrate and adorn the life that now is, but enable us to look forward with joyful anticipations to that which is to come, when we shall receive the reward of our labors, and shall be admitted into the presence of the Grand Council above, where, in glory ineffable, the Supreme Grand High Priest presides.

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A PRAYER AT THE EMPOINTING OF A BROTHER, USED IN THE REIGN OF EDWARD IV.—The mighty God and Father of heaven, with the wisdom of His glorious Son, through the goodness of the Holy Ghost, that hath been three persons in one Godhead, be with us at our beginning, give us grace to govern in our living here, that we may come to His bliss that shall never have an end.

WISHES.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

Heaven—bless her daily tasks!
God—encamp about her!
Hope—give all the strength she asks!
Love—be nought without her!

Life—grow sweeter every day!
Heart—grow strong for duty!
Death—point out the starry way
To the land of beauty!

Masonry the Most Potent Human Influence.

The men of thought and cultivation place Masonry in the true position respecting its influence upon art, philosophy, and literature, and upon progress towards a better political and social condition. To the close and philosophic student, Louis Blanc, Lamartine, Dumas, and Hugo, *cum multis aliis*, are justified in regarding Freemasonry as the secret but omnipotent influence which has removed the wrongs of centuries, and has opened up the highway of liberty and equality for oppressed Europe.

The following from Madame Dudevant, (George Sand,) where instruction is being given to a neophyte preparatory to initiation into Freemasonry, will show how prominent these ideas are in France:

"Now we are about to instruct you in your duties towards God and towards us. Learn, therefore, beforehand, the three words which are the secrets of our mysteries, and which are only revealed to most of our afflicted with so many delays and precautions. You have no need of a long apprenticeship; and yet you will require some reflection to understand their whole extent. *Liberty*, *Fraternity*, *Equality*; this is the work of the INVISIBLES.

"Examine the state of the societies and you will see that, to men accustomed to be governed by despotism, it is an entire education, an entire conversion, a whole revolution, to come to understand clearly the human possibility, the social necessity of this triple precept, Liberty, Fraternity, Equality. The small number of upright minds and pure hearts who protest naturally against the injustice and the disorder of tyranny, seize on the doctrine at the first step. Their progress in it is rapid, for with them it is only requisite to teach them the processes of application, which we have discovered. But far the greater number, with the people of the world, the courtiers and the powerful, imagine what precaution and discretion are necessary before submitting to their examination the sacred formula of the external work; it is necessary to surround it with symbols and evasions; it is necessary to persuade them that it refers only to a fictitious liberty, confined to the exercise of individual thought, or a relative equality, extended only to the members of the association, and practicable only in its secret and benevolent assemblies; in fine, to a romantic neighborhood agreed upon between a certain number of persons, and limited to temporary services, to some good works, to mutual assistance.

"Europe—Germany and France especially—is filled with secret societies, subterranean laboratories in which is being prepared a great revolution, of which Germany or France will be the theatre. We have the key and we endeavor to have the directions of all these associations, without the knowledge of the greater part of their members, and without any of them having knowledge of our connection with others. You will know the secret of the Freemasons, a great brotherhood, which, under the most varied forms, and with the most different ideas, labors to organize the practice and to spread the notion of equality. You will receive all the degrees of all the rites, we shall give you all the insignia, all the titles, all the formulas necessary for the relations which we shall cause you to establish with the lodges, and for the negotiations with them which we shall entrust to you; and your profession, your travelling life, your talents, your youth and your virtues, your courage, your uprightness and your discretion, fit you for that part, and give us the necessary guaranties. Your past life, the smallest details of which we know, is a sufficient pledge to us. You have voluntarily undergone more trials than the masonic mysteries could invent, and you have come out from them stronger and more victorious than their adepts, from the vain forms intended to try their constancy. From this moment we must put you on your guard against the principal disgust attached to your mission. The lower grades of masonry are almost insignificant in our eyes, and serve us only to try the instincts and the dispositions of the candidates. The greater part never pass those first degrees. In the following grades are admitted only persons who give us hopes, and yet these are still kept at a distance from the end; they are examined, they are tried, their souls are probed, they are prepared for a more complete initiation, or they are given up to an interpretation which they could not pass without danger to the cause, and to themselves. That is still only a nursery, from which we choose the strong plant, destined to be transplanted into the sacred forest. To the highest grades alone belong the important revelations, and it is by them that you will enter upon the career. But the part of *master* imposes many duties, and there cease the charms of curiosity, the intoxication of mystery, the illusion of hope. You have no longer to learn, in the midst of enthusiasm and emotion, that law which transforms the neophyte into an apostle, the novice into a priest.

"For hundreds of the children full of vanity at employing the formulas of equality, and affecting its appearance, you will hardly find one man penetrated with their importance and courageous in their interpretation. You will be obliged to speak to them in enigmas, and through symbols. The greater part of the princes whom we enroll under our banner are in this situation. Some, nevertheless, are sincere, or have been so. Frederick, surnamed the Great, was received as a Freemason before he was king, and at that time, liberty spake to his heart, equality to his reason."

Symbolism of Masonry.

BY REV. BRO. CONE.

Another peculiar beauty of the moral teachings of Masonry is that it is in harmony with nature, and has a symbolic relation with all the external world. And this fact, if there were no voice from history, would be a sufficient proof of the antiquity of the institution. Everything connected with its ceremonies and symbols bears the mark of that simplicity which belongs to the earliest times, when men held intimate communion with nature, and drew their illustrations and their moral lessons from the objects of the external world. Then the wondering shepherd was a philosopher who was in love with nature, and knew how to win from her most precious secrets. He conversed with the Great Architect of the Universe through the message of His will, and the interpreters of His thought—the clouds, the sky, the mountains, the rocks, the calm beauty of the star-lit night, and the gloom and thunder of the tempest. From the objects of nature which impressed them with a moral lesson, the ancient founders of Masonry gathered those symbols which adorn our lodges and speak so effectively to the mind and heart of the candidate. They teach him how God has made the earth full of lessons of truth, beauty and love, how He is constantly speaking to man from the symbols with which the Universe is hung, and that not even the humblest and meanest thing should be scorned, but revered as a work of God, and prized for the moral lesson it teaches.

So, the true Mason, the man who has caught the spirit of the institution, as he has been conducted through its beautiful array of symbols, becomes inspired with the religion of nature, and is made the interpreter of its teachings. Wherever he turns his eyes upon the great temple of nature, reared by the Grand Master of the Universe, he beholds something that reminds him of the great principles of Masonry, recalls the obligations and instructions of the order, and lifts his soul up to the source of all WISDOM, STRENGTH, and BEAUTY. Thus he is able to rise to the inspiration of the great and good, the holy and the pure men of ancient times, who drank from the pure fountains of nature the waters of divine truth, and walked and communed with God amid the grand revelations of his works. Ah! how near did those grand old men come to the Infinite Father! How truly did they interpret Him! How well did they hear His voice as they stood among the whispering groves, or far away on the vast plains where a boundless solitude unites earth and heaven, or on some lofty mountain summit where sublimest contemplations are born, or alone in the gorgeous night, visited with troops of stars, and radiant with revelations of Truth and Beauty. It was because of their communion with nature that they knew God so well. They did not know nature by the intellect nor by the revelations of science. But they wooed her with love, and she revealed to them such precious truths as love delights and deserves to know. It was with such men as these that the beautiful symbols of Masonry had their origin. It was from their intimate communion with God and with nature that they learned the beautiful truths, which they treasured up in their hearts, and at length embodied in the teachings and immortalized in the symbols of the institution. They incorporated in Masonry their highest thoughts, their noblest conceptions of duty, and all the precious truths that their inspired contemplations had gained, that they might be preserved and transmitted to all generations. This should remind the true Mason how great a work it is his duty to himself to do. If man could come so near to God, through the teachings of the symbols of nature which are incorporated in the Order, and rise to such a lofty inspiration, in those ancient days when science was unknown and philosophy had not interpreted the works of God, certainly, with all the light and truth that are around us now, we should aspire to that piety and noble manhood. O! my brethren, if we would pause a moment and withdraw from the dust and turmoil of our all-absorbing life, and, alone with nature and God, contemplating the sublime teachings of Masonry in the great temple of the Universe, all hung with its radiant symbols, we might then catch some glimpses of the glories that were revealed to them of old on the plains of Judea, and on the hallowed summits of the sacred mountains. * * *

Chief among the masonic virtues is Charity—the greatest of the Christian graces. Its beautiful lessons are interwoven with the ceremonies and lectures of the Order, and its noble precepts are kept constantly before the Mason as he stands among his brethren. By the most beautiful and impressive symbols, he is reminded of his dependence on his brother, and his obligations to him in the various relations of life. He is taught not only to relieve the distressed and comfort the mourner, but to be noble, manly, and rise above the petty animosities and bickerings of the little mind, and be great, magnanimous and forgiving.

The Mason is also taught the virtues of self-control. The necessity of controlling his desires and passions is inculcated upon him, and illustrated by its appropriate symbol. He is warned of the danger to which the man is exposed who allows his passions to get the mastery of reason and judgment. He is referred to the divine beauties of brotherly love, which emparadise the earth, where men who are true Masons pursue their labors together in harmony, each controlling and checking whatever desires would disturb the peace of the fraternity and war against the common good.

Masonry is based on the Bible, the word of God. When the Mason enters the lodge he beholds the Great Light spread out before him. He is solemnly admonished to follow its precepts, and to go to its pages for light and knowledge, for strength and consolation. Masonry inculcates, too, the great Christian virtue of faith in God. By the most solemn and impressive ceremony, the candidate is taught his dependence on God, and the necessity of putting his trust in Him, ere he attempts to breast the trials and bear the responsibilities of a man and a Mason.

The teachings of Masonry have a tendency to humble the pride and check the vanity of ambitious man. In the lodge we meet on the level. No man is respected there for his rank, wealth, or social position. The poorest and humblest man, if he have the true worth of intellect and integrity, stands higher than the proudest prince without the masonic virtues. If Masonry had no other quality to recommend it to this age of fast men, and overgrown, overweening aristocracies, this *levelling* power of the institution ought to commend it as a public blessing. It is a good thing for men to be made to feel their true place in nature, and their real rank among their fellows. It is a good thing to have a place where men can go and be made to feel by all the surroundings, the symbols and the very atmosphere they breathe, that without the masonic virtues they are poor indeed, though they possess a princely estate—that claims to superiority, founded on birth or fortune, are but the flimsiest gauze of hypocrisy, through which all the world can see the littleness that it covers, and that the true aristocracy is the aristocracy of intellect and virtue. It is a good thing for men to be reminded that they are all brothers, children of a common father, and that nothing can be more contemptible and unworthy a man and a Mason than an aristocratic assumption of superior worth, based on an empty title, or a name that ancestry or money has made famous with the gaping crowd. This Masonry aims to do. The Mason is constantly reminded of the great truths of Universal Brotherhood. It is inculcated upon him in all the degrees. In the lodge he breathes the very atmosphere of fraternity. The very lodge itself, with all its associations, is a grand symbol of Brotherhood. Unity, Peace, and Brotherly Love prevail in all the councils, and shed their holy influence on every heart. O! it is a glorious thought to the Mason, that by the universality of our Order, extending as it does over all the globe, the divine principles of Brotherhood, Charity and Benevolence are taught in every language and inculcated among every people, till Masonry becomes a great circle of light encompassing the earth, shining through all the smoke of battles, and the thick exhalations of corruption and impurity, and revealing to all that look down from heaven that Love and Fraternity still keep their abode with men.

It would be a delightful and instructive exercise to treat of the beauty of the symbols of the masonic science. By these are conveyed, in the most eloquent and impressive manner, some of the sublimest truths of nature, and some of the most beautiful precepts of life. He only is a true Mason who makes these symbols his study, as he stands among them in the lodge or beholds them where they adorn the Universe around him, and endeavors to draw from them the moral lesson which they teach.

* * *

The sublime symbolism of the order extends from the earth to heaven above, and reaching out to the east, the west, the north, and the south, it is symbolic of the universality of our Order, which embraces all the earth, and of the grandeur of the truths we teach, which comprehend what pertains to this world and what guides to heavenly life. And let it remind us, too, of the Brotherhood of man, and of the charity which should animate you in all the relations of life, and make you, as a true Mason should be, noble, generous, magnanimous and forgiving.

The Letter G.

BY BRO. CAMMACK.

There is a symbol [the letter G] upon which I might expatiate, if time would permit, until the rising of the sun. What ideas does that symbol convey to your mind? Did you ever examine to see what it is that represents? How came it to be originated? How came it to be placed there, within the Masonic temple? What does it teach me? That was the first inquiry which I made when I was progressing. I could not rest until I knew why these symbols came to be connected with Masonry. I wanted to know the meaning, the intent. I patiently labored, and I found it to be this: It first alludes to geometry. Now, geometry is a science that takes the most acute minds to master; but what has geometry to do with Masonry? Why, it teaches us that there must be an author of mind; there must be one grand intellect, so capacious that he can plan, and be the author of all intelligence. But I wanted to go further, and I found that Masonry carried me back to Pythagoras, who was one of the most ancient philosophers, and one of the most learned men who ever lived. He was a great ornament to the Masonic Order, and travelled extensively in search of knowledge. He is said to have originated the forty-seventh problem of Euclid. In the course of his travels he was in Egypt; and I have no doubt that most of you, if not all, have read in your school books about the country of the Nile. It is a flat and level country, somewhat similar to the prairies out in the West. It is a land that is periodically or annually overflowed by water; the entire country is submerged, and such is the quantity of sediment that is deposited by the annual overflow of the Nile, that it obliterated every mark, every vestige of what we may call the ancient landmarks. Now, the genius of Pythagoras came into play. He was a great geometrician, and he built upon that level country what is called a Nilometer—a tower, rising above the highest floods that were ever known. Upon the top of that was a segment of a circle, extending to 180 degrees. On this he marked, at different stages of the water, how high the water rose; and if you ever go to a lock-gate in a canal, you will see figures, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10; and if you see a vessel, you will, in all probability, see these numbers upon the bow, showing how many feet of water she draws. So by this Nilometer he could tell the height of the water annually, and by the segment of a circle on the top he could extend radii over that country, and place every man who was in possession of fifty or of five hundred acres of land in the precise spot where he was before. Now, you may perhaps think that geometry could not do that; but if you will only take the key of knowledge in your hand and study that, you will find that every symbol—everything connected with the masonic chart—will teach an important lesson and an important duty. Masonry teaches your duty to your neighbor. That is a great and important duty; and if we paid more attention to it in the Masonic Order, it would be the brightest gem within it Oh! that every Mason were a true-spoken man; that every Mason were an upright man; that every Mason were an honest man! Why is it that so little regard is paid to the solemn obligations which you take at the altar of Masonry? In spite of them, we see that there are men to be found, who, in order to keep up appearances, will borrow money and get into debt to their fellow-Masons, and defraud them, regardless of their obligations. If you take such an oath before a judicial tribunal, and break it, you are branded as a perjurer! How much more when you take it before the altar of Masonry, where we come unsolicited and unsought, and, we solemnly declare, uninfluenced by any mercenary motive. You may say, I do not do any worse than others; but every man is responsible for his own acts, and not for those of his neighbor. There is another duty which you owe to your neighbor. You remember that in the Entered Apprentice's Degree you were asked for something. * * * What was the duty there inculcated upon you? That if you ever see an object of distress, you are to remember the condition you were then in.

These, my brethren, are some of the teachings of the gavel; and in the performance of these duties the sound of the gavel never ceases. A man, in reflecting and meditating upon his own conduct, will find enough to do to square his own actions, so that he may meet the approval and reward of the Chief Architect. Knowing this, you are instructed in Masonry that every ashlar, after being made perfect, was placed in that temple erected by Solomon to the living God; and they were so fitted together that the building appeared as one compact and uniform whole. But every defective one was rejected—thereby implying that unless the gavel has knocked off the superfluities of your passions and the rough edges of your character, thus fitting you to be moral men and perfect ashlars, you need never dream of passing the Great Architect's square. Everything is perfect there.. Everything is harmony there. Everything is love there, in that masonic home to which all Masons hope to arrive who are found worthy. It will be a joyful meeting. We have labored and toiled here below; but when our span of existence has come to an end, and we are bidding adieu to time and time's objects forever, there is a temple above where the upright Mason, the true Christian Mason, the Mason who takes that light for his guide, the Mason who studies the works of God with reverence, will meet and receive the reward of their labors.

There is another most expressive symbol—the pot of incense—emblematic of the heart rising in thankfulness to God for all His mercies bestowed, for the blessings we daily receive from His hand, for the anticipations of that better world, and the life that shall never end.

Mosque of Omar—Jewish Tradition—The Book of the Law.

Mr. Tragelles thus writes to the London *Times*: "On the 14th ult., appeared a letter from Alexandria, mentioning that the Jews (at Jerusalem) declined to enter the court of the Mosque of Omar to pray for rain, on the ground that they were ceremonially unclean, and, also, because they believed that their law was buried under the site of the temple. I want to ascertain in what manner this opinion originated among the Jews that their law was buried there. Is there any historical account of any circumstance of the kind? and, if so, when did this concealment take place? These questions have some interest, because in a dry shaft beneath the Mosque of Omar—the ancient site of the temple of the Lord—one skin of a roll of the *Pentateuch* was found. Through the kindness of Mrs. Lieder, of Cairo, I possess this relic. It is written in three columns, beginning at Genesis xxii. 1, and going to the middle of chapter xxiv. The Jews had, therefore, some ground for their opinion, and that opinion may lead to the discovery of the time of the deposit of this existing portion."

THE ARAB'S PROOF.—Some years ago, a Frenchman, who, like many of his countrymen, had won a high rank among men of science, yet who denied the God who is the author of all science, was crossing the great Sahara, in company with an Arab guide. He noticed with a sneer, that at certain times, his guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and kneeling on the burning sands called on his God.

Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed, till at last one evening the philosopher, when he rose from his knees, asked him, with a contemptuous smile, "How do you know there is a God?" The guide fixed his burning eye on the scoffer for a moment in wonder, and then said, solemnly, "How do I *know* there is a God? How did I know that a man and not a camel passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his foot in the sand? Even so," and he pointed to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the lonely desert, "THAT footprint is not that of a man."—*Temperance Visitor, Rockland, Me.*

An Oration of the Old-time Masons.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 134.)

Truth requires no tinselled ornaments to adorn it, but when simply arrayed is sweetly persuasive. In the second place, what have you done for your poor distressed brother: have you entered the dark and gloomy abodes of a loathsome prison, and stretched out the hand of consolation and charity to your afflicted brother, where he lay bound down by the savage cruelty of a relentless, unforgiving creditor? Have you sought for the cottage of affliction where misery reigns with her iron rod? If so, my brethren, you are in the path of duty; but stop not here, extend the arm of masonic affection, which is the very arm of Christian love, beneath the neck of thine afflicted brother; whilst he lives support his drooping head and cheer his afflicted heart; cover him with the garment of kindness and friendship; administer unto him the cordial cup of brotherly affection; and, however great or small may be thy ability, always remember that a cup of wine, or even a drop of cold water, either, given in the name and with the heart of a brother, shall in nowise be forgotten; and if he dies in his affliction, soothe him with kind admonition, close his eyes with the last offices of fraternal love; but let not this love cease in thy brother's behalf, because his spirit has departed, and his person no longer an object of thy attention. No! cease not the exercise of this divine affection, for perhaps in thus dying, thy poor brother leaves to your care and kindness the mourning widow and helpless orphan.

Here, indeed, is still more ample scope for the practice of masonic and Christian philanthropy than thou couldst possibly exercise in the life of thy brother: Yes, the widow has lost her partner and her support; and what is still, if possible, a keener wound to the human bosom, *perhaps* a family of helpless orphans, who have lost a tender and affectionate father. Their future wants of food, clothing, and education, are unprovided for, and they are exposed not only to the poverties of an unfeeling world, but to its alluring and vile temptations.

Still further: for amongst them there may be a poor, helpless female orphan, left destitute of a father's care and a father's heart. O brotherly love, here exert thy power; here, I beseech thee, thou God of mercy, let brotherly love shower down and hover over, with all its sacred influence, and infuse into the hearts of all the divine will, and stimulate every endeavor to enlarge the benevolent purposes of that charity which might secure an asylum for the unprovided female orphans of the departed or distressed brethren of the masonic and Christian orders:

To you, my brethren, for I cannot forfeit this opportunity of recommending (when meeting so many brethren of the Christian and masonic families) this invaluable charity, with peculiar zeal; and though none of us may now stand in need, yet surely we know not how soon some one of us may be glad of such an asylum for a beloved child of our own; for methinks, if with the whole of this charity but one female orphan should be saved from the pit of vice and prostitution, that one salvation is worth the whole charity of all the world. Let this suffice for the duty you owe to a distressed brother; and permit me now to apply the common gavel, which is an instrument made use of by operative masons to break off the corners of rough stones, the better to fit them for the builder's use; but we, as Free and Accepted Masons, are taught to make use of it for the more noble and glorious purpose of divesting our minds and consciences of all the vices and superfluities of life, thereby fitting our bodies as living stones for that spiritual building, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

[Two pages missing.]

Masonry, my brethren, is the daughter of heaven; the patroness of the liberal arts and sciences; it polishes and adorns human nature; happy for those who have it in their power to embrace her; more happy still for those who are actuated so to do from principle; it leads the way to contentment with zeal unfeigned, as unchangeable in its operation, as lasting in its felicity.

Masonic science has the best tendency; it not only measures the earth and seas, but ascertains the magnitude and station of the stars; it scrutinizes the hidden mysteries of philosophical disquisition; it teaches us that God made the heaven and earth; also, that whatever is done therein, *he is the mighty* doer thereof. And when we cannot, by human wisdom, discover the cause of the adhesion of matter, or how the earth is carried through its evolutions, and poised in a true equilibrium by its specific gravity, it teaches us that the allotment of man which some (falsely called) philosophers have styled an eternal sleep, will, when we have passed the gloomy passage, open to our view all that source of instruction of which human wisdom can give us but a very faint glimmering.

Lastly, my brethren, with the improvements of science, benevolence and brotherly love are consolidated for the exercise of charity. Here philanthropy assumes her standard, and like the gospel banner, it is the insignia of universal love. The distressed, if a brother, cannot indeed want a friend to advise, to console, and if his distress can be alleviated he is sure of relief, if within the compass of necessary prudence.

Here the widow's tears cannot flow in vain. Here the infant's cries, however softly uttered, can never dissipate their sound in distant air, unheard, unpitied or unrelieved. Here the prisoner's chains are heard to rattle with true compassion, and the oppressor's hand will be disarmed from its intended grasp. No, my friends, we who are true Masons cannot see a tear without anxiety to wipe it from the afflicted cheek. A sigh cannot be heard which we have not a desire, if possible, to stifle in its very embryo.

But we must conclude. I fear I have already trespassed on your patience. In parting from you, take the God of peace, and by constant application, as the disciples did once in their journey to Emmaus, constrain him to abide with you. Take that good name which every wise man will choose, namely, reason in all its uncorrupted faculties, and it must lead you into all the paths of peace; for the exercise of pure reason can never step wide from our holy religion. Cultivate fair science, for the ways of wisdom, says our Grand Master Solomon, are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are paths of peace.

Take lovely charity by her enticing hand, and peace will be the happy inhabitant of your still more lovely bosom. The widow's tears will sign, in indelible characters, your growing peace; the mother's heaving breast and infant's cries shall sound abroad your lasting fame. The female snatched from impending ruin shall recite to future virtuous generations your true desert for peace.

And now having thus delineated to you the whole of our masonic secrecy, the art of doing good, peace amidst the jarring elements of disturbed nations, amidst the still more clamorous sounds of the call of judgment, peace shall fill your soul, and when the dim lamp of nature is expiring, and you are about to drop the curtain of mortality, you will be in the possession of the consoling hope and assurance of passing through the valley and shadow of death, rejoicing under full expectation of arriving at the heavenly lodge in possession of the celestial pass-words, to gain admission into that lodge of the just, the true, and the perfect, where you will be welcomed by angels, and archangels, and spirits of just men made perfect, in which happy place may God, of his infinite mercy, grant we may all have our everlasting meeting.

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Its antiquity.—Brand's "Encyclopædia of Science, Literature, and Art," says "that from Egypt were derived the principal mysteries, and that it was in the darkness of subterranean apartments that those institutions had birth in which secrecy was the first law. According to Plutarch, the Sphynxes, with which the entrances to their temples were decorated, signifies that Egyptian mythology was mysterious and emblematic. In these temples the line and square were never abandoned, they had no circular monument, and their temples were covered with symbolic characters. Thus has Masonry seen the introduction of letters, the discovery of the arts and sciences, and the spread of the Christian religion; it has witnessed the rise and fall of all the old nations of earth; survived the darkness and turmoil of the middle ages, and now stands a wonder of the world."

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Anita Garibaldi.—All familiar with the career of that great hero, Garibaldi, will recall the melancholy death of his wife Anita, in the swamps on the Adriatic coast. She fell a victim to her devotion to her noble husband, preferring to share danger with him rather than enjoy luxury and comfort without him. For some years a movement has been on foot to erect a statue to her memory; and the movement has received a new impulse from the action taken last month by the municipal authorities of Ravenna, who offer an appropriate site in that city for the proposed monument, and add two thousand lire to the subscription. We understand that an appeal will soon be made to the Italians in this country to aid in this graceful and patriotic work—a beautiful tribute to a brave, patriotic, and devoted wife, and through her to Garibaldi himself.

Charity and Board of Relief.

Charity is best bestowed oftentimes in securing the means for an honest and worthy brother to earn his own subsistence. Frequently the bestowing of money degrades the applicant and renders him a confirmed mendicant, unwilling to help himself. We hail with pleasure the action of the Masonic Board of Relief of N. Y Let our Fraternity in the cities and lodges throughout the country imitate it:

MASONIC BOARD OF RELIEF,
NEW YORK, *February* 28, 1865.

At a quarterly meeting of the Masonic Board of Relief of the city of New York, held on the 6th of February, the President was requested to prepare a circular letter to the lodges in the city of New York, in relation to procuring employment for the needy who have claim upon the Masonic Fraternity.

A few words we think will suffice to call the attention of the brethren to this subject, and show to them how much more of a *charity* it will be to furnish employment to the worthy applicant than the mere giving of a small sum of money which will only supply a temporary want

Among the applicants to the Board, it will be safe to assert that a majority base their application on their inability to procure employment. Among the members of our great Fraternity are hundreds who are engaged in business, (such as manufacturers of under clothing, hoop skirts, tailors, upholsterers, &c.,) who employ many hands, and who, if this subject should be brought to their notice, would willingly give the preference to those who have a masonic claim upon them. We have also many applications from Masons for work—men who do not ask for pecuniary assistance, but are willing to work for that with which to support themselves and families. In fact, we have applicants from every class, from book-keepers down to the humble woman who will go out to do a day's work.

Brethren, could you but hear the sad story of want, as we do, we are confident that this appeal would not be in vain.

We would suggest that this matter be brought to the notice of all the members of your lodge by a circular letter, which would involve but a trifling expense, or in any other way your lodge may devise, feeling assured that if a proper effort is made, the demand for labor would far exceed our ability to supply. It would also afford us an opportunity of ascertaining who are worthy, and who are desirous of living in idleness upon the charities of the Fraternity.

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New York Correspondence.

CRESCENT LODGE, NO. 402, NEW YORK.

Funeral of Past Master Benj. F. Pinckney.

The funeral services of our late lamented W.·. Bro. Benj. F. Pinckney took place on Sunday, Feb. 26th, at the 41st Street Methodist Episcopal Church in this city.

The solemn cortege which followed to its resting place the remains of our deceased brother, under the escort of Crescent Lodge, of which he had been a charter member and Past Master, comprised many of the most distinguished members of the Fraternity, among whom we noticed M.·. W.·. J. W. Simons, Past Grand Master; R.·. W.·. Bro. J. M. Austin, Grand Secretary; W.·. Bros. Wm. T. Woodruff, G. E. Simons, and Maloy. A large number of the personal friends of the deceased united with his family and masonic brethren in paying this tribute of regard. At the close of the religious exercises, the lodge of which he had been so bright an ornament took charge of the remains of our brother, and conveyed them to Greenwood, the following well known brethren of Crescent Lodge officiating as pall bearers, viz: Past Master John A. Foster, Col. and Judge Advocate; Past Master Jas. N. Piper; Bros. E. Philips, Jr.; C. W. Packard, Resident Physician of St. Luke's Hospital; G. Kellock, Superintendent of Public Charities; C. Sutton, Warden of City Prison; J. W. Mason, Colonel of 6th Regiment; Dr. Simmons, Resident Physician of City Prison; C. C. Reed, and others.

W.·. Bro. Wm. R. Merriam, Master of Crescent Lodge, in the beautiful and impressive language of our Ritual, consigned the dust of our departed brother to its kindred dust.

Beloved and respected by all who knew him, Bro. Pinckney, in the prime of his manhood and the fullness of his glory, has been stricken down from among us by the fell destroyer.

A gentleman, a public man with an unspotted record, a politician controlled by principle and devoted to the public good, a patriot and lover of his country, a Mason illustrious in his life and character, the principles of the Order and brightness of *his* influence shall, among the craft who knew him so well and loved him so deeply, 'cause the name of BENJAMIN F. PINCKNEY to be ever cherished and respected.

E. N. P.

◆

The Mason's Duty to His Brother.

Masonry may be, and, no doubt, has often been used successfully as a stepping-stone to lead men from a loose morality to a life of purity and goodness. Such undoubtedly was one of the great aims of its illustrious and benevolent founders. Freemasonry, from the first initiatory right up to the highest step in her mysteries, seems to turn the open eye of him who seeks for light upon a temple more magnificent than Solomon's, and of which that was but a shadow; a house greater than any reared by human hands; a temple whose foundations cannot be shaken, "and whose builder and maker is God." Freemasonry inculcates a stricter than worldly morality, and calls upon her votaries to exercise a conscientious guardianship over their brethren throughout the globe. No man who wears the habiliments of a Mason, from the youngest Entered Apprentice just fresh from his vows, up to the Knight Templar, with the star of Knighthood glittering on his breast, can or dare say, "*I am not my brother's keeper!*"

Can we see a brother in want and coming to us as a Mason, and not relieve his necessities? Can we as Masons bid him be warmed and fed, and yet turn away and withhold the things of which he stands in need? Can we see a brother fall into immorality or crime, and not reach forth a helping hand to bring the wanderer back, and restore the prodigal as a humble penitent to the paths of virtue? Can we hear a brother slandered and not sustain his good name by every lawful means? Can we see his real faults and not seek to cast over them that veil of charity, "*which believeth all things, hopeth all things, and which never faileth?*"

Dare we see a brother's widow or orphans destitute and helpless, and refuse to administer to their wants? We all know how these charities and these virtues are inculcated, and as "*faithful men and true,*" we are bound to exemplify them in our lives. Each Mason is indeed his brother's keeper, and has a guardianship over him for good, which he is bound by duties the most sacred, and obligations the most solemn, by every tie of honor and fidelity, to exercise.

Let no man, then, who wears the badge of a Mason coldly and selfishly isolate himself from his brethren. The Mason must ever be his brother's keeper, and should not consider it onerous thus to be.

Our brethren are bound to us by ties that are "*not easily broken,*" and we must not shrink when duty calls. If Masonry is to be esteemed and prized among men, it must be because individual members make it so, by lives of strict integrity and works abounding in charity; works, not words, which show that, for all which is good, "*they are their brother's keeper,*" bound to help him forward in the path of virtue, bound to restrain him if he would pursue the path of vice.—*Courier.*

◆

What our Masonic Washington Thought of Drinking.

[An extract from a letter addressed to his overseer:]

I shall not close this letter without exhorting you to refrain from spirituous liquors; they will prove your ruin if you do not. Consider how a drunken man differs from a beast; the latter is not endowed with reason, the former deprives himself of it; and when that is the case, acts like a brute, annoying and disturbing every one around him. Nor is this all, nor, as it respects himself, the worst of it. By degrees it renders a person feeble, and not only unable to serve others, but to help himself; and being an act of his own, he falls from a state of usefulness into contempt, and at length suffers, if not perishes, in penury and want.

Don't let this be your case.

Show yourself more of a man and a Christian than to yield to so intolerable a vice, which cannot, I am certain, (to the greatest lover of liquor,) give more pleasure to sip in the poison (for it is no better,) than the consequence of it in bad behavior at the moment, and the more serious evils produced by it afterwards, must give pain. I am your friend,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

◆

Like a True Knight.—When Algernon Sidney was told that he might save his life by denying his handwriting, he said, "When God has brought me into a dilemma in which I must assent to a lie or lose my life, He gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood."

The National Freemason.

WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL, 1865.

Letters of business, and containing money, and correspondence, should be addressed Dr. McMurdy, Box 982. Printed matter should be directed National Freemason, Lock Box 18, Washington city.

Every change of P. O box, or residence of subscribers, should be carefully reported. The past address of the paper should always be stated.

Under the present postal law, no matter can be delivered until postage (three cents per quarter) is paid.

No paper can be stopped until arrearages are paid.

OFFICIAL.

To the Brethren, Companions, and Sir Knights of the several jurisdictions; We, as Grand Master of Knights Templar in the United States of America, Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, send greeting:

We not only regard with favor the enterprise so generally approved by the Craft, to establish a National Masonic Journal at the metropolis of the nation, but we are impelled by a deep sense of its importance to urge upon you the most vigorous exertions to give to this much-needed instrument for good a healthy and vigorous life.

Let each masonic body, in corporate capacity, subscribe for as many copies of the National Freemason as may be expedient for circulation among the widows and orphans of Masons, and among the sick and indigent Masons in hospitals, thereby exercising a high charity. Let each Mason take as many copies personally as he can afford, and induce his neighbor to do the same.

We are satisfied, from the well-known high educational, literary, and masonic character of the Rev R. McMurdy, D. D., LL. D., Grand Prelate of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, that the National Freemason will be conducted in a liberal, faithful, national, and catholic spirit, and will tend to increase and diffuse light within and without our sacred precincts, and promote harmony and good will among the brotherhood.

The moderate terms of its publication, $2 00 per annum, make it accessible to the masonic masses.

We urge you all, brethren, to prompt action in sending names of subscribers, paying in advance, to Rev. Dr. McMurdy, Washington, D. C.

B. B. FRENCH,
Grand Master Knights Templar, U. S. of A.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand High Priest of Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and District of Columbia.
Y. P. PAGE,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Maryland.

Discontinuance.—Where there is no order for discontinuance we suppose that the brother wishes to remain a subscriber, and will send us the money in advance for the next volume at the earliest moment. All discontinuing must state post office address, and, if in the city, the locality where the paper has been received, and must pay all arrearages.

We have four hundred complete sets of the first volume.

Agents and subscribers will please send us "greenbacks" in payment of subscriptions.

Clubs of twelve to one address will be charged $1 80; of sixteen, $1 70; of twenty or more, $1 50.

Our office is *Room No. 4, Federal Block*, corner 7th and F streets, immediately opposite City Post Office. Entrance next door to Anderson's.

Some authorized person always present to receive subscriptions and attend to orders.

We are indebted for this favor to Bro. Blair, Past Grand Master of Illinois, who has opened in this city an insurance office.

Attention, Knts. Templar.—As Chairman of the committee on appropriate religious services for the various Templar bodies, and in behalf of the committee, I invite suggestions from all Templars on this important subject. Early attention will enable the committee to make a judicious report to the Grand Encampment of the U. S.

R. McMURDY.

Reply.—Josephus was an orthodox Jew, the scion of a priest at Jerusalem, a cotemporary with St. Paul, born six years after the ascension of the Saviour, thirty-two years prior to the destruction of Jerusalem, profoundly acquainted with the Hebrew Testament, and spoke and wrote both in Hebrew and Greek.

The testimony of Josephus no sane critic will attempt to question. The works of Josephus are invaluable to the masonic student.

Thanks to Bro. Beakes, W.·. M.·., for the neat invitation to the assembly of Piatt Lodge. Duty keeps us at our post.

Masonry in Her Silent Work.

Our institution has its periods of activity and rest, its advances and its pauses—the latter as healthful and as useful as the former. The present activity of American Freemasonry will be followed by a period of rest. Among us will at that time be found some partially educated in our rites, and others wanting faith in the fundamental ideas on which Freemasonry rests, full of anxiety and apprehension about our future.

Freemasonry, let us feel assured, is doing a good work even when it is silent—when it only looks beautiful—when it walks with grace in its step—when it has a kind word and a bland countenance—when it is a genial power in the heart. A better work than in making proselytes.

The Ladies.—To those Freemasons who think that matters of business and charity should be carefully kept from the ladies, their wives, daughters, and female friends, we commend the example of that eminent Freemason, Frederick the Great. Speaking of the Queen, Carlyle says:

"Her judgment was good; and Frederick liked to have it on the weightiest things, though her powers of silence might halt now and then. He has been known, on occasion, to run from his privy council to her apartment, while a complex matter was debating, to ask her opinion before it was decided. Excellent Louisa, princess full of beautiful piety, good sense, and affection; a touch of the Nassau-heroic in her. At the moment of her death, it is said, when speech had fled, he felt from her hand, which lay in his, three slight pressures: 'Farewell!' thrice mutually spoken in that manner—not easy to forget in this world."

The secular papers generally, throughout the country, introduce into their columns occasional articles upon the Craft, borrowing freely from our paper, often without credit. The religious periodicals of almost every denomination transfer to their pages our poetry and moral and templar reflections; and in no case have they given credit. This is not from any disposition to slight our journal, but through the fear that some of the old anti-masonic leaven may object. We rejoice, however, that our sentiments and views are presented in any way to the people of the nation.

Reply.—We are not versed in playing cards, and know very little of their symbolism. We have understood that by the four suits or colors of cards, the four classes of men in England were designed to be represented. *Hearts* symbolized the clergy; points of leaves called *Spades*, the nobility and military; *Diamonds*, the wealthy, or citizens; and *Clubs*, the laboring classes.

If we needed farther proof of the usefulness of our journal, it may be found in the fact that a contemporaneous publication takes six of its March articles from our files. If the failure to give credit is to keep the Craft from a knowledge of the existence of the National Freemason, we simply state that the time for the success of such effort has passed.

A Friendly Hint.—When I see a young Mason, the nature of whose business imperiously demands all his attention, loitering about public houses, spending his time and money, and what is of much, if not more consequence, losing his respectable standing in society, then I say to myself, if he does not "tack ship he will be on a lee shore, and consequently among the breakers."

Acknowledgments also for the invitation to participate in the thirteenth Annual Festival of Ohio Grand Consistory, Princes of the Royal Secret, thirty-second degree, at Cincinnati.

The National Freemason for February is a gem of masonic literature, and contains a large amount of reading of interest to all, but more especially to "the Craft."—*Noble Co. (Ind.) Herald.*

Men are a Brotherhood.

The upper classes of society should know that whatever be the distance between them, no elevation separates their interest from the lowest people; that God has decreed, as surely as the courses of tide and time, that they who neglect the interests of others shall themselves suffer in the end. When the people go down they perish not alone. Men are a brotherhood in despite of the fancied separation on the part of the superficially wise, and those of suddenly acquired wealth and power.

Masonic Integrity.—Masonic integrity implies a lively sense of individual obligation and responsibility in all the relations we sustain to God, our brethren of the mystic tie, and to all mankind. It creates such control and pertinacity of purpose as will resist, at all hazards, all obstacles interposing between selfish gain and gratification and what is right and just. It makes the sense of obligation so keen and vivid, so settled and fixed, that it renders a brother unhesitating and unwavering in emergencies strongly tempting him to do wrong.

Can a man pollute the sacred name of his Maker with profane breath, and yet claim to be a man of masonic integrity?

Can a man be a true masonic brother, and at the same time a "covenant breaker?"

From our New York correspondent we learn that W.·. Bro. Benjamin F. Pinckney, late a Past Master of Crescent Lodge, New York city, is deceased.

Bro. P. was a prominent citizen, having been President of the Board of Councilmen of New York, and the youngest gentleman who ever held that important position. Bro. P. was also at one time President of the Board of "Ten Governors of the Alms-house."

His character as a man and a Mason are truly set forth in the obituary on page 167.

Bro. John Clark, R.·. E.·. P.·. G.·. C.·. Mn., on 22d February had a joyous occasion at St. Clair with Bro. Benjamin Woodworth, who was made a Mason in 1806, nearly sixty years ago, with the W.·. G.·. M.·. Hon. Wm. T. Mitchel, Judges Green and Harris, and the ladies. While addresses were intellectual and masonic, the Masonry of the table was not forgotten.

Our friend and Bro. Gen. Curtis, of Iowa, in removing his headquarters from Kansas to Wisconsin, was highly complimented by the Fraternity for his "unswerving devotion to our ancient and honorable institution," and for adhering in the midst of war to the practices and "the benign principles of our Order."

Magna est veritas et prevalebit.—Our knightly orders say: "Truth is mighty and will prevail." If they say this and then sit down and wait for it to prevail, it waits too. Truth is mighty as it makes men mighty: truth is not mighty when its friends are lazy and cowardly, and its foes active and bold.

Our condolence with our esteemed brother Simons in the death of his little girl. We recollect the pain produced in masonic circles when he lost his two children in the burning of the Henry Clay on North river.

Music received from Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, New York:

General Sheridan's Quick-step	30 cents.
Did you mean what you said	30 "
Bear this Gently to my Mother	15 "
Oh! Send me one Flower from his Grave	30 "
Lizzie Dies To-night	15 "

We enter into *truth* only through *charity*.—*Pascal.*

To the spirit of *love* the *truth* is not obscured.—*Coleridge.*

"He that by usury and unjust gain increaseth his substance, he shall gather it for him that will pity the poor."

"There is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches."—*Scripture.*

Character is greater than genius.

Propagandism.—Let us banish forever from the minds of our fraternity all thoughts of propagandism, all expectation and all desire of organized prevalence. Our object should not be to extend our name, but our principles, our eclecticism, our humanity, sympathy, and fraternity—not so much to build up an organization as to modify all organizations. We must not become a sect, or a mere society, with some one principle to advocate. Our fraternity must preserve its catholicity so ample in scope as to embrace all faiths and all souls.

◆

The Symbolical.—This is the proper title for the degrees of the lodge.

Masonry is a symbolical society, and founded on the nature of man, which is not all of earth, for he is a living soul, nor yet wholly spiritual, for he is of the dust of the earth. Man's spiritual nature, shut in by the body, must receive and make communications through the medium of sense. Language is in its nature symbolical.

If thought must take upon itself a body, is the body assumed by chance, or is there as truly an appropriate outward expression of the thought as the fleshly body of a man is of his inner spirit? There is a vital and indissoluble union between the symbol and the thought, a union not fancied, or created by man. The symbolical has its origin in the very nature of things material and spiritual, as created by the will of God. A symbol, then, is an individual, sensuous form, by which a supersensuous entity is or may be mediated to the human soul.

These supersensual entities are concrete or abstract, the one embracing all such substantial being and events as cannot be apprehended by the sense, the other all generic or abstract ideas, which, however real in one sense, have no reality as substances. This gives rise to symbols founded on analogy, and symbols founded on association. Each supersensual *concrete* finds its symbol in that sensuous object or event of similar relations. Each abstract idea finds its symbol in that sensuous concrete in which it is most fully realized. Here is the distinction between the symbol and the emblem: the emblem being the symbol founded on association, and the symbol, in its stricter sense, being founded on analogy.

When the symbol takes its highest form, becoming not only a revelation of the unseen in the present, but prophetic in the future, it is the *type*. Unaided, human intuition can never apprehend it.

Thus, as Masons, we may see that not in outward forms and laws is found the chief use of things and their deepest significance. He has lived no high masonic life who discerns no more than these. He is spiritually dim of wisdom, not understanding where and whither he is walking, not perceiving that our order has not only its emblems and symbols, but also its types of a grander, mightier creation, of a coming day, when "there shall be no night."

◆

Grand Lodge of West Virginia.—Masonry has nothing to do with the question of the rightfulness of any government or the correctness of the claim of any church to exclusive consideration. While she enters not into any political controversy, so, also, does she not decide what government, whether ecclesiastical or civil, is *de jure* such. Masonry deals only with *de facto* governments. While every member of a lodge, as a citizen and professor of religion, might differ with the rest of the community as to the lawfulness of the government, yet Masonry would recognize this *de facto* government if she had any occasion to seek an incorporation.

In the organization of a Territory by Congress, the lodges with the accustomed number within the territorial jurisdiction meet and organize a grand lodge for the Territory without asking consent of any grand lodge. They must decide for themselves concerning the expediency. No grand lodge so organized has failed of recognition by the Grand Lodges of the country.

West Virginia is now a State, acknowledged by Congress and the Supreme Court. We enter not into the question of the constitutionality or expediency of the creation of West Virginia into a State. It is a question with which Masonry has no concern.

The lodges of West Virginia, by analogy, have the right to organize a grand lodge if they deem it expedient. Of this they must be the sole judge, without any external suggestions or influence. The intelligent Masonry of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, while it may regret and deprecate the action, will, we doubt not, eventually acquiesce in it and acknowledge it. The Grand Lodges of the country have in no case condemned the proposition for a grand lodge for West Virginia, and generally have sanctioned it.

It appears that the lodges of West Virginia met in convention and organized a Grand Lodge, electing officers. The Grand Master and Grand Secretary elect declined installation, on account of some alleged informality. Another convention has therefore been called, to meet at Fairmont, Wednesday, April 12, 1865, to elect officers for a Grand Lodge.

Let harmony and fraternity prevail.

◆

Have we as a Fraternity any Mission with the Churches of the World?

Yes. A mission to all men and all bodies of men, civil or ecclesiastical; yet not a mission to propagate any particular religion or system of politics; a mission not to instaurate a better theology, but to instaurate a better spirit; not to maintain the true doctrine, but to maintain a true toleration—to inculcate a broader charity and more perfect humanity and fraternity.

Speaking not as Templars, but as symbolic Freemasons, we have nothing to do with the doctrine of the simplicity of the divine nature in opposition to that of tri-unity; with the doctrine of free agency in opposition to Augustinian free grace; with the doctrine of personal merit in opposition to that of imputation; nor to reconcile these antitheses in more adequate statements. However important we may view these as individuals, as Episcopalians or Presbyterians, as Freemasons we tend to diffuse a practical religion, practical Judaism, practical Christianity, practical Methodism, practical Presbyterianism. We seek the application of Christian morals to human life. We seek to have all the Methodists among us, in their church the active operatives in good works among their brethren. Among our Jewish friends, the Jewish Masons are the foremost in good works and charity there, thus influencing, permeating with our principles and sentiments, every heart and every association. We have no thought nor desire of propagandism, nor desire for preference as a society. Our zeal should not be to extend our name, but to extend our principles, our fraternity, our toleration, our charity; not to augment our numbers, but to modify all bodies by our example, seeing that our principles are spreading more widely than our name.

We would educate all, so that the inquiry would be, not "Do you belong to our sect, or our church, or our nation?" but "Are you a man? Do you belong to our Fraternity, that of humanity?" We would so inculcate the true doctrine of universal brotherhood that little would depend upon other ties.

The extent to which restricted brotherhood influences is illustrated by the following, styled, "All depends on the Religion:"

A few days since a certain minister of a certain Episcopal church in a certain village, not far from Buffalo, started in his buggy to fulfil an appointment in a town some twenty miles distant. He had driven but a few miles when he discovered that his horse was quite lame, and, as the evening began to draw nigh, he deemed it best to stop for the night. In a short time he came to a farm-house, in front of which a yeoman, considerably advanced in years, was standing, when the following conversation took place:

Minister.—Can you tell me, my friend, how far it is to a house of entertainment?

Yeoman.—Well, if you mean a tavern, Mister, about twenty miles; but if you mean a house of entertainment, we have one ourselves.

Minister.—Ah, very good; my horse is quite lame, as you see, and I am somewhat fatigued myself. Can you accommodate us for the night, friend?

Yeoman.—Well, yes, we can accommodate; but if you are a clergyman, I must tell you the fare you will get depends on your religion.

Minister.—How so, good sir?

Yeoman.—Why, you see, if a minister is a good Presbyterian, we give him the best we have got; if he is a Baptist or Methodist, he gets a pretty good living, but if he is an Episcopalian, he can't expect much. We don't think much of Episcopalians out here.

Minister, (smiling.)—Well, my friend, I am sorry to know that your prejudices are so deeply imbedded. I am an Episcopal clergyman, and suppose I must content myself with a picked up meal; but let me assure you of one thing, *my horse is the bluest Presbyterian you ever saw.*

The yeoman was not so obtuse that he did not discover and appreciate the minister's joke—a joke which, by the way, procured both for man and beast the best that the farmer's larder and barn afforded.

◆

It was in the first Crusade, the last half of the eleventh century, when the Crusaders were triumphant, and the hospitals at Jerusalem were receiving the wounded soldiers, and the self-denying administrators of charity were eating bran bread and giving to the sick that formed of the purest meal, that the lay members separated themselves from the Church of St. John, the Almoner, and became a congregation under the tutelage of St. John, the Baptist. The Patriarch of Jerusalem accepted their vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, and invested them with a plain black robe, having a white linen cross of eight points on the left breast.

In their Council the voice of the Master was equal to two suffrages.

Like all other cavaliers, they were taught that the greatest service was in endangering and sacrificing their lives in battle with the infidels: but he who deserted the ranks, or sent or accepted a challenge to a private combat, was deprived of the habit and cross of the Order. When not engaged in war, the knights devoted themselves to the hospitals, in healing wounded soldiers or pilgrims.

For two centuries, a postulant for the first class or grand cross presented proofs of the gentility of his father and mother.

◆

Barefoot—The acted symbolism of Isaiah is reproduced by the prophet Micah. We call the attention of our ritualists to it, and the portentous disregard of conventional order.

Isaiah, xx, 2, says:

"At the same time spake the Lord by Isaiah, the son of Amoz, saying: Go and loose the sackcloth from off thy loins, and put off thy shoe from thy foot. And he did so, walking *naked and barefoot.*"

Micah, i, 8, says:

"Therefore I will wail and howl, I will go *stripped and naked.*"

◆

Mr. Dallas Again.

Our esteemed correspondent is so much at fault concerning this great and good Freemason that we cannot print his communication. While anti-Masonry was declining generally in the United States in 1836, it was not so in the Keystone State, of which Mr. Dallas was a citizen. It was in this year that a number of Freemasons were summoned to Harrisburg to testify before the Legislature, and among these was the Hon. George M. Dallas. They generally refused, and sent forward protests founded upon the "Bill of Rights." By order of the legislature, they were arrested, and Mr. Dallas, with others, was brought before the House to answer for contempt.

Mr. Dallas refused to take the oath to disclose the truths of Freemasonry. Much excitement and many resolutions followed, but Mr. Dallas's persistence modified the action of the Legislature, so that they simply requested Mr. Dallas and his brothers to present their views. The following was presented, having been previously sworn to:

To the Public.—The subjoined statement is believed by the signers thereof to be due to themselves and to the society of which they are members; and its publicity seems to be further called for by the assertion of some members of the House of Representatives, that the asseverations in favor of Freemasonry, made by many of the witnesses recently before that body, are not, and would not be sworn to.

The subscribers, citizens of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, were recently summoned before a committee appointed by the House of Representatives, and required to testify, as witnesses on oath, in relation to what are called the evils of Freemasonry. They believed it to be a duty to the cause of civil liberty, to the Constitution, to the community, to their families, and to themselves, to resist a compulsory examination for that purpose; and they obeyed the dictates of their consciences by respectfully, but firmly, pursuing that course. Many of them have long ceased to participate in the meetings or deliberations of masonic societies, and retain in recollection very little more than their general objects, principles, and tendencies; but all of them are able to give to their fellow-citizens, under the most solemn of sanctions, and with the pledge of their characters as Christians and men, certain assurances which may be calculated to remove erroneous impressions, to dispel ungenerous suspicions.

Appealing, therefore, to the Searcher of all hearts for the truth of what they say, they declare:

First. That they do *not* know, and do *not* believe that Freemasonry enjoins upon or sanctions in its members any conduct incompatible with the strictest and purest citizenship, with the most absolute obedience to the laws of their country as paramount to all voluntary rules and regulations, and with the fairest administration of justice.

Second. That they do not know and do not believe that Freemasonry is or can be made an engine of political party or of religious sectarianism; having always observed and understood that its societies were indiscriminately composed of men hostile to political sentiment and action, and of every religious persuasion.

Third. That they do not know and do not believe that what are termed "*the secrets*" of Freemasonry can impair the personal independence or injuriously affect the morals of its members.

Fourth. And that, while humbly sensible that wherever human beings associate or exist, there must be error, misjudgment and folly in individuals, they do not know and do not believe that Freemasonry, as a society, has for its foundation or cement any principle or motive at variance with the cardinal ones of Charity, Friendship, Virtue, Knowledge, and Industry.

THE SIGN OF DISTRESS.

BY THOMAS A. GRANGER.

'Twas a wild, dreary night in cheerless December;
'Twas a night only lit by a meteor's gleam;
'Twas the night—of that night I distinctly remember
That my soul journeyed forth on the wings of a dream.
That dream found me happy, by tried friends surrounded,
Enjoying with rapture the comforts of wealth,
My cup overflowing with blessings unbounded,
My heart fully charged from the fountains of health.

That dream left me wretched, by friendship forsaken,
Dejected, despairing, and wrapt in dismay—
By poverty, sickness, and ruin o'ertaken—
To every temptation and passion a prey.
Devoid of an end or an aim I then wandered,
O'er highway and by-way and lone wilderness.
On the past and the present and the future I pondered;
But pride bade me tender no sign of distress.

In frenzy the wine cup I instantly quaffed at,
And habit. in time, made me quaff to excess;
But heated by wine, like a madman I laughed at
The thought of e'er giving the sign of distress.
But wine sank me lower by lying pretences—
It tattered my raiment and furrowed my face,
It palsied my sinews and pilfered my senses,
And forced me to proffer a sign of distress.

I reeled to a chapel where churchmen were kneeling,
And asking their Saviour poor sinners to bless.
My claims I presented—the door of that chapel
Was slammed in my face at the sign of distress.
I strolled to the priest, to the servant of heaven,
And sued for relief with a wild eagerness;
He prayed that my sins might at last be forgiven,
And thought that he had answered my sign of distress.

I staggered at last to the home of my mother,
Believing my prayers would meet with success;
But father and mother and sister and brother
Disowned me and taunted my sign of distress.
I lay down to die as a stranger drew nigh me,
A spotless white lambskin adorning his dress.
My eye caught the emblem, and ere he passed by me
I gave, as before, the sad sign of distress.

With God-like emotion that messenger hastens
To grasp me and whisper, "My brother I bless
The hour of my life when I learned of the Masons
To give and to answer your sign of distress."
Let a sign of distress by a craftsman be given,
And, though priceless to me is eternity's bliss,
May my name never enter the records of heaven,
Should I fail to acknowledge that sign of distress.

Army Masonry.

In confirmation of the action of the Masons of Georgia towards their Northern brethren, we extract the following from the *Daily* (Washington) *Chronicle*, of March 1, 1865:

> The masonic fraternity, recognizing a small proportion among the Union prisoners, sent on one occasion a contribution of clothing, soap, towels, vegetables, &c. Other contributions would have followed, but the humanity of General Winder was different from that of the masonic brethren, and the charity was suppressed.

[Other contributions did follow.]

The writer of the foregoing was showing the inhumanity of the Confederates and the cruelty of Gen. Winder towards the Federal prisoners, and was reluctantly compelled to acknowledge the faithfulness of Southern Masons to their vows.

Thank God that the masonic principle survives this war!

In the *Chronicle* we find the following from a Charleston (S. C.) correspondent:

> There are many true, loyal men in Charleston, of which the most prominent is Dr. Mackey. He is at the head of the masonic fraternity of this city. As soon as the Union troops entered, he placed on his mantel the flag which for four years he has been compelled to keep concealed. His being an old citizen, and his connection with the Masons, saved him from bodily injury. He has been insulted and abused in every possible way, and there was no relief for him. He was looked upon by all as disloyal to the Confederacy. He was acknowledged as the leader of the Unionists, and many who were loyal to the country have assembled at his house and freely talked their minds.

FREEMASONRY; ITS INFLUENCE IN MITIGATING THE HORRORS OF WAR, AS EXPERIENCED BY A FEDERAL OFFICER.

In the fall of 1864, several squadrons of Federal cavalry went out on a raiding expedition through one of the most Southern States. The expedition was successful, completely so. The enemy had fled before it. Artillery had been captured, hundreds of prisoners, and an indefinite amount of horses, mules, &c. The country had been raided successfully. To the initiated that sentence speaks volumes in itself; it means a country has been devastated, plundered—private property not excepted—a people's feelings aroused to the highest pitch of exasperation, &c. As a general thing, those captured from a raiding party get but sorry treatment. Well, this successful expedition spoken of had been out seven days, and was within one day's march of its home or camp destination, when the enemy, who had been following warily, made an attack on the rear of the column, in hopes of recapturing some of the plundered booty, &c. The attack was soon and easily repulsed, but with the loss of one officer and five men to the raiders, which happened on this wise: A little party of six made a dash into the woods after the same number of rebels; the chase became exciting; several miles of ground had been travelled; when the rebels made a stand and showed fight. (The Federal column had passed on its route; the six troopers were not missed until the next day.) The Union soldiers opened on them with carbines and pistols immediately, and thereby emptied six rebel saddles; but the firing brought more rebel troops to the scene of action. Our little party still fired away, until they saw themselves being surrounded; then they attempted to retreat to their column; but, alas! 'twas too late; they were hemmed in on every side; they were raiders—need I say any more? No; my horse threw me from the saddle; he was captured—and so was *I*. When I began to look about me, I found myself between two regiments of Confederate cavalry; I saw no other Union prisoners besides myself; I was hooted and jeered at; one party rode up to me and demanded my arms; another wanted my spurs; another took a fancy to my coat and hat; but one who considered that coats and hats could be bought with money, modestly requested that I should give *him* something, if it was only my Yankee manufactured pocket-book, with its contents of greenbacks, as he had heard very much about such things, and wished to see some. His wish had to be gratified, but my wish to see the book and its contents again was never gratified. Next some one suddenly wished to know what time it was, and a special requisition was made for my watch, no objection being made to the chain and ornaments attached. Thus far the privates had their own say: then I loudly protested against giving up my watch, as it had some masonic engravings upon it, and masonic ornaments attached to the chain. While pleading for the watch, an officer rode up and overheard a part of the conversation, and understanding that I was a Mason, took the watch from the trooper who had taken it from me, and put it in his own pocket, at the same time drawing his revolver and declaring that he would take charge of me and my property; and as the others seemed to demur at it, the officer ordered me to walk ahead of him, at the same time telling the men he would defend me with his life, and that he was bound to do it.

That officer was a Mason, and through his instrumentality my life was spared, for I was informed by one of the men who helped to strip me (some time afterwards) that when they had finished plundering me, I was to have been taken into the woods and *shot*, as the other prisoners had been. I must here say that my watch and chain were returned to me intact. Before the officer left me, he put a guard over me, with strict orders to bring me safely to their headquarters, while he himself galloped on ahead, and reported a Federal prisoner coming. Shortly after the commanding officer privately gave orders to one of his subordinates to take me into the woods and see that *I* was shot. As soon as I understood what disposal was to be made of me, I very naturally expostulated upon the unlawfulness of the act about to be perpetrated. In doing so, I gesticulated with my hand. I happened to have on my finger a ring, with the masonic emblem engraved upon it; the officer saw it, paused suddenly, and asked me two or three masonic questions. I answered him correctly. That officer was a Mason also, and when he knew me to be one, *he* couldn't find it in his heart to execute his order. His commanding officer was likewise a Mason, and when informed by his subordinate that *I* was a brother, my life was not only spared, but many little kind attentions were shown me, and within a short time afterwards, through the influence of my Southern masonic brethren, I was paroled and sent within our lines. Thus, my brethren, you see, under *Divine Providence*, Masonry saved my life twice, and released me from a long imprisonment, &c. And while in prison, *many* of the brethren visited me, and administered unto my wants; and on my return journey through their country, in every town or village I stopped, some brother would inquire if any of their fraternity were among the prisoners. I being the only one, the distinction between myself and the other prisoners was marked, as regards the favors I received, &c. Thus, my fraters, you can see in my case an instance where the *divine* principle of *fraternal love* and *masonic charity* mitigated the horrors of war, and thereby the more solemnly impressed upon *my heart* and *memory* the *beauty* and *glory* of that institution whose pillars have withstood the decay of ages, and the convulsions of revolutions, and now stand as firm as when the Wise King was *divinely* inspired to institute the Order.

DR. ALBERT G. MACKEY, G. G. H. PRIEST—THE PATRIOT AND FREEMASON.

When in February, 1861, we had the pleasure of spending the last night that Dr. Mackey ever spent in New York, in company with him and the Rev. W D. Haley, G. Prelate of the Grand Encampment of the U. S., though the hour of the morning on which we bade him farewell was nearly breaking into day, our respected friend, on taking our hand, expressed his fears that it would be years before we would meet him again. On inquiring his reasons for such an assertion, he stated his belief that we were rapidly approaching that greatest of curses, a civil war—such a civil war as the world never saw. He however took our hand, and shaking it until he drove the blood from our fingers, said: "My dear Brother, though a born South Carolinian, a native of Charleston, and all my life a resident of the South, I shall ever revere the old flag, and until death will be true to the government founded by Washington and the other fathers of our common country." After a pause. he added—taking a *red, white and blue rosette* from his pocket book and pinning it on his undershirt, where he promised to ever wear it—"Whatever you may hear to the contrary, never believe me untrue to the country of which we are both citizens." We have never since, reports to the contrary notwithstanding, doubted him as regarded his loyalty, as our columns will prove.

His predictions have now become matters of history, his home has been desolated, his pursuits, if not ruined, badly damaged. his native city reduced to an almost howling wilderness; and yet the first news we hear after its capture by the National troops, is that Dr. A. G. Mackey proved as true to his allegiance to the government under which he was born as he ever has been to the principles of genuine Freemasonry, of which he has been so brilliant an exponent.

The correspondent of the *N. Y. Herald*, in giving a graphic account of the appearance of Charleston after its surrender, thus alludes to the noble hearted Mackey, and his statement will be received by the whole American Craft with only such feelings as our humble pen cannot depict, but nevertheless feelings of unutterable joy and thanksgiving. The extract is as follows:

"During the war most of the wealthier classes have left the city and found a temporary home elsewhere; but a large portion of the inhabitants not well supplied with worldly effects was compelled to remain. There are, perhaps, ten or twelve thousand inhabitants in the city, and ninety-nine one-hundredths of those are in extremely reduced circumstances. They have little or no money available under the different order of things that now exists, and not a very bountiful supply of provisions. Cut off from any means for the present to gain a livelihood, they will suffer for some time to come for the common necessaries of life. Recognizing this state of facts, Colonel Bennett, commandant of the city, has had all the rice and such other subsistence as has been found turned over to Capt. Fowler, Commissary of Subsistence, who, conjointly with Governor Aiken, Hon. George W. Williams, and Dr. Albert G. Mackey, a committee appointed by Colonel Bennett, will distribute them among the poor, and alleviate, in a measure, the suffering that must ensue. Governor Aiken and Dr. Mackey are prominent and well known citizens of this city. The former was the candidate in the memorable contest for Speaker against General Banks, and the latter is well known by the masonic fraternity the world over. Of Mr. Williams I know nothing, except that he is a gentleman and well spoken of. Governor Aiken and Dr. Mackey are men whose Union sentiments have been known in Charleston since the war began. They have opposed secession from the beginning, until opposition ceased to be of avail. Both are high toned, patriotic gentlemen, who will aid us materially in putting this city, some of these days, in a loyal attitude to the country. They are the leaven that shall yet work a change in the mass of perverted ideas and disloyal sentiments that are to be found in Carolina.

"I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Mackey this morning, and enjoyed quite an interesting conversation with him on various topics. All his friends will be glad to learn that he is in excellent health, and as strong in his love for the old flag and the Union as ever. When he met Colonel Bennett near the wharf and saw the flag once more raised in the city, he grasped his hand and wept for joy at the change of affairs. He will visit the North as soon as affairs become more settled, and will then be glad to once again meet his old friends and renew pleasant relations with all of them."

And we will add, his old friends will rejoice once more to clasp his manly hand. May God bless and preserve him, and reward him with his choicest blessings, to which, we feel assured, every Freemason will say, "Amen, so mote it be."—*N. Y. Courier.*

MASONRY AND ITS MINISTRIES.

It is always a pleasure to witness the play of generous human sympathies ministering to human sorrow and wiping the tears which flow when family ties are sundered. It is especially gratifying to witness the *practical* fruits of masonic fidelity and charity, which seek not display, but *practical* relief. The correspondence which follows needs no comment to make its lessons understood and appreciated. A word of explanation will indicate the circumstances so as to make all intelligible.

The last autumn, in a quiet village of Maine, a young soldier pined away and died of disease contracted long before in one of the campaigns of a volunteer regiment of the State. His sickness and death among his early friends and masonic brothers drew many sympathies, and the masonic funeral ceremonies at his grave drew a large concourse, at the same hour when a large crowd in another church near by were listening to a fervid address on the country and its crisis, just before the exciting election. Both congregations gathered round the grave to witness the burial; and the lodge adopted and published appropriate resolutions. The aged father and mother and the remaining sister, who had hoped to lean on that son and brother finding their hopes disappointed, accepted the invitation of a married daughter and her husband to pass the winter in Lawrence, Mass. There the father in December faltered, and soon peacefully closed his eyes upon earthly scenes, and entered on his rest, surrounded by the brothers who had come to know and love him there. Extracts from the correspondence will explain the rest:

LAWRENCE, *Jan.* 12, 1865.

MY DEAR COUSIN: It was father's wish the day before he died that I should write to you and tell you to have Bro. ——, or some one, if he is not there, draw up resolutions as in the case of Brother ——, and especially thanking the brothers of Tuscan and Grecian Lodges for their kindness to him and for the sympathy extended to his family, and to have it inserted in the papers and a copy sent to each of those lodges. Will you please see that it is done.

The Masons have been very kind, both before and since father died. We have had cause to say many times that we never knew what Masonry was before. My father was a true Mason and Christian. His love extended to all members of the Fraternity; and he found in the Masons here sympathizing brothers. They have written us words of sympathy—have called to visit us, and sent us beautiful flowers, and many other tokens of kindness, precious to those in affliction, and yesterday they sent us the inclosed resolutions, which are to be printed, and copies furnished us and sent to your lodge, at Freeport. * * * * They have done everything that the kindest brothers could have done in showing their sympathy for him and for us. * * * * * * *

Your loving cousin, MARIA.

One of the resolutions adopted by Tuscan and Grecian Lodges is as follows:

"*Resolved*, That in this dispensation of the Almighty Architect of the universe in the removal of Brother Joseph Dillingham 'from the grand level of time to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns,' the church, of which he was a worthy member, has lost a useful and exemplary Christian, and our beloved brethren of Freeport Lodge one of its grand masonic pillars, and we tender to them our warmest and heartfelt sympathies in this their loss."

Resolutions appropriate have ere this taken their course in the lodge, and will reach the family in due time. We are permitted to publish the following from the letter of the Chaplain:

SO. FREEPORT, *Feb.* 5, 1865.

MY DEAR SISTERS: Yesterday, on my return to Freeport, your letter, with resolutions adopted by Tuscan and Grecian Lodges, was placed in my hands by a brother, desiring I would meet the lodge on Monday evening, and draw up resolutions for adoption. This was the first word I had heard from you since you left us, and the first intelligence of the decease of your dear father. I regret exceedingly that other engagements I cannot control will prevent my meeting the lodge. * * * I cannot refrain from writing you a few words of sympathy in this your great sorrow. But what can I say to comfort my dear sisters in such afflictions as you are so soon again called to bear? I can only remind you of what I trust you already experience: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted;" "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

The cup of sorrow is pressed to your lips thus often that you may kiss the hand that can give "living waters," and gently wipes away tears; and while you thus taste the bitterness of woe, may you also "drink the waters of life freely," and gird on the armor of the Christian warfare for the conflicts of earth, in order to gain the victory promised by the great Captain of Salvation, and wear the crown of righteousness in that better land of rest, where father and brother have passed on only a little before you.

You will the more earnestly live and labor for that crown and home, inspired by the memories of that long sickness from which the son and brother passed away to find such peaceful rest.

You will the better endure and ever rejoice in trial and sorrow, remembering how patiently and resolutely the husband and father met that sore trial, and how placidly he came to his rest and passed on to meet the son and brother, and receive warm welcome there.

It will be among the precious memories that you were able in person to minister to the wants of both, and help them with sympathy and service to the last.

You will cherish pleasant memories of the sympathy of masonic brothers who had learned to respect and love your dear father in his new home, though comparatively strangers. It gives me great pleasure to read your grateful words for the fidelity and devotion of masonic brothers at Lawrence. I am sure the memory of those "flowers," and other "tokens of sympathy" and love, will ever be "precious" and fragrant while you linger on the shores of time. They will cheer your lonely hours and inspire hope and courage in the conflicts that may yet await you. You will also be cheered by the assurance that those who have passed from earth have not ceased to love and care for you. "They are not lost, but gone before," and "their works do follow them." Often, as memory recalls the past, may you experience a consciousness of their sympathy and love, and feel inspired to press forward to meet them again where death has no power, where sorrow has no abiding, were parting words are not spoken, and no farewell tears are shed.

Very affectionately yours, THE CHAPLAIN.

—*Masonic Monthly.*

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY IN EUROPE,
February 12, 1865.

MY DEAR DOCTOR McMURDY,
National Freemason, Washington, D. C.

In a previous letter I gave you some account of the various masonic lodges established at this place, and of my connection with them. You will have perceived that I am one of the founders of two lodges now existing here, and that I have filled two offices in the Provincial Grand Lodge of Turkey. For one year I was the Master of the Bulwer Lodge. At present I hold no office in any lodge, though I belong to the last named.

My connection with Masonry has led me to search after similar fraternities among Mussulmans. Some of my masonic brethren, natives of this country, had a firm conviction that some such existed. I, however, felt compelled to differ with them in opinion, and thought, from my limited studies, and especially of the metaphysical works of many Mussulman writers, especially of those in the *quasi* spiritual sects of the Dervishes, that I had good reason to do so. Some time since, at the request of the Provincial G. Lodge, I delivered in it a lecture on the subject of the Dervish sects, which was published in an English masonic periodical, but, I regret to have to add, that it never favored me with a copy for my own use. Had it done so, I might now have the pleasure and satisfaction of sending it to you for reproduction. In the hope that the subject will prove new to your readers, I avail myself of your request, and address you an occasional article on the same subject.

I find it impossible to discuss any matter connected with *Islamism*, without referring to the Koran. I have perused it several times, in English, French, and, I may even add, in its original tongue—Arabic. The latter is extremely simple, and, to any one who has devoted much attention to that language, is easily understood. The word Koran, like *biblios*, in Greek, from which we make "bible," signifies a book, or thing read. Mussulmans hold that it was sent down from Heaven to their Prophet—not, however, in a written form, but as an inspiration of *Allah*, or God. It is well known to them that he could neither read nor write—in fact that he was wholly illiterate, and that it was written for him by others on his dictation. That Mohammed should have been able to dictate such lengthy chapters, many of them containing remarkable historical declarations, the accuracy of which we may criticise, is so extraordinary as to lead to the belief that he was aided by others, some say by a Christian priest, or by a Jew. Had this been the case, the priest and the Jew could, from the Bible and the Testament, have written more correctly, and left readers of our times no room for pointing at the differences which the Koran contains from these the sources of all historical facts relative to the periods discussed. Be this as it may, whilst no Mussulman denies the inspiration of either the Bible or the Testament, they firmly believe that the Koran is equally a work of inspiration, and must, therefore, be strictly correct. Any discrepancies, they say, must exist in our copies of the books to which we hold; and as to the Testament, they say that it is not the true one; that Christ never said what it contains, and that it was written by other persons long after his departure.

In reading over the Koran in search of what may be called "Spiritualisms," one finds in it a great deal that is historical and biographical. Mussulmans of the *Sunnee* sect have never printed it, and it does not exist accompanied with notes explicative of the local events regarding the period of their Prophet's career as such, to which it constantly refers. The *Sheeas* (Persians) have translated it into their own language, and also have printed it in the original Arabic. The *Soounees* (Turks) have not, as yet, translated it, though their commentaries, or explanations of it, almost amount to so many translations. Most Mussulmans possess copies of it in manuscript, and read it in Arabic, though, I am sure, many of them without comprehending its contents. To these it must appear a strange jumble of traditions, or histories, regarding the older prophets, and to contain expressions and allusions which, without such a commentary as I have just mentioned of vague spiritual meanings, are susceptible of many interpretations. From this reason, the Koran is held to have two meanings: the one clear and apparent to every reader; the other wholly spiritual or metaphysical. I would here add that the Mussulmans who have joined our lodge, have generally made their vows on the Bible (and Testament,) without caring to enter into the question as to its perfect authenticity, and I do not believe that any have done so with any "mental reservation." Had they preferred the Koran, one would have been produced for them; but I have no recollection that this has ever been required.

I have been so much surprised at the peculiar significations given by the Islam sects (the Dervishes) to particular verses of the Koran, that I have sought for them in the original; and I must admit that I found no basis for these readings. The principal object which Mohammed, evidently, had in view, was to impress upon his brethren the Arabs, the total absurdity of idolatry or the worship of idols, and of the trinity of the Christians. He therefore, in strong terms, denounces them both, as contrary to human reason, and inconsistent with the evident fact that *Allah* or God is one. The translation universally adopted, that "God is Great, and Mohammed is His Prophet," is not strictly correct: It should be "Allah is the *greatest*" of Gods, in the superlative. In Sale's translation, he frequently uses the word *idolator*, when he should say *Associators* or Christians, meaning thereby those who associate other gods with the *one* God Allah.

I find little that is beyond this in the faith which he proclaimed. There is no new dogma or new light thrown upon the character of the divinity in the Koran. The road to salvation inculcated is a perfect submission to Divine Providence, (which is the signification of the word *Islam*, from which Moslem and Mussulman are formed;) the same places of future happiness and sorrow are designated as Heaven and Hell, and a belief in particular in Mohammed as the last and best of all prophets. Heaven is made up of several spheres; the one more elevated than the other, and Hell is *not* a place of perpetual punishment for some believers. As to the ablutions, and the five daily prayers, as well as the genuflections, &c., prescribed, they have no reference to a spiritual religion, but are simple outward forms which are consequently often neglected. The fast of the morn of Ramagen, during which his followers do not eat from early break of day to sunset, is equivalent to the preceding. There is, however, one matter of faith, frequently alluded to in the Koran, of rather a pantheistic character, which differs from the Bible or the Testament, and is variously interpreted by his followers, viz: That all mankind (the spirit) came from God, and will return to Him after the death of the body. This is the basis of much that is believed by the Dervish sects or orders; some holding that God is in all creation, and others, that the spirit of man only is divine in its origin. It may, perhaps, be traced back to the Mosaic account of the creation, wherein it is said: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." This divine breath is supposed still to continue in all the descendants of Adam, and to connect them with God.

The *Islam* faith thus teaches that man is a divine emanation. It adds that this is greater in some than in other men; that God is manifested in a more eminent degree than in others; the superior emanations are the prophets and the saints; and Christ is declared to be *par excellence* the *Soul of God*, though it denies that he was God. It inculcates the return upon earth of some of the souls which have already existed here in a human form, such as Elijah, who is supposed would return after the lapse of many years. In St. John it is stated that the Jews sent priests and Levites to inquire of him "Who art thou?" St. John confessed, "I am not the Christ." "Art thou Elias?" He said, "I am not." "Art thou *that* prophet?" "And he answered, No." This belief in the re-appearance of the prophets long since departed, may throw some light on this point of faith held among the followers of Mohammed.

I allude to this particularly, because Mussulmans fully believe that their prophet already existed before he came into the world in A. D. 535; and, in the Koran, God is stated as saying to him, that had it not been for him he would not have created the world. During the lifetime of Mohammed, his more devoted followers could not bring themselves to the belief that he would ever die, but with the facts before their eyes, it became necessary to choose his successor. The intimate connection that existed, as a nephew, a son-in-law, an amanuensis, and as a devoted friend and advocate between him and *Aali*, caused many to desire him to become his *Khalif*, (successor;) but human passions prevailed over religious faith, and he was not chosen until after the death of three others, and this, with his melancholy fate, (for he and nearly all of his family were murdered,) created a schism in Islamism. The Turks are now called *Soonees*, or Orthodox, and the Persians, *Sheeas*, or Heterodox, and these latter endeavor to attribute to their champion, Aali, a character which is more than that of a prophet: they even call him "Aali the divine."

The Turks keep closely to the distinct reading of the Koran, whilst the Persians penetrate into what they call its hidden or spiritual signification. It is in this manner that the orders or sects called *Tariks* (paths) of the Dervishes have their origin. Almost all of the original orders commenced in Persia and have spread thence into Turkey, Syria, Egypt and Barbary. From these have grown *branches*, differing somewhat in forms and peculiar observances; and in their affection and devotion for the *Peers* or Jandus, the disciples, elevate them to the position of spiritual teachers, possessed of extraordinary holy emanations of the "divine breath," so that they are said to have been able to perform the most remarkable miracles, and possessed great power over the matter of which ordinary creation is composed. With them the world and its enjoyments are so insignificant and transitory as to be unworthy of consideration, and the soul, as a divine emanation, is all they care to cultivate. In this view, self-denial of the former, and a constant contemplation of God as a Spirit, is their sole occupation. They constantly call upon His name, pray to Him, and think of Him until they arrive—they so say—at a degree of superhuman power and spiritual excellence which excites the admiration of their disciples. So far is this carried among the *Sheeas* of Persia, that many have believed that, even in this life, the souls of some men become re-united, in a very peculiar manner, with their divine origin, and they become God!

No one can possibly see in this any similarity or connection with Masonry.

The Dervishes spiritualize everything connected with *Aali*—his dress, and that of his servants, and attribute to him much of which, no doubt, he was wholly innocent. Their own dress is all significant of him, and demonstrative of his many virtues. Each founder of an order or sect has established a particular form of worship, and a peculiar dress for his disciples. Self-denial is a striking characteristic of many of them, and they prefer to live on the produce of other men's industry and labor, than to follow a useful occupation. This self-denial, and evident poverty, excites the admiration and reverence of some Mussulmans, but not of all, and these, with the absence of the ordinary virtues, such as honesty and probity, inspire others with feelings of merited distrust and contempt.

I have been asked whether or not I have found any connection between the rites of the Dervish orders and those of the ancient Greek mysteries, and I have to answer in the negative. Others, again, inquire about the probable origin of Mohammed's doctrine of the unity of God, and the religion of the people of India. This I admit, for I think it can so be readily traced. There seems to have existed at the time of Mohammed many vague ideas of a purely spiritual character regarding the Deity, and the divine origin of man's soul, all of a pantheistic nature, out of which has grown the more modern belief in the transmigration or metempsychosis of the soul. Some of the Dervish orders, such as the *Bektashee*, hold that man's soul (perhaps as a punishment) enters the body of animals, and they are, therefore, averse to putting any one to death, lest it may hold one! This punishment may, in their belief, even follow them after the resurrection, and the sinner who has degraded himself by drunkenness or other gross sensuality, rise up as a brute.

In concluding the present letter, I will only add that I have found nothing in the Dervish orders resembling mutual benevolence; no such object as charity to the poor and the wretched; no assistance to the family of a deceased or afflicted brother; no desire to extend education and a knowledge of God's creation; nor to impress upon the minds and hearts of any the value, here and hereafter, of the cultivation of the virtues. All is simply *spiritual*, by which I mean a communion of man's soul with that of the Divine Spirit, and the consequent attainment of great superhuman powers; and, externally, a profound devotion and submission to the commands and rules of the founders.

Nor have I found any secret signs, though, indeed, some of the initiations with the Dervish orders are secret; and I am not aware that they have any other means of recognition than from the dress of the wearer. Their orders are not monastic; nor are they compelled to adopt celibacy, though some voluntarily do so. Their obligations are matters of faith and obedience to their spiritual chiefs. One Dervish is a member of the "Bulwer Lodge," and through him I have been able to learn much about their various orders. None devote themselves to general education, for which few are qualified, and none to spiritual enlightenment, except to their own brethren. Among them are some highly educated men, excellent for their characters and many virtues, but the large majority is ignorant, and little worthy of esteem.

In another letter I will furnish you with the mode of initiation of one of the Islam Orders of Dervishes.

JOHN P. BROWN.

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CONGRESSIONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY BRO. B. B. FRENCH.

[Continued from page 141, vol. II.]

I will not undertake to give the legislation of Congress any further, unless it is connected with something that I desire to record that cannot be found in the publications of the day.

When the recess was taken in May, 1838, for the purpose of ventilating, cleaning, and purifying the Hall, the races were in progress, *as usual*, and I, with thousands of others, attended them; and at the race-ground I witnessed what I never before saw or have since seen, *a cock-fight;* and as many who may, possibly, hereafter read this, never saw one, I will describe it:

A circular enclosure of about three rods in diameter, is fenced in with a close board fence, say ten feet high, with seats all around the inside, and in the centre is a level spot about two feet lower than the platform upon which the seats are erected, which is called "the pit." Into this come two men, each with a cock under his arm. The cocks are weighed, and if found to be nearly of like weight, are, by the judges, who are seated in chairs on one side of the pit, judged to be a proper match. Each man places his bird upon opposite sides of the pit, within a circle marked around on the earth, facing each other, and they are liberated. They meet about the centre, and the fight commences with great vigor. Each cock is armed with steel spurs, or "gaffs," about two inches long and exceedingly sharp. If the combatants get out of the circle, or get entangled, or one stops fighting for a stated time, say half a minute, the owners pick them up, and place them as at first, and the fight goes on again. I witnessed four fights, or, technically speaking, *mains*. The first lasted nearly half an hour, the other three not half as long each. In one of them one of the cocks was killed in three minutes, his antagonist striking his "gaff" through his head. The peculiar management of the cocks as they were fighting was disgusting enough. Whenever the owners took them up they *licked* the blood from their combs, heads, and eyes with their tongues, and sucked the blood from their throats, placing the bills between their lips for the purpose. Bets were made very freely to large amounts, and much excitement was manifested. My conclusion of the whole matter was that it was a low, vulgar, cruel, disgusting exhibition, and I have never desired to see one since.

On Monday, July 9, 1838, the 2d session of the 25th Congress closed, after a long and exciting session, and on the 18th of the same month I left Washington for New Hampshire.

On the 26th day of September, 1838, I heard of the death of Walter S. Franklin, Clerk of the House of Representatives of the U. S. He died a few days prior. I cannot now remember the exact day and have no means of fixing it. I had left him in Washington in July, in perfect health and excellent spirits, and not having heard that he was sick, was very much surprised to hear of his decease. I had been most intimately associated with him, both officially and socially, for nearly five years, and ever found him one of the most genial, generous, and noble-hearted men I ever knew. He was liberal to a fault, and no one knew him but to love him. His death was a sore trial to me, and in consequence of it I left New Hampshire immediately and came to Washington.

Congress assembled as usual on the first Monday in December, and the first business the House did was to elect a clerk in place of Colonel Franklin. Hugh A. Garland was elected.

TIDINGS.

INAUGURATION OF A NEW GREEK MASONIC LODGE.

The inauguration of a new Greek masonic lodge—the first of this nationality opened in Constantinople—*took* place in the hall of the Oriental Lodge, at Balzar's Hotel, on Thursday evening last. The ceremony was conducted with the usual formalities by W.·. Bro. W. W. Evans, as representative of the Provincial G.·. M.·., Bro. Sir H. L. Bulwer, assisted by the P.·. G.·. officers, acting under a warrant from the Grand Lodge of England. The new lodge was named *Aréte*, (Virtue,) and Bro. Dr. Schinas was installed W.·. M.·.

After the consecration, a number of the members of the district Grand, the English, Italian, German, and French lodges established in Constantinople, sat down to a grand banquet, for which special invitations had been issued by the members of the new lodge. During the evening the following toasts were proposed by the W.·. M.·.: "Queen Victoria and the Craft;" "His Majesty the Sultan;" "The G.·. M.·. of England, the Earl of Zetland;" "The Deputy G.·. M.·., Earl de Grey and Ripon and the Grand officers;" "The P.·. G.·. M.·., Sir H. L. Bulwer, and a speedy return to health, and may he soon be amongst us." W.·. Bro. S. Aznavour, in appropriate terms, proposed the "Health of the W.·. M.·. Bros. A. Nicolaidi and S. Scouloudi, S.·. and J.·. Ws.·., and other officers, with prosperity to the new lodge." To this compliment Dr. Schinas replied, saying, in some introductory remarks, that his Greek brethren and himself were delighted at having thus had their first lodge opened in Constantinople, under the auspices of the G.·. L.·. of England, and that it would be his earnest care to render the new lodge worthy of its name. He then proposed "The Visitors," to which the Rev. P.·. G.·. Chaplain, Bro. H. W. Knapp, replied in an eloquent and impressive speech, enlarging on the excellent significance of the mystic tie. The Rev. Bro.'s remarks were received with much applause. Bro. R. Routh, in next proposing "Prosperity to Greece," said that it afforded him great pleasure, as an old Mason, to see so many brethren of different nationalities united under a common bond. After the toast of "The officers of the new lodge" had been proposed, the loving-cup was passed round, and thus terminated one of the most imposing masonic celebrations yet held in the Turkish metropolis.

GRAND LODGE OF PORTUGAL.—The following communication has been sent to the Grand Lodge of the United States, and favorably acted upon by them:

From the Grand Lodge of Lusitania, Lisbonne:
To the * * * *

MOST BELOVED AND RESPECTED BROTHER: The Gr.·. Or.·. of Lusitania, Lisbon Or.·., having understood the high mission incumbent upon Mas.·., and desirous of fulfilling the precepts contained in the Code of the R.·. A.·., has always labored from the day of its organization to rally together in a compact mass all the Portuguese Mas.·.

Its efforts in that direction have been crowned with the most complete success, the Gr.·. O.·. of Lusitania feels yet that its self-imposed mission will not be fully accomplished if its labors are limited to the collecting together around it only the Portuguese Mas.·., as this would be a narrow circle of life, whilst Mas.·. covers the entire world.

In order to consolidate its existence and to extend the sphere of its relations, both in Portugal and abroad, the Gr.·. Or.·. of Lusitania has labored toward establishing relations with the Gr.·. Or.·. of France, and its demand having been favorably received, a decree bearing date of 18th November, 1863, (v.·. 2.·.,) establishes the basis of reciprocal fraternity and friendship between the two Mas.·. powers.

M.·. B.·. and R.·. B.·. the Mas.·. family is cosmopolitan; the R.·. A.·. is not the privilege of a single country. Men throughout the entire world have the right to live under the shade of that beneficent tree, and the greatest service that can be rendered to Mas.·., and consequently to humanity, is to propagate as much as possible Mas.·. ideas, which are the first and most important sources of the liberty and emancipation of nations. Therefore, let all true Mas.·. rally together, and their efforts be solely directed towards the increase and splendor of the R.·. A.·.

With this object, the Gr.·. O.·. of Lusitania offers its Mas.·. and friendly relations to the Gr.·. L.·. of the State of Maryland, Baltimore Or.·.

Relying on your Mas.·. zeal, I hope you will look favorably on this friendly proposal, and I feel assured that in my quality of Gr.·. M.·. of the Gr.·. Or.·. of Lusitania, you will advise me of the means to bring about the conclusion of our respective alliance.

May the S.·. Arch.·. of the U.·. help and ill.·. you as you may need.

Under the Gr.·. seal and stamp, this 18th September, 1864, (e.·. p.·.)

The Gr.·. M.·. of the Gr.·. Or.·. of Lus.·.

CONDE DE PARATZ.

From the La.·. L.·. Ch.·. Des Philadelphes:

TO THE GLORY OF THE GR.·. ARCH.·. OF THE U.·.

In the name and with the sanction of the Gr.·. Or.·. of France.

By authorization of the Gr.·. Or.·. of France, notified the 14th May, 1864—sitting of the 13th May, 1864—No. of the Correspondence, folio 227, vol. 27.

The R.·. L.·. Ch.·. of the Philadelphia Memphis Rite, greeting on all points of the Tr.·.

PARIS OR.·., 13*th May;* 1864.

M.·. B.·. B.·.: We come for the first time to solicit from your benevolence a brotherly help for one of the members of our L.·.—B.·. Eugene Deville, father of a family of three children, having no means of living but those he derives from a small employment, which does not give him sufficient to live.

He is a zealous, well instructed Mason, devoted to all his Br.·., whose esteem and sympathy he has conquered, but, unhappily, pecuniary loss and want of employment during a long time have reduced his means to that point that to meet the necessities of his family he has been forced to contract obligations which threaten to take away from him his sole and last resource—his employment.

It is in view to relieve the deplorable situation of this Br.·.—to relieve his family from the most horrible destitution, so fatal to young children, that we come, M.·. B.·. B.·., to beg of you to unite your efforts to ours to help this Br.·.

If you favor our request, you will once more prove that fraternity is not an empty word, and that it has profound roots in the heart of all Mas.·.

We have never pushed aside the hand that was raised to us in prayer, and however poor we might be, we have always helped our Br.·. in the measure of our strength; therefore, now that disaster strikes us in the person of one of ours, we dare hope that this our first cry for help shall be heard by all our Br.·.

It is with such a hope that we beg of you, M.·. B.·. Br.·., to receive the expression of our gratitude and most fraternal sentiments.

PEYRE DE LA GRAVE,
Secretary General,
(And others.)

Address all remittances to
F.·. Hospitalier Léquipé, 16 rue Berthe,
à Montmartre, prés Paris,
Dep't de la Seine, France.

THE GRAND COUNCIL OF VERMONT, at its last session, unanimously deprecated the lack of uniformity in the work and titles of officers in different jurisdictions, condemned the action of Massachusetts and other jurisdictions in incorporating the Super-Excellent with the Council Degrees, insists that nine is the requisite and constitutional number to open a Council, and establishes the fee for the degrees of Royal and Select Masters at five dollars.

The G.·. H.·. P.·. of the G.·. C.·. of Vermont thus speaks in his address:

The institution of Masonry has always suffered in time of war, and such has been the case in the present strife. Many of our brethren and companions have fallen by the deadly missiles of the enemy; many children have become orphans, wives become widows, and parents become childless, and the mourners go about our streets. What a sad picture is before us!

Supreme Council, Sov. G.·. I.·. G.·. 33°—*A.·. A.·. Scottish Rite.*—From the proceedings, vol. iv., we publish the following extracts:

Let masonic charity have its full sway, and never allow personal interest or jealous fears to prevent acting as Masons possessing these high grades *should* act, even towards those who are organized in opposition to us. Many of them are honest and sincere; but strife begets strife, and the hearts of many may thereby be hardened against us, who, by the exercise of charity, might be led to come among us; and thus the wicked leaders in these mad enterprises be left without support, and foiled in their evil designs. * * *

Do we practice, without the walls of our temple, the great truths we have been taught within it? Do we constantly endeavor to fulfil our obligations to each other and to mankind? Do we practice the great lesson taught us by our Christian Grand Master,—"*Love to God and to our fellow-man?*"

In this retreat we are shut out from the busy hum of the bustling world; its strife, confusion, and jarring discord. Here the noise of politics and the shouts of wild fanaticism are not heard. Here no billows of contention ever rise, no tempest of passion ever lowers. For "Friendship is present with kind counsel and brotherly love; hushing all in harmony, she softly glides from heart to heart, and all is peace" If there be an elysium on earth, a relic of Paradise that has survived the fall, it is here, where we meet around the same holy altar, and bow to the same ever true and living God. * * * *

When a massive engine is to be constructed, the designer apportions not only the *materiel*, but the artisans who have by long and laborious practice become experts in their peculiar labor. Division of labor not only makes a workman more expert, but the result is accomplished so expeditiously, and at the same time so perfectly, as to excite our astonishment. It has been the practice hitherto for the same officers who preside in the Grand Lodge of Perfection to confer all the degrees from the fourth to the fourteenth. To confer all the degrees according to the ritual, required not only a large amount of mental but physical energy, that wearied and exhausted their natures. The laborious duties were shirked, or performed in such a negligent manner that the candidate lost the charm, and became lukewarm. When the Grand Lodge of the York Rite of Three Degrees was organized in 1717, a number of lodges received warrants to confer only one degree. Yet the Rite has now assumed such gigantic proportions as to overspread every spot where civilization extends. On this continent, the lodges are counted by thousands. What may we not then expect from this Sublime Rite which reveals to the novitiate new truths which he has never before comprehended, if the beautiful language, expressive symbols, and dramatic incidents of the ritual are strictly adhered to in conferring the degrees?

BOOK NOTICES.

Bro. Cunningham's Manual.

TO THE NATIONAL FREEMASON: In your February number there appears an article containing some severe strictures upon a brief review of "Bro. Cunningham's Manual of the Ancient Accepted Rite," written for the Freemason's Monthly Magazine, published at Boston. I wrote that article with the best intentions, and without any desire to institute comparisons of an unfriendly character between the two Manuals to which your correspondent alludes. They both have merits, not only in common, but independent of each other. The authors of these books are personally known to the subscriber, and he has no object in detracting from the merits of one at the expense of the other; neither has he yet discovered that this was done in the article alluded to by K. K. The work of Br. Carson has been used for a number of years, ever since it was published, in the bodies of the A. A. Rite with which the subscriber is connected, and, so far as it goes, is admirably calculated to assist the workmen in this branch of Masonry. Br. Cunningham, in his Manual, has gone further, and especially in the 30, 31, and 32 Degrees has given us a Manual which, I here repeat, has never before been published. The subscriber had an opportunity, through the kindness of Br. Cunningham, of examining the proof sheets of his work before it was published, and believes that he appreciates fully the extent of the differences which exist between the two works in question, and the departure of each from the MSS. of the Northern Supreme Council, with which MSS. he pretends to have some acquaintance. Br. Carson, as the pioneer, deserves the thanks of the whole Fraternity for the labor, study and research which he has exhibited in his work. It was the result of much time spent in studying the many works and MSS. to which he had access, and in very many respects is not superseded by the Manual of Br. Cunningham, which was published under the auspices of Br. K. H. Van Rensselaer. It is very apparent that no student in the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite will care to be without both these Manuals. I sincerely regret that your correspondent K. K. has discovered so much injustice and so many *ex parte* statements in the review which he has examined; for I utterly disclaim any intention "to produce ill feeling and dissension between those who have heretofore been warm friends," or "a factional feeling between their friends," and I do not believe that the article published at Boston has any such tendency.

But your correspondent remarks that I write "quite flippantly respecting the use of the term Knights Templar in the Manual, apparently ignoring the action of the Grand Encampment of the United States, which adopted the term or title, and which action all Sir Knights of this jurisdiction should follow; but as there has not, to my recollection, been any dispute in regard to the fact that originally Templars were known as 'Knights of the Temple,' is sufficient to convince us that in our language the retention of the *s* and making the adjective *plural* is incorrect."

Will K. K. please inform us at what session of the Grand Encampment any action was taken by that Grand Body by which the term or title Knights Templar was adopted, and the history of that action, because I am not aware that any published proceedings show such action? That the Grand Encampment uses the term as above is conceded, but the authority for it is questioned; and because it so uses the term, it by no means necessarily results that "all Sir Knights of this jurisdiction should follow." If the Grand Encampment should see fit to take off the *K*, and arbitrarily direct that it was a body of "Nights Templar," some might possibly refuse so to call it.

My attention was directed to the proper spelling of Knights Templars by a distinguished historical scholar, who for years has been connected with Harvard College and with the Massachusetts Historical Society. He informed me that the term "*Knights Templar*" could not be found in the works of any author, ancient or modern, and that it was a violation of good English. Accordingly I searched, commencing with the dictionaries of Webster and Worcester, large editions. Under the word Templars the term Knights Templars is found in each. I ascertained that Scott, Addison, Pope, Hume, Mills, Prescott, and a score of authors whose names might be mentioned, use the phrase Knights Templars. Indeed, I could find no authority, however humble or modern, for Knights Templar, except, as above stated, in the proceedings of the Grand Encampment and of other bodies of Knighthood. If the Grand Encampment of the United States claims to be a body different from that of the ancient Templars, the name it assumes is all very well. But let us not lose the respect of good citizens and of the community by arbitrarily changing the English language without some authority. I shall not argue with K. K. as to the propriety of dropping the *s*. The custom of good writers and learned men, universal, we must abide by. There are many words in our language which might be changed, and which an economy of letters often suggests, as, for an extreme instance, the word "*Phthisic;*" but no man can make the change without authority.

I must, therefore, challenge my friend K. K. to find a single instance where his fancy phrase "*Knights Templar*" can be found in the writings of any author, outside of those masonic. If he resides at Washington, (a mistake.—*Ed.*,) as I presume he does, he can have access to the thousands of volumes in the Congressional Library, and to those in the Smithsonian Institute, which were recently so happily preserved from conflagration.

W. S. G.

LOWELL, MASS., *Feb.* 6, 1865.

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Anvils
" wrought and cast-steel faced
Vices
" solid box
" com. cotter kegs
" parallel, 1, 2, 3, 4
" chain, 1, 2, 3, 4
Sledge Hammers
Hand "
Picks
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Washers
Cable Chain, ¼ to ½
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Axles, long arm
" ½, patent
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Wagon " "
Oak and Ash Bent Rims, various
Hickory " " "
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Hickory Spokes, various
Oak " "
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" " medium
" half finished, light
" medium, heavy
" express, grocery
" finished, light and bars
" medium, heavy
Poles, rough
" finished (and circles)
Singletrees
" light ferruled
" medium, finished
" heavy
Finished Wheels, 1 to 1½
" " larger
Keg Hardware
Cut Nails, 2d to 60d
" finished, 6d to 12d
" fence, 6d to 12d
" box, 5, 7, 9d
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Clench Nails, 2 to 3 inches
Pressed and Boat Spikes, 3 to 10 inches
Horse Shoes
" Burden's Gov't, 1 to 5 inches
" " City, " "
Mule Shoes, 1, 2, 3
Horse Nails, Griffin's, 6 to 10 inches
" Putnam's 6 to 10 inches
" New London, 6 to 10 inches
" "American," 6 to 10 inches
Metals
" Tin, Banca, pigs
" Straits, pigs
" English, pigs
" Straits, in bars
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" various
" 14x20, I C Roofing
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Lead Pipe
Spelter, slat
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Copper, Brazier's
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ROBERT McMURDY, D. D., LL. D., GRAND PRELATE OF GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF U. S., EDITOR, BOX 982.

THE ROUGH ASHLARS.

[The thought embodied in the following has, doubtless, occurred to every person of poetical temperament, while passing a stone quarry. The refrain, "Seek for it," &c., conveys the duty of a quarryman in speculative as well as operative Masonry. His duty is to *discover* with cautious and instructed eye; to *measure*, that the block may fill its prescribed place in the great PLAN given him; to *shape* with the chisel's edge, that it may perfectly fit that appointed place; and finally *polish*, that in outward appearance the surface may present every charm to the eye:]

Darkly hid beneath the quarry,
Masons, many a true block lies;
Hands must shape and hands must carry,
Ere the Overseer will prize.
Seek for it, measure it,
Fashion it, polish it;
Then the Overseer will prize.

What though shapeless, rough, and heavy,
Think ye God his work will lose?
Raise the block with strength he gave ye,
Fit it for the Master's use.
Seek for it, measure it,
Fashion it, polish it;
Then the Overseer will use.

'Twas for this our fathers banded—
Through life's quarries they did roam;
Faithful-hearted, skilful-handed,
Bearing many a true block home,
Noticing, measuring,
Fashioning, polishing,
For the glorious temple-home!

TEMPLAR HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.

ASCRIBED TO ROBERT, KING OF FRANCE.

From the Latin—"*Veni, Sancte Spiritus!*"

HOLY Spirit! Fire divine!
Send from heaven a ray of thine;
Lighten our obscurity;
Come, thou Father of the poor;
Come, thou Giver and Renewer,—
Fountain of all purity!

Visit us, Consoler best!—
Thou, the bosom's sweetest guest,
Sweetest comfort proffering:
Thou dost give the weary rest,
Shade to all with heat opprest,
Solace in all suffering.

O! blest Light ineffable!
With thy faithful amply dwell:
Lord of our humanity,
Nothing lives without thy ray:
Reft of thy enlivening day,
All is void and vanity,

What is foul, O! purify!
Water what in us is dry;
All our hurts alleviate;
Bend our temper's rigidness;
Warm our nature's frigidness;
Bring back all who deviate.

Give them who in thee abide,—
All that do in thee confide,—
Give them grace increasingly;
Give to virtue its reward,
Saving end to all accord,
Joy in heaven unceasingly.

—AMEN.

GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Ten now strikes on the belfry bell!
Ten are the holy commandments giv'n
To man below from God in Heaven.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Eleven sounds on the belfry bell!
Eleven Apostles of holy mind
Taught the gospel to mankind.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Twelve resounds from the belfry bell!
Twelve disciples to Jesus came,
Who suff'r'd for their Saviour's name.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
One has peal'd on the belfry bell!
One God above, one Lord indeed,
Who bears us forth in hour of need.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Two resounds from the belfry bell!
Two paths before mankind are free;
Neighbor, choose the best for thee.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
Three now sounds on the belfry bell!
Threefold reigns the Heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

WHO PRAYETH BEST.

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.
1770—1834.

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray;
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell! farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest,
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

THE WEIGHT OF A WIDOW'S TEAR.

A pair of scales before him, a rich man sat and weighed
A piece of gold—a widow's all, and unto her he said:
"Your coin is not the proper weight, so take it back again,
Or sell it me for half its worth; it lacks a single grain."
With tearful eyes, the widow said, "Oh! weigh it, sir, once more;
I pray you be not so exact, nor drive me from your door."
"Why! see yourself, its under weight; your tears are no avail."
The second time he tries it, it just bears down the scale;
But little guessed that rich man, who held gold so dear,
That the extra weight which bore it down, had been the widow's tear.

EXTRAORDINARY EARLY MASONIC REMAINS.—In the report of the Tin Hill Mine, furnished by Captain John Martyn, the agent, to the *Mining Journal*, he announces the discovery of a stone coffin, or walled grave, in the form of a coffin, about 7 feet long, 20 inches deep, 15 inches wide at the end, and 2 feet 6 inches at the breast. In the coffin there are about 4 gallons of ashes and a few cinders, and in the ashes he found a seal of yellow metal, in good preservation, with the masonic arms engraved in the stone. Captain Martyn has ordered the coffin to remain undisturbed, for the inspection of the antiquary, or other scientific explorers of ancient British remains. The mine is in St. Austell parish, Cornwall.—*London Mining Journal.*

An Old Templar Legend.

THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

[How full of comfort and hope! What a fine spirit of humanity runs through it! This legend is represented in shaded porcelain. This beautiful picture of the little child on the river's bank, and the strong man looking around with his lantern, carrying it safely through the floods, and laying it gently down, not knowing that it was the infant Jesus; does it not suggest kind and patient work for others?]

There lived in Palestine a man of colossal stature and of terrible aspect, and being proud of his vast bulk and strength, he resolved that he would serve no other than the most powerful monarch that existed. So he travelled far and wide to seek this greatest of kings. At length he came to the court of a certain monarch, who was said to exceed, in power and riches, all the kings of the earth, and Christopher, for that was the name by which the strong man was known, offered to serve him. The king, seeing his great height and strength, was glad to have such a follower, and entertained him with joy.

Now, it happened one day, as Christopher stood by the king in the court, there came a minstrel who sang before the king, and in the minstrel's ode there was mention made of Satan; but as soon as the evil spirit was named, the king made the sign of the cross. Then Christopher asked the reason of this gesture, but the king did not answer. "If thou tell me not," said Christopher, "then I leave thee." So the king told him, "I make that sign to preserve me from the power of Satan, for I fear lest he overcome me and slay me." "If thou fearest Satan," replied the strong man, "then thou art not the most powerful prince in the world. Thou hast deceived me. I will go to seek this Satan, and him will I serve, for he must be mightier than thou."

So Christopher departed; and he travelled far and wide; and, as he crossed a desert plain, he beheld a great crowd of armed men, and at their head marched a terrible and frightful being, with the air of a conqueror; and he stopped Christopher on his path, saying, "Man, where goest thou?" And Christopher answered, "I go to seek Satan, because he is the greatest prince in the world, and him would I serve." Then the other replied, "I am he; seek no farther." So Christopher bowed down before him, and entered his service; and they travelled on together.

Now, when they had journeyed a long way, they came to a place where four roads met, and there was a cross on the wayside. When the evil one saw the cross, he was seized with fear, and trembled violently; and he turned back, and made a great circuit to avoid it. When Christopher saw this, he was astonished, and inquired, "Why hast thou done so?" But Satan answered not. Then said Christopher, "If thou tellest me not, I leave thee." So, being thus constrained, the fiend replied, "Upon that cross died Jesus Christ; and when I behold it, I must tremble and fly, for I fear him." Then Christopher was more and more astonished, and said, "Now, then, this Jesus whom thou fearest must be stronger than thou. I will go and seek him, and him will I serve."

So Christopher again travelled far and wide, seeking

Christ; and after many days he came to the cell of a holy hermit. And Christopher told the hermit his story, and asked him where Christ could be found. Then the hermit began to instruct him diligently, and said, "This king whom thou seekest is indeed the greatest king, nor is there one on earth so mighty as he. But if thou wouldst serve him, he will impose many and hard duties on thee. Thou must pray." Then Christopher said, "I know nothing of prayers, and I will not be bound to such a service." "Thou must believe the doctrines of the Church," said the hermit. "I know nothing of the doctrines of the Church," said Christopher, "and I will not be bound to such a service." Then said the holy hermit, "Knowest thou a certain river, stony, and wide, and deep, and often swelled by the rains, and wherein many people perish who attempt to pass over?" And Christopher answered, "I know it." Then said the hermit, "Since thou wilt neither believe nor pray, go to that river, and use thy strength to aid and to save those who struggle with the stream, and those who are about to perish. It may be that this good work will prove acceptable to Jesus Christ, whom thou desirest to serve, and that he may manifest himself to thee." To which Christopher replied joyfully, "This I can do. It is a service that pleaseth me well." So he went as the hermit had directed, and he dwelt by the side of a great river; and having rooted up a palm-tree from the forest—so strong he was and tall—he used it for a staff to support and guide his steps, and he aided those who were about to sink, and the weak he carried on his shoulders across the stream; and by day and by night he was always ready for his task, and failed not, and was never weary of helping those who needed help.

Now, the thing that he did pleased the Lord, who, looking down upon him out of heaven, said within himself, "Behold, this strong man who knoweth not the way to worship me, yet hath found the way to serve me." And when Christopher had spent many days in this toil, it came to pass one night, as he rested himself in a hut he had built of branches of palm, he heard a voice which called to him from the shore. It was the plaintive voice of a child, and it seemed to say, "Christopher, come forth, and carry me over." And he arose forthwith, and looked out, but saw nothing. Then he lay down again; but the voice called to him again in the same words, a second and a third time. And at the third time, he looked all round with a lantern; and at length he beheld a little child sitting on the bank, who entreated him, saying, "Christopher, carry me over this night." And Christopher lifted the child on his strong shoulders, and took his staff, and entered the stream. And the waters rose higher and higher, and the waves roared, and the winds blew; and the infant on his shoulders became heavier and heavier, till it seemed to him that he must sink under that great burden. But taking courage, and staying his tottering steps with his palm-staff, he at length reached the opposite bank. And when he had laid the child down safely and gently, he looked upon him with astonishment, and said, "Who art thou, child, that hath placed me in such peril? Had I carried the whole world on my shoulders, the burden had not been heavier." And the child replied, "Wonder not, Christopher, for thou *hast* not only borne the world, but him who died for the world, on thy shoulders. Me wouldst thou serve in this thy work of charity, and, behold, I have accepted thy service; and in witness that I have done so, plant thy staff in the ground, and it shall put forth leaves and fruit." Christopher did so, and the dry staff flourished as a palm-tree in the season, and was covered with clusters of dates; but the miraculous child had vanished. Then the strong man fell on his face and worshipped; and he who was called Offero before, that is, the bearer, was ever after called Christ-Offero, or Christopher, that is, one who had carried the Lord Jesus Christ.

Avarice—A Lesson for the Avaricious Freemason.

BY HATEM TAI.

Hatem Tai was an Arabian Chief, who lived a short time prior to the promulgation of Mahometanism. He has been so much celebrated through the East for his generosity, that even to this day, the greatest encomium which can be given to a generous man, is to say that he is as liberal as Hatem.

Hatem was also a poet; but his talents were principally exerted in recommending his favorite virtue.

"His poems expressed the charms of beneficence, and his practice evinced that he wrote from the heart."

The instances of Hatem's generosity as related by Oriental historians, are innumerable; we select one or two, as they afford a lively picture of Arabian manners.

The Emperor of Constantinople, having heard much of Hatem's liberality, resolved to make trial of it. For this purpose, he despatched a person from his court, to request a particular horse, which he knew the Arabian prince valued above all his other possessions. The officer arrived at Hatem's abode in a dark, tempestuous night, at a season when all the horses were at pasture in the meadows. He was received in a manner suitable to the dignity of the imperial envoy, and treated that night with the utmost hospitality. The next day the officer delivered to Hatem his message from the Emperor: Hatem seemed concerned—"If," said he, "you had yesterday apprized me of your errand, I should instantly have complied with the Emperor's request, but the horse he asks is now no more; being surprised by your sudden arrival, and having nothing else to regale you with, I ordered him to be killed and served up to you last night for supper."* Hatem immediately ordered the finest horses to be brought, and begged the ambassador to present them to his master. The prince could not but admire this mark of Hatem's generosity, and owned that he truly merited the title of the most liberal among men.

It was the fate of Hatem to give umbrage to other monarchs. Numan, King of Yeman, conceived a violent jealousy against him on account of his reputation, and thinking it easier to destroy than surpass him, the envious prince commissioned one of his sycophants to rid him of his rival. The courtier hastened to the desert where the Arabs were encamped. Discovering their tents at a distance, he reflected he had never seen Hatem, and was contriving means how to gain a knowledge of his person, without exposing himself to suspicion. As he advanced, deep in meditation, he was accosted by a man of an amiable figure, who invited him to his tent; he accepted the invitation, and was charmed with the politeness of his reception. After a splendid repast, he offered to take leave, but the Arab requested him to prolong his visit. "Generous stranger," answered the officer, "I am confounded by your civilities, but an affair of the utmost importance obliges me to depart." "Might it be possible for you," replied the Arab, "to communicate to me this affair, which seems so much to interest you? You are a stranger in this place; if I can be of any assistance to you, freely command me."

The courtier resolved to avail himself of the offer of his host, and accordingly imparted to him the commission he had received from Numan. "But how," continued he, "shall I, who have never seen this Hatem, execute my orders? Bring me to the knowledge of him, and add this to your other favors." "I have promised you my service," answered the Arab. "Behold, I am a slave to my word. Strike," said he, uncovering his bosom, "spill the blood of Hatem, and may my death gratify the wish of your prince, and procure you the reward you hope for. But the moments are precious—defer not the execution of your king's command, and depart with all possible expedition; the darkness will aid your escape from the revenge of my friends; if to-morrow you be found here, you are inevitably undone."

These words were a thunderbolt to the courtier. Struck with a sense of his crime and the magnanimity of Hatem, he fell down on his knees, exclaiming, "God forbid that I should lay a sacrilegious hand upon you! Nothing shall urge me to such a baseness." At these words he quitted the tent, and took the road again to Yemen.

The cruel monarch, at the sight of his favorite, demanding the head of Hatem, the officer gave him a faithful relation of what had passed. Numan in astonishment cried out, "It is with justice, O! Hatem, that the world reveres you as a kind of divinity. Men instigated by a sentiment of generosity, may bestow their whole fortune, but to sacrifice life is an action above humanity."

After the decease of Hatem, the Arabs over whom he presided refused to embrace Islamism. For this disobedience, Mahomet condemned them all to death, except the daughter of Hatem, whom he spared on account of her father's memory. This generous woman, seeing the executioners ready to perform the cruel command, threw herself at the Prophet's feet, and conjured him either to take away her life or pardon her countrymen. Mahomet, moved with such nobleness of sentiment, revoked the decree he had pronounced, and, for the sake of Hatem's daughter, granted pardon to the whole tribe.

SONNET BY HATEM TAI.

Translated by Dr. Carlisle.

How frail are riches and their joys!
Morn builds the heap which eve destroys;
Yet can they leave one sure delight—
The thought that we've employed them right.

What bliss can wealth afford to me
When life's last solemn hour I see,
When Mavia's sympathizing sighs
Will but augment my agonies?

Can hoarded gold dispel the gloom
That death must shed around the tomb?
Or cheer the ghost which hovers there,
And fills with shrieks the desert air?

What boots it Mavia, in the grave,
Whether I lov'd to waste or save?
The hand that millions now can grasp,
In death no more than mine shall clasp.

Were I ambitious to behold
Increasing stores of treasur'd gold,
Each tribe that roves the desert knows
I might be wealthy if I chose;

But other joys can gold impart,
Far other wishes warm my heart—
Ne'er shall I strive to swell the heap,
Till Want and Wo have ceased to weep.

With brow unalter'd I can see
The hour of wealth or poverty;
I've drunk from both the cups of fate,
Nor this could sink, nor that elate.

With fortune blest, I ne'er was found
To look with scorn on those around;
Nor for the loss of paltry ore,
Shall Hatem seem to Hatem poor.

Masonic Charity and Moral Influence.

BY AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, LL. D.

Freemasonry not only inculcates the principles of love and benevolence, it seeks to give them an actual and living presence in all the occupations and intercourse of life. It not only feels, it *acts!* It not only pities human suffering, it *relieves* it! By a wise provision or law of the Order, which requires each member to pay into the treasury of the lodge a specified sum per year—a sum generally very small, and never above the ability of laboring men—a fund of relief is formed, which, with the initiatory and degree fees, is amply able to meet all the demands which may be made on it by sick or distressed brothers.

Nowhere in the world can a good Mason feel himself alone, friendless, or forsaken. The invisible but helpful arms of our Order surround him wherever he may be. Mythic story tells us that the ancient gods invisibly and secretly followed their favorites in all their wanderings, and when these were exposed to danger, or threatened with destruction, would unveil themselves in their awful beauty and power, and stand forth to preserve them from harm, or to avenge their wrongs.

So Freemasonry surrounds all her children with her preserving presence, revealing herself only in the hour of peril, sickness, or distress! If one be overtaken by illness or misfortune, be he in any part of the world, and never so poor, he will, if he make his wants known, receive the necessary assistance, and find friends to watch over him with fraternal solicitude. And should he fall a victim to disease, the brothers of charity will be there to close his eyes, and with solemn, yet hopeful, heaven-pointing rites, give his body to the repose of the tomb. Nor would their sympathy and love be limited by the grave of their brother. Oh, no! False and empty is that charity which expires on the borders of the tomb. And while, in Christian Faith and Hope, their love will attend the spirit of the departed brother up the pathway of Angels, to the dwellings of the pure and good, they will not be forgetful of their duties to his family, nor unmindful of those domestic interests which were so dear to his heart. They will throw the protecting arm of the Order around the fatherless children, and extend to the weeping wife the tender consolations of brotherly sympathy.

This will not be regarded as a trifling benefit—especially to one who is not rich in this world's goods. Who can estimate the importance of this institution to the mechanic, and all who depend on their daily labor for their daily support? This is a world of change. Prosperity is uncertain; the strong and sinewy arm is liable at any moment to be made weak. The elements of the storm gather in the sunniest sky; so the form which is the stoutest and the heart which is the manliest to-day, may be stricken down and falter to-morrow. Now, what society but ours can come in here to break the blow of misfortune, and calm the sufferer's mind, and heal the stricken spirit? Will the public charities do this? Will society? Society makes provision for its paupers; but if the principles of our association were carried out, there would be no paupers! Society, we say, makes provision for its poor; but then, in exchange, it takes away from them *their* manhood, and deprives them of the prerogatives of citizens! Yet all this may be better than absolute starvation, and let us be thankful for it. But a mem*ber* of our fraternity can be brought to no such extremity. He has a right to that charity which he himself, when prosperous, and strong, and rich, extended *to oth*ers. And now, in the hour of his weakness and want, it comes back to him, in a thousand generous streams, attended with the benedictions of his brethren. to relieve his necessities and gladden his heart

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*The Arabians prefer the flesh of horses to any other food.

It is sometimes said that Freemasonry is selfish; that "Masons confine their benefactions to themselves." Were this charge true to its fullest extent, it would be no serious objection to our institution; for it is clear enough to all who will reflect, that our charities or *benefits* must be limited by our resources! We adhere strictly to the apostolic rule—to do good, or to be charitable to all, "but especially to the household of faith." And this right of individuals to associate for mutual support will certainly not be questioned.

Here are a number of persons, for example, who are deeply penetrated with a sense of their weakness, as individuals. They have learned how extremely uncertain is all earthly prosperity. The painful experience of life has taught them that the spontaneous charities of the world are entirely inadequate as a remedy for misfortune. They say to each other, "We see, in our mutual weaknesses and dependencies, and in the affinities and relations which make us social beings, the design of the Creator, that we should regard each other as brethren, and shield each other from misfortune. Come, let us accept this ordinance of Heaven. Let us covenant together to support each other in the day of need." Now, who can doubt the legitimacy and propriety of their scheme of reciprocal relief? and who would think of condemning those men because they could not wipe away every tear, and relieve all the suffering in the wide world?

It is thus with our masonic fraternity. It protects first its own children, as a loving parent should; but it also looks with a pitying eye on the miseries of others; and beyond its pale, has many a heart been made to throb with reviving hope, and many an eye to sparkle with joy, by its benefactions. Still, it is true, all its benefits and charitable operations must circulate within the circumference of its means. As to the moral influence of Freemasonry, it need only be said that it watches over all its children with paternal anxiety, shields from temptations, by its oft-repeated admonitions and its lessons of virtue, the younger members; and encourages the more mature to persevere in the upward way of ever-growing, ever-brightening perfection. The soul which animates our Order, inspiring all its members, and controlling all its acts, is the spirit of Love. And certain we are that one cannot be a good Mason without being a better man, a better citizen, and a better Christian. Christianity is the central idea of the institution. The sentiment of religion pervades all its arrangements. Every lodge meeting is opened with appropriate religious exercises. The great facts of God, accountability, a future life, and retribution, are kept constantly before the minds of the brethren. There is no religious organization, no Christian church, more vigilant in watching over the conduct, or more strict in its discipline of its members.

Charity Prolongs Life.

BY BRO. POLLAK.

The Universe is the Mason's nativity; nothing that is man's is strange to him. All men, then, ought to be brethren. Like thee, they have a soul,—immortal organ; the same need of love, and the same desire to be useful.

Every suffering being has sacred claims on thee. Wait not until the piercing cry of distress solicits thee. Forewarn and reassure the timid unfortunate. Poison not by ostentations of thy affability the tides of life whence the unfortunate must quench his thirst. Search not for the price of goodness in vain applause, but in the calm suffering of thy conscience. Freemasonry ought to see in all men its brethren, no matter what the strangeness or the barbarity of their manners. They are men; thou must love them if they are savage, the civilized if they are ignorant, the learned if they are unsociable, the conquered by force and moderation, and by the example of thy virtue.

Forget not that nature is the nurse, and humanity the true mother; she is the mother of all mothers; she is the visible providence of all children, of all men: for the myriads that populate the universe are all members of one family, because there is only one vital essence, one nature of souls, and but one divine breath.

Be affable, obliging toward every one; love thy neighbor, share the felicity of others, and never allow envy to rise one instant in thy heart.

Let morals, chaste and severe, be thy inseparable company. That thy soul be pure, right, and true, let modesty be thy law. Use the trowel to hide the faults of thy brethren. A wise man said, Weigh not thy equals in a *single* basin; and if the one of evil outweighs the one of good, take off what human weakness put on, and complete the weight of good; thus thou wilt rejoice in the author of all goodness.

If thy brother is in error, far from alienating thyself and damning him, come to him with the light of sentiment, of reason, and of conviction. If he is exposed to the shaft of calumny, fear not, but avow thyself his friend; be his defender to the public, and thou wilt probably bring back the strayed in opinion. It is noble, it is holy to recall to virtue he who wavers, to raise him that falls; but it is almost godly to be the protector of innocence unknown.

O humanity! thy celestial voice cries from one end of the universe to the other: Men, you have but one and the same Father, you are all brothers, and you have all a heart to love each other; love each other always, be united and happy; it *is the cry of Nature.*

The Scarf.

The scarf was at first an ensign of chivalry. The *preux* chevaliers of the brave "old days" wore their scarfs of the colors preferred by their lady loves. Often the lady herself bestowed her own scarf upon her knight; in that case it became his prize and property, which, according to a law of chivalry, he wore until some more fortunate champion deprived him of it at the tourney, or until he had accomplished the enterprise enjoined upon him by his lady.

When the feudal orders of knighthood were founded, the scarf, by its form and color, served as a distinctive insignia; and it was employed for the same purpose by the leaders of different factions, or the chiefs of hostile armies. The scarf was for them and their soldiers what a difference in uniform or decoration, or a rosette or cockade, is for warriors and politicians now-a-days. The Crusaders wore a white scarf, and they carried it *en sautoir*, or slantwise, in which fashion it was worn until the seventeenth century. At present it is usually bound like a girdle round the waist.

During the intestine struggles of the factions of Armazac and Orleans, the former were distinguished by a scarf of red, and the latter by a simple band of white linen. The royal armies at a later period wore scarfs of white, while during the Revolution of '98 the members of the National Assembly and public officers generally wore a tri-colored scarf. In England the favorite color of the scarf has been red; but in the civil wars white was usually worn by the cavaliers, while at least a portion of the Roundhead troops adopted green.

This article of costume, or decoration, is now usually termed a sash, whether worn from the shoulder or about the waist. Knights Templar call it a baldric to distinguish it from the sword belt, although the sword may be suspended from either. The sash now worn by Masons probably originates from the scarf of the chivalric ages, though Dr. Mackey thinks that it is derived from the Zennar, or sacred cord, placed upon the candidate in the initiation into the mysteries of India. and which every Brahmin was compelled to wear. This cord was woven with great solemnity, and being put upon the left shoulder, passed over to the right side and hung down as low as the fingers could reach.

Library at Patmos.

The correspondent of the *Levant Herald* (Constantinople) writes from Athens, December 22: "An archæologist, who has just been ransacking the library of the monastery at Patmos, gives an interesting account of his researches. The library contains four thousand volumes, most of them on ecclesiastical subjects, but several on historical, legal, and other matters, many being unpublished. The manuscripts are about five hundred, of which some two hundred and fifty are on vellum, one is a palimpsest, and the rest are on paper. Four of these are exquisitely written. There is a gospel of St. Mark, of the twelfth century, superbly written on purple vellum, and evidently once the property of the Byzantine emperors. Wherever the name of Christ appears it is written in silver letters; the name of God is in gold. This splendid volume is unfortunately imperfect. Then there is a very old manuscript of the Book of Job, as early as the sixth or seventh century, with inedited scholia and some manuscripts of the Fathers of high antiquity, and from which valuable various readings of the Fathers might be obtained, if any one now cared about various readings of the Fathers. There are a large number of charters and autographs of the Byzantine and German emperors, from Alexius Comnenus in 1081 to the Emperor Charles VI in 1727, and a variety of highly curious documents relative to the Knights of Rhodes, whose library was transferred to the island. Amongst the autographs are those of the Emperors Alexius and Isaac Comnenus, Nicephorus III, (Botaniates,) and Andronicus Palælogus."

The Losings Bank.

As Bro. Reed, the builder, came into his yard on Monday, morning, he met Bro. Joyce, one of his men. A fine intelligent man he was, and a very skilful workman.

"Good morning, sir," said Bro. Joyce.

"Good morning," replied Bro. Reed.

"I wanted to see you this morning, particularly, Joyce, to speak to you about a mistake you made on Saturday."

"I am sorry to hear it, sir—I was not aware—I hope no harm's done, sir."

"I wish I could say none, Bro. Joyce; but I fear there is a serious harm—to me—and, what I care more for, to your wife, your children, and yourself, and I might add, to your country."

"I don't take your meaning, sir," said Bro. Joyce, looking puzzled.

"Well, then, I'll speak my meaning clearly. You know, Joyce, that I desire to be the friend of my men and a brother to you as well as their employer. As a friend, listen to me. As I was returning home on Saturday evening, on passing the post-office, a large number of working-men and their wives, were going into the saving bank, there to deposit a part of their earnings; and it made my heart glad to see among them many of my own men. But I passed on, and as I came by Cattle's corner, I saw you and several others turn into the Losings Bank, there to deposit your wages. It's always a pleasure to me to pay my men the money they have so well earned; but I own, Bro. Joyce, I grudged you yours."

"Losings Bank, sir? I suppose it's the 'Red Lion,' you're talking of. I did go there for an hour, with a mate."

"Bro. Joyce, you are a thinking man, and a well instructed mason. Have you ever *thought* of this matter?"

"Well, not particularly, that I know of. To my mind, there isn't much to think, save that after a long week's work, it's hard if a man musn't take a bit of rest, without being taking to do for it, a' most as bad as if he'd been stealing or murdering."

"Well, there are thefts and murders take place in the taverns, more than ever came before a judge and jury; but they are not the less noted by Him, who has said, 'Whoso hateth his brother is a murderer;' and whose eyes see the wife and children whose money is wrongfully taken from them. But to return to what I was saying. Have you ever reckoned up what *you* deposit each time you go in?"

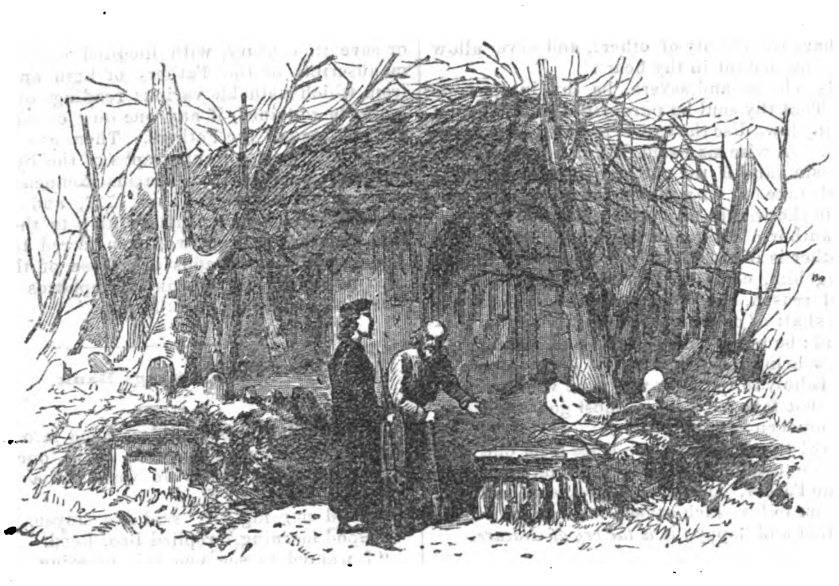
"Well, a quarter, it may be, or half a dollar," said Joyce.

Bro. Reed took a pencil and piece of paper from his pocket-book, handed them to Joyce, and said, "Let us look at it fully, and make a fair calculation.—You deposit

Your money—and lose it.
Your time—and lose it.
Your character—and lose it.
Your health of body—and lose it.
Your strength of mind—and lose it.
Your manly independence—and lose it.
Your self-respect—and lose it.
The respect of your brothers and lodge—and lose it.
Your sense of right and wrong—and lose it.
Your self-control—and lose it.
Your home-comfort—and lose it.
Your wife's happiness—and lose it.
Your children's own rights—and lose them.
Your country's honor—and lose it.
Your own soul—and lose it."

"It looks a black list, rather," said Bro. Joyce. "I did not think there was so much in it; and that last deposit is the worst of all."

Bro. Reed, the employer, saved his brother. Why should not all masonic employers take a masonic interest, not merely a business one, in their employees?



A Knight from the Holy Land.

THE SEXTON'S TALE.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

Scene—*An old English Churchyard.*

Persons—*An aged Sexton (formerly a Duke's henchman) pointing out graves to a Stranger.*

Time—*Thirteenth Century.*

A Knight, sir, from the Holy Land,
Came back to claim my Lady's hand.
[And that's his gravestone, where you stand.]

MY Lady's sire, the Duke, had said
The Knight and she should never wed.
[How thick the leaves are, where we tread.]

A Maid who knows her father's will,
And weds against it, comes to ill.
[Stand here, the wind is growing chill.]

YET I, for one, was bold to say,
A maid should have her will and way
In what concerns her wedding-day.

SO when the Duke took helm and lance,
And went for tournament to France,
My Lady saw her golden chance.

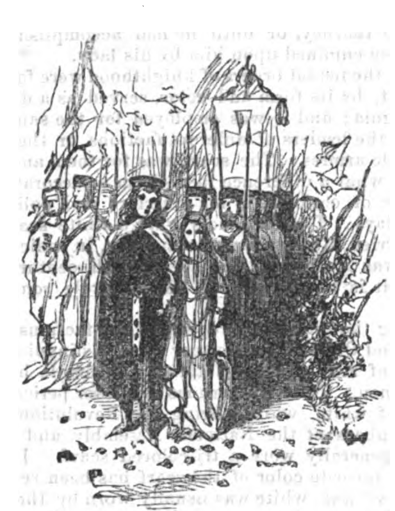
IF once the holy knot were tied,
The Duke, nor all the world beside,
Could part a bridegroom and a bride.

ALONG the chapel-path were strown
So many buds and roses blown,
Their happy feet touched not a stone.

BUT flowery ways are never long;
They end as sudden as a song;
The world is rough with human wrong.

WHILE all our heads were bowed in prayer,
Behold! before we were aware,
The Duke himself was scowling there!

ONE faces winter, though it blows
And frosts one's breath,—and so we rose
And faced him though our pulses froze!



THE Duke was weaponed, and in ire;
The Knight was in his wedding-tire;
They fronted and their eyes flashed fire!

THEN stooped the sire before his child,
And kissed her wedding-ring, and smiled!
Praise God! the bear was reconciled.

QUOTH he "my daughter and my son,
Against my will the deed is done,
But twain, whom God hath joined, are one.

SO follow to my castle-hall;
A feast is waiting, guests and all;
And come, ye friends who hear my call!"

WE marched in order, two abreast;
The Devil damn him for the jest!
There waited neither feast nor guest!

BUT, cheated toward unhappy fate,
The lovers reached the castle-gate,
Where, hid behind it, lay in wait

FIVE henchmen, who—like hounds in check,
Yet daring at their master's beck
To grip a lion by the neck—

SPRANG at the Knight, and girt him round,
And hurled him headlong to the ground,
And held him like a lion bound!

THEN spake the Duke: "Thou varlet-faced!
Thy wife shall be a virgin chaste,
And never in thine arms embraced.

THIS wall shall thee and thine divide,
And make thee bridegroom to a bride
Who shall not slumber at thy side."

THE Knight, unhanded, never spoke,
But stood as silent as an oak,
That answers not the thunderstroke.

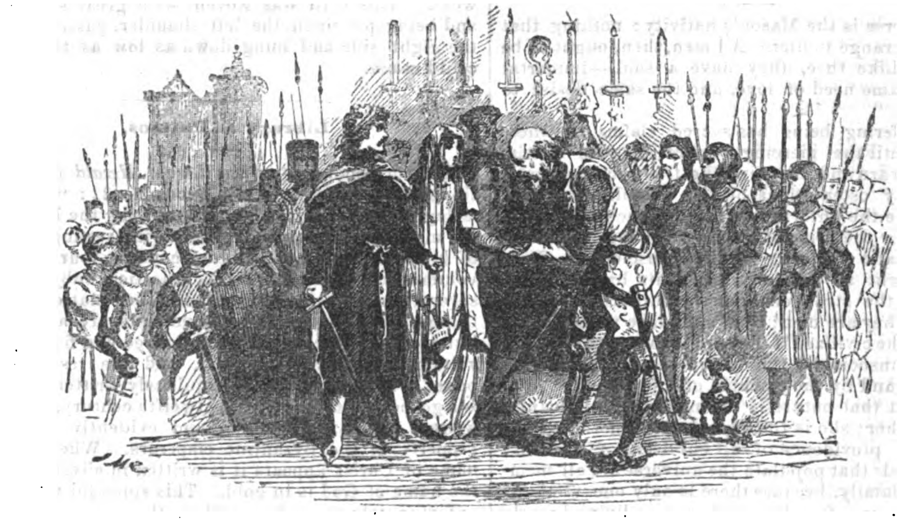
I Watched my Lady's color fade;
She fainted to a ghostly shade,
And lay as if her grave were made.

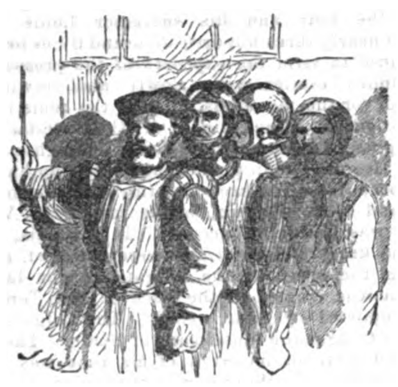
WHEREAT the Duke to me made sign,
To lift her in these arms of mine
And bear her in and give her wine.

AND loud behind me, as I passed,
My Lady in my arms aghast,
The gate was slammed and bolted fast.

THE groom without, the bride within!
Now wedded hearts are more than kin:
To sunder them is mortal sin.

MY Lady woke with start and fright,
And wept in such a widowed plight,
My soul was melted at the sight.





BUT love has patience and is strong;
I helped to right my Lady's wrong:
I shall not make the story long.

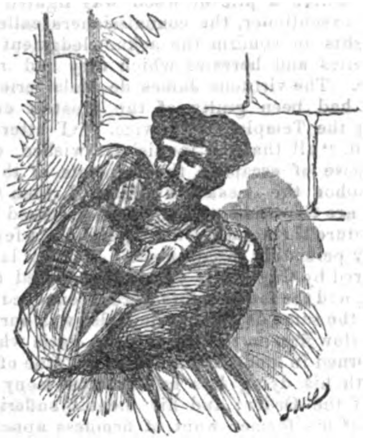
ON Christmas night, the castle-wall
Was branched with holly, and the hall
Was gay with guests; she fled them all,

AND, mutely as a mouse could stir,
To me came down in hood and fur,
And asked, Was I a friend to her?

AND when I dropped upon my knee,
"If thou wilt save a soul," said she,
"Unbolt the gate and set me free!"

OH, when is ever seen or heard
Such majesty of look or word
As when a woman's soul is stirred!

WHILE there she stood to plead her case,
She bore so high and grand a grace
I grew abashed before her face!

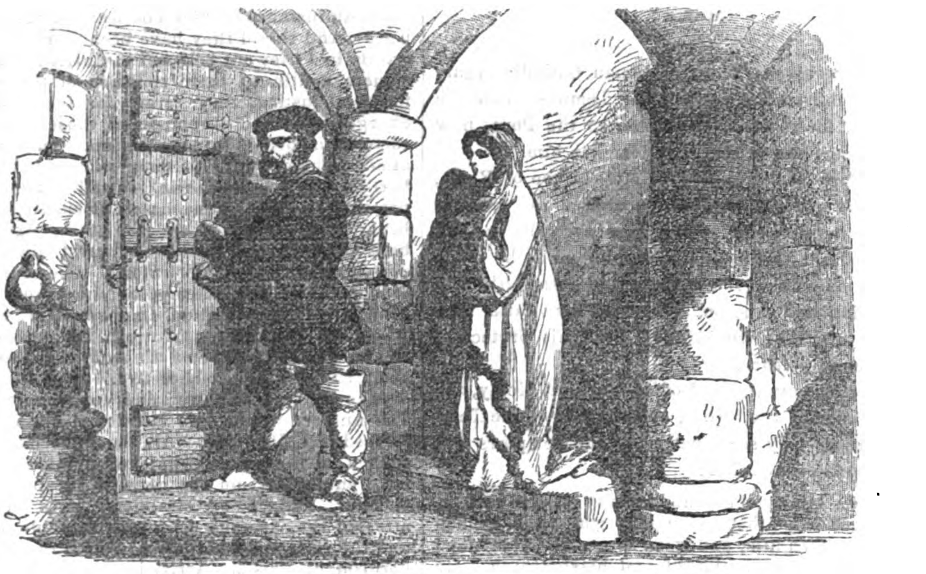


I Durst have swung that castle-gate
Wide open then, had Death and Fate
Groaned in the hinge, if that should grate!

I Slid the bolt at her command,
And she—the Lady of the Land—
Caught up and kissed this menial hand.

I Heard a champing horse outside;
The bridegroom waited for his bride;
"God speed," I cried, "the wedding ride!"

A Single thing I hate to say;
It pricks me yet, this very day;
The Knight threw back some coins to pay.



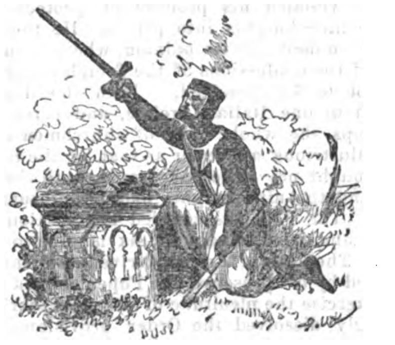
THEY rust there yet for aught I know;
The hand my Lady honored so
Disdained to lift a bribe so low!

THE Duke was wroth, but never knew
Who drew the bolt to let her through.
[There, that's my Lady's, next to you.]

THE ways of God are strange and right:
My Lady's babe was born at night,
My Lady died at morning light.

SWEET, fragile stalk, that grew too rare
The burden of its bud to bear,
And broke while blossoming so fair!

IN one white sheet they both were dressed,—
The babe so laid upon her breast,
The dead was by the dead caressed.



THE Knight beside the grave-mound prayed,
And, lifting up his battle blade,
He vowed it to the Lord's crusade.

THREE summers afterward, one morn,
A pilgrim, pale and travel-worn,
And in his hand a palm branch borne,—

WALKED in the Churchyard here alone,
And at my Lady's grave, moss-grown,
Threw down the trophy on the stone;

THEN crossed himself, and walked away;
And scarce a month from that same day,
I wrapped a shroud about his clay.

SO here's the bride, and there the groom;
But come and see my Lady's tomb
When summer roses are in bloom.

FOR now it seems to wrong the dead,
To plant the pillow of her bed
With only thorns about her head.

THE groom lies parted from the bride,
But Life and Love, that here divide,
Are joined upon the other side!

THE END.

The High Born Ladye.

In vain all the Knights of the Underwald woo'd her,
Though brightest of maidens, the proudest was she;
Brave chieftains they sought and young ministrels they sued her,
But worthy was none of the high-born Ladye.

"Whomsoever I wed," said this maid, so excelling,
"That Knight must the conqu'ror of conqueror's be:
He must place me in halls fit for monarchs to dwell in;
None else shall be Lord of the high-born Ladye!"

Thus spoke the proud damsel, with scorn looking round her
On Knights and on nobles of highest degrees,
Who humbly and hopelessly left as they found her,
And worshipped at distance the high-born Ladye.

At length came a Knight from a far land to woo her,
With plumes on his helm like the foam of the sea;
His vizor was down but with voice that thrilled through her,
He whispered his vows to the high-born Ladye.

"Proud maiden! I come with high spousals to grace thee,
In me the great conqu'ror of conquerors see;
Enthroned in a hall fit for monarchs I'll place thee,
And mine thou'rt forever thou high-born Ladye!"

The maiden she smiled, and in jewels array'd her,
Of thrones and tiaras already dreamt she;
And proud was the step, as the bridegroom convey'd her
In pomp to his home, of that high-born Ladye.

"But whither" she, starting, exclaims, "have you led me?"
"There's naught but a tomb and a dark cypress tree;
Is *this* the bright palace in which thou wouldst wed me?"
With scorn in her glance, said the high-born Ladye.

"Tis the home," he replied "of earth's loftiest creatures"—
Then lifted his helm for the fair one to see;
But she sunk on the ground—twas a skeleton's features,
And Death was the Lord of the high born Ladye!

What say the Templars and the Knights of Malta?

The *Metropolitan Record*, a Roman Catholic organ, advocates the employment of the Templars and the Knights of Malta as a protection to the Pope, now that the kings and people have forsaken him.

If the Pope had remained a simple bishop of Rome, as a matter of right, and had exercised the conventional prerogatives of *primus inter pares*, if he had maintained the rights of the people, while he made no attack on earthly rulers, if he had been faithful to his vocation and mission, if he had kept faith with the Templars, they would have been his protection and sufficient defence.

We here recount the end of Jacques du Molay, the Grand Master of the Order, and the fate of the Templars, that all may see what reply the Templars will make to such proposition:

James de Molai, the grand master of the society, was dragged from the prison into which the French king had thrown him, and was repeatedly importuned to confess the sins of himself and his brethren. He requested the consultory assistance of advocates; for he said that he was more skilled in war than in forensic subtlety. But the court sternly denied his request, because in charges of heresy the accused persons were always acquitted or condemned without the aid of counsel. De Molai then defended his order from the general accusations of irreligion. He declared that thrice a week they gave alms, and that no people had shed more blood than they had shed for the defence of Christianity. The commissioners replied, that, without faith, all their good works and valor were useless.* The grand master rejoined that he had faith, and accordingly repeated the creed with firmness and energy. The court declared that he had confessed various crimes, and they read to him a paper, purporting to be the details of his examination, as taken before the cardinals and legate of the Pope, at Chinon. But Molai most vehemently denied the accuracy of the document. Some of his brother knights were examined. They all bore testimony to the virtue of the Order, and appealed to the dying cries of their tortured friends as witnesses to the truth. Nine hundred knights presented themselves to the commissioners, and declared their intention and ability to defend the society. This avowal compelled the commissioners to make distinct and formal charges against the order. The Knights Templar were then accused of renouncing, at the time of their matriculation, God, Jesus Christ, the Virgin, and all the saints. It was said that the brethren used often to spit and trample on the cross, in proof of their contempt of Christ, who was crucified for his own crimes and not for the sins of the world. Out of their disdain of God and His Son, they adored a cat, and certain wooden and golden idols. The master could absolve brethren from sins. All those matters were agreeable to the statutes of the Order; they were in old and general usage; and there was no other mode of reception than the performance of certain acts, many of which were opposite to nature as well as contrary to law. To these charges the Templars returned a general and firm denial; and, in consciousness of innocence, called for an acquittal, except the accusations could be substantiated. In violation of the benign forbearance of legal inquisition, the knights had been seized like sheep intended for the slaughter; their property taken from them, and, without any respect for their rank or station in the world, they had been cast into loathsome dungeons. As if the existence of truth and the capacity of preserving it were necessarily united, they had been tortured, and the strength of each man's nerves discovered. The prisoners had been deprived of the habits of the Order; spiritual succors had been denied to such brethren as were ill, and no funeral solemnities graced the burial of the dead. All these facts were so public and notorious, that it was impossible to controvert or palliate them. The Order of the Knights Templar was eminent for its virtue and its discipline; and when the chances of war had thrown any of them into the hands of the Muselman foe, and the deplorable choice was offered of apostacy or death, where could an instance be found of want of religious heroism? And would they have been martyrs for Christianity had they not believed in Christ? The commissioners continued their violation of the substantial forms of justice; they relied for the truth of the charges upon the despotism of those who had been tortured or bribed into confession. But the court was almost ashamed into decency when a cavalier, Humbert du Puy was his name, instead of bending before pretended justice, passionately declared that he had been thrice tortured, and for thirty-six weeks had been confined in a damp and putrid tower, and supported on bread and water alone. The court, however, soon resumed its contempt of virtue and equity. It condemned to perpetual imprisonment those from whom no confessions of guilt had been extorted. But such as had retracted their forced avowals were declared to be relapsed heretics. They were delivered over to the secular power, and condemned to the fire. The number in the last mentioned class of the proscribed was fifty-four. All the historians who have spoken of the event, whatever opinions they might have entertained on the general question, friends or enemies, natives or strangers, have unanimously attested the virtuous courage, the noble intrepidity, and the religious resignation, which these martyrs of heroism displayed. Arrived at the place of punishment, they beheld with firmness and placidity the piles of wood, and the torches already lighted in the hands of the executioners. In vain a messenger of the king promised pardon and liberty to those who did not persist in their retraction. In vain their surrounding friends endeavored to touch their hearts by prayers and tears. The virtues of constancy, resignation, and love of truth, engrossed them wholly. Invoking God and the saints, they sung the hymn of death; triumphing over the most cruel tortures, they believed themselves already in the Heavens, and died in the midst of their songs. We may pass over the condemnation of the Templars in other parts of the world, for the events were similar to those which occurred at Paris.

* * * * * * *

Four years after the first seizure of the Templars in France, a council was held at Vienne in Dauphiny, for the purpose of making some general decision on the case of the Order. The Pope headed three hundred bishops, and an untold number of inferior clergy. All men who desired to defend the Order were promised security and freedom. Nine cavaliers presented themselves before the assembly in the character of representatives of one thousand five hundred of their brethren who were living at Lyons, and in the secret fastnesses of Savoy and Switzerland. Clement immediately violated his promise of protection, and threw the nine knights into prison. He then called upon the council for its opinion, whether in consequence of the confessions of the Templars the society ought not to be dissolved. With the disgraceful exception of one Italian prelate, and three French archbishops, the whole body of churchmen declared that so illustrious an Order as that of the red-cross knights ought not to be suppressed, until the Grand Master and the nine knights had been heard in its defence. The Pope disregarded the opinion of the majority, and tried in vain for six months to make a change. The king of France arrived at Vienne, and, sanctioned by his presence, the Pope declared that he should exercise the plenitude of papal authority. He accordingly dissolved the Order provisionally, and not absolutely, and reserved to himself the disposition of the persons and estates of the Templars. This mode of dissolution was totally unprecedented. The Pope avows in his bull that all the information against the Templars did not fully support the charges that had been made against the Order, but that they only warranted a strong suspicion of guilt, and he could not therefore pronounce a definite sentence. When the subject of the distribution of the Knights Templar estates was debated in the council, the Pope declared that they ought to be bestowed upon the Hospitallers, because the original purpose of the Order was the subjugation of the infidels, a purpose which the knights of Rhodes were earnestly pursuing. The friends of the French king disclaimed against the danger to morals and religion of enriching the companions in arms of the Templars, and strongly endeavored to prove the superior benefits to the Christian cause which would result from the establishment of a new order. But the Pope promised to amend the principles, and to reform the abuses of the military friars, and Philip was compelled to withdraw his opposition.

The decree of confiscation was executed throughout Christendom. The Templars were robbed, but the Hospitallers did not enjoy the whole of the plunder. Philip the Fair, and his successor Louis Hutin, retained nearly three hundred thousand livres for what they chose to term the expenses of the prosecution. The landed estates were slowly and unwillingly resigned, for the monarchs enjoyed the rents till the commissioners of the knights of Rhodes established their rights. In Germany the Teutonic knights assisted the Hospitallers in plundering those who had formerly been their brethren in arms in Palestine. In Italy, and most of Spain, the decree of the Vienne council was faithfully executed. In Valentia, however, the knights of Calatrava were enriched, and in Arragon the order of the knights of our lady of Montesa was created in the place of the Templars, and supported by their wealth. The knights were destined to fight the Muselmans of Spain. The most wise and virtuous monarch of his time was Denis, king of Portugal. He preserved the order of the red-cross knights, and made only the sacrifice to the decrees of the church by changing their title from the soldiers of the Temple to that of the soldiers of Christ. Pope John XXII was obliged to concede to this measure. In England the Templars were restored to liberty before the holding of the council at Vienne; but their estates were retained by the king's commissioners, and the rents were paid into the royal treasury. Edward II confirmed the papal grant of the estates of the Templars to the Hospitallers, and recommended the new possessors to make the same pecuniary allowance to the knights as he had made them. The regal ratification of the decree of the church was not, however, in all respects considered obligatory. Both before and after the passing of the royal word, Edward gave to different laymen much of the forfeited property. Numbers of the nobility, too, as heirs of the original donors, seized many of the Templars' estates. Indeed, so great was the injustice done to the Hospitallers, that Pope John XXII censured both the clergy and the laity for their disobedience of the decree of the council at Vienne. Moved by the voice of the holy pontiff, the parliament confirmed the decrees, but oppression still exerted some influence, and the Hospitallers were even obliged to purchase of the king, or from laymen, the objects of his munificence, many of the estates of the Templars.

The last circumstances which attended the fate of the Templars was the condemnation of the Grand Master, James de Molai. About a year after the termination of the council at Vienne, two cardinals as legates of the Pope, the archbishop of Sens, and some other French prelates, met at Paris, and sat in judgment upon the Grand Master. There was no new trial and no new examination. But on a public scaffold, where a pile of wood was lighted by the ordinary executioner, the commissioners called upon the knights to confirm the acknowledgment of the immoralities and heresies which they had made to the Pope. The virtuous James de Molai cried aloud that he had been guilty of the greatest crime in charging the Templars with vice. "I uttered," he continued, "all that the inquisitors wished, only for the purpose of escaping the torments of the rack. But I abhor the weakness which I then showed. Great as are the torments which are prepared for me, I will endure them rather than purchase a few years of life by persisting in falsehood." Similar language was uttered by Guy. His declaration closed the proceedings, and the four knights were reconveyed to prison. On the same day James de Molai was burnt alive before a slow fire, on the very spot in Paris which has been adorned in modern times with a statue of Henry IV. With his dying lips he bore testimony to the virtue of the Order; and his mental sufferings on account of his former want of firmness appeared to be greater than mere corporeal pain. The brother of the prince of Dauphiny met with the same unhappy but honorable end as that of his friend, James de Molai. The two priors seem to have died in prison.

What Templar throughout the world can now be found who will say "yea" to the proposition of the *Metropolitan Record?*

The Twelve Grand Points of Masonry.

Our ancient Brethren, especially those of the last century, were more anxious to refer the masonic institution to a Scriptural origin than we seem to be at present. So many societies have sprung up within the last forty years, whose father and mother we know, that many who dearly love Freemasonry as a moral and humane association, have only ranked Masonry as the best of the multitude, and fail in paying the respect due it as a divine art. We may venture to assert that their regard for the society of their choice would be tenfold increased, were they to be introduced to *the* family of its adoption—the facts and analogies of Holy Writ. There is a force, a peculiar beauty, an extraordinary charm, we may say, in reading the Bible *with* the glass of a well-informed Mason. Every paragraph has light and wisdom peculiar to this powerful and unerring lens; while, in its general connection, it *is* cemented into a vastly stronger pile than it could be by other means.

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* "He hated all good works and virtuous deeds,
And him no less than any like did use
And, who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His alms, *for want of faith*, he doth accuse."

"Deluded people," as a prelate of the Church of England has said, "that do not consider that the greatest heresy in the world is a wicked life; and that God will sooner forgive a man a hundred defects of his understanding, than one fault of his will."

Among the Scriptural analogies that our Brethren of the last century principally admired, was the one that harmonized the names and characters of the twelve sons of Jacob with the twelve principal portions of the Entered Apprentice's degree. We draw from Oliver's Landmarks. The OPENING of the Lodge was referred to *Reuben*, who was said to be the chief of his father's strength, his firstborn, the beginning of his honors. The PREPARATION of the candidate was applicable to *Simeon*, who, it is said, prepared the instruments of destruction for the barbarous slaughter of the Sheckemites. *Levi* harmonized with the REPORT, inasmuch as the Levites were to be the communication between the nation and its Divine Head. The ENTRANCE into the Lodge was symbolized by *Judah*, who was first of the tribes to enter across Jordan's channel into the promised land. The PRAYER with which the second ceremonial opens alludes to *Zebulon*, for whom his father, Jacob, besought of God peculiar blessings. The CIRCUIT is represented by *Issacher*, who, as an indolent, thriftless tribe, stood always in need of a conductor and guide. The ADVANCE to the pedestal is represented by *Dan*, who was at all times remarkably prone to advance to idolatry. *God* instructs us in the OBLIGATION, seeing that Jephthah, whose oath with penalty is recorded in the eleventh chapter of Judges, was of that tribe. The REVELATION may be joined to *Asher*, to whom, by his father's words, was revealed a royal heritage. *Naphtali* calls the CLOTHING to mind, which is the badge of freedom, for his allotment by Moses was peculiarly free. The PLACING of the candidate will apply to *Joseph*, whose two sons' heritage was placed in a conspicuous part of Canaan. The CLOSING of the lodge alludes to *Benjamin*, who was the last of the sons and the closing of his father's strength.

What, then, is Masonry?

From the Univers Maconnique.

We reply, it is much; it is of the utmost importance, or it is nothing at all.

It is nothing to the vulgar man or the wicked. It is much to the sensible and virtuous man. It is nothing, any more than colors to the blind, music to the deaf, poetry and fine arts to brutes, to the ambitious, to the avaricious, the egotistical, the untrue. It is much to the sensible sincere, and generous man, who knows the ills of humanity, and would remedy them. She is neither a plot, a faction, nor a party; she serves the ambition, the cunning, or the cruelty of no one.

She is order and truth in all things; she is the hatred of vice, the love of virtue; she is a living voice, saying: "Do not unto others that which you would not that others should do unto you;" on the contrary, "Do as you would be done by." She is the calm amid the tempest, a light-house in shipwreck, consolation in misfortune, the antidote against every kind of tyranny, fanaticism, and lies. In a word, she is the true bond of nations, the preserver of that moral balance the wicked would destroy. Thus she is everything to those who understand her, nothing to those whose souls are dead, or, rather, she is the mirror in which they dare not look.

What was she, in ancient times, for Tiberius, for Caligula, for Nero? Just what she is now for those who resemble them.

Some one has said that Masonry was a religion. That is true, if we may apply the name to an institution that leaves no doubt after it, that opens no door to argument on her principles and precepts. It is the clearest, the simplest of all religions—that which has the nearest affinity to the good sense with which Heaven has endowed us, and on this account it is not to be confounded with the others. Read and judge. All religions take charge of a man at his birth, and keep him in charge till he dies. Masonry, on the contrary, only accepts a man when he has arrived at mature age, and when his intelligence enables him to appreciate the value of things. A given ceremony makes an infant a portion of a given church, as, for example, circumcision or baptism makes him a Jew or a Christian before he is in any way capable of understanding the prescribed dogmas of those sects. The baptism of Masonry is science and virtue—the initiate hears and understands what is said to him; the lamp of reason is placed in his own hands. By the aid of science he is taught everything that God has designed man should know to distinguish good from evil, the true from the false, liberty from license, courage from cowardice, honesty from fraud, generosity from cruel egotism.

By virtue he learns to subdue the obstacles arising from ignorance or dishonesty. It is the baptism of honor and knowledge; it is initiation in the dignity, the grandeur of humanity; certainly no religion can lead us nearer the Deity.

Men are so curiously organized that nearly every one believes his neighbor's religion to be false. Yet no man, except through ignorance or folly, can make the same accusation against Masonry, for she is the touchstone of all truth, as every one who knows her must be convinced. Religions, whether true or false, are protected by sovereigns and sustained by the treasure of the people. Masonry depends upon herself, and upon God who created light. Religions lead their chiefs to power, to opulence, and to greatness. Masonry confers neither greatness, riches, nor power; it is the only priesthood that costs the people nothing; it is the only army that makes war at its own expense; hence it may be justly called the army of the good against the bad, of the brave and true against the cowardly and perfidious. Such soldiers look not for their reward at the hands of men; they find it in the consciousness of well-doing, which is, after all, true happiness.

In conclusion, we repeat these words, becoming daily of greater truth: "Teach and propagate true Masonry, and you will have rendered the world a greater service than all its legislators."

The Holy Land.

[From Wayside Notes in the Days of Chrysostom.]

The Holy Land! I have left those regions of the earth consecrated by the universal presence of the Creator, and now my feet stand where the feet of my Divine Redeemer stood, my eyes rest on the hills and valleys on which His human eyes rested—the flowers and grain around me have sprung in lineal succession from those which suggested His parables.

Wouldst believe it! They have thought to consecrate further the living turf He trod by crushing it beneath cold marble; they have deemed it honoring the sepulchre, where they say He lay, and from whence He rose, by blocking it up in dead stone work from the light and air of heaven! Happily they cannot mar the mountains, or the seashore where the Apostles spread their nets, or petrify the waves which heave and ripple on the beach with the same fresh music as when His voice rose above them to teach or His feet trod their heaving sapphire.

They cannot desecrate the only monument He has recognized—the only image he has sanctioned—the Book of God. It is the land itself which it is such a joy to me to see and tread—the land God consecrated to himself—the land in which the Son of God dwelt—the land for which there are surely yet such glorious destinies. After Jerusalem, my steps were first directed to Bethlehem. It was dusk when I reached the valley beneath it; but all around me glittered hundreds of scattered lamps, and from all directions streamed sounds of sacred melody, echoed from crag to crag, not by lifeless rocks, but by living human voices praising God. The sacred music met and blended in delicious harmonies—now a burst of sweet female voices came in chorus from among a group of psalms in the valley; then the rich tenor of some solitary rang from an isolated rock. Chorus answered chorus, and now and then, from some neighboring caves, voice after voice took up the verses of a psalm. Finally, the 141st Psalm, the Vesper Psalm, was chanted in chorus by the whole community together, pealing at once from valley, slope, and crag—sweet voices of young maidens soaring in jets of song through the deep harmonies—and here and there deep rich tones penetrating the chorus with their individual force; whilst through and round rolled the river of praise like the sound of many waters. This torrent of human song ceased, and the most absolute silence succeeded. It was as if the ocean had been suddenly ice-bound—all its waves reined in as they broke its ripples, poised as they bent to kiss the shore; the whole heaving, stirring, thundering, plashing mass of living waters spell-bound into the dead silence of a glacier. I never knew what silence was before. Not a footfall, not a murmur, not a breath broke the stillness—it seemed as if the next sound must be something like that still small voice which made Elijah shroud his head with his mantle; or that great voice as of a trumpet, which John heard behind him, saying "I am Alpha and Omega—the first and the last."

No voice came. Only a faint breeze slowly along the valley, and stirred the vine-leaves above my head, and bathed my forehead. But God was there, and the whole world, the green earth, and the heavens, seemed to expand visibly before me with the fullness of His presence. I could not stir from that spot, the place seemed so sacred; and wrapping my travelling cloak around me, I lay down and slept. Early the next morning I was awakened by a matin hymn from the same visible choir. "Early will I seek Thee," rose sweetly on the dawn, blended with the name of Christ But to this a very different scene followed; the hills and valleys around me were soon stirring with busy laborers, silent and diligent; active figures were moving among vines or cornfields, binding faggots in the luxuriant groves, or gathering fruits and herbs, or drawing water for the morning meal.

From time to time snatches of sacred song burst spontaneously from happy voices; and if one could forget the outer circle of darkness and sin, which needs all the labor of every Christian life to irradiate its gloom and penetrate its misery, the place would have seemed like a Paradise. For a time I did forget it utterly, and sat feasting on the delicious vision.

Washington and Washington Irving.

[Our craft should devote more attention to children, especially of Masons. We quote the following of our great masonic exemplar from *Arthur's Home Magazine*:]

During a celebration which occured in New York city during the life of Washington, the General was present, and a Scotch nurse who had the care of a little boy was observed to eagerly lift him up that he might look upon the Father of his Country. She was not satisfied with this, however, and the next day while out walking with the child, she saw the General in a store, and darting in, she exclaimed, "Please your Excellency, here's a bairn that's called after ye." Washington turned his benevolent face full upon the lad, smiled, laid his hand upon the boy's head, and gave his blessing. In after years, the boy, then a distinguished man, used to say, "I have reason to believe that blessing has attended me through life. I was but five years old, yet I can feel that hand even now." The boy was Washington Irving, to whom, perhaps as a fruit of that blessing, we are indebted for the best biography of George Washington.

Let there be Light!

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

(From the Swedish.)

Who that loves truth above all things does not try to forward it, and does not start up in its defence when it is assailed? When a holy voice bids us speak, it would be cowardice to keep silence. Such a voice addresses me, and commands me to pierce, with rays of light, those clouds which the deep-seeking teachers of our days attempt to draw before the sun and source of our spiritual life. What men call learning, I have none; but I have lived and suffered, have known much of the deep experience of life, and have thought much and often of it! I will go forward with the light which I have received, if but as the harbinger of a higher and more perfect light. The dawn goes before the rising sun, to awaken nature to witness his coming. When he rises, it vanishes, dies, is lost in his sea of light. So may I vanish, so may I be lost. Only—let there be, let there be—light!

INSTRUCTIVE HEBREW LEGEND.—"You teach," said the Emperor Trajan to a famous Rabbi, "that your God is everywhere, and boast that he resides among your nation. I should like to see him." "God's presence is indeed, everywhere," the Rabbi replied; "but He cannot be seen, for no mortal eye can look upon his splendor." The Emperor had the obstinacy of power, and persisted in his demand. "Well," answered the Rabbi, "suppose we begin by endeavoring to gaze at one of his ambassadors." Trajan assented; and the Rabbi leading him into the open air, for it was the noon of the day, bade him raise his eyes to the sun then shining down upon the world in its meridian glory. The Emperor made the attempt, but relinquished it. "I cannot," he said; "the light dazzles me." "If, then," rejoined the triumphing Rabbi, "thou art unable to endure the light of one of his creatures, how canst thou expect to behold the unclouded glory of the Creator?'

The National Freemason.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY, 1865.

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OFFICIAL.

To the Brethren, Companions, and Sir Knights of the several jurisdictions; We, as Grand Master of Knights Templar in the United States of America, Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, send greeting:

We not only regard with favor the enterprise so generally approved by the Craft, to establish a National Masonic Journal at the metropolis of the nation, but we are impelled by a deep sense of its importance to urge upon you the most vigorous exertions to give to this much-needed instrument for good a healthy and vigorous life.

Let each masonic body, in corporate capacity, subscribe for as many copies of the National Freemason as may be expedient for circulation among the widows and orphans of Masons, and among the sick and indigent Masons in hospitals, thereby exercising a high charity. Let each Mason take as many copies personally as he can afford, and induce his neighbor to do the same.

We are satisfied, from the well-known high educational, literary, and masonic character of the Rev R. McMurdy, D. D., LL. D., Grand Prelate of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, that the National Freemason will be conducted in a liberal, faithful, national, and catholic spirit, and will tend to increase and diffuse light within and without our sacred precincts, and promote harmony and good will among the brotherhood.

The moderate terms of its publication, $2 00 per annum, make it accessible to the masonic masses.

We urge you all, brethren, to prompt action in sending names of subscribers, paying in advance, to Rev. Dr. McMurdy, Washington, D. C.

B. B. FRENCH,
Grand Master Knights Templar, U. S. of A.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand High Priest of Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and District of Columbia.
Y. P. PAGE,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.
J. N. McJILTON,
Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Maryland.

◆

It is a standing rule of this office to send the Freemason to those subscribers who do not give notice of discontinuance previous to the commencement of a new volume. Even when due notice is given, the work will not be discontinued till all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the proprietor.

◆

Copies of the Freemason will be sold in sets, at $2 for first volume, and $2 for second volume.

◆

Clubs of twelve to one address will be charged $1 80; of sixteen, $1 70; of twenty or more, $1 50.

◆

Our office is *Room No. 22, Federal Block*, cor. 7th and F streets, immediately opposite City Post Office. Entrance next door to Anderson's.

Some authorized person always present to receive subscriptions and attend to orders.

◆

Attention, Knts. Templar.—As Chairman of the committee on appropriate religious services for the various Templar bodies, and in behalf of the committee, I invite suggestions from all Templars on this important subject. Early attention will enable the committee to make a judicious report to the Grand Encampment of the U. S.

R. McMURDY.

◆

Removal.—On account of prospective repairs, Bro. Blair has removed his Fire and Life Insurance Co. to Room No. 22, same building, Federal Block, cor. 7th and F.

Any business connected with The Freemason can be transacted there.

◆

We are glad that a brother (Peterson) could administer any relief to the late lamented President and his afflicted family. It was to Bro. Peterson's house, opposite Ford's Theatre, that the President was borne after his fatal wound.

We are pleased to record that Masons over the entire country are forward to testify their sense of grief for the national calamity, and their detestation of the heinous crime which has made our nation a vast community of sincere and stricken mourners.

Bro. Peterson, with true masonic spirit, says that the room in which the late lamented President breathed his last shall forever be sacred and set apart from ordinary use. From this same room the spirits of two of Bro. P.'s children entered the spirit land.

◆

Fort Sumter.—The flag was hoisted by Bro. Peter Hart on Fort Sumter, April 14, under the direction of Maj. Gen. Robert Anderson, a brother and a knight.

◆

Acknowledgments.—The expense of the embellishments of the February number was borne by Bro. Capt. Jackson, 7th U. S. Infantry.

We are gratified to acknowledge the favor of the embellishing of this No. (see pp. 180 and 181) on the part of Madame Demorest, a lady and a devoted friend of Masonry and The National Freemason. We and all our readers cannot fail to wish well to her *Model Parlor Magazine of America*, published at 473 Broadway, N. Y., and which is rapidly finding its way into every household. Price $3.

Copies can be seen at the book-stores of Washington, Alexandria, and the cities generally. Our lady readers should examine this great work.

◆

West Virginia.—At the Convention held April 12, 1865, at Fairmont, Va., the Grand Lodge of West Virginia was organized, and Bro. Bates was elected G.·. M.·., and Bro. Logan, G.·. S.·.

The installation of the officers elect will take place in Wheeling, May 2. Bro. Thrall, P.·. G.·. M.·. of Ohio, is invited to preside.

◆

The cross (†) is the mark which persons who cannot sign their names make instead of their signature. Kings and nobles formerly made it, not because they were ignorant of writing, but as an attestation of good faith, attached to the signature of those who could and those who could not write. It was the symbol of an oath. Shakspeare said, "God save the mark;" an ejaculation approaching the character of an oath.

So Templars use the cross attached to their signature.

◆

King Kamehameha, of the Sandwich Islands, was not only a Freemason, but the principles of the Craft governed his life and public conduct. Masonic teaching on toleration of difference of religious opinion guided him in permitting other denominations to establish churches on the Islands, despite the remonstrances and machinations of a religious party on the Islands, who claimed the pre-eminence. Masonry will modify the evils of sectarianism there as it does here.

◆

Intemperance proceeds not so much from the love of liquor as the love of companionship and recreation. While homes must be made attractive, much companionship may be supplied by the brotherhood of Masonry. Let the Craft study the social needs and the physical and mental cravings of toil-worn men and women, supplying the varying and manifold refreshment which their complex nature demands. Let all this be plied with loving, thoughtful, untiring sympathy, and we shall hear less of the fascinations of the bottle or the ravages of the drinking saloon.

◆

Thanks to the Committee and the Secretary of St. John's Lodge, No. 6, Norwalk, Conn., for their special and cordial invitation to assist at the centennial anniversary of the lodge, May 23.

The services are to take place at St. Paul's church, and among them we notice the historical sketch of St. John's Lodge by our Rev. Bro., Dr. Wm. Cooper Mead, and an address by our Rev. Bro., Dr. Randall, both of whom we met last at Richmond, Va., at the General Convention of the Episcopal Church, when our country was united and happy. We shall be at Norwalk if we can. If not, let us have early copies of the addresses from two such master minds of the Craft.

"The Early Dawn," "The Diary of Miss Kitty Trevylian," and "The Chronicles of the Schonberg Cotta Family," published by M. W. Dodd, 506 Broadway, N. Y., are sold by Mr. Ballantyne, 7th street.

These three remarkable books delight the old and the young. They are equal in interest to any romance, perfect in style, instructive in history, educating mind and heart, and doing honor to the great moral influences of the Continent and of England. We give extracts in other columns, and heartily commend them to our readers.

◆

A true, devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his weary steps

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 2, Sc. 7.

◆

The following is sent from Hiram Lodge, New Haven, Conn.:

> Lorenzo C. Goff, hailing from various lodges and from different parts of the country, seeking aid from the fraternity under numerous pretences, is an impostor. He travels with a boy whom he claims as his son.

◆

This No. closes the second volume. According to our custom and Post Office regulations, all subscribers wishing to discontinue must give notice thereof, and pay up arrearages.

◆

Will not each subscriber pay up his arrearages, send two dollars for his advance subscription, and spend an hour in getting at least one more subscriber?

◆

Freemasonry is not the mere reception of the degrees. It is not a jewel to be locked in a casket and hid in the bosom. It is *life*—action—practical beneficence. It is the development of the power within—the bearing fruit. It is wise in thought, benevolent in purpose, in speech, gifts, and toil. It is full of blessing to man.

◆

Reply.—Andrew Jackson Lodge of Alexandria does not refuse to admit N. Y. Masons from any reason growing out of the war. It is a result of the difficulties existing between the Grand Lodges of New York and Virginia previous to the war, and which suspension of intercourse has not been adjusted. It is one of the misfortunes and evils of masonic schism and rancor.

Alexandria Lodge simply obeys the instructions of the G.·. L.·. of Virginia.

◆

The N. Y. *Dispatch* thus kindly and generously notices The Freemason:

> "The National Freemason, Washington, under Bro. McMurdy, continues to merit its well-established reputation. Brethren will find in its well-printed columns a very store-house of information that cannot fail to interest and improve them. It has been a perfect godsend to our brave soldiers in field and hospital. Long may it wave."

◆

We have been much interested in the perusal of the article of the Annals of Iowa on Brig. Gen. Rice, written by Bro. L. D. Ingersoll.

Bro. Ingersoll gives an account of Bro. Rice's early life and education, his professional and political career, his career as a soldier, as Colonel of 33d Iowa Vols. at the battle at Helena, in the Little Rock campaign, the expedition to southwestern Arkansas, the battle of Jenkin's Ferry, his death, and character:

> "He was an affectionate husband, a kind father, an amiable, genial man, with no stain upon his personal character. By his death Iowa has lost one of her most eminent citizens, one of her most successful lawyers, one of her most sagacious politicians, one of her bravest, best soldiers."

◆

Rev. A. G. Shears, M. D., a masonic brother, has a School near New Haven, Conn., for boys from seven to fourteen years of age, all boarding in his family.

The next session commences first Tuesday in May. Price $125 for 21 weeks. Washing, library, and gymnastics, extra.

We heartily commend this school to our friends for its internal management and arrangements, and for its locality.

◆

Music, by Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington st., Boston, Mass.:

Penitence, by Southard; "I've struck Ile"—oil on the brain—by Frank Wilder; Up with the Flag, by Howe; Soldiers' Chorus, Faust, by Richards; God grant our Soldiers safe Return, by Dodge; Jessie Gray, by Heine; My heart is with the North, by Turner; A Hundred Thousand Welcomes, by Brown; Social Pastime, by Winner; Pompey Jones—song and dance—by Wilder.

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12—1y

◆

Eli S. Parker, the Indian Mason.

Reply.—We did meet Bro. and Sir Knt. Eli S. Parker on our visit at General Grant's headquarters, who bears the rank of Lieut. Col., and is Military Secretary. Bro. Parker is the Principal Chief of the Six Nations of New York. He is a gentleman of fine talents and education, a very able civil engineer by profession, an industrious scholar, and remarkable for his fine judgment and integrity. Mr. Buchanan, upon assuming the presidency, appointed Bro. Parker Engineer-in-Chief for the erection of the light-house at Detroit, and Government buildings at Galena, Ill., where General Grant formed his acquaintance and learned his inestimable worth.

◆

In the funeral obsequies of the late President at New York city, the Masons turned out in great strength, the fourth division being composed almost exclusively of the Craft. The *Herald* says:

> "The nearly total absence of the usual regalia hindered the lodges from presenting the imposing appearance which such a large body of men arrayed in the brilliant insignia of their order would undoubtedly exhibit, yet, attired in uniform black habiliments, and aided only by simple, unpretending mourning badges and sprigs of acacia—the emblem of immortality—worn yesterday by them, their appearance was striking in the extreme, and appropriate to the mournful occasion. This division was headed by General Hobart Ward, Marshal, and his aids, and a brass band, and were followed by the lodges of the Free and Accepted Masons of New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Greenpoint, and Harlem."

In Nashville, Louisville, Indianapolis, Toledo, and over the whole country, the Masons turned out in participation in the solemn processions in honor of our late President.

◆

THE King of Prussia has purchased of the sculptors Lazzarins and Dartha, of Carrara, a life-size of Frederick the Great, the noble and royal Mason. The price paid was 33,750 francs, and the work has been placed in the park of Sans Souci.

◆

W.·. M.·. Bro. Guilbert, of Iowa, is holding his Schools of Instruction within his jurisdiction. His lectures, both in lodge room and before the public, are receiving high commendations, and we should think that great good will result from the labors of this eminent and able Grand Master.

◆

THE *National*, of West Virginia, says:

> "THE NATIONAL FREEMASON.—One of our most highly-prised exchanges is the above-named Journal, published in Washington city, and edited by Robert McMurdy, D. D., LL. D. Every Mason should have it on account of its value to him as a Mason, and as containing most excellent reading matter for the family circle. We hope every Mason who reads this notice will send for it at once. Our word for it, he will not regret the investment."

Thank you, Bro. Boyd.

◆

BRO. CLARK, with our hearty approval, will act as general agent for THE FREEMASON in Missouri for a few months.

DIED April 20, 1865, my honored father-in-law, Hon. William P. Russell, in the 77th year of his age.

Mr. Russell was not only identified with the great interests of his country, a participant in legislative and official influence and control, faithful to the interests of property and humanity, also trusted as few men have been, but he was also well known to the fraternity of olden time. In symbolic and chapitral Masonry he took great delight. He inherited this love of the Craft from his venerated father, who was an Aide to Gen. Washington, and a participant with Washington, at various points, in the mysteries of the masonic art.

Mr. Russell saw the masonic excellence of Bro. Barney, and fitted him out in his masonic career, taking especial care of Bro. B.'s family. With gratitude and emotion, Bro. Barney remembered this masonic kindness, and perpetuated his regard in the names of his children. This led to particular intimacy on the part of Bro. Barney and ourselves.

We extract the following from the sermon delivered on the occasion of Mr. Russell's funeral, by our masonic brother, the Rev. Mr. Wainwright:

> Mr. Russell was one of the old landmarks. Perhaps no man—certainly no living man—has had more to do in your councils than he. Several times he has represented you in the legislature. He has been your Senator, and various offices of trust did he fill with signal ability. Mr. Russell was not a man of many words. His judgments were formed with deliberation, and uttered with conciseness and without display. In all political matters he was a man of sagacity, and what, in a country where so many and great temptations are offered for intrigue, is to the lasting honor of any man, he was always found upright and manly. To this trait, and his acknowledged exactness in all matters of business, doubtless, he owed much of his public patronage. A man of high intellectual attainments, he is represented, in the years of his vigor, capable of filling any office in the gift of the people. He possessed the far-seeing eye and the integrity of character which warranted his being placed in the highest councils of the nation.
>
> Such a man could hardly fail to impart something of his own sterling character to the people among whom he lived. He could not live unto himself. How much you are indebted for your prosperity to the living of such a man, it is impossible to say.
>
> * * * * * * * * *
>
> Here (in the department of religious culture) as in his worldly matters, he showed himself a man of thought and candor. To be sure he made no formal and public confession of his love for his Saviour until late in life. But evidently he was no stranger in that direction, to the deepest and most earnest thought. He was not a man to be carried away by the mere force of feeling. Perhaps, in this regard, his position was on the other extreme. He was that order of minds that crave after strictly logical deductions, and is perplexed and puzzled with anything less concise and clear. He was not so willful, but his hesitation to accept of dogmas arose from his cast of mind. * * * His holding back was a struggle of the spirit with the intellect. * * * * *
>
> He did not wish to overturn the faith of Christ. This was exactly what he wanted to believe. * * * * *
>
> But whatever the character of Mr. R.'s doubts, they long since fell from him. * * * * * * * *
>
> Never in my professional experience have I met a man who has seemed more to crave religious conversation. The whole weight of his thoughts seemed centered on the subject-matter of the spiritual world. * * * * * * *
>
> A few evenings since, while watching from his windows the tokens of joy in the prospect of peace, suddenly turning from the pageant without, in his quiet and feeling manner, observed, that he wished that he could know more of the immediate condition of the dead. Yet that it did not much matter, in that he should soon know all about it. His trust was in Christ, and he could afford to leave all such questions for future solution. * * * *
>
> Farewell, farewell, venerated father! thou knowest now those "truths that master death." Thy pilgrimage is ended. Thou art gone home, where no shadows of doubt shall ever again hang upon thy brow.

◆

A Past Grand Master of Illinois informs us that an application was made to him, when G.·. M.·., to grant a dispensation for the making of Mr. Lincoln a Mason in brief time, when President elect, and before his inauguration. The intention of Mr. Lincoln was not carried out by reason of the peculiarly pressing nature of events in the nation absorbing all his time and energy.

◆

OUR worthy brother, Dr. Brown, P.·. M.·. of N. Y. Lodge No. 330, was the embalmer of our late President, and accompanied the remains to Springfield.

◆

Godey's Lady's Book for May has among its embellishments the "First of May," and among its choice articles "The Wonderful Mystery."

◆

HEADQUARTERS SIXTH CORPS, *April* 17, 1865.

DEAR DOCTOR: In the recent campaign resulting in the surrender of Lee, a man of my company found a masonic diploma belonging to John H. Evans and issued by "Golden Fleece Lodge, No. 6, of Covington, Ga.," on the 30th Jan., 1864, of which Wm. F. Anderson was W.·. M.·. It was picked up among a quantity of papers thrown out of one of Lee's abandoned wagons on the north bank of the Appomattox, near Farmsville. Perhaps by giving this a notice in your paper, he or his friends may be able to recover it.

Respectfully, your obed't serv't,
EDMUND K. RUSSELL,
Captain and A. C. S.

Masonic Journalism.

There seems to be a general agreement as to what constitutes a good secular newspaper; but there is no such *consensus* among Freemasons as to the *Masonic Journal.* The public have an *ideal* in the former case so distinct and universal that the editor can bend himself directly to its realization. He has the advantage of knowing precisely what his readers want. Prompt and early news, sagacious money articles, the skilful advocacy of party interests, vigorous and practical treatment of all current questions, brief and pungent paragraphs, which he who runs to and from his business engagements may catch up at his breakfast or on his road—these are everywhere recognized as the essential elements of a good secular journal. He has, therefore, before him an ideal which he can at least aim to realize. Hearing here and there, from time to time, contradictory statements of what a masonic paper should be, the masonic editor works with fitful energy, now in one direction and now in another.

Our own impression is that a masonic paper should not be a paper to create strife, to promote discord, to sustain a masonic party, to elevate any to office, to attack a brother, to sustain any political party, to promote the personal ends of any, or to encourage controversy. It should be catholic in spirit, gentle in tone, firm in defending and maintaining intact the land-marks, promoting harmony, reconciling brethren at variance, encouraging the highest and purest masonic morality, permitting occasionally fraternal discussion, binding together the whole body of Masonry throughout the world in one masonic faith, in the bond of peace and in righteousness of life, in the great work of peace on earth and good-will to man, keeping within the sphere of masonic things, and of current interests and news only as viewed in connection with those that are masonic.

◆

MASONIC PROCESSIONS.—We find many persons who are disposed to esteem lightly masonic, and yet are prominent in political processions. Some of these are religious people. Does not the natural love of men and women, boys and girls, for fun, music, and show lead them to seek what their churches deny? Have our churches been right in eschewing masonic lessons, in ignoring, as far as possible, symbols, and ornamenting of churches, and dressing them with evergreens and flowers? Are our gaiety and displays and processions to be associated only with politics? Are our politics to become annually more expensive and hollow? A hurrah for a candidate to take the place of argument?

Is there not evil in all this for us in the future? Too little cheerfulness and symbolism in the church, the lodge, the school-room, and in our houses, and too great excitement in politics?

Let the schools have their processions and seasons of gaiety, and their cheerful ornaments and pictures. Let our lodges carry out their symbolism to greater perfection. Let the Craft have their occasional processions and their times of hilarity and enjoyment. Let our homes be made cheerful and attractive. Let our churches associate with them in the minds of youth, not only reverence, but joyous and festive scenes. While there should be Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, and Lent, let there be also Christmas and Easter.

◆

WE feel gratified that the Craft throughout the country approve of our course, continued now for two years, to avoid all party and factious issues, and to eschew utterly the bitter and rancorous contests which have disgraced the very name of Masonry, if it be a synonym of charity and fraternity.

◆

New York Music received from Horace Waters, 481 *Broadway, New York city:*

A Home on the Mountain	30 cts.
La Forga del Destino—by Wm. F. Muller, No. 1	50 cts.
Jessie Lee—song and chorus	21 cts.
The Voice of My Mother	25 cts.
Fa Forza del Destino. Polka—par Villanora	30 cts.
Alla Polacca—by Muller	35 cts.

The Catacombs, or the Crypts of Rome.

To Cryptic Masons and Templar antiquarians, we know of few subjects more replete with interest than the Catacombs.

Two miles from Rome, we find in St. Stephen's Church admittance. There are many openings over the Campagna for miles, which were used as "*luminaria cryptæ*"—air-holes—by the persecuted Christians, now overgrown with vines, often proving dangerous to the incautious rider.

Each visitor furnished with a light by a monk of an adjoining monastery, the descent down the stone steps into the passages below is made, which have rung through mediæval times with the tread of the mailed knight. The winding passage at the bottom of the stairs is the commencement of the Catacombs, which branch off in all directions, constructed in three stories, expanding occasionally into apartments large enough to contain a small company. On each side are cavities in which the bodies of the dead were placed, and small apertures where lamps have been found, and inscriptions marked with the point of the trowel, the name of the person, with the words "*in pace*," or "*dormit in pace*." Here are the remains of those who had listened to the apostles, and who had seen Jesus of Nazareth.

These excavations, occupying the whole sub-soil of one side of Rome, were commenced for the purposes of architecture, in the Etruscan age, anterior to the times of Romulus and Remus. We find allusions to the Catacombs in writers long before the Christian era. Cicero, in his oration for Cluentius, refers to them, and Suetonius says Nero was advised to conceal himself in them in the hour of danger, when he answered his freedman, Phaon, that "he would not go under the ground while living."

At the advent of the Christian faith, the workmen in the quarries were probably among the first converts, and had in these Crypts security from persecution, and they became the retreat for the Roman Church. Springs and wells are found in them. On every side we meet with tombs and chapels, paintings and inscriptions, and for 300 years the entire Christian population of Rome found sepulture in these recesses, which extended 20 miles to Ostia in one direction, and 12 miles in the other. After the persecutions ceased, these Crypts were visited with reverence, and were selected as places of sepulture by princes, nobles and prelates. Here are buried Anaclitus, the 5th Bishop of Rome, Leo I and IX, Gregory the Great, Gregory II and III, the Emperors Honorius, Valentinian and Otho II, and many other noble personages.

The Huns under Attila, the Goths under Totila, ransacked the Catacombs for treasures. The Lombards and Saracens followed with their devastation, and burials necessarily ceased in the Crypts, and services in the chapels, and they became the abodes of beasts and banditti.

In the middle ages they were retreats and places for combat for the Colonna and Orsini, and the factious nobles of anarchical Italy.

In the 16th century, after being untouched for 1,000 years, the Catacombs were re-opened by Bosio, who spent 30 years in the work, under ground.

These Crypts once formed the cradle of the Christian faith in Europe.

The chapels are ornamented with pictures, rudely executed, but with spirit, representing Moses striking the rock, Daniel in the lions' den, &c. There were in them, also, the simple earthen altar, and an antique cross above, cut in the rock.

The galleries are 8 or 10 feet in height and from 4 to 6 feet in width, the graves cut into the walls, in tiers one above another, 4 or 6 in number.

The ornamented and elaborate architecture found in some of the chapels is the work of later days.

The symbols employed are numerous and striking, and merit the study of masonic scholars. The cross and palm branch, the dove, the fish, the anchor, the lamb, were favorites. We opine that a thorough examination would show the acacia and its substitutes. The plates of the symbols indicate this. Will not some masonic visitor at Rome examine this subject?

In one symbol there are steps representing degrees, like those in the master's carpet. Non-masonic Christian writers fail to explain this.

We notice one symbol more particularly.

> In the foreground, at the end of the table, are seated two matrons, who preside, personifying Peace and Love, with their names written above their heads in the Etruscan fashion. At the table itself three guests are seated, while a page supplies them with food from a small round table in front, containing a lamb and a cup. The inscriptions are abbreviated, but should be read thus: "*Irene, da calidam aquam*" (Peace, give hot water;) "*Agape, misce mi vinum*," (Love, mix me wine.)

We commend this study not only to our masonic, but also to our religious brethren. The Catacombs teach what the primitive faith and practice were, and inculcate the fraternity and equality of the entire human family.

From wayside notes in the days of Chrysostom, we append the following:

> In answer to an observation of mine, that it must have been a glorious thing to see the whole Church come forth, as it were, from the Catacombs at the accession of Constantine, he said: "I think there will be no day like it until the great resurrection. To see Christians start up in every corner, where they had lain from prudence or fear; to find the palace full of them; to see the signs of brotherhood where one had least suspected them; to find oneself suddenly transformed from the member of a proscribed sect to a brother in a family large as the universe; to come suddenly like a beggar from the darkness and cold, into the illuminated hall of a palace, and find it full, not of compassionate strangers, but of one's own kindred—to be welcomed there, not with cold alms, but with smiles, and songs, and embraces!"

◆

The Eagle as a Symbol.

The eagle is not only used as a national emblem, it is also a masonic emblem, and a very appropriate jewel for the 33d A.·. and A.·. S.·. R.·., and is also used in the Memphis Rite.

In the Scottish Rite the jewel is a large black eagle with two heads, and crowned, having the wings open as if about to fly, holding a sword in the claws.

An eagle is the attribute of the Evangelist, St. John, and should be the symbol for lodge room and the festivals of the Winter St. John.

It is often seen on ancient coins and medals; frequently on those of the Ptolemies of Egypt.

Among the Assyrians and Persians it was the emblem of empire. Through the Greeks it was borrowed by the Romans. In their mythology it is associated with great Jove himself.

To become a member of the Prussian Order of the *Black* Eagle, the candidate must have received the Order of the Red Eagle, and prove his noble descent for four generations through both parents.

France, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, in later days, have employed it as a military emblem. Russia and Austria, like Masonry, preferring the double-headed. Its extraordinary powers of vision, the height of its flights, the grandeur of the scenery of its haunts, and its longevity, have recommended it to poetic regard.

In ancient times, eagles of brass were used in churches, as lecterus in the choirs, whence the Epistle and Gospel were sung, and the service for the dead read. Sometimes a brass eagle was suspended over the lectern. In the Episcopal Church the Bible is placed on the distended wings of a carved wooden eagle, and from it the lessons read.

◆

To Give is to Live.

God is the Great Giver. He gave himself.

To give is the law of nature. The sun gives. The earth gives. The sea, the air, the trees, the flowers, all give. While they give, they live. They live by giving. Ceasing to give, they die.

The man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives:
Whom none can love, whom none can thank;
Creation's blot—Creation's blank!

But he who marks, from day to day,
With generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path the Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

Masonic life abounds in giving of time, money, sympathy.

Ballot.

Reply.—The Grand Lodges of America generally ballot for each degree. Some ballot but once, and then for the three degrees, and candidates advance from one degree to another at the expiration of a specified time, upon attaining proficiency. All balloting is done in the Master's Degree.

Foreign lodges generally ballot and do all their business in the first degree, and have but one ballot for the three degrees.

We trust that uniformity in regard to balloting and the degree for business may be secured. We are inclined to hold, with the lodges of England, "that all necessary inquiry has been made prior to a candidate being initiated, and that the lodge which admits him as a brother is about to give him the other degrees without farther ballot." The law requires unanimity in admitting a new member, but it was originally applied only to initiation, and the candidate was regarded as entitled to promotion, after suitable proficiency. The sixth of the "General Regulations" of the Grand Lodge of England, of 1723, required that "no man can be entered a brother in any particular lodge, or admitted to be a member thereof, without the unanimous consent of all the members of that lodge then present;" but this rule then and now in England only applied to *initiation* and *affiliation.* The candidate was considered "admitted," "made a Mason," etc., when he received the first degree.

We agree with the Grand Master of New Jersey, the *N. Y. Courier*, and the *Review* in the following:

> The longer we live and the more closely we examine the internal structure and *working* of Masonry, the more we are inclined to favor the opinion of the Grand Master of New Jersey, relating to the ballot. Unquestionably a ballot on each degree is a departure from former usage, induced, probably, by extreme caution. We think it wrong. It is always understood, when a man applies to become a Mason, he desires the three symbolic degrees, and would not apply, if there was doubt of his receiving less than three. If he is worthy of one, he is of all; and it should be understood, when he is balloted for, it is for the three degrees. To receive his petition and money, and give him one degree, and then arrest his onward progress, *unless for good cause*, is doing him injustice.
>
> We commend this question to the attention of other Grand Lodges.

◆

Plain Questions for P.·. of Rose-Croix de H.-R.-D.-M., and Knights of the Eagle and Pelican.

Does your Chapter meet on Maundy Thursday, (the Thursday before Good Friday?) If you cannot meet with the Chapter, do you observe the time in communion of spirit with all knights around the globe? See Art. 1, Ancient Statutes.

Do you properly observe Ascension Day? Pentecost Day? All Saints' Day? Christmas? St. John's Day? (See Art. 6.)

Do you invite sojourning knights to participate in the observance of Maundy Thursday, and propose to meet them half way? (See Art. 7.)

Are you charitable? *Do you relieve the indigent, visit the sick and the prisons?* How many knights of Rose-Croix do these things? (See Art. 9.)

How do you serve your God, your government, and your country? Is it "to the last drop of his blood?" (See Art. 11.)

Do you treat calumny as a crime? (See Art. 14.)

Is the Cross of the Order always upon the breast of the deceased knight? (See Art. 19.)

◆

AVOUCHAL.—*Reply.*—Visitors secure admission into a lodge by strict trial, due examination, or *lawful information.*

Iowa, Mississippi, Arkansas, Tennessee, Pennsylvania, Alabama, Ohio, Texas, and other jurisdictions require in an avouchal that the brother positively state that he has sat in a regular lodge with the brother seeking admission. Bro. A cannot avouch to Bro. B, and then Bro. B (on Bro. A's avouchal) avouch to the lodge. The brother vouching must himself be certain that he has met him in a Masters' Lodge, duly and legally constituted.

Personal avouchment from one brother to another *may* be accepted, but no farther, and then only when the brother vouched for is in the presence of the one giving the information and the one receiving it.

◆

Importance of the Knowledge of the Topography of Palestine to Freemasons.

To write the topography of a country implies popularly, though not necessarily, that it is already invested with some degree of historic importance. The physical geography of a region may be coeval with its earliest exploration; but it is not until it has become the home of man, or the scene of great events, that its *places* deserve or receive our particular regard. No sooner, however, has it begun to acquire this kind of historical interest, than the very *names* of those places operate on the imagination as charmed sounds, conjuring up, in the absence of the real, an ideal topography in its stead.

It is to satisfy this craving of the mind for a terra firma, where, like the dove of the deluge, it may alight, that the historian accompanies his relation of events with descriptions of the places where they occurred; and that the poet gives even to "airy nothing, a local habitation and a name." And when once this relation between places and events has been established in the mind, it is only necessary for a writer to utter a single name, in order to call up, as by incantation, a long train of associated ideas. It is by this allusive quality in the style of Bacon that he puts the mind of the cultivated reader into a state of sympathetic activity, and suggests so much more than he expresses. And in the same manner, Milton, imitating but surpassing Homer, and availing himself probably of Selden's learned Syntagma on the Syrian and Arabian deities, converted them into a hundred and thirty lines, of which nearly every word acts as a spell, and every spell reproduces some interesting locality or event of the ancient world.

But as the Pentateuch is the earliest history, so it is incomparably rich in simple and poetical sketches of topography. Often, by a single stroke of the pen, the characteristic features of a place are given, and the reader feels as if he had known it from infancy, or were, at the moment, looking upon it. Who has not felt as if receiving personal direction, when reading of "a place which is on the north side of Bethel, on the east side of the highway that goeth up from Bethel to Shechem, and on the south of Lebonah?" Who has not seen "the river Kishon, that ancient river, the river Kishon?" or the tent of Abraham, on the plains of Mamre, with the venerable patriarch sitting "in the tent door in the heat of the day?" And who has not gazed on "the hills round about Jerusalem?"

Even if the historical interest of a country depended on the sieges which have been sustained by its cities, and the battles fought on its plains, Palestine might challenge a comparison with any other country under heaven. There, theism and polytheism met in fierce and frequent encounter: and its wars were truly "the wars of the Lord." There, pagan Rome—that monster power, "dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly, devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with its feet," and sealed its own destruction by the deed. There, in later times, the armies of Mahomet and of the Crusades fought their battles and exhausted their strength. Jews, Gentiles, Saracens, Crusaders, Egyptians, Persians, Druses, Turks, Arabs, and French, warriors out of every nation under heaven, have pitched their tents upon the plain of Esdraelon, and have beheld their banners wet with the dews of Tabor and of Hermon.

In the degrees of the lodge, chapter, council, and the orders of the commandery, there is scarcely an allusion which has not associations with Palestine. Every master of a lodge should be proficient in the topography of Palestine. It should also be one of the earliest masonic studies of the entered apprentice.

◆

Charity.

BY SIR THOMAS BROWN.

I hold not so narrow a conceit of this virtue, as to conceive that to give alms is only to be charitable, or think a piece of liberality can comprehend the total of charity: divinity hath wisely divided the act thereof into many branches, and hath taught us in this narrow way many paths unto goodness; as many ways as we may do good, so many ways we may be charitable; there are infirmities not only of body, but of soul and fortunes, which do require the merciful hand of our abilities. I cannot contemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I do Lazarus. It is no greater charity to clothe his body than apparel the nakedness of his soul. It is an honorable object to see the reasons of other men wear our liveries, and their borrowed understandings do homage to the bounty of ours; it is the cheapest way of beneficence, and, like the natural charity of the sun, illuminates another without obscuring itself. To be reserved and caitiff in this part of goodness, is the sordidest piece of covetousness, and more contemptible than the pecuniary avarice. To this (as calling myself a scholar) I am obliged by the duty of my condition. I make not therefore my head a grave, but a treasure of knowledge; I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves.

◆

[Subsequent to our editorial notice of Miss Barton, this masonic heroine, with full permission from the authorities, established her headquarters at Annapolis, and opened a correspondence with the friends of our paroled and exchanged prisoners, furnishing from the records and otherwise all possible information in reference to those that have died, as well as the living. Letters have poured in upon her from all parts of the country, asking for information, and she has gladdened the hearts of thousands by her welcome replies.]

THE ANGEL OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

BY HON. SALATHIEL C. COFFINBERRY.

[Suggested by the editorial notice of Miss Clara Barton, on page 152, vol. II of NATIONAL FREEMASON, where she is styled the angel of the battle-field.]

The battle raged: fierce foemen struggled on,
'Mid shot and shell, and streams of hissing gore;
Full many a steed and rider lay there prone,
Amid the carnage and the fearful roar
Of hideous battle, that still wildly bore
The song of the death angel o'er the plain
In fitful shrieks to the dim distant shore,
From whence, with battle cry, it echoed back again.

Like a dark pall, the battle cloud had hung
Long o'er the field, where dead and dying lay,
When suddenly it trembled, there it swung,
Like a great curtain, on the breeze away,
Unfolding to the broad bright light of day
The horrors of the carnage there conceal'd—
Dark troops contending in the fearful fray—
The wonders and the myst'ries of the battle-field.

There crush'd and broken—in dread ruin heap'd,
Are cannon, chargers, dead and wounded men;
There the war-fiend triumphantly had reap'd
His ripest harvest—bound his sheaf, and then
Thrust in his thirsty sickle fresh again,
Striding still onward, while the whizzing shell
Plows through the heap'd up masses on the plain,
While groans and cursings still the din of battle swell.

Behold, amid the conflict, yon slight form!
There, where the carnage doth the freshest flow,
Behold her bending 'neath the battle storm,
The battle cloud above—the dead below!
Who would not give their happiest hour to know
Her errand, where such danger doth expose
Her precious blood, her precious life to flow,
By some fell stroke of death 'mid struggling friends and foes

She stoops to bathe a fainting soldier's brow,
She bends to stanch a dying warrior's blood,
A ghastly wound she's gently laving now;
Now o'er yon dying youth she pours a flood
Of big bright tears, and to the soldier's God
Sends up a pray'r while kneeling on a shield;
He sinks, expiring on the blood stained sod,
Blessing with smiles the Angel of the battle-field.

'Tis she, the Angel which doth hover near
Where soldiers bleed and die; whose soul doth swell
With pure humanity; whose gentle tear
Doth soothe the burning wound. and sweetly tell
Of life beyond the grave. amid the knell
Of death, when the dim light of life doth yield
To the darksome tomb's cold and conqu'ring spell;
'Tis she! 'tis she! the Angel of the battle-field.

Her life is charm'd; a magic talisman
Reposes on her bosom; ever there
Is seen the sparkling signet of the plan
Of Masonry—the Compass and the Square—
Long by her sire worn. The very air,
Lit with a holy presence and a prayer,
Seems charm'd with whisper'd blessing half reveal'd
In light and fancied harmonies, all clear
And gentle 'round the Angel of the battle-field.

The tumult hush'd, the battle cry suppress'd;
Night shrouds the carnage from the sick'ned eye;
The fallen to the grave, the warrior to his rest—
The moonlight silv'ring o'er the vaulted sky,
Her cold, pale beams sealing the sleeper's eye,
Sending a deadlier and more pallid chill
To the damp brows of the corpses as they lie
Amid the gathering night dews as they there distill.

But see, one restless foot, one sleepless eye,
One gently hoping soul, one gushing heart,
One kindly hand beneath the moonlit sky
Doth on the field of blood, alone, apart
From the dim camp fires wander forth; say, art
Thou a pure, bright angel thus conceal'd
In woman's form—in woman's nobler part?
God save and bless thee, Angel of the battle-field!

Her errand mercy and humanity,
She seeks the wounded on the battle plain;
Full oft times there she drops upon her knee
And bends her cheek to parted lips in vain,
To catch a breath among the rigid slain;
Full oft she grasps a cold and clammy hand,
But pulseless all she lets it drop again,
So sadly, on the gory sward or blood-stained sand.

Clara, may angels ever guard thy path
Through many years of joy and love and peace,
Protecting thee from harm or blight or death!
And, when thy mission here below must cease,
And thy freed spirit finds a sweet release
From earth—when thy high doom in heav'n is seal'd,
A band of heroes in the land of peace
Will welcome home the Angel of the battle-field.

CONSTANTINE, MICH., *March*, 1865.

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Art and Symbolism as a means of Home and Masonic Culture.

BY J. BYINGTON SMITH.

We commend to our readers the following. trusting that our fraternity may appreciate their mission of symbolism to all people:

Art is closely allied to nature in giving impress to character. The scenery by which a people is surrounded will modify and almost control its mode of being. The soft, rich landscapes of Italy enervate, while the rough, mountainous country of the North imparts force and vigor. Mountains and seas are nature's healthful stimulants. Man grows in their vastness and is energized in their strength. Whatever may be the scenery of a people, it will mirror itself in the mind, and stamp its impress upon character.

Art reproduces nature, arranging its illimitable stores in closer unity, idealizing its charms, and bringing into nearer view its symmetry and beauty. Bearing its lessons from afar, it colors the glowing canvas and chisels the stone to awaken the impressions it designs to make on the human soul. Thus art, like nature, becomes a means of culture. When the Lombards wished to give hardihood and system to the enervated body and enfeebled mind of the people, they covered their churches with the sculptured representation of vigorous bodily exercises, such as war and hunting.

In the great church of St. Mark, at Venice, people were taught the history of the Scriptures by means of imagery; a picture on the walls being more easily read than a chapter. Such walls were styled the poor man's Bible.

A picture reveals at a single glance that which we would be otherwise forced to glean by a slow process from the scattered material furnished by the printed page; hence the delight taken in illustrations, the importance of pictorial instruction for the young, and the almost universal demand for illustrated publications of the day.

The teaching of art through painting, sculpture, and engraving, finds its way into our homes, and while lessons may be duly read from books and then laid aside, the lessons in the niche or on the wall repeat themselves hour by hour, and day by day, looking even into the pure eyes of infancy, and aiding in the formation of the character of every child subjected to their ceaseless influence. Their power is none the less because they never break the home silence; they mould the young life and stamp their impress upon it. How important, then, that all such objects should be chosen, not only as treasures of artistic beauty, but for their power to elevate and ennoble character.

How often will you find in the room of the scholar, the studio of the artist, the picture or bust of some old master in art or letters, as if the occupant were conscious of the incentive such presence offered to his own efforts—the guardian genius of the spot.

In the study of one of the old divines might have been seen a painted eye, gazing forever down upon him, to render him sensible of the presence of the All-Seeing—to stamp the "Thou, God, seest me" upon the very tablets of his heart. How great the effect of this same "all-seeing" eye as the prominent symbol of the lodge room.

A child is not so readily tempted into sin when surrounded by pure and beautiful imagery, or when gentle, loving eyes are looking down upon him. On the other hand, the walls of the degraded are lined with amorous and obscene images, that vicious habits and debased tastes may find their suitable incentives.

A window shade bearing the design of a little girl, issuing, basket in hand, from the door of a humble cottage, to relieve the wants of a poor blind beggar, will certainly take its place among the early developments of the children growing up under its influence, and in their simple charity they may be found, basket in hand, looking out for real or fancied beggars. Such lessons are never lost. In a parlor which I often frequent is a picture of a Sabbath scene: an aged grandsire is seated by a table on which lies an open Bible, a bright-eyed boy is opposite, his father and mother on either side, and a little shy girl is on the knee of the old man; all are listening reverently to the holy Word of God, books and a vase of gay flowers are on the table, green boughs fill the great old-fashioned fireplace. The whole picture wears an air of serenity and calm happiness, and is an impressive plea that we "remember and keep holy the Sabbath day"—and we verily believe that such a picture will do more to influence our children to love the Sabbath than any amount of parental restraint or lectures on moral obligation.

There is another picture in the same quiet room: "The Mother's Dream." She is worn with watching, and lies dreaming beside the couch of the child. Rays of light open a bright pathway into the skies, while an angel is bearing the spirit child along it up to heaven. We think such a picture is worth more to familiarize childhood with death and resurrection, and will leave a sweeter and more lasting impression upon the young soul, than the most learned dissertation or simplest explanation.

Landscape painting exerts a mellowing influence, and leads to the observation and love of nature, while historical pictures stimulate research, and nerve the mind to deeds of heroism and virtue.

The influence of pictures in forming character and shaping the course of life is illustrated with peculiar power in the history of the sons of a quiet family in the interior, who all insisted upon going to sea. The parents were grieved that none of their boys would remain at home to care for the homestead, and be the comfort of their declining years. They expressed their disappointment to a friend then on a visit to them, and wondered what could have induced the boys, one after another, to embrace a life so full of peril and danger. Directly over the open fire-place hung a picture of a vessel with fluttering, snowy sails, tossing and rocking amid the bright, green, yeasty waves The friend saw it, read the mystery, and quietly inquired how long it had been there. "Since we commenced housekeeping," was the unconscious reply. Not wishing to wound them, he was silent, and concealed his thoughts in his own breast, but the solution in the choice of life in the absent ones was clear enough to him: *that picture had sent them off, one after another, to sea.*

How careful we should be, then, in surrounding youth and childhood with pure, elevating objects of art, as means of constant home-culture. We know we shall be told, "This is all very good, but we cannot afford it." Let us reason together. Can you not deduct something from your elaborate furniture, your expensive dress, and devote it to models, lithographs, or paintings? Subtract but the half from these luxuries and devote the sum to designs of art, and you will contribute doubly to the attractiveness and pleasantness of your home. Where we cannot hope to possess the original masterpiece, we may have photographic or lithographic copies, which are within the compass of very humble means. You will freely toss away five dollars in useless embroidery or surplus furniture, and it would buy you a lithograph of Raphael's immortal picture, giving the results of a whole age of artistic culture, or a photograph of Cheney's Madonna and Child, bearing the very spirit of the original, or a plaster cast of noble statuary, the original of which could not be obtained for any nameable sum—and yet you say you cannot afford works of art!

There is surely nothing you can afford better than to make your home attractive, and to introduce therein every available means of mental and moral culture. If you cannot afford to make home lovely, others will succeed in making dangerous places attractive to your children. There are spots enough kept light and picturesque, perilously fascinating to those whose homes boast no attraction. It will likely cost you far more in money, more surely in heart anguish and sorrow, to have your children entertained in these places full of snares, where corrupt art lavishes her designs with unsparing hand, to vitiate the young imagination and debase the mind, than to exalt her in her chaste and ennobling power in the sanctuary of your homes, as one of the means of home-culture, stimulating to virtue and stamping the character with genuine worth.

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Arthur's Home Magazine for May has two fine illustrations—Watt's First Conception of the Steam Engine, and My Ain Fireside—and interesting and useful reading matter.

Rev. Mr. Wilmer's Address.

Delivered before the Masons at St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, Dec. 27, 1791, from these words: "It is good to be zealously affected always in good things, and not only when I am present with you." —*Galatians*, iv, 18.

Man is partly a solitary and partly a sociable being. The benevolent, all-wise Creator, knowing the heavy hours of his pilgrimage on earth, implanted in his breast a disposition to associate; and associations derived from the pure fountain of religion and love cannot fail to be beneficial. The "good thing" which we so zealously recommend, and have this day convened to celebrate, flows from too sacred a source, and has been too long patronized by the great, the wise, and the good, in every age and country, to receive additional lustre from praise, or to suffer reproach from the unmerited attacks of ignorance or envy. Many waters, indeed, have been tried to quench this divine spark; but every other "good thing" founded in virtue, opposition hath the more served to immortalize its fame!

Hail, Masonry! thou subject that's divine,
In ev'ry heart may thy bright virtues shine,
Fraught with congenial love!
The news, the welcome news, we bring,
Sounds high from ev'ry sacred string,
Thro' all yon realms above!
We come, and 'tis a blest employ,
We come the messengers of joy;
Truth heralds what we sing.

What one humane, benevolent, friendly, generous affection of our nature can we feel, ought we to cherish, that doth not, O! Masonry, concentre in thee! How inoffensive, benign, engaging, useful, full of compassion, good offices, void of partiality, free from hypocrisy, will the man be found who is truly the Mason! Working by the *square* and keeping within *compass*, his charity and love will permit him to do no evil, as far as human frailty can be right. The "good thing" which we so zealously affect, and hope always to be zealously affected by, banishes every passion that is sensual, devilish, from the breast; it opens the mind to the most generous sentiments; sets the head, the heart, the hands, at work, to gratify its own passionate, zealous desire to do good; "it rejoices with them that rejoice, and weeps with them that weep;" it has always a sigh for the distressed, a tear for the unfortunate; and considers life as a warfare wherein we are reciprocally bound to pour the balm into and heal the wounds of each other. O, Masonry! thou Heaven-commenced work!

Matchless is He,
Who foster'd thee,
And thou, like HE,
Immortal shalt be,
Bless'd Masonry!

Very many excellent things have been spoken of thee, thou fair *science* from above! Kings and Princes of the earth have sought "sweet counsel" with thee, and, on their request, were honored with thy friendship; while, in the four quarters of the globe, such is thy transcendent influence, that the worthy and well-disposed, the free and accepted of every denomination, meet together as a a united or federal band of brothers. Surely, you will say, there must be something more than human in such an institution—something no less than divine, that begins on earth the temper of heaven. Behold! the tempest-driven sojourner—the stranded bark of misfortune wrecked almost by the waters of adversity—again afloat! By whom?—or by what? By the overflowing masonic love and Jesu-like sympathy of fellow-men and fellow-laborers—the *Free* and *Accepted!*

What shall I more add than whatever be unworthy of the man or the Mason, may die with the old year, and whatever is becoming or commendable may be renovated with the new; and, not only when I am present with you, continue always to be zealously affected in so good, so excellent a thing. By faith and perseverance acquit yourselves approved workmen, that when knocking ye may enter, and receive the more than thrice-happy requital of all your labors: Well done! thou good and faithful servant, *enter* and receive the heavenly joy and reward of thy Lord and Master!

O! happy society! who have the eternal God for their master! His arm to guide, His presence to cheer, in your labors of love! O! blessed Hope! that He will continue to guard you from the enemy that would assault, from the world that would destroy! O! Jesu! thou son of the living God—thou *heavenly Mason!* who, in the person of the good Samaritan, wouldst not, with "the Priest and Levite, pass by on the other side," to leave a brother in distress—animate our course, strengthen us in our work, guide us through time, and safely conduct us from labor to refreshment, to our Grand Master, the great Architect of the Universe.

[The following is from that excellent Boston publication, the *Living Age*:]

THE WORD "KNIGHT."—Can any one tell me the origin of our term *Knight?* The Latin equivalent simply meant *horseman*, and the German synonym is *ritter*, a rider or horseman. So also the French *chevalier*, and the corresponding word in Spanish, Italian, &c., showing that the term had one signification originally in all languages save our own, viz, a horseman or possessor of a horse for military purposes. But our term *knight* is so totally different from all the other corresponding appellations, that it suggests the idea of a difference of meaning in our own language (in its original application) to that which it had with other nations.—QUERIST. [The name of knight, as an honorary title in England, is Anglo Saxon, *cnyht*, signifying *puer*, *servus*, or an attendant. Tooke derives it from *cnyhtt*, the past participle of *cnytt-an*, to knit, *nectere, alligere, attacker*, and thus signifying *un attache:* one attached, connected with, bound to. Verstegan observes: "This tytle of right worshipful dignity was heretofore by our ancestors written *cniht*, and both in the high and low Germany by the name of *knight* (which a little they vary in the orthography) is understood a *servant.* It may seem strange (he adds) how our name or knight being with us of such esteem of worship should in the etymology thereof appear no more than it doth. To resolve with difficulty I can judge no other, having no proof or pregnant reason otherwise to enduce me, but that the name of knight must have begun to be a name of honor among our ancestors, in such as were admitted for their merits to be *knights to the king*, that is, to be his owne servants, or in some sort his officers or retayners, and to ride with him." *On Decayed Intelligence*, ch. x. In our instance we still continue to use the meaning of the German *knecht*, in the knight of a shire, who *serves* in parliament for a particular county.]—*Notes and Queries.*

◆

Army Masonry.

Some time since a brother presented us with a Master Mason's diploma on parchment, neatly filled up, and attested by John Dove, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Virginia. It is dated the 31st of December, 1855, and was granted by Equality Lodge, No. 136, to Thomas E. Buchanan, whose signature is on the margin.

Its history is curious. Some time ago, after one of the battles in Virginia, (we forget which one,) a rebel soldier was found on the battle-field—dead. Being fatally wounded and feeling that he must soon die, he had taken this (his) diploma from his pocket, opened and spread it out beside him on the ground that it might attract the attention of some Mason among the conquering forces, and—died. Such is Masonry even among misguided men in rebellion against the government. He doubtless hoped it might fall into the hands of a Mason, and insure for his remains decent interment.—*Mass. Review.*

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TIDINGS.

COLORADO.—Grand Lodge met in Central City, Nov. 7, 1864.

Bro. Van Deren was elected Grand Master, and Bro. Whittemore, Grand Secretary.

The Grand Master, Bro. Teller, in his address, complains that lodges in New York city make Masons of citizens of Colorado without the consent of any lodge of the Territory.

The following are extracts from this valuable address:

"The past masonic year has been one of prosperity to the fraternity of this jurisdiction. Peace and harmony have prevailed among the brethren, and our membership has been largely increased by the admission of very worthy men. The only danger to be apprehended at this time, is that the increasing popularity of our institution may induce unworthy men to apply for admission from mercenary motives. It is the quality and not the quantity that should govern us in the selection of material for our building, and it behooves us to look well to the character of those who present themselves for the rights and benefits of Masonry. Let no one be admitted without suitable inquiry into his character, and do not leave this matter to the committees alone; let every member make careful inquiry into the character of the applicant, and if he is not found to be of sound mind and morals reject him. Admit no one because you can find nothing bad in him; make it a rule that no man shall be admitted who does not possess some trait of character which recommends him for admission. Do not fill our lodges with men against whom nothing can be said, good or bad, but rather fill our lodges with men of an affirmative character, men in whose favor something may be said, men noted for integrity and moral worth, who, should the storms of adversity sweep over us in the future as in the past, will be true to their trust. The interest of the fraternity requires the frequently judicious use of the black ball." * * * *

"I wish to call your attention to the great lack of masonic reading among the fraternity. Very few Masons read any books or papers written expressly for the order. This should not be. We have now several masonic publications worthy of a place in any library in the land. Masonic periodicals are now published by well informed brethren, devoted to the interest of the craft. The expense is trifling, the knowledge gained of incalculable value. Let the Masters and Wardens of lodges see to this that the brethren become regular subscribers to one or more standard masonic papers, and if any lodge has a member too poor to subscribe, let the lodge take a certain number of copies for gratuitous distribution among the members."

"The Grand Secretary stated that he had in his possession the sum of $105, received from a comrade of Bro. John G. Brandley, a soldier of Co. C, 1st Cavalry of Colorado, who was killed in a battle with the Indians in May or June last, who, previous to his death, had expressed a wish that the money should be given to the masonic fraternity."

* * * * * *

The following action was taken:

"Whereas, Bro. John G. Brandley, of Company "C," 1st Colorado Cavalry, was mortally wounded during the last summer in a fight with the Indians; and whereas, it was his dying wish expressed to a comrade in arms that the sum of one hundred and five dollars, which he then had with him, should be given to the Masons of this jurisdiction; and whereas, the deceased is not known to have any living relations or representatives: therefore

Resolved, That the said donation belongs properly to the Grand Lodge of Colorado, as a body representing the entire fraternity of this jurisdiction.

Resolved, That the expenditure of the said donation in the purchase of books of masonic law and literature, to go into the library of the Grand Lodge, would be an appropriate use of said money, and most fully meet the dying wish of the gallant soldier and brother who gave it.

Resolved, That the name, date, and manner of death of the deceased brother, and fact of this donation, be inscribed in the books so purchased as a fitting testimonial of our regret for his death and our respect for the memory of one who, in obedience to the first teachings of our order, "Fidelity to the government under which we live," has given his life to his country.

Resolved, That in the death and last wish of this brother we find additional reason for an attachment to an order to the mystic ties and beautiful relations of which the dying soldier, unblessed by dearer ties of blood, turns his last thoughts and sends his last greeting.

Resolved, That a page of the proceedings be set apart to the memory of Bro. Brandley.

Grand Encampment of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.—At the last meeting, Grand Master William S. Gardner closed his address with the following noble and true words:

"Amid all our prosperity and success, let us remember that our Order is founded upon the Christian religion, and that it inculcates the practice of the Christian virtues; that Christianity is our cornerstone; and that we should ever strive to imitate the unparalleled character of the great Founder of Christianity, since 'in him are all its truths, all its motives, all its glory summed up. It is the spiritual beauty and perfection of his character which has given it the hold it has upon the intelligence of the most intelligent nations of the world—which has given it the sway it has over the most spiritual and excellent souls that ever lived in the world.'"

LOUISIANA.

The various masonic bodies are in activity, especially in New Orleans. Bro. Fellows is the Grand Master, and Bro. Todd the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge.

Comp. Swasey is the G.·. H.·. P.·., and Comp. Todd the G.·. S.·. of the G.·. R.·. A.·. Chapter.

Comp. Todd is the M.·. P.·. G.·. M.·., and Comp. Horner the G.·. R.·. of the Grand Council of R.·. and S.·. Masters.

Sir Knt. Fellows is the R.·. E.·. Grand Commander, and Sir Knt. Horner is the Recorder of the G.·. C.·. Knights Templar.

Bro. Fellows, 33d, is the Ill. Commander-in-chief and Bro. Todd, 33d, Grand Chancellor of the Grand Consistory Sub. PP.·., 32d, A. A. rite of Louisiana.

MAINE.

The Grand Commander of Maine, in his last address, says:

Civil war in our country still continues. Knightly intercourse between Templars of the North and the South, as organized bodies, has ceased; but individual instances of kind offices, on battle field and in prison, teach us that the true soldier of the Cross can never forget his obligation to his vows of fraternity. These acts of brotherly kindness should inspire us with renewed reverence for the holy principles of Masonry. Let us also reflect that while strife rages, and civil commotion in our once happy land seems to imperil our social and political institutions, we have duties upon us peculiar to our masonic obligations, from which we cannot escape, nor ought we to attempt it. In whatever condition we may be placed, or however surrounded by suffering or threatened with evil; should friends betray or foes assail us; should passion, ignorance, prejudice, or fanaticism rule the hour; let us, as pilgrim warriors, endeavor so to discharge our whole duty to society, our country, and our God, as to obtain the approbation of conscience and the smiles of Heaven.

KENTUCKY.

Grand Commandery.—E.·. C.·. Jeffries thus discourses in his late annual address:

We again meet to mingle our thoughts together, and listen to the reports from our far off brethren. While so doing let us bear it in mind, that it is to the never failing mercy of a bountiful God that we owe it—that we are dependent creatures, and that all we have or hope to have comes from the same unfailing source. As Sir Knights of the Cross, and under the command of Prince Emmanuel, how well it becomes us to remember the high honors that await the faithful. True to our profession, single in heart and aim, valiant in deeds and charity, obedient to our Commander, and keeping watchful guardianship over ourselves, the Knight Templar is surrounded by a fortification strong and safe. If violence should attack, and enemies assail, we have the "Rock of Ages" wherein to trust, and "munition of rocks" wherein to abide. As Sir Knights of the Cross, we ought ever to bear in mind the great sacrifice offered on Mt. Moriah, to cancel the sins of the world, and endeavor to be led and guided by Him who is the great leader of the "Hosts of Israel." I need not say or urge any more, fully hoping that every Sir Knight Templar realizes the high vocation he is called upon to fulfil, not only through his years of warfare and trial, but also through those of hope and joy.

To espouse the cause of her who is deprived of her earthly support—to care for the bereaved ones, to watch over the great standard of moral truth, and to be humble yet courageous, require faithfulness on the part of every Sir Knight. There is much to be done. In these days of devastation many objects present themselves to our charity. Let us alleviate their sorrow, and aid, as much as in our power lies, the miseries of the present calamities. Magnanimity must be shown in deeds of valor, and it is indeed valorous to stem the tide of infidelity which sweeps over a great part of God's fair creation at the present day. Be up, then, Sir Knights, and do your duty!

BOOK NOTICES.

Bro. Cunningham's Manual of the A. & A. Rite.

In the 11th No., Vol. II, of the The National Freemason, W. S. G. replies to the remarks upon his review of the Manual of the Scottish Rite, and disclaims any intentional injustice to the work of Bro. Cunningham.

The motives of W. S. G. were not called in question, nor was it supposed that he intended to disparage the work to which we have alluded. Yet that such was the inference to be drawn from his article published in the *Freemason's Monthly*, we think cannot be questioned; nor does the reply of W. S. G. disprove any of the points made in the article which appeared in the February No. of this paper.

In that article as little was said as was possible concerning any defects of Bro. Carson's Monitor, as it was not the intention of the writer to criticise a book published several years since, nor to make any other comparisons than those necessary to answer the remarks of W. S. G.

Bro. Carson deserves the thanks of the fraternity for his labor of love, his industry, and research displayed in the publication of his Monitor; and, with W. S. G., we think that both works should be in the hands of every student of the Ancient Scottish Rite.

Touching the use of the title Knights Templar, in Bro. Cunningham's Manual, we claimed that it had the sanction of the highest masonic authority in the United States, and which claim we think was fully sustained; but in his reply W. S. G. says: "Will K. K. please inform us at what session of the Grand Encampment (of the United States) any action was taken by that body by which the term or title Knights Templar was adopted, and the history of that action? That the Grand Encampment uses the term as above is correct, but the authority for it is questioned."

In reply, this term or title was adopted by the Grand Encampment of the United States at its triennial session, held in the city of Hartford, September, 1856. Previous to that time the term Knights Templars was used by that body.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Gen'l Gr. Enc. U. S., 1855:

Resolved, That a Committee on Amendments to the Constitution be appointed and instructed to inquire into the propriety of changing *any of the prefixes now used* in the titles of General Grand officers, etc.

On motion of Sir Knight Mackey,

Ordered, That a Committee of five Sir Knights be appointed on said resolution, of which the Gen'l Grand Master shall be chairman, and that said Committee be authorized to sit during the recess, and to report at the next triennial session such amendments to the constitution as they may think expedient; and that they also be ordered to report such changes in the organization as will make the Order in this country conform more completely to the system of Ancient Knights Templars.

Sir Knights Gilman, Moore, Gould, and Mackey, in addition to the G. G. M., were appointed the said Committee.

(*Vide* proceedings of Gen'l Grand Encampment, 1853, pp. 37, 38.)

The report of this committee was submitted at the succeeding session of that body, held in 1856, and the new constitution (the result of their labors)—in which the "new" title was included—was adopted *section* by *section*, and on the evening of the 15th of September, 1856, the constitution, as a whole, was unanimously adopted.

Section 1st of article 1st of the new constitution reads:

"The Grand Encampment of *Knights Templar* of the United States is constituted as follows," &c., &c.

Section 3d of the same article reads: "The title and designation of the Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of the United States is, Most Eminent Grand Master of *Knights Templar*," &c., &c.

This term is also recognized by the Grand Conclave of England in the title of that body, viz:

"The Grand Conclave of the Royal, Exalted, Religious, and Military Order of Masonic *Knights Templar* in England and Wales."

(*Vide* proceedings of the Grand Encampment of the U. S., 1856, pp. 14, 47, 104.)

Bro. Albert G. Mackey also makes use of the term Knights Templar. (*Vide* Lexicon of Freemasonry, pp. 258 265, 266.)

The question as to whether the Grand Encampment of the United States was justified in adopting the title of Knights Templar must be determined by the title recognized by the Order when first established. If this title was Knights of the Temple, as may be easily shown, then the only remaining question is as to whether the term Knights Templar is a correct synonym for that term. If the word Templar signifies "of the temple," then it is evidently correct.

Webster defines the word Templar as "*of or pertaining to a temple*," and quotes Coleridge as authority. *Vide* Webster's 4to Dictionary. This point being established, we recur to the previous question as to the correct title of the order. That the term or title "Knights of the Temple" was the one acknowleged by the order, may be seen in Article 51 of the rule of the Poor Fellow-Soldier of Jesus Christ, and of the Temple of Solomon, arranged by St. Bernard, sanctioned by the Holy Fathers of the Council of Troyes, and confirmed by Papal bull, (A. D. 1128,) and the references thereafter suggested:

"Under Divine Providence, as we do believe this new kind of religion was introduced by you in the holy places, that is to say, the union of warfare with religion, so that religion being armed maketh her way by the sword, and smiteth the enemy without sin, therefore, do we righteously adjudge since ye are called **Knights of the Temple**, that for your renowned merit, and especial gift of godliness; ye ought to have lands and men, and possess husbandmen, and justly govern them; and the customary service ought to be specially rendered unto you."—Addison, p. 22, also, ibid, pp. 4, 5, 6, 22, 26, 28, 40, 42, 53, 65, 69–71, 251, 292, 364.

Also, *vide* Michaud's History of the Crusades, vol. 1, pp. 308, 415, 422; vol. 2, pp. 2, 9, 10, 415; vol. 3, pp. 2, 98, 99, 494, 499, 500; Webster's and Worcester's 4to Dictionaries. Harwood's Bailey's Dictionary; Sir Walter Scott.

> "Till the *Knight of the Temple*, and Knights of St. John,
> With Salem's King, Baldwin, against him came on."
> (*The Fire King,*) *Songs and Ballads, p.* 164.

And we might fill pages with authorities as to the above title, but the above suffice to more than settle the point in dispute, and justify the Grand Encampment in its change of title.

The only remaining point is as to the propriety of this change, when many authors make use of the term Knight Templars. The terms Knight Templars, Soldiers of the Temple, or the single word Templars, have all had the sanction of custom, and have been used by good writers.

It is, therefore, only the old question revived of "spoons fulls, spoon fulls or spoons full," which was wont to puzzle the brains of young aspirants for grammatical honors; and we might, with as much propriety, say Knights Golden Fleeces for Knights of the Golden Fleece, Knights Garters for Knights of the Garter, or Knights Teutonics for Knights Teutonic, as to retain an incorrect title when custom has equally sanctioned a correct one. K. K.

Godey's Lady's Book continues its attractive features. We see not how a lady or housekeeper can be without it.

The editress, the widow of a noble Templar, is friendly to our Order, and has favored the craft with some exquisite poetry.

Tactics for Knights Templar and the Appendant Orders; including the Working Text for the Degrees and a Burial Service for the Orders of Masonic Knighthood: by Geo. Wingate Chase. This is a neat 18mo. pocket edition, of 187 pp., and has much merit. Military gentlemen who have examined the work speak highly of it. In the present state of the Order, this work will be well received. Our Templars will buy it. We must hope, however, for the day when the present military science will influence less, and the Templarism of the past will influence more.

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Else, in her Chronicle, thus writes in a masonic spirit of her father:

"Never in my life did I hear him say a grudging or depreciating word of any of those who have most succeeded where he has failed. He seems to *look on all such men as part of a great brotherhood*, and to rejoice in another man hitting the point which he missed, just as he would rejoice in himself succeeding in some thing to-day which he failed in yesterday. It is this nobleness of character which makes me reverence him more than any mere successes could. It is because I fear that in a life of such disappointment my character would not prove so generous, but that failure would sour my temper and penury degrade my spirit as they never have his, that I have ventured to search for the rocks on which he made shipwreck in order to avoid them. All men cannot return wrecked, and tattered, and destitute from an unsuccessful voyage with a heart as hopeful, a temper as generous, a spirit as free from envy and detraction, as if they brought the golden fleece with them. Our father does this again and again; and therefore I trust his argosies are laid up for him, as for those who follow the rules of evangelical perfection, where neither moth nor rust can corrupt."

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